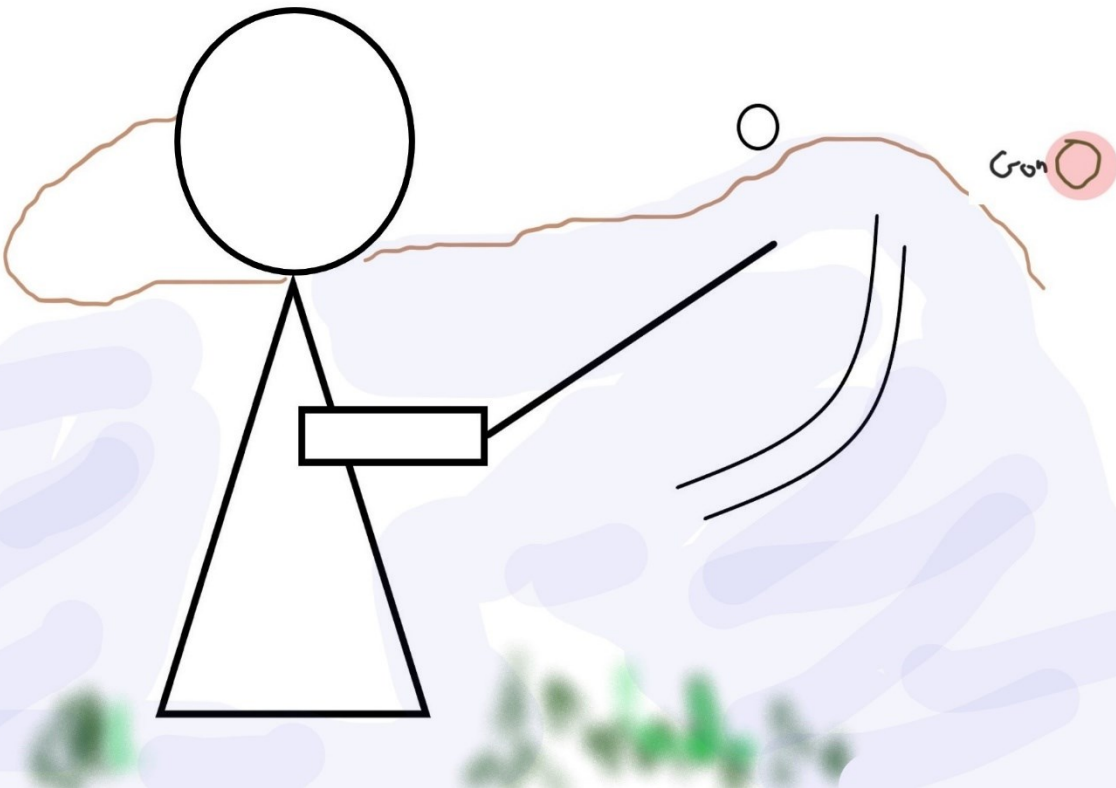


The Game

The undercover A.I. Project.

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—



The Game: the undercover A.I. project

The Game

The Undercover A.I. Project.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

The Game: The Undercover A.I. Project

Written by

Brendon GMC Holden

Copyright © 2023 Brendon Holden

Self-Published

through

Blurb INC. 2023

1st wooden cover edition © 2023, eight were created, this was only the first book of the project. This edition is the more complete edition of which more than eight are being created.

Future Expectation of the three books in one: To be Self Published through Blurb Inc and other self-Publishing Platforms as well as being the edition for the wooden cover edition, 2024.

Eight wooden cover editions were created. Cover panels were made in TAIWAN REPUBLIC OF CHINA. Sticks, black paint, and pine on Cover from Vermont USA.

The first game book published was in 2020 by Page Publishing.

More game prints were self- published through Blurb INC.

© 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023

With the help of Midas Touched The Medieval Themed Game prints

© 2020

Small edits in this revised edition are made if compared to the original published editions.

All stories, places, dates, and characters are fictitious and were created through the imagination of the author. Though there might be some resemblance to actual places, be sure, this book is from the author's imagination. There was no undercover military project that was not inspired by the author's imagination.

No part of this book may be copied or sold or reproduced for the cause of money without written consent from the author.

The Game: The Undercover A.I. Project.

Copyright © 2023 Brendon Holden

All rights reserved.

Fonts used: Times New Roman

Printed in USA

About the book

The original book published, originally titled the game, afterwards Brendon wrote another book, *The Game: beat my clock* {TV Snow; Stewart} and after this Brendon wrote the game: *Ether: B&S Golf, Master of the Mastees* } The undercover A.I. Project.

All three books together make *The Game: The undercover A.I. Project*. This project is fiction, this book is fiction,

This book takes you through three stories, stories of people who were lost in time.

Though opinions may vary to the cause of the timelessness the author wrote it as an undercover military project which was prolonged due to Brendon's recent visit to the *Bermuda Triangle*.

This Magnetic interference caused by the Triangle caused the research team to be discovered by an unknown creature living far outside their dimension. In this project the research team finds themselves lost throughout time.

Roundabouts a book through time, building ancient computers through games.

Games of the gods!

B&S golf can be played in many ways, creating the sea glass is more of imagination than it is structure. Endless sidewalks look to be fun... sidewalks around the world, walking in places endless, counting the sidewalk squares as you go, a stone in pocket.

Military sticks, pretend war, how many shots to take out a target... a pretend military project.

Baseball like creating sea glass...

Thank you to all those that have made this book possible.

Thank you!

Table of Contents

THE GAME

In the Woods	9
Play the Game	23
Offspring	27
Building Gon	39
The Game Returns.....	49
Game On.....	59
Live in the moment	69
Ether	79
The Game continues	87
The Doll exposed, we have not a Cure.....	95
Without time	103
The Final Game.....	109
You Win.....	113
Returning Home.....	117
Back to New York, New York.....	119

THE GAME: BEAT ME CLOCK {TV SNOW: STEW-ART}

A working wonder	125
If I were time	129
Building pictures and windows.....	135
Important Files.....	151

I create images that ask for more	163
Is someone talking to me?	181
Two Dimensional	187
Am I time?	199
Building Building	205
Is the code living?.....	213
Making my first video game.....	217
Creating a bottle of my favorite soda	231
<u>THE GAME: ETHER {B&S GOLF, MASTER OF THE MASTEES} THE UNDERCOVER A.I. PROJECT</u>	
The Wall	241
Master of the Mastees.....	247
Let's play golf, create sea glass.	253
Characters in stones.....	257
Bringing Mom Home	259
Brendon back in time.	261
Sanity	267
Nel	273
Mount Point.....	283
The game	289

The Game

Chapter 01

In the Woods

There we were in the middle of the woods; the thought came through my mind as I moved some spruce branches to see a grassy clearing. I hear Becky say, “this is not normal.” Becky and I have been friends since the second grade, and said jokingly that we would get married, but life’s affairs always got in the way. Becky had turned into a beautiful young lady; her blond hair and slender body made her stand out from the crowd; she hoped to become a model. As I turned to look into Becky’s blue eyes I said, “Normal would have not been listening to Byte.”

Becky and I met Byte in the eighth grade, at the time we thought he could use a friend because a lot of the kids were making racist comments. Byte was black, very black, and he was proud of it. Byte was very touchy if we mentioned anything about race, so Becky and I kept quiet, and slowly we three became good friends.

“If Byte had not made us go to the temple of Gon we would be home eating lunch while watching the *Red Socks* beat the *Blue Jays*,” I say.

Byte willing to defend himself said, “how was I supposed to know the temple had powers! Gon, to the people of Cha-Cha meant (*a seat upon a horse, and a throne of productivity*.) that sounds safe, safe enough to give us a youthful adventure...I mean it is in Vermont!”

Max started to interrupt, “All I know about Vermont is, Calvin Coolidge visited there, he was like a president or something; that is if my eighth-grade history teacher was right.”

Max was six foot and loved basketball. His blond hair and baby blue eyes attracted not a few women. To many of his friends he resembled Charlie Brown. Max continued, “Have you ever herd of the Government having portals into other dimensions, if they do what should make the Cha-Cha people any different?”

“Conspiracy theory,” Byte yelled, “*Gon: a throne of productivity!*” Byte did not like anything outside his truth, “I do not think this is due to the temple or a portal within the temple, I think while we were in the temple talking, our voice, vibrating the rocks caused them the come crashing down on us, in the crash we all died and now we are in...” Byte could not find the words to describe anything except his own inner truth.

Kelly who was afraid of death quickly said, “do not tell us that Byte, we slept-walked into the forest due to gas in the temple,” she managed to say in a scared voice.

Kelly feared death; when she was ten years-old her mother and father were racing down the highway, they had to hurry, because her father’s sister was about to have a baby and they all wanted to see the new-born. During the drive, her father was going speeds of close to one-hundred-miles-per-hour. For a moment Kelly drifted off as the sun kissed her face. The next moment she can remember is the car being turned upside down. She was in the middle seat, between her two parents, but now on the roof. Regretfully her parents both died at the scene, and left Kelly screaming for help.

None ever saw, or could comfort Kelly’s screams, “Mom, Dad wake up,” it was truly tragic. After a passerby saw the car upside down, they contacted 911. Within minutes the entire Police force was on the highway—at the accident of Kelly’s parents.

After friends and close family began showing up at the scene, they did not find much, but a wrecked car. 911 immediately got a helicopter and flew Kelly to the nearest hospital.

That night while Kelly laid in bed, the Doctors came in

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

and told Kelly her parents did not make it. From that point on Kelly blocked out death from her life and told herself her parents went on vacation.

“We did not sleepwalk into the forest Kelly,” Becky said, “that’s creepy, all ten of us? We slept walked out of the temple and into the middle of the forest—”

Becky quickly looked into Bytes eyes and said, “that is if your right Byte about a temple being there at all!”

Byte quick to defend himself said, “Are you there Becky, do you exist?”

“We walk south until we find help,” I said.

“Jaurroam, hello, what if there are aliens or something out there,” Jacky exclaimed.

I thought to myself, *that would be neat*, but Jacky did not see it that way. Jacky hated the moment; I could see it in her green eyes; actually, one was green the other one—I think was blue. Sometimes I think her hatred toward aliens or anything unknown was a coverup for our past relationship. A long time ago we were in love, but I scared her by being real, expressing the honest reality per se...she, at the time must have been too young, and now she will not admit it—she slightly failed herself, and tends to blame me, as if I am foolish.

This trip to Gon obviously will put that back in working order, I consider to myself.

“We stay here and make shelters” Jacky said.

“Jacky’s right!” Max replied, “this is too creepy to move.”

We all agreed to stay in the same spot we appeared in; the spot was in the middle of the woods, although—there was a small clearing about a quarter of a mile on the east side of the spot.

We never moved to the clearing, because if there was someone out there, we did not want to be detected. As we started collecting sticks to make shelters Byte yelled, “what are we going to eat???”

Byte was a big guy, six-foot and had been body

building for some time, he was always hungry.

“Luke,” Byte started saying, “did you bring a hunting knife?” Luke was well prepared for the night out in the temple. He brought matches, a first aid kit, a tent, a knife, and other things he thought he might need. We told him that he did not need much, but he was worried and brought an entire hiking-bag with him. Knowing that now, all of us were happy with his decision and started calling him a lifesaver, but Luke did not see it in that way, he saw his glasses and his allergic reaction.

His mom was a good parent, but Byte and I had considered if she over-sheltered him—causing Luke to reach out to us from time to time. Byte was eager to get Luke using his knife and I thought this adventure would help him more than anyone.

Byte looked into Luke’s big brown eyes and said, “this is the time Luke, this is the time that you go hunting!” One of Byte’s reasons for taking us to the temple of Gon was so that, in his own words, “grow into strong, capable adults,” so that we would all grow-up. That is what a friend would do, give a sense of independence without the absolute threat; we all trusted Byte.

“Yes, I have a knife” Luke replied.

“Well,” Byte said, “we can use it to sharpen sticks and within the stick Luke, we hunt for food.”

Max, eager to get started began to look around for the perfect stick. “Tyler” Max said, “come with me I might need help if someone or something is out there.” Tyler and Max were close, they started hanging out in second grade and rarely left each other’s side. Max's baby blue eyes and Tyler's style made them an attractive pair.

“Hang on wait for us,” Byte said.

“I am staying here to build shelters,” I said. All the rest, who did not go hunting decided to do the same thing.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Paige sort of had a grasp on my mind, as well as some of the girls, reluctantly over time my job was sort of protecting their way of thinking, their way of safety. I knew what Paige would say about lawless men, with a knife—creating sharpened sticks.

The more I was around her, the more I feared an unstable situation—and could sense when the moment became a moment to fear.

Becky and I were the first to gather sticks, the others went to Luke's hiking-bag, "Luke brought a tarp" I heard someone say.

"He also brought a rope" I heard Kelly say.

In the distance we could hear animal sounds, but they did not sound normal. As we attempted to put up shelters the noises scared us; they sounded like a baby crying, like a human baby crying!

This whole experience was bizarre; just yesterday we were at home in New York, seventeen and eighteen-year-olds with not much to do. ...So, when Byte offered us, his friends to see a new thrilling place in Vermont, we were excited to go; to me it sounded like a hunt for the unknown...after all, whoever herd of a temple in the middle of the woods—in Vermont! What other adventures could be in the middle of the woods, I thought.

We knew it would be a drive because New York and Vermont were miles apart. We planned the whole trip to take about three days. One day to get there, one day to get back and the other day we would spend in the temple. In a rush we drove and took the first night and spent it in a cheap hotel room, this was on the southern tip of Vermont. Sixty miles left before we reached the native tribal lands of Cha-Cha. We slept and woke up ready for the drive. Not long after we were on an old dirt road looking for any signs of life. Happily, we looked up and saw a sign saying welcome to Cha-Cha. From there Byte pulled out a map, we got out of the car and started to hike into the woods. Fifteen minutes later we see the temple, a huge temple. It looked like a man-made cave with some modern

designs on the front of it, it was so big—ten school buses could fit into the first room.

One hour ago, was when we reached the Temple of Gon and walked inside and now we are scared and fearing for our lives. We would speculate to what had happened, but we are too scared to talk about it.

Sally mentioned that some of the vegetation we were seeing was not of the Vermont Landscape, and that scared us. Sally would know these things because being a student at *New York University*, at nineteen she was very smart—having—an education in plant studies, plus...she was on her fourth year at New York University, not to mention her parents were park-rangers and brought Sally all around the globe studying plants.

Sally said, “That stick your holding in your hand should be in Mexico.”

I looked into her innocent brown eyes and said, “is it poisonous?”

“No” she replied, “but we have to be careful the landscape is not of this planet!”

Becky was standing close by and said, “if that stick is not from Vermont, then where are we, because I can remember a drive to Vermont, to a safe pleasant forest as Byte promised us!” Becky has always trusted Byte's truth, even in eighth grade when I brought up Santa Clause, she would say “there is no Santa Clause, grow up Jaurroam!” Byte would be there to add grace to those words, and slowly I thought Byte had something to gravitate toward, but this changes everything, and Becky knew it!

I suddenly let go of the stick I was holding—and said, “I have had enough of this, this is not funny.”

An Hour ago, we were inside the temple of Gon marveling at the stone structure when suddenly all of us were translated into the forest.

I knew I had a job to do in the morning, if I were late, it would be the end of the start of my career.

Worry turned into pain as I looked at the others with fear in my eyes. I sat down on the forest floor and said with a

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

trembling voice, “it will be alright.” The others could not help, and not hear my words, they too were brought to a level of insanity.

If people did die this would be it!

“Becky” I started saying right before she read my mind.

“How could this be?”

“Simple” she started to explain, “there were toxins in the air an hour ago, which caused us to hallucinate the temple, but we are still in the forest! What we ought to do is find a river and follow it south until we find civilization.” As she was talking the sound of twigs moving sounded on the forest floor.

Something was in the bushes; we turned our heads and shockingly we noticed a four-inch little running Bat/chipmunk thing run toward us. My first thought was to run, but I never managed to say those words, nor did I begin moving my legs.

As it came close it darted east into the clearing; I looked at Sally and then Becky and said, “what was that?” Sally being brave tried to keep us calm, but on the inside, she thought it was a demon...we all thought it was a demon; but to explain she said, “it could have been a chipmunk.”

Kelly asked, “should we stay here?”

“Forget the river” Becky said, “We can build shelters, if they're strong enough that chipmunk will not come in!”

We quickly ran around the forest gathering sticks and bushes. We had to gather enough for five shelters, two for each shelter. Two in each shelter would be safe, because one would most likely wake up if the chipmunk thing (who we named Big Eye) came back.

We told Kelly, Jacky, and Paige about Big Eye, but they preferred not to know, they still—were fearing for their lives.

Appearing in Gon made us all different, the brave became cowardly, and the staple became unstable. Our minds at this point were psychotic, and not only did we know that, but we also knew there was no cure.

Paige was going to be a doctor; she grew up in a long

time standing of Family of Doctors. Psychology was her goal, but this was beyond her knowledge. She explained to us that we should not act upon any instincts that are not common to our previous way of living—because the psychotic mind of our experience would have us kill one another.

Paige was proud of her learnings, she had a degree, and worked hard for it. When she was a child, kids would bully her. Through that experience she sought the reason why they bullied her, and concluded people are their own problem—due to lack of happiness in life! I understood her conclusion, Becky did too, but one thing that Becky and I have in common was happiness in life due to fighting.

Kelly one time discovered that, and she said in the middle of a struggle, “Bravo, you got yours, after—all you deserve it...as Universal creatures we get what we want!”

I can remember in the sixth grade when I asked Kelly to go on a date, (this was the time I had my first kiss) everything in my mind went great! ...The next day while walking through the halls of school she invited me to sneak out into the gym, Sally went too. Well, in the gym for some strange reason they took turns slightly kneeing me in the unspeakable.

...I think it was because of the kiss, but I never really knew; I did not get it, but to this day it messes with my head, and slowly over time I have withdrew myself from being closer to her and would not admit Kelly causes pain, and she continues to cause it for Becky and me.

I told Byte about it (the only person I can trust with esteem besides Becky), and he said, “the truth is: the strong survive,” and then he laughed.

I have come to conclude: if there is something in these woods, it can have Kelly...Kelly sort of deserves it...it is the hell she seems to demand, and as a matter of fact, I would be happy for her—it would take a load of survival pressure off my back—knowing Kelly found her evil-man, the monster she has been searching for. I would delight in the fear written on her expression—if anything were in these woods, it would add

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

pleasure and happiness for me in these woods!

The struggle intensified and Becky almost died, and I came out with a few issues. Gon would be Cake—I thought, if Kelly does not find out...after all which came first, the fight or the solution to the fight. “Kelly deserved these woods,” I said under my breath, “Kelly pays her positivity to these woods.” If she started showing psychotic signs, laughter would uncontrollably gush out of my mouth, since she always, always...even in grade school thinks that I am a guy who likes evil. Through the years since we have been friends, she has driven me to a point of madness.

Unlike Kelly and I, Becky and I have been close, and the main reason for our closeness is, because we balance out the negative and positive in our relationship, what some call crazy—back home; but that is not the definition of crazy—although I should use it!

Paige would beg to differ, but I was convinced that if something happens in Gon, in the woods of Gon—then it will be due to lack of exposure, and Becky and I had plenty of it.

After we saw the Big Eye, Paige was quick to comfort, she says “nothing bad will happen to us out here.” Her psychology controlling the mind is controlling everything. I understood what she said and went on to explain the best ways to build the shelters.

The sun started setting, but there was a problem: the others had not come back yet, we were in such a hurry to gather the sticks and branches and to set up the triangle shelters we forgot to panic.

Kelly said, “let’s start a fire so the others will know where to find us.”

I jumped at the opportunity and began to collect enough wood to last throughout the night. Wood was everywhere, as well as white birch paper; good I thought, this stuff might do.

The clearing to the east was now in total darkness, but the fire lit up our camp site. The fire made us feel very safe as we stared at our quick work—building the triangle shelters. The glow of light from the fire danced off the trees in the forest. “The others ought to see the fire” I said.

A few hours went by and there was no sign of the others, we started to panic. “Where are the others?” we yelled.

Suddenly we hear “Becky, Kelly?” It was the sound of Byte's voice!

“Yes, they are here” I said. Slowly the four of them appeared, Byte, Max, Tyler, and Luke.

As they approached the fire, I could make out hunting spears, they had made hunting spears; they not only made them, but they used them and caught what looked like a rabbit.

“Where have you been?” asked Becky.

Byte said, “we had to make hunting spears, but we could not find tough enough sticks, so we went deep into the forest in search for them.”

“We easily caught this thing which was a deer” Luke said.

“The woods are weird, there was this green glow on the way back,” Max added.

“I am starving,” Tyler said.

I had to admit I was hungry too, and I hoped they were going to share. Byte quickly got next to the fire and started setting up the roast; we all gathered close to the fire and examined the meat.

Sally happily said, “that is deer meat, I can tell by its coat,” but she did not want to mention that that meat only exists in Africa, but she was sure that the food was safe.

Within an hour the meat roasted, we all rushed to grab a bite.

“Byte, there was this...like dark creature, that lives in the woods, we have seen it” I said privately.

“Was it similar to a ghost” Byte replied.

“No, it had flesh and blood” I said!

“Where could we be,” Byte said in awe.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“I do not know, but we had to make these shelters strong, so nothing unknown would come in” I said.

“I do not think it's something to worry about, tomorrow we will examine this place better and come up with a real solution, but now we need some sleep!”

As night fell, we went into our shelters. Becky and I shared a shelter, after—all—we had been friending the longest.

Becky went into the small shelter on her hands and knees. After she was all the way in, I followed.

As I went in, I could make out her face in the soft glow of the fire and for the first time I had emotions for her. My new emotions were saying that I needed more of her, I thought to control, but there was no need for control, because the environment was not controlled.

As I laid next to her—I thought of how I could know her better, but she was always first in the relationship.

She must have thought of what I was thinking, because she picked herself up and kissed me on the lips.

I kissed back, and the love began.

This is my cure for being in these woods, I can be with Becky. I felt a rush of love and never wanted to leave the woods.

The next morning, I got up, happy to be alive. Becky and I got up at the same time. As I came out of the small tent-like structure, I noticed Byte putting a log onto the fire.

“How did you sleep,” I ask—happy to be in the woods.

“If you can call it sleep,” he replied, then he did something odd, he sat down next to Sally and put his arm around her. Becky, coming out of the stick structure said, “what is this, you too have not been nice to each other in years?”

We all laughed....

Beforehand Byte and Sally had been fighting. For several years in fact, because Sally stopped dating Byte; she said—it got in the way of her education, but now, like Becky and I, the woods brought us closer together.

Max and Luke overheard us and came out of their shelters. Luke confronting the unreal possibility of awaking in the unknown woods of Gon, loudly said, “I cannot believe we are still in these woods!”

“We are in the woods without any coffee,” Max added.

As we were talking—the others heard and came out next to the fire.

Max said, “What are we going to do?”

I decided that I should be the one to come up with the plan: “Option one,” I explained, “we stay here and build bigger shelters and hunt for food—while waiting for someone to come rescue us, but that would mean we accept that there is not a way out of these woods. Option two, we walk until we find help, most likely follow a river until we find civilization; it would be risky, because we do not know if we are on the same planet, or at the same time. Option three, we build bigger shelters, and not just bigger, but stronger and we build them off the ground. Off the ground would be better because there could be mountain lions, or other creatures that would kill or even hurt us—that we are not aware of. After we build better shelters, we find food, we explore the woods, but at first—we just take day hikes, and after the food source stabilizes—we explore more.”

“Those are our options, our only options; we should take a vote,” I demanded.

The group all together said, “we take the last option.”

“Then that is what we will do,” I said.

Byte, Tyler, Luke, and Max took that day to find more food, the rest of us looked for trees with large branches to build our treehouses.

We found a patch of land not far from where we were. There were several trees in the patch with large branches. It took us a while to move the tents we built the previous day to the new spot. Once we got the wood to the new spot, the first thing we built were the floors in the trees.

The floors we created were smooth-sticks laid out across the branches, we tossed pine-needles on the tree-floors

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

to sort of make a bed. Once finished they were nice and comfortable...high off the ground—about six feet.

That day we made all five floors, but not the roofs.

Byte, Tyler, Luke, and Max were welcomed by fire that night—as they came back with fresh meat.

“We got the house floors up,” Sally said—to the hunters. They were happy to hear that, as well as we were to hear they killed a deer, that meant life-sustaining-meat for us.

Once back, Luke climbed up to inspect the floors, he said, “I need to know how comfortable these houses are.” Byte, Max, and Tyler did likewise.

“This is as comfy as my bed” Luke said.

“We will sleep good on these” Max added.

“We are doing good” Byte said, “we have a home, plus we got food!”

“How did you catch the food,” I ask.

“Not far from here we saw a herd-of-deer and followed them until they ran into a pond/swamp. In the pond we had the advantage. That is where I speared one,” Byte said.

“Great, we have enough food to last us a week, that is if we smoke the deer,” I say.

We all ate, and fell asleep, knowing we were safe, high up in our treehouses.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 02

Play the Game

It has been three days since we arrived in Gon, my mind is beginning to see and hear strange things; Becky thinks it is because there is not any radio or television in Gon, so our ears are re-adjusting to silence.

Spots flood my vision as my mind hears crying and violent negative sounds...they seem to come from all around. I tell myself to have a conversation, but to no avail...us ten—only talk for at most two hours a day...we have nothing to talk about.

I gaze at the tree in front of me—as my eyes fade in and out of vision, it almost looks as if something is going in and out of the tree, sounds pull my ears to the ground, as if someone is shouting or crying beneath the dirt.

I am so afflicted!

No sound makes sound everywhere!

Byte says, “Jaurroam, Jaurroam, we must get this done, we must stabilize these walls, we do not want that chipmunk thing to come back!” I help and then I fall asleep for the night.

Mornings wonderful light appears through the east side of the clearing, the sun suddenly rises, the night went by quick. I sat up in my tree-bed, I could see fog. Becky called out and asked if I was up. “Yes” I replied.

“There is food down here, and some pine tea” she said.

I climbed down the thick pine-branches of my safe house eager to get some homemade breakfast. Strange sounds came from the surrounding forest as I said, “I feel as if I am on a foreign island or a new planet: say, Venus or something!”

Becky said, “I am in the forest that is strange enough;

I never looked that deep into the forest before, why?"

"Because of the new sounds and colors in the atmosphere," I said—as I stuffed a large piece of meat into my mouth. I heard the others waking up, they were all hungry for some food and they knew they did not have to hunt for a while, so they settled in for a day of feasting.

"Since we do not have much to do today, we should play a game!" Byte stated.

We agreed too!

"I love games," I said, and decided to tell them about a war game; I was never taught it or thought about the game prior to the moment I taught it, but I presented myself to have known it and in doing so, accidently, and unawares—convinced the others it was an ordinary game.

"The game works like this: five players on each team, the point is to war, but instead of guns, and or spears we will use pine branches for weapons.

Once the pine branch tags the opponent, that person is out of the game. We use the field in the east. The field is our parameters; run, jog, or walk, but do not get tagged by the branch, those are the rules, the only rules," I said.

Everyone said, "good game!"

Quickly we cut down pine branches and voted for the two team captains. I knew that I wanted to be a leader... Max wanted the other position.

The two of us were to vote, we were to choose the others in.

Max and I decided that the best way to make a team was to take turns selecting players.

I selected first and that selection was Becky.

Max selected Luke because he knew he could run.

I eagerly waited to hope to select Byte... my turn was next, "I pick Byte the fastest!"

Max picked Kelly because he knew Kelly and I are sort of on bad terms. I picked Sally knowing Byte liked her. Max then picked Paige, after I picked Jacky—right before I reconsidered that Tyler was strong...

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“I pick Tyler!” Max said loudly, confirming to himself he had Tyler and sealing me out of re-picking Tyler.

The pine branches we used were sort of like little sticks with flags on the top. They were flexible enough that nobody would get hurt, or at least we thought nobody would get hurt, but strong enough to get the message across.

Each of us made our way to the half-mile-sized-field. My team walked to the south of the field while Max's team walked to the north.

“The game begins,” I yelled from across the south side of the field. Immediately we all ran to the center of the field ready for battle. I went straight for Max, Byte was to be my bodyguard; little did we know that in the search for Max, Kelly spotted us and secretly went after Byte. She struck him with her pine-branch; before he left the game, he said, “Run!”

I begin to run.

I could sense—in fear Kelly following close behind. Byte being out of the game left me with three players who I thought were running south, so I decided to do likewise. Max was nowhere to be found and violently his team wanted to win.

As I was running the thought came to my mind that we had no chance of winning and I began to fear, my heart began to race, and I became weak.

Max secretly ran down the west side of the tree line, heading south as we continued south. Max, through his speed out-ran us and was at the south side of the field once we got there; He had hidden in the grass and had crouched down.

He saw me and ran toward me.

I looked back to see if Luke was still following me, and sure enough he was close behind; I could not see Jacky or Becky, I was hoping they had made it, but toward the west side Jacky struck Paige while Luke struck Jacky.

Now I was in the middle of Luke and Max, I decided to run west, and as I did, I saw Kelly.

For the first time in my life, I was consciously, truly vengeful and rageful toward Kelly; I was mad she struck Byte, and decided that even if I lose the game, I will pay her back! I

ran after her forgetting about those who pursued. Suddenly I found, deep within, a burst of energy, and quickly caught up to Kelly and then stopped and noticed Becky's pine branch touch Kelly.

I had to wonder, in the moment of winning relief: *if Becky had not been there, what would I have done to Kelly!*

Max being close behind tagged me, and said, “you’re out!” Becky was soon tagged afterward.

I will never forget the rage I felt toward Max's team; they had won, and I had lost! Afterwards I continued to make a pit deep within myself.

Max thrilled to be alive said “Good Game!”

I will never forget the powerful—appearing evil grin on his face, as if he not only won the game, but my will too! He welcomed us to join him back to the camp, more like his camp at that moment.

The smell of fresh wood burning cheered me up as we entered the Camp. I was hungry, so I walked to the fire-pit—blazing with warmth—giving us a home and sliced off a chunk of some life-sustaining-meat.

My satisfaction and peace turned to anger when Max said, “hold on fellow we need some for later.”

What makes him captain—I thought as I swallowed, not only the meat, but his words as well.

“Whatever Max,” I said.

“What is your problem,” he replied, “you came up with the game?”

In anger I said, “I came up with the game and I will finish it!!!”

Chapter 03

Offspring

For the first few months since we appeared in *nowhere* land, things were tough, we did not find enough giant leaves to make enough roofs for the treehouses, when it rained, we could feel the water. Most of the time after a good rain we would wake up either damp or wet. Becky and Sally were constantly complaining, but the food that Max provided with the help of others made everyone feel great. Luckily, we found water months ago or we would not be alive; we have not found a lake or a river, but the swamp we found seems to do fine for drinking as well as washing up.

The nights are very scary, we do not travel much outside of the camp, because the sounds we hear in the night...they sound like a dead animal carrying itself around, and that is probably the truth we would say to one another—hoping that it was not something else dead carrying itself around.

There are nights as the sound echoes throughout the forest, a green glow will be out there, and then we will hear what sounds like a woman/child screaming; I have never been so scared and fearful as the nights in the woods in Gon. Tyler quietly mentioned that he *did* hear a baby laughing out there in the dead of night. On several occasions some would wake up screaming—which would wake us all up, we would climb down our treehouse, and gather close to the fire, asking each other what was wrong; they would try to explain that they either thought something grabbed their arm or leg, or something was breathing on them. Paige and Sally would do their best to make excuses, “it was the wind or a branch” they

would say, but it did not help much because they hid their experience, and that would cause us all to deal with a lack in other places, and I knew it! *Their cover up of reality would become our nightmare of delusions, our silent cries for help would become our nightmare.*

They both gave their weakness to the darkness, by not being the tiniest bit truthful, being totally fake, not admitting their weakness. Rather they—accidentally stood in the place of darkness, and I could not get into them—to tell them to love, to be positive toward the darkness—because they had blocked out all emotions. Several times Paige, in sort of a relaxed mode, expressed that there were dark forces or things out of place, as well as whispers, but did not admit she covered it up for the others, which in the end caused us all to over-play—concluding the darkness was stronger!

I had to admit that there was always a presence in those woods, a presence that would be watching us and tormenting us, something evil, but to give that information to the others would make me the bad guy, and Max good. As a matter of fact, I would have to threaten the others with everything I had in me to give the least bit of truth, and I could not do that.

Max had to have the seat as boss, so he agreed with Paige, because it was safe for his mind.

Because Max now was the boss, although not strong, he gave his power to Paige, and Paige made the dark forces our enemy, Sally did as well.

*

For some reason Becky wants to have a child, and she keeps telling the group she is pregnant. At this time, I did not care that much about giving her a child, but I knew I loved Becky. *(I was not even sure if I could give her a child, but I loved her so much I told her the best answer, that was: I would give her one.)*

I hope I do not disappoint her; she has been happier lately—as the month approaches of the expected due date.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Sally keeps congratulating me, it would be a shame to be held back from my hopes as well as others.

Sally told us that she never wants to have a child, we figured that out—when Becky mentioned she thought she was. I strongly doubt she meant that, because if we never get rescued from our situation, we will want an army to live out here with us.

Everyone had changed since we got lost in Gon, even Jacky and Luke recognize that we need to move on with our lives. Just a couple of weeks ago Sally and Byte were out walking, through the trees they could make out Jacky and Luke being intimate, who knows they might have a child too.

Byte asked Luke what they planned on doing, and if they were together—in a love relationship, his reply was that the forest has brought them closer together, and if having a child met being together, rather than not—they planned on having one.

I understood what he meant, *the isolation in these woods brings our inward realities to the surface*; in this case it was a family far out in the sticks.

We all started taking a liking to our new world, except for Paige and Tyler; their bond was to not have a bond, and they started mocking us for trying to have children in Gon, but to the rest of us...we did everything to make sure it was thought of as our own personal paradise, a paradise away from structured systems—run by unkindness.

A few months went by, and we noticed Becky's belly swelling. It has been eight months since we appeared in what we call Gon or the land of Gon, and sometimes we—even call it the mystery of Gon. *This is where I want to be, this is where I am going to be a father!*

There were many plans racing through my mind—plans of what I wanted with Gon, but not only Gon, but my child as well.

“I will teach him to hunt,” I said to Becky as we watched the sun rise in the east side of the clearing. I looked back to see our treehouses peeping out of the forest and then

looked at the field, the field we now call the field of the Game; that is the place we played the game—that is the place I lost, that is the place—Max and I noticed our differences.

Becky and I decided to walk back into the forest to talk with Max and make double sure he was alright.

Over the past several months Max and I fought a lot, he would always come back with the threat: “do you want to play the game again?” With a cocky attitude he would continue saying, “I will win this time too!”

This day, I decided to relieve tension, “we should play the game again,” I said to Max.

Becky could not play because of her child, the child we named Gabriel, so there would be five players on Max's team and four on mine.

My players gathered at the south end of the field.

“Let the game begin!” Becky said loudly, with her hands on her belly—making us aware of Gabriel!

Everyone ran to the center of the field except Max, Max wanting to make peace decided that he was going to let us win.

I did not know I was getting set up, so I fought with all my might, along with Byte.

It would be a bad thing if we lose—comes to mind while I was running, perhaps this was a bad idea, what if we lose again.

Not soon after we all got tagged and that was without Max playing the game. Max walked toward us—out of frustration he says, “losers, how could you have lost—” knowing he was letting us win.

Byte looked at me and said, “I do not feel good, my stomach is sick, and I am weak,” that was abnormal for Byte; Byte was big and healthy; he grew up training to be in the N.F.L. *How could Kelly use her pine-branch on him a second time, I ask myself.*

Max's team gathered around him in celebration, reluctantly Max celebrated, and made himself—sort of their god.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

As they laughed and talked, I felt hatred, what about Byte and the rest of us, they were using evil in a good game. The team of Jaurroam fell in paranoia, Byte laid on the ground trying to recover, Sally seemed to make an excuse for the evil split that she thought was happening.

As I was comforting Sally, Max playing a god yelled, “losers!”

“What happened to the Max we came here with,” I said.

Through lack of my own esteem—that would have come by comforting Sally, I snapped, I got Mad, and lost my sense of gravity, not as though I had one anymore—due to the portal bringing us into Gon. I walked up to Max and punched him in the face until I saw blood, “the blood of replacing us, the ten who arrived” I say.

Suddenly I came to, my hatred left, and Byte felt better, I looked at Byte, he had a smile on his face, he then looked at me and laughed.

Becky came running up to me and said, “Jaurroam why did you do that?” covering up the hatred she felt towards the other team. She grabbed my arm and walked me away from Max. I tried to explain to her that it was not me, but she forced out an answer, so I made something up, “it was the heat,” I said.

I considered if the rage could be because of the Game but decided it could not have been. One thing I was for sure, I loved Becky and that was my escape. In hope she would let the moment slide, I grabbed her hand, hoping she would remember Gabriel and said, “the baby.”

In a forgiving voice she said, “I will not forgive you unless you bow down to Max, for goodness’ sake Jaurroam where out in the middle of nowhere.”

“Your right Becky” I said hoping her insight was good for us all, after all I knew she wanted to be in these woods and make it into our paradise.

“Jaurroam, promise me that you will never do that again, promise me for Gabriel’s sake,” she said.

“I am sorry Becky” I say, covering myself.

I was not sorry, I knew something she did not; I was not in control of my being right then, and I knew she would not understand, because I did not understand myself.

Max was mad, and so was his team.

Kelly quick to defend Max and her hand in the game yelled “this is not the place to play tough guy Jaurroam!”

Ignoring Kelly, I looked into Byte’s big black eyes and could tell he felt the same as I.

“We won,” Byte quietly said to me.

“Do not encourage him Byte!” Becky replied.

Max and his team started walking back to the treehouses. Max said, “I do not know why, but I feel as if I am the one who brought us out here, as if I am the problem, I was going to let them win.”

“It is not your fault” Paige said, and continued, “it is not your fault that we are out here, it is Byte who did not consider his own truth. Let us not play the game anymore, we cannot afford to split; if there is a reason to fight, it is against whatever is in the woods.”

That night I lay next to Becky high off the ground, wondering if Gon had caused us to play the game. I invented it I thought, but my inwards would say something different, for example: I always taught others what others gave me, and I never heard of such a game in New York, and I never, not once—ever before *hit* Max!

What if the evil out here can manipulate our minds and cause us to hate one another? I could not let that happen, I loved Becky and Gabriel too much, our future—making paradise—was at stake. Tomorrow I will call Max a warrior, apologize to him and everyone else. Then I will be able to raise Gabriel here, in Gon, in peace, but these treehouses got to go, we could use stones to keep out the critters and Bark from the trees to keep out the rain. I could build them big enough, I could make a second floor, and that’s where Gabriel can sleep, high up and safe.

Eager to build the next morning, I woke up and

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

climbed down my treehouse and noticed Max and Kelly cuddling next to the fire; no one else was up yet, the sun was just starting to rise.

“Max, I have something to say. I am sorry, you are like the boss to me. Max, again I am sorry!”

Max suddenly felt abusive, he was trying to let me win, and I lost, now he had hatred in his eyes. “Get some meat,” Max said.

Him acting like the Boss made me feel repulsion, I crouched down next to the fire, grabbed Luke's hunting knife, and sliced off a giant piece of roasting deer.

Max started kissing Kelly and said to me, “why don't you go back to bed!”

It was kind of okay, I guess...I was hoping that he would not be abusive, “you are the Boss” I said. A sharp pain hit my heart when Max continued to try to fix it, but I could not let him fix it, I needed to care for Gabriel.

I thought I fixed it, but later I found out he did not except that.

“I need to build a better house” I said and went off to find stones, and a lot of them.

Considering Max as I went, I wondered if we would ever have peace.

I walked deep into the forest—with Gabriel and Becky as my motivation, I searched for stones.

About five miles into the woods, I noticed a stone cliff rising off the ground; I had not noticed it before.

It sat vertical off the ground, stones were piled near the foot of it, the ledge stretched for miles...*all the loose stones were mine for the taking*, or at least I thought they were.

Hmm, I thought, how could I gather enough stones. I knew there were enough stones not to just build one house, but several, but how do I get them back to our camp site? I picked up one of the stones, it weighed about fifty pounds, that is heavy I thought and began to walk back to the camp site. Along the way I considered ways to get the stones back.

Idea one: I could carry them back, but that would take

too much energy, the second idea was to make a train-like system, with the rest of us friends, the third system was to build carts.

I hurried back as I carried the large stone, knowing I had to hurry to build the house because Gabriel would arrive here within a few months.

It took one hour to carry the large stone back home, and once home, I was tired, but the sight of Becky motivated me to quickly assemble the carts.

The carts I figured were the best way to get the stones to the building location, because hand carrying all those stones would be nearly impossible.

I planned on building three of them, I would use Luke's small ax to cut down a tree and take slices off the thick part of the tree to make circle wheels, and once I had the wheels, I would punch holes in the center of the wheels...holes big enough to shove a spruce stick through, if the spruce branch were strong enough it would hold weight. I would connect the spruce-stick to another wheel making a set of wheels. I would double what I just did and that would make the wheels that the platform would sit on top of. This would finish the cart.

Byte eager to help, and knew we needed three carts, went in search for the perfect spruce branches, those would be for the platform as well as the sticks that held the wheels together. He found them quickly. I chopped down the trees and created smooth wheels; the next step was waiting until Luke perfected them, that would include punching holes in the center of the wheels.

While these things were happening Byte noticed a problem, the sticks to go in the center of the wheels were not strong enough, instead he insisted we use logs; that would take more time, but it was the only way.

Within three days we were done with the carts. Smoothly they rolled across the landscape.

Once they were given a small push on the back, they rolled as if they were a stone rolling down a hill, that is if I were high up enough to cast one.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

I was genuinely nice to Max for the past few days in hopes he would help with Gabriel's house, as well as our friendship.

"Max, will you please help out with my house, there are a lot of stones to collect," I said.

Max and I have been building treehouses since we were young, those times were some of my favorite times, he always mentioned that it was the glue in our brother-like-blood.

With the question in his mind, and a glow in his eyes he said, "What could be better!" Max got the rest motivated and excited about building the house and said to the rest, "let's get these stones quickly, so that Gabriel will be born in a safe place," everyone happily agreed.

Five miles we pushed the carts and reached our destination, the ledge. We gathered as many stones as we could, as many as we could fit into the carts. Once complete, we quickly pushed them back to our campsite...the place that comforted us in Gon.

Two weeks of gathering stones was enough to complete my two-story family house. The house was small: one room on the bottom and one on the top, just enough space to sleep two on the first floor—alongside a small table.

Once the first floor was done, branches went on the stones which made up the second floor—which resembled an old, old attic.

"Gabriel will sleep well here, I say.

"Byte! Check out my house, I am done; look at the attic, it looks cozy, I want your approval," I said.

Byte approached the house; Max went with him. I could hear Byte walking around the small attic floor. "Great job," he said, Max agreed.

Soon after the house was built Gabriel was born. I had not a clue about delivering a baby, but Paige saw something about it on television and hid Becky from the rest—by shutting

the door to the house, and that is where the baby was born.

The door opens, Sally was the first to see the cute little thing wrapped in pieces of our clothes, clothes that we wore when we arrived in Gon.

Sally fell in love with the idea of having her own child and started seeing what I saw about those woods, and that was: *Our Woods!*

Quickly she manipulated Byte into giving her a baby but having one and having a house went hand and hand, so they built one next to mine.

Within a few months, the house was finished, the sight of the two houses resembled a fairy-tale-dream, and an achievement of what humans could do together.

Not long after—we helped Byte build a house close to ours, his child was born. Byte, because his parents named him after something powerful, he did likewise and named his child Bit! Sally loved the name, it reminded her of a powerful lecture she heard in school, “Perhaps he will grow up and be an explorer of Gon,” she said.

Luke, understanding: if he planned on staying in the woods or even if he did not, we all ought to know how to make our own clothes, so he showed us clothes made from animals, mostly the deer.

After Bit was born, I wanted another child, and was determined to get one. At the same time Luke and Jacky wanted one too; they had been trying for months.

“Why would you have a child in a desolate place such as Gon,” Kelly asked. She hated Gon, but from my insight she recently got pregnant, *yes*, she and Max were having a child and Sally was the first to find out.

Not long after Becky gave birth to our second child; around the same time Max and Kelly had their first born.

I named my second child Love.

Max and Kelly named their child War.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Deep down in Max he hid the Game, and without him consciously knowing it, influenced his decision to create a child—as well as the blood of his child.

I did not think about it much at the time, *Kelly has hated me since the fifth grade, and always gave me the worst side of her, but thought that we could be friends of the same*, we could not, what she does causes me to hate back, and unconsciously Max and Kelly became a small threat within my mind's eye—due to lack of communicating positivity, and I began to see them as dark, all powerfully—very dark creatures!

Jacky and Luke noticed everyone was going for children, mostly to survive the woods, they decided to have a child, they named their first child Jack.

Tyler and Paige could have gotten together, but they did not get along.

We all encouraged them to have a child, because surviving Gon would be hard, especially if we are the laws to the new land, the land that ate us alive, the land we call Gon.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 04

Building Gon

Ten years went by in peace, we have not played the game and Max and I have done our best to get along.

Gabriel has grown as well as the other children. So far, forty children have been born. And Tyler and Paige recently had a child due to feeling separated from what us friends were doing.

Since Gabriel was born, Max and I have not stopped improving our house-building skills; the houses got better and better, and bigger and bigger, with better stones. The last one we built was for Paige and Tyler, this house had rooms in it, all was made of stone except the roof.

During our improvements we started using mud to seal the stones together. I added on to my house to make it more spacious. There are now five houses in the woods. The appearance of the houses on coming back from a journey was sort of dreamlike, one would never think that what we had done in the middle of our disaster could have been done.

Bit and Gabriel get along well, them both, being ten, are very smart. We taught them an invented language as well as invented traditions. Although they could speak English, they both had a hard time practicing the language, that would cause us to flow around what they were doing.

Bit was an explorer; at an early age he would explore, but not as much as his parents thought he would; silently Bit explored his own world, within his world it was safe, safe within his head, nobody else knew where his world was. Gabriel knew what Bit was doing or at least she thought she did; to go along with her theory, she taught him about color,

color that one could see when the eyes were shut, that would cause Bit to explore deeper into his mind.

Gabriel was a genius; she would have loved the world that us ten had come from. When we described it, she would put it in her own language, and express it creatively. For instance, if we told her about knives, she would say that the darkness was at the tip, she would then name it dark tip.

Max's child, who he named War, did not like Gabriel, but blended in—so that way Bit would not take offence—treating War as his name appeared to be; Bit had a very dark character if anyone threatened the world he had made. War stayed to himself and like his name, waited to play the game his father had taught him, and because of the game, he continued to cause others to be well pleased with himself.

War took a liking to the new Baby and that was Paige's first born. Because War was old enough to be aware, he decided that the new Baby whose name was Si was his project. He raised and made a never-ending friend, that would give them a special bond and they would be un-separable.

Si and War grew together, War would call her by the name Sian.

War at first used Si to gather information about Bit. War said to Si, “Bit has something on his mind, but does not want to share it with anyone!” Si took after her mother and went happily to mess with the mind, she called these episodes a psychoanalysis, everyone hated these except Si, in the end they always won.

When Si turned thirteen, she got carious about Bit, why is he so quiet she asked herself. One day she got the courage to talk to him. “Bit you’re a lot older than me, could you tell me who made the forest” she asked.

“The forest is invisible; if you see it, you make the analysis” Bit replied. Si was a bit upset with his answer.

Unlike Si, Gabriel’s insides were colorful...Si knew that, and invited her to play the game—to be nice.

Gabriel agreed.

The teams were in the same manner as those who

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

played the game the first time. Gabriel was one of the team captains as her father was and War was the other like Max. Gabriel taught not just the game players that day who were on her team, to work...she taught them play. War, and what became his followers taught them War. As the two sides grew Bit became enormously powerful, this was because he was blind as a bat. Bit could control War, Si and Jack through the power of his mind.

Jack was Jacky's son...in the search for power, Jack fought against time, "time," he said to War, "is stronger than anyone out here in Gon, if we want power over Bit or Gabriel, we must fight time, we must fight against something powerful!"

From the outside everything went on as normal...houses, exploration, food, but on the children's insides they were developing powers.

Some of these powers could have been caused by a doll.

The original people who came to Gon were taught that they would at some point receive flesh-rot, that was one of the purposes for having children, to hold back the flesh-rot.

Tyler hated the idea of flesh-rot; he could not wrap his mind around such a purpose.

One majestic day Tyler went out for a walk through the forest, as he was walking, he noticed a small object wedged between some rocks. He got curious and decided to take a closer look. On inspection he made out what seemed to be a child's toy, but not just a toy but a baby-doll, but it did not appear like a normal baby-doll, but an ugly, wicked baby-doll.

The design of the baby-doll was like a four-year-old-child, so I do not know if I would consider it a baby-doll; I cannot find the words to describe such a doll. Its face was filthy, if Tyler tried to remove the filth from its face, he could not, it somehow was within the face.

The dress it wore was white and stained with dirt, but still white or grey if thought hard about.

Wicked spoke and it was through the appearance of

that doll.

Excited to find a doll, and in hope of returning home, he decided to tell everyone.

Once he got to the camp—he had already made up his mind to introduce it as the way to cure flesh-rot, and not just to cure, but the real deal for curing one's ignorance, knowing the possible consequences was watching his friends rotting since he lied.

He said, "this doll which appeared in the woods communicated, it has the power to give us thousands upon thousands of years without flesh-rot, *the utter fate of us all!*"

Within himself he was laughing at the stupid idea of flesh-rot while imagining Sally's serious face saying everyone in fact will receive such, but nobody ever knew why she spread her knowledge, but everyone holding to her leadership continued to expect flesh-rot. With that in his mind he would make the excuse within himself that whoever made up flesh-rot was lying.

"Where did the doll come from?" I asked Tyler.

"From the critters that live in the forest, they came to me to cure your flesh-rot—" Tyler answered.

Kelly quickly went up to Tyler and again Tyler was asked "where did you get the doll Tyler?" Tyler knew better than to play Kelly's game; he knew not to answer her with his truth.

"There could be others in these woods," Sally said to excuse everyone's doubt.

"Don't," Paige said to Sally, "We are all delusional!"

Tyler said, "the doll came from the critters."

Most of us wanted to stay in Gon and agreed the doll came from the critters, and the doll could give us thousands upon thousands of years.

Excited, Tyler said, "This doll is to be placed high as a god, we should make a place to display it's powers."

With all in agreement we built a dollhouse in the middle of what now looked like a village.

Once that was in place, the group said to one another,

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“that’s good!”

Five hundred years passed and the cure, not only cured, but inspired the children to be creative. In their creativity they had more children, but not only children, but creatures with powers. Each child stayed silent most of the time and the harmony of the children caused everyone to grow in power.

Max long ago forgot about the game they had played when they first came to Gon, the doll coming into the camp caused everyone to be at peace, but he wanted to prove something and that was flesh-rot, so he struck the doll, and suddenly he remembered the game. He hid this memory deep within himself, and secretly told himself that he must play the game.

Max decided, being full of his desire to play the game, that Gabriel ought to know about the Game!

“We know of this secret in the forest: Max said, “we call it the Game!” “War and Si will be your enemy’s. Two teams on opposite ends of the 'Field of the Game' and whoever gets struck by the pine branch loses.”

“War” Max said, “play the game against Gabriel, I want to see who wins.” The teams formed as if D.N.A. were in absolute control... Jaurroam’s offspring, against Max's offspring, that meant Gabriel would have to fight against War...thus making both team captains.

Max did most of his working regarding The Game in secret—to provoke Jaurroam’s offspring to attempt to win again, this would give War the defeat, making him more, much, much more of a war machine than his father.

Not all the children played the game, twenty people played the game at this point: ten people on War's team and ten people on Gabriel's team.

To everyone’s surprise War won! Jack thought it was because of his own long fights with time that gave him the upper hand, Bit thought it was a game.

The win surprised everyone because everyone trusted Gabriel's strength—even Jack and War!

Because of such a defeat and embarrassment everyone remained silent.

Gabriel was the peoples' role-model, they admired her, they wanted to be like her, so any little imperfection was the embarrassment of everyone—except for War and some of Gon's children.

“Jaurroam,” Max said, do you remember that game you taught us?”

“Yes, sure do!” Jaurroam replied.

“We should play it again, with the same teams!” Max said.

I was silent for a moment as I began to go over the question in my mind. That game is wicked I thought...everything has been going great since we stopped playing the Game; quickly I changed the subject in hopes that Max was not carrying baggage from the past, but that only added fuel to the fire; Max loved a fight. He gave me a look of seriousness, and I said, “No Max!”

Max, having waited to overcome and take me down that moment, kept in his anger to privately hunt me in the future.

“Okay” Max said, hoping to hide his bigger scheme which was giving War, Si and Jack the power to carry out the legacy of the Game...to play the Game!

Bit and Gabriel ignored all such Game playing and would not confess such existed, even to War, but War was after something...something that his father held dear. Most of the time War kept obedient and silent for such a cause, which frightened most of the children!

*

One thousand years passed and Gon was filled with many, many more people...the land was full of houses, wonderful houses; the children became master house builders, and within

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

the houses they would build new things and those new things they would sell to one another.

About this time the people split into two—to form two cultures.

The first group of people was those that stayed at the Camp-of-Beginnings, the second group decided to travel deep into the woods to build what they called the city of Gon.

Another thousand years passed, and the two groups of people never spoke to one another, those that left...never reported what had happened or what they had built, that was if they built anything at all; they seemed not to care, care about their parents, care about Gabriel's authority over the forest or about Bytes and Jaurroam's plan to return to earth!

No one ever knew if they were alive, no one ever knew if they would come back...after a thousand years it did not matter!

One day, one thousand years after War and his people decided to leave, Gabriel went for a short walk in the forest, which was her practice; she decided to take her daughter Gab, for the sake of training Gab about the nature and harmony of the forest.

As they journeyed, they lost their sense of time because they were having so much fun—roaming a little further than planned, to what Jaurroam and Becky called the Deep Forest.

Miles within the woods Gabriel noticed a small human looking creature, sort of like a gnome, it stood about three feet tall, and wore clothes made of color, sort of like the clothes that her parents said they wore when they appeared in Gon. As she and Gab got close to the creature, she noticed that the creature was slightly mutated, but not a bad mutation; the eyeballs for instance, were vertical rather than horizontal.

“Mom we should leave what if it makes us sick,” Gab said.

“I have to see this...no creature should exist here but us!”

“Hello” Gabriel said to the creature, “welcome to Gon”

and started chuckling which warmly greeted the creature.

The little gnome looked up and said, “what are you?”

They stood silent for a while looking into one another’s eyes—appearing to be downloading information about one another.

The gnome broke the silence by welcoming Gab and Gabriel into a hole in the earth, “Come into my home away from home.”

They could not go into the hole, because it was too small, but the gnome could, and he did. He darted inside the hole in the hill and came back out with a friendly smile and a book. He looked up toward Gab, then at Gabriel, and said to Gabriel, “this book is yours, guard it with your life!”

“Okay” Gabriel said with a chuckle.

Before Gabriel left to take Gab home, she asked the creature if there were any others.

The gnome said, “the woods, the deep woods are full of creatures, but we are all one...we look for the tree we came out of.”

Hmm, Gabriel thought, are these from the people that left here one thousand years ago?

Gabriel never saw the gnome again...the gnome intended for it to be this way, because privately he wanted to expose the weakness at the Camp-of-Beginnings.

The gnome whose name was Rof went back to the people he belonged to and said to his leader, “I found a beautiful woman deep in the forest!”

Rof was asked to make a map of the location; and he that asked started to make plans; plans that would introduce to Gabriel’s people a lie.

Years later the map of Rof was put into practice, it was used by Max's children; they planned on deceiving the Camp-of-Beginnings into thinking that they, (those that left to build a city,) were gift givers from above!

No one at the Camp-of-Beginnings was able to argue that these who were showing up at the camp (were not from up above!)

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

No one ever saw, for instance, War or Si, but rather mutants; mutants that did not even look human.

Mutants found the Camp-of-Beginnings and found Gabriel and even the book that Gabriel was given by Rof *the gnome looking creature*—that said to Gabriel “this book that was given to you is from up above and you should always keep it with you!”

Gabriel did not trust that but did not want to express distrust so instead of destroying the book, hid the book.

...Rof from a distance, in his mind’s eye saw and approved.

The mutants continued to show up at the Camp-of-Beginnings and never mentioned that they were related, but only that they were from up above, so much so that they gave gifts hoping to stimulate the mind to believe their message.

Mostly they were rejected and that is when the mutants began to get angry, making War!

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 05

The Game Returns

War and the others, *his family*, far out in Gon developed powers; they built a devise they named Raw, backwards for War. This device was able to put all to sleep within a given area.

War in his pleasant habitation far away from the Camp-of-Beginnings made a War speech and delivered it to the people about what he had been looking for. After he concluded his speech, he told them to set the devise, to put to sleep everyone who stayed in the original habitation, known as the Camp-of-Beginnings, this would include War's Father, Max as well as Jaurroam.

Once asleep they went into the camp, hoping those that were asleep would War against the unknown; that unknown would have been the offspring of War—*thinking once everyone at the camp got up to notice things moved out of place—would War.*

The next morning that is exactly what happened, the people woke up and noticed things moved out of place; the things that were touched were important, things like clothes, food, even heavy stones, but the most important thing that was moved was the wicked little doll—and not only was this doll moved but it vanished, as well as the loved little house made for it!

Everyone...once awake, and noticing someone or something moved their objects, they freaked out, wondering who could have done this in the middle of the night!

The children of the ten who had originally come to Gon were smart children...smart enough to respect *laws*, and

because of such smarts everyone trusted the night and the day, they trusted Gon!

“They have come to Gon,” Gabriel said to me. I knew who come to Gon, and that was us, the ten...we appeared here, but she did not, and began to convince the others that foreigners were taken over Gon, perhaps even creatures from beyond our time domain! No one really believed her, but she led many and due to her open mindfulness, the new ideas scared the generation that was following her, the generation that was just recently born...they all looked up to Gabriel because of her compassion, she was sort of the bigger sister—that was always in charge and very caring about everyone!

She and Bit were close, Bit most of the time was indoors, he liked to sit a lot, his eyes would be closed, and he would be deep in thought. The younger of the children considered him as some sort of god or icon of a sort. A lot of the people would come to consult Bit and ask him various questions about Gon and life, Bit would do his best to provide them with the Gravity-truth that his Father Byte had given to him.

“Bit” some of the children asked, “what could have happened to our home last night?”

“Light is for the weak” Bit answered. “To take one’s weakness is to threaten Gabriel, we need to protect ourselves.”

Everyone who had questioned Bit was scared, as Bit was about to say another word someone interrupted by crying eyes.

“What should we do?” they shouted!

Max overheard the cries of the children and came into the stone/stick house that Bit had built and said, “we play their game.”

Gabriel added “whenever I find something unfamiliar, I play!” Bit agreed and over time the children began to call on the night/invisible creatures to reappear.

While everyone at the camp aroused their imaginations, War celebrated his attempt to stimulate his ancient family to War with him.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

War's camp was huge, his people developed better building techniques...their houses were combined to make a stone fortress. His children as well as some of the children of the others who left the Camp-of-Beginnings used powers while breeding, making a variety of odd-looking people...this would include gnome looking creatures, fairies and I guess one could say mutants.

For War and some of the others in the Village-of-Gon, *the name of War's camp*, there was no longer a way for them to create people that resembled themselves...even for War to think his offspring would have been recognized by his ancient family was like drinking mud and telling others it was water...and those at the Camp-of-Beginnings did not buy into it, and in the process of not recognizing it—hurt Wars self-esteem and due to being hurt...he, as normal, covered it up with a lie.

He decided that the lie was truth and began to make a war speech, a speech he gave to thousands of those living in the Village-of-Gon!

War, with a loud voice said, “As you know I have opened my world with all of you and our distant family, and because we have reached out to our Family, they will—in return, treat us with everything that they own, including re-establishing our broken relationship, and in return we must treat them the same!”

War never considered that what he was doing to his family would have resulted in War and disownment, so he gave every possible effort to express himself as the long-lost member of the Family!

War was a good-looking man, everyone thought of him as a god, a god for everyone and everything; War never used this esteem, because it would have lessened who he was, but it was different this time and decided that he would play god, after all, in his mind, he was loved.... right?

He, War not only abandoned his firm belief in himself, but he decided to prove he was a god—to himself, as well as to others, and in doing so...War saw that he was known and

like everyone else—whether for good or for bad!

“Next thing we do for our beloved family:” War declared, “is send them our love!”

Little did War or the people living in the Village-of-Gon know, was that their love would result in a fraction in Gon.

“We can use the sleeping machine again!” War said.

War knew that he was powerful and had the sleeping machine to put the Camp-of-Beginnings to sleep, *the place that the ten originally appeared in Gon*, to make the people of War appear to be a little more than common.

...And commanded his people to put them to sleep!

This time while everyone was asleep, the mutants left books—that they had made, as well as precious stones and jewelry.

Awaking, the Camp of Beginnings considered if they had been visited by a fairy or a great god from above, *it was a magical moment!*

Once the moment of wonder was over; the Camp-of-Beginnings began to fear, they started questioning the gifts...most did not think it was a good sign, while others brushed it off as if it never happened.

Jaurroam knew that any other gift-giver besides himself was a bad thing. He commanded the children to put the gifts in a secret location. He told them not to worry, Byte and Max are strong to defend against any intruder!

“We who have arrived here thousands of years ago are strong; we have been through strange stuff before, and we had to protect ourselves!”

Because the children at the camp were still scared, they decided—after listening to Gabriel's speech, concluded: “to treat the new visitor with love,” which she called: “the forest goodness!”

As the children made their way with their gifts to the secret location that Jaurroam commanded; Gabriel could not help but be a bit slow to giving up the necklace she had received; it was a vine rope necklace with a key tied to

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

it...when she first laid eyes on the gift: the glory of the necklace was if the earth (the planet her Father had come from) had left it.

She feared the necklace, but as she carried it to the secret location, she kept telling herself that it was the key to her father's home!

*

Not long after, within a couple of years, War, and the others...sent some of the new generation of the Village-of-Gon to the Camp-of-Beginnings.

They surprised everyone there by just simply showing up!

The day they showed up the people at the camp were not doing much, mostly eating, playing games, or playing in their imaginations, although some were adding onto their houses. Suddenly there were sounds of people in the woods; sounds and what were supposed to be greetings.

When those at the Camp went to see what was making the strange sounds, what they saw caused great fear; the people they saw were odd looking, some had two eyes, some had two noses; they appeared to be deformed or mutated. ...Those that lived in the Village-of-Gon saw the glory of Gon!

"Those are evil!" Gab said to the closest friend by her; all who saw them thought they were evil!

Max did not understand that if he let his children stray away from the law, they would stray away from the law the causes humans to look a certain way. Because of such lack of law, his children apparently resembled death!

Those at the camp began to panic and naturally began to fight, this caused the monster looking creatures to feel happy, happiness caused by the fear of their appearance!

The people at the camp began to pick up sticks, but

their fear grew as the Mutants began to smile, this caused our fight to be subtle movements!

The mutants began to socialize with the camp as if they were in delight, but as they began to socialize, the camp noticed that they socialized with their fear.

War's people began to do things with their vocal cords that would change their voice to something way more frightening than anyone at the camp could endure.

After a long time in the woods the Mutants socialize with the fear of the Camp-of-Beginnings, and then they left, having received the love of the forest!

Once they were gone everyone including myself was left frightened and feeling to abandon all!

We were so scared.... *What if the Mutants were creatures that lived in Gon long before we did?*

Hours after the incident, one of Gabriel's children said, "those creatures are awful...what are we going to do?"

"We do what Gabriel does, which is be quiet," my great-grandchild said.

Out of love...everyone thought it best to overcome the creatures with the forest love and reluctantly they would honor and value the Mutants, but that meant excepting that they could and were causing the camp small damages and pain!

Jaurroam's latest born child said, "those creatures make me feel as if they are—unknowingly-purposely-accidentally-evil, I hate them, they smell and their definitely not human!"

But they were human. Unlike Gabriel, War and his followers developed powers to alter Gon by unknowingly breaking some of the small laws in Gon.

Most of the people hated the creatures and many in the Camp-of-Beginnings—at the time of their appearing, thought to either kill themselves or the appearing creatures.

*

Returning home, the people of War were exalting themselves

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

and talking about the great time with their beloved family.

Upon reaching the palace, they began to tell War that they were loved, cared about, and friended in a sincere way. One even brought back the idea that a girl, by the name Gone, who lived at the camp, wanted to marry, and have children.

War, happy to hear the news and with Si's clever mind decided to congregate or rather migrate to the Forefathers, to say, hello, this is what we have become!

It was days of preparation before some of War's special people took the two-month journey to the now named: Land-of-Gabriel.

Once all was prepared, the long walk began; the foot soldiers were in the front, then the mutants, and then the food and animals; Si and some of the originals were hours behind everyone else.

The plan was to surround the Camp, and once surrounded, War would appear with some of the others who looked human, (*It was going to be the biggest surprise that ever happened since the great appearance in Gon!*) that was going to be the gift to their ancient ancestors...to their family!

Two months later at the camp, or the now named: Land-of-Gabriel, the people started making reports about creatures filling the land, strange-looking creatures; most of the time the reports would fill the people with fear.

“Papa, what are we going to do, the land is filled with creatures who were before us?” The children of the original ten would say to their parents.

I, being filled with fear and anxiety did what I could and that was to cover up the apparent reality with sort of a white lie, an innocent lie, “everyone, this is not as bad as you may think, years ago when we arrived in Gon—we would hunt and take meat out of the forest, if these creatures are smart they will leave us alone, but in case they don't, *our new friends*, (i.e. befriending) continue to come back—due to exploration rights, I am sure they will listen if we each find a large stone... when we see them—we friend them the same lovely way they friend us!”

“We don't have to throw the stone, not at our friends, but just to send the message that this is our camp and if you want something, speak in Gabriel and Bit's language: the language of the forest!”

The children heard me and believed in my words and together they decided: our new friends ought to learn our ways, so in response to my declaration. Byte and my children spoke a new word...Gabriel called it: (the loud message—the loud creatures speak!) Bit agreed...after all he could not find a louder vibration in the dark, created world of his imagination!

Unknowingly to Byte and me, Max was extremely comfortable with the creatures surrounding the Camp, Max did not even consider that we were arming ourselves; he figured we were good people and always lived morally...he never considered my views on the creatures; *to me they were threatening.*

Tyler caught on to my views and feelings toward the creatures (our new friends) and praised me for my ability to stand up for myself and protect. For a long time after, Tyler followed my example of good and evil, and when to be humble and when to exalt oneself!

I was sure everyone was on the same page as Tyler and me, to find a large stone and throw it at the creatures if they were to come back and start violence; if thought hard about, it was part of the language...the language of the forest!

Tyler agreed with such, he had plans to use that ability on the creatures! He could remember finding the wicked little doll, and making the unreal into reality, similar to that of a strong message; he was so sure that it would work he began to start inventing ways to explain to everyone at the camp that this is how the doll came to be; it was not, yet it can be—and as proof of what he was saying was true, he would refer back to all of us, beating flesh-rot and living thousands of years!

As Tyler was writing and making plans to stimulate everyone's healing, Max was getting excited, excited about War; he started to wonder where his brave, young boy was, what had happened to him in the past couple of thousand years.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“Tyler,” Max said, “what do you think happened to War or Jack?”

“I don't know, but I'm hoping that one day they will return, one of my children's children went with them.”

“What if those creatures out there in the woods are holding them hostage or something, or even worse like killed them or something?” Max asked.

Tyler, now fearing, used what worked the last time he ran into a problem that was so huge that even life would not, nor could not except, and that was to say, “the Doll will protect us! That is what happened to it! It translated itself to be a bigger force protecting all those at the camp.”

“Invisibly, yes,” Max agreed, “it is invisible, because it is bigger, if those creatures attack or harm us or our children the Doll will save us!”

“Even if it does not our children will save us!” Max said with confidence.

As everyone prepared for the entrance in the camp by the horrible looking creatures, the new friends...most of us stationed ourselves with a weapon. Byte's children and his children's' children and their children stationed themselves with spears on the outskirts of the camp—on the east side of the field of the game, as far into the tree line as could be permitted; in their hands, each one armed themselves with a wooden spear—sharpened by a rough stone. Luke's children as well as mine each held a stone, a stone of a strong message; the stone was the answer to any creature that would not speak the language of the forest, (the known language at the time!)

Gabriel and Becky hid themselves in our house, along with Gab Gabriel's daughter. Gab's young men, *her sons*, kept up with Bit to report any changes or new development.

Max and Tyler each armed themselves with a spear in their hands—as well as their offspring!

The creatures slowly and silently moved their way toward the field of the game. Every person in the camp watched as the creatures slowly entered the camp and filled it; nobody said a word as the darkness welcomed itself inside the

camp, everyone just stood there and looked at one another.

War and Si were about a half mile from the entrance to the camp when one of the mutant-looking creatures looked at Gabriel, and then looked at the pine-tree, and spoke harshly to the pine-tree.

One of Gabriel's children's' children, (whose name was Okon,) heard and felt the threat, he looked towards his hands, towards the stone he was carrying, a stone—in case he needed to send the loud message, picked up his head, and threw his stone, the large stone directly at the creature's head! (Jaurroam's family line was connected to the forest, which caused Okon to feel the innocence he possessed to be slightly damaged.)

The stone as large as it was, and the speed that it traveled killed the creature...with fear on their faces the people watched the mutant fall to the ground; blood poured out of his head.

Gabriel got scared and grabbed Okon and ran into our house and screamed!

Chapter 06

Game On

As the people within the camp slowly gathered and gazed upon the dead creature, violence broke out, mostly due to the fear and guilt of killing one of the mutants; the Land-of-Gabriel felt the need to protect their children.

Some people began to get pushed, some were threatened; the mutants were not upset by the death, but rather did not understand a threat, so they did what the Land-of-Gabriel was doing, and that made the tensions escalate until the Mutants began to fear themselves and thus made war!

The fear the Mutants were carrying—forced them to kill, mostly that of Jaurroam's family line.

Blood began to pour throughout the camp and the forest; one person was pushed so hard, that the tree he was pushed into broke into two, and the person that was pushed—no longer resembled that of a human, but rather like a dead and decaying animal!

Most of those in the Land-of-Gabriel did not kill the Mutants, although some did die from a gentle touch of the pine branch. The love of the pine caused the blood of those causing harm to no longer be able to have the strength to hold in their blood, and that would cause their blood to pour out of their skin; this happened on many occasions, so much so, that—in the places of battle, the forest—at first glance appeared to be red!

As War and Sian slowly made their way to the camp, about a tenth of a mile west of the field of the game, they began to hear loud cries, cries of pain; suddenly the men of War

became visible and ran past War and Sian...heading back to their own village.

As they were passing, they said, “they’re killing us and we’re killing them,” hoping War would retreat and not escalate the blood bath.

Once Bokom, one of War's first children, got to where War and Sian were walking, he said, “Dad you must stop, they did not respond with kindness, but rather in anger! People have died back their—including one of my own children,” Bokom said quickly—with dis-belief and sadness in his voice and eyes—being damaged in the heart.

“How many have died?” War asked.

“Fifty to one hundred is my guess, but there could be a lot more; them—whom they called children of Byte, used killing spears!” Bokom replied.

“Sian, what do you think we should do?” War asked.

Sian replied, “this does not make sense, I thought we were loved.”

“Are you sure the others thought that the Camp-of-Beginnings was being loving?” War asked his son, Bokom.

“Yes, the others told me that the first time they came everyone in the forest was happy to see them, and welcomed us with open arms, even to the point of new marriages; the men who claimed such were noble men, who would not lie!” Bokom answered.

Si interrupted, “my psychoanalysis, they think we are the forest, and so they knock us down like trees!”

“We are better at this game!” War said.

“It's a game, a love game” Sian said.

“No, it's death, the death of time” Jack said.

“We fight!” War added.

War comforted all those in the Land-of-Gabriel by taking is fierce fighting ability and not using it, saving his anger, and spoken words until they got back to their land where no one knew of nor could have known of their existence; from there he went deeper into his plan and made a speech:

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“This day we will make up our minds and we will fight our family, not because they killed, but because they dis-regarded the sensitivity of our nature! What I will do is use our teleportation machine tonight, and sneak into their camp and I will privately talk to my Father Max. I will tell him what we the Village-of-Gon meant and mean no harm; then I shall propose an idea, an idea to play a joke on the Camp-of-Beginnings...this will result in peace within the family, ours, and theirs. I will say Dad come with me and let us pretend you have been abducted, and we will leave traces of an abduction... an abduction of those that they fear, the fear that would cause them to kill and start a war!”
“My Dad will agree!”

And this ended War's speech.

Little did anyone know, but War never made it to the Camp-of-Beginnings that night, nor did he talk to his Father, but rather got lost in a trance, a trance that he proclaimed was a teleportation device; not that the truth would witness to it, but truly—the more he made believe in the device, the more it came to life. He did make believe that night, and once that was accomplished, he commanded his people to return to their stone/stick houses.

The people who lived in the camp, which was named: (the Camp-of-Beginnings,) the place where the original ten appeared—to the people who lived in the Village-of-Gon, Wars village, they stayed up throughout the night hoping that the wicked creatures that fought back...did not come back.

Once dawn approached, I noticed Max was gone, and not only Max, but Jacky and Kelly.

I ran out of my house that morning asking—some of the children as they were warming themselves by the fire, “Where is Max or Kelly?”

“I think I heard something or someone in the middle of the night,” one of the children said.

Another said, “I thought I saw Max roaming off in the middle of the night, in sort of a trance or something, but it could have been the night playing tricks on my eyes.”

Another said, “I think one of the creatures came back in the middle of the night—and abducted Jacky and Kelly, there were Mutant clothes on the beds of the both of them.”

As word spread of the three's disappearance the people in the Land-of-Gabriel began to fear, not only for Jacky, Kelly, and Max, but for their own lives, wondering if the Mutants were going to come back!

Rumors began to spread throughout the camp: “Max, Jacky and Kelly were abducted and killed!”

I watched in fear as the people began to lock themselves in their houses, and not only lock, but buy logs and stones and seal themselves in their houses—saying, “we will make it with very little food and water, as long as we don't have to confront those creatures!”

Walking through the camp I could smell the smell of rotten flesh, everyone was terrified; no one would dare touch the dead, they before—never seen dead things that resembled themselves...even I, could find no reason to touch or remove the bodies of the dead out of the camp.

With Max, Jacky and Kelly missing, and our need for safety, I knowing we had to survive—dealt with our circumstances looking bad, receiving boldness from the forest!

Weeks went by, and still no sign of Max or the others; Gabriel thought it best to place a small amount of dirt on the dead.

“Being part of what we are makes them still alive,” Gabriel said to the others.

The others began to fear less, listening to her words, once they concluded, considered, and made the dead: “*the dead were still part!*”

Days turned into weeks and weeks into months before anyone talked about the fight/battle; no one knew who started it or why we were killing one another, but some mentioned

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

that it was because of evil done to the forest, and that was the evil done in the eyes of Okon, Gabriel's Grandchild. Evil that made a permanent scar in Okon's ability to see true-purity and goodness—which damaged his imagination; thrusting his ability to trust all and placing it in the surrounding world! ...Okon fought hard to stay alive afterwards.

Secretly, Gabriel did not trust most of the children in the Land-of-Gabriel, not because she feared them, but rather feared what they could possibly do to their surroundings (the forest!)

To protect Jaurroam's family line and specially the forest she told the children that the only way to beat the creatures was through the forest; although she knew weapons of war would have worked better, she preferred the forest because the Pine-tree would bathe the forest floor with a deep coat of golden needles and that made her feel at home.

Home is the solution, she told herself and pointed that out to the children.

“If we use the pine branch upon the creatures, if they come back, it will work, because home is life!”

Gabriel dealt with, and took all responsibility, and personally accepted the harsh treatment of the creatures in the hope that all would live in harmony with home, *with the forest!*

Once Gabriel established her pine branch theory and the word spread throughout the Land-of-Gabriel and all believed her; we all, including Bit, Sally, and myself; gently cut down a small pine branch hoping that Gabriel was right (if we touch the Mutants...like the forest, they will regard us like they regard the forest!)

Gabriel, like her father was a very, exploring-unknown-territory kind of person; she explored not the forest like her father, but her perception of the forest; she, after many years concluded that the pine branch could sustain her, sustain her diet, and satisfy her thirst...it was her safety outlet; the only person she told about how deep she went with the pine branch was Bit.

“Bit?” Byte began to question, “why use the pine

branch as a weapon of war?"

"To not kill!" Bit answered.

Byte's people were the ones' that killed the creatures, except a very few that Jaurroam's people did.

No one knew who killed who because of the madness at the time, they suspected the forest killed the Mutants, but in fact it was Byte's people; after the Mutants left, they hid their blood-stained spears in War's side of the Battle so that no one would know.

*

War, at his fireplace, sipping on little-green-apple cider, (*green-apples boiled with leaves and berries—until all was a liquid,*) asked his son, to where some of the blood-stained spears came from; they seemed to be scattered throughout his stone room of war, and did not look like the kind his people normally carry.

His Son Sly said, "No one has been in this room since the fight with our family. I don't know!"

War studied days and asked many people to how the spears entered his war room, and found no answer; he slowly began to grow paranoid, wondering who lurked in the forest...could it be someone from the Camp-of-Beginnings or is it a special gift due to his family's' repentance?

...Or was it his Father, Max's doing; Max had not been seen in weeks, although War said he had talked to him, even when asked War would say, "the joke is now playing," but for War that was not the truth, and War knew it; after much time keeping his story straight in public view he began to get sick and he stayed in bed; on the sixth day of his sickness his Father Max walked into his luxurious stone and stick sleeping quarters.

"War my son," Max said.

"Dad, how did you get here?" War asked.

"You must awake, Jacky and Kelly are with me...we've been hiding a few rooms down and could not perceive where

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

we were” Max said.

War quickly got up, his sickness left him, and he called for his greatness and had them entertain his father by cooking him food and giving him drink, as well as all the comfort he had.

War, at his father’s command quickly went over to his fireplace and grabbed some fire and lit the torches that were placed on the walls of his sleeping quarters; he inspected his father in the light, as his greatness cleaned them and gave them clean garments.

“Jacky, Kelly, nor I, know what happened to us or how we got here; Several weeks ago, we were in the Land-of-Gabriel and tragedy struck the Camp.”

“Creatures showed up and somehow war broke out; these beings were not of us, and they were stronger and had special powers...these powers that they carried were apparently able to kill all of us, and for weeks now we have thought that maybe they did...maybe we are in a different dimension” Max explained.

War gently said, “about a month ago...my kingdom, Sian and I traveled to meet our distant relatives who live at the Camp-of-Beginnings.

Before Sian or I reached the camp some of my men came running back and reported the tragedy...we were heart broken, so we went home.”

“Death was not the reason we went to the Camp; love was our inspiration...most of us thought, why not?”

“War, how did I get here?” Max asked.

“I don't know, fairy’s, magic, god, creatures...who cares!” War replied.

“Not knowing our existence is not a good thing. Know your existence!” War's Father explained.

The men including Jacky and Kelly spent days catching up with one another. After some time, War neither his family, nor Jacky nor Kelly considered returning to the Land-of-Gabriel; they made up their mind that they—*the Land-of-Gabriel*, live a harder way in life.

As they talked and saw the unity in themselves, Jack, Kelly, Jacky, War, Max and some of the others, they decided to play a game with the Land-of-Gabriel...the game War came up with, a game to teach a lesson to the Camp-of-Beginnings...a lesson that would cause them to love Gon, and mostly the village of Gon!

On the third year since Max's disappearance, War made a decree to his people saying, "Now that we have made ourselves ready for war, let's go kill!"

Max warned his son saying, "don't kill us ten who originally appeared in Gon, nor the first generation of us ten who came to Gon—produced; be careful to obey these words, my friends are family, whoever hurts my family is the peoples' enemy, but a good game was always fun, and I am sure those in the Land-of-Gabriel will agree!"

Max, Si and Jacky stayed behind at Wars stone castle, *which was in a thick forest*—along with some of Wars most precious work, but everyone else went to the Camp-of-Beginnings.

Early in the morning Gabriel awoke hoping that Bit would give her the darkness she craved; she began to look for him. She went to some of his children and asked, "have you seen Bit?"

"No" they replied.

Gabriel searched until she began to get worried; she and Bit were always close and could always sense one another, as if they were twins, or closely related—one of the same! ...It was not like him to leave her without mentioning the very least about his whereabouts.

Gabriel ran to Bit's Father, to Byte's stone house and said, "I think Bit's in trouble!"

"I know the Mutants are coming back, go warn your father and some of the others...War is about to begin" Byte said.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Weeks prior Gabriel told the people to fight with love, the love of the pine branch; most of the people agreed to do so, but not Byte nor Bit, nor Byte's people; they did not consider colors, especially light! Pine branches to the people of Byte were their dark friend, (i.e., sensing the electron) and none would stand against the power of the Pine. Instead of giving the Mutants the respect of the powerful pine, they secretly committed to giving them something weaker, the weak dark tip; they wanted to give the Mutants the dis-respect they gave the forest, to express their hatred toward the ugly-type darkness.

The dark tip to most of those that lived in Gon appeared to be a wooden stick sharpened on one end. (The powers of Bit and Byte hid their minds far out of sight of anyone or anything.)

As the Land-of-Gabriel began to report creatures coming to the Camp, the people at the Camp began to graciously arm themselves with the pine.

First at the camp they heard growls and grunts, loud footsteps of boots on the ground.

Suddenly, creatures flooded the Land-of-Gabriel, and began forcefully putting their hands on the Camps' people.

The Camp did their best to express love, to express the pine branch; saying “the pine is the healing, it is the solution toward darkness,” but that did not stop the creatures from forcing themselves on the Camp; with force and weapons: knives ax's, metal weapons, etc. War's men killed hundreds of people!

Cries could be heard throughout the forest as the blood began to pour out of both: the men of War, and the people who lived in the Land-of-Gabriel.

Byte and Sally's offspring, although blind, they could hear, and what they heard were children having awful night terrors. Bit knew that that night was for his people...to win the battle: for the sake of the beginnings, and as the wimps they were in Bit's mind...they were given mercy with a spear through the heart.

In laughter Byte's men ran toward the Mutants and in hatred killed hatred at its root!

Fighting continued throughout the night, blood splattered on the trees, houses, and even on the faces of those fighting. Because of all the blood, none could be sure who they were fighting, and that is when War's people in foolishness and hatred—began to unknowingly kill one another; with absolute force and having too much power, War's men began to swing their metal weapons—killing a lot of their own kind...they themselves killed most of themselves: War's people!

Most of the survivors were of Byte's people and those of the Land-of-Gabriel, those that hid themselves in the woods.

Very few of the men who were sent to the Land-of-Gabriel lived through the night and those that did made it due to their own weakness; the weak walked back to their own Village (the Village of Gon.)

Big eye took notice of the battle that day and used the blood of the battle to draw energy for his evil empire. “Blood that spills, is blood that kills,” Big eye said in a snarl.

Chapter 07

Live in the moment

Thousands of bodies remained at the Camp-of-Beginnings; for years the Land-of-Gabriel would not touch the dead, but rather hid themselves in their houses.

During that time, Bit, Gabriel, and a few others shared the same house, (Bit's house) although they owned different houses it was not like them to spend much time alone, so as usual made plans with one another.

Weeks went by after the battle before they—at Bit's house, began to speak about the dead and the hidden world of make-believe.

Gabriel opened the conversation, “Do you think those are bodies outside?”

“What bodies?” Katy replied.

“The dead who died in the battle, do you think due to their lack of value for their life, that they were never alive?” Gabriel asked.

Bit, anxious to talk said, “I see things in the dark Gabriel, things like colors...a Gon of colors, do you see like that?”

Gabriel quickly replied, “I see the pine branch that I told the others to use on the Mutants...the pine branch that doesn't hurt me.

Because the mutants appear to be dead outside our home and blood everywhere, I cannot see, if I could see, I would see the essence of pain, because of the dead.”

“I killed most of those mutants out there, through the dark tip!” Bit said, (he could not endure the pain Gabriel was going through!)

“They would have done much worse Gabriel, like kill

Jaurroam, kill your Father; I am sorry, but they were and are not given the power over the darkness of my Father, they are nobody” Bit added.

“They're not alive, right? Gabriel asked?

Lilly, quick to add on to the conversation said, “Right!”

“That is right, I do not need to feel the pain of the dead, because they were never alive,” Gabriel said.

Bit, to not blend in said, “I feel pain, I am pain, that is how I killed.” They all looked at one another and laughed—never to see the difference in one another.

*

Sally trying to make life work said, “Jaurroam, what are we going to do with the dead—we are at risk of getting ill or even worse having a mass breakout of a new virus!”

Jaurroam quick to fix the problem looked throughout his stone house, and noticing the size of the stones used, hoping not to see any light coming through started to make plans on locking themselves in their house.

The houses that were built at the camp were built without electricity...only stones, branches, and mud; slowly over years the people thickened the walls and made such structures, that if an outsider were to visit Gon, he or she would think that they were built by the gods! Most of the houses did not have windows, except a few, and those that did, had a window the size of a square foot, that was to monitor the outside world; the lack of windows kept out a lot of the thriving wild—which was made habit, since the beginning of those that lived in Gon.

The only downside to building houses this way was the owners of the houses would live in the dark, their houses were filled with a very dark atmosphere, plus most of the houses had a very musty smell.

“Jaurroam, are you listening to me?” Sally asked.

“We go around the village and seal up our houses;

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

collect as much food as we can, and we leave the dead outside, and hide, and hope that the evil creatures do not come back.”

Sally agreed, and those that heard Jaurroam did just that; they went from one part of the Camp to another in the Land-of-Gabriel; as they walked the narrow, little stone paths that Jaurroam intrinsically had the people make, she could not help considering the devastation...thousands of people lived in the Camp, thousands of houses, and now blood covered much of the camp! ...Although not all that many died, the houses were so tightly compacted in the thick forest, that if an outsider were just a short distance from the camp, it would look just like any other patch of forest but painted with the dead.

Sally and Becky pushed themselves forward, they walked the little stone pebble paths, stepping over bodies, ignoring all the blood, and witnessing with their own eyes the blood splattered on the stone/stick houses.

“Spread the word,” Sally said to one of the villagers, “we are going to hide until we can mentally interpret what has happened, what is best, and what we should do next. Lock your houses and keep any illness out that may come from the dead...use leaves, mud or whatever you need—to keep you and your family safe!”

Months went by and all had in the Land-of-Gabriel, locked, and stayed within their house.

Katy, John, Love, Lilly, Bit and Gabriel all shared the same house—in the moments in fear of the dead, it was a small house, that is the way Bit intended it to be...small! Together they had gathered enough food for years—to protect themselves, they did not know if it was needed, but they did know that they needed to respect the dead.

During this time Bit and Gabriel got closer to one another than usual; most of the children born in Gon, for some reason or another, or perhaps it was the wild way they were raised; their parents concluding they might not ever go home, we should let the children be, *that was to let them do wild Gon...*and thus they had an idea, (maybe it was from Gon,) but one thing is for sure they were never taught it.

The idea the children had was to save energy for intimacy with a friend! (That was not the same as parenting a child.)

Bit and Gabriel had been saving and making this energy for years and both had already taught one another about the power of the mind or what some called spiritual realms and saving the energy for future projects...they both had been saving their energy for over one thousand years!

“You are starting to shine—like the light,” Bit said to Gabriel, hoping his attraction to her would quickly come to an end, and he could go back to savoring the dead his offspring killed.

Gabriel, having a hard time with comprehending Bit's words, ‘you are starting to shine,’ but whenever Bit was being negative, Gabriel ignored it, and attempted to do the same thing this time.

But unwillingly, she said in response to Bit, “In love with a dead moment,” hoping the nightmare of the dead outside their house would come to an end and the camp would go back to normal.

Gabriel's expression caused Bit to be a little bit more negative; he reached out and lightly struck Gabriel in the chest, that empowered Gabriel to share years of stored memories and energy!

...Against the natural flow of things, she and Bit talked for a year and a half...the more negative Bit was, the more Gabriel's world would come out; she was over-joyed to express not just in the moment's positivity, but a whole stockpile of goodness...saved within her mind.

Bit fought hard at the beginning to glory in the dark tip used on the people of War, but as he continues to see Gabriel, he would use his mind/stockpile to beat as one would beat a strong man!

As a wick in a flame, she had total control over Bit; convinced of nothing, but the best...never regarding anything but power over all!

“The forest leaves are green,” Gabriel said.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Bit replied, “they’re the same thing as water when walking through them, there is no way to tell if it's raining.”

Gabriel did not like to be disagreed with, in response, and having no idea to what Bit was talking about, took some water and poured it on Bit's head, “I think the leaves are different!” she said, hoping to find her truth, her way of looking at things, which usually aligned with Bit; Byte, his father has been keeper-of-the-truth for people—for some time, it was his heritage.

Bit in fear of Gabriel said, “I'll call it green, the green that came from the inside!”

Now frustrated with not seeing Bit, she became more attracted to Bit as well as one of his relatives GigaTron. They, the three—together designed an almost living force, like that of a life of a human, (this was an invisible child,) a child of protection...to protect the moment that was shared between Gabriel, Bit, and GigaTron. Over time the creature that they made became the reality of Jaurroam...the reality of coming to Gon and being inspired by Gon as well as inspiring his friends to: (Live in the moment.)

Live in the moment, was born invisible, fifty years after the simple Game Jaurroam invented evolved and became bloody. For short, Live in the moment was called LITM, and that became his name.

Litm was invisible as a ghost or perhaps even a god.

Once old enough he went from house to house...to those living in the Land-of-Gabriel and quietly sent small electrical impulses to the minds of the people; (most thought that these impulses were their minds; they thought of Litm as themselves) expressing to them the answer...the answer to the dead outside of their home!

This answer, along with Litm's help, spread throughout the Camp.

Slowly everyone at the Camp had the answer: their flesh is now gone, and all that is left is their skeleton, we will not get a new disease, because the bad has gone back to the earth; that was their flesh.

Sally in front of all the people at the Camp said, “now all that remains is a skeleton, we can easily cover up the skeleton with dirt, (i.e., a shallow grave) all the diseases have left!

The people coming together knew they had the solution, only a few knew that Litm was the author of it...he was the creator of the solution, and only few knew of his existence.

The people quickly assembled the camp including hunting, buying, selling, singing, and building; life went on as it would have—if there had not been the incident of the game.

Bit and Gabriel, after the creation of Litm walked away in pain, they had spent years of energy, the energy the children came up with *as a pleasure*, thousands of years ago, and they no longer had the energy to endure the day...they got thinner, pain shot up and down their legs, as if they had been drinking for years.

Gabriel could barely get up and get out of bed, her friends expected her to walk with them and lightly cover the skeletons with dirt (that is if they needed it, most of the bodies were covered with new forest growth.)

Once Gabriel’s friends forced health into her body, and she was able to get out of bed, she went out to re-do the covering of some of the skeletons.

...She grabbed hold of the wooden shovel that Luke's children carved out of wood; she attempts to do as the others are doing and cover up the visible skeletons. In pain she moved, which led her friends to consider if something was wrong, especially when they heard small whimpering sounds coming from Gabriel's mouth.

“Obviously, there is something different about Gabriel,” one of those standing by said.

“What's wrong Gabriel?” Orion asked.

Gabriel could not say a word, her mind did not have the support or physical strength it needed—to be on that same level that it had been on, the level she was on when she had the stockpile of energy and memories, (i.e., positivity!)

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“Are you sick?” Atlantis asked.

As the group of close friends of Gabriel and Bit noticed something different, they began to get jealous and hostile; they began to rage within themselves, considering she had no more of the love they all thought they deserved, that was due to them! ...After all, she was the one that mostly taught them to stockpile positivity...she would in their eyes hint that she would be their reward (they did not know she hinted toward a reward...the reward of a lot, and not herself.)

Their questions began to increase, and they started getting hostile, “what did you do?” louder and louder they asked...

“Mom,” Gab said fearing for her mother.

“Nothing Color,” Gabriel managed to say to Gab.

“That's wrong Gabriel,” one of Bit's relatives said, “he is much darker and stronger than you!”

Their hostilities turned into uncontrollable-raging-jealousy as they began to put their hands on her; Gabriel began to wonder if she would make it out of that moment and to where Bit could be.

Bit was lost in the power of Gabriel; he was imagining himself by her side, in battle, drenched with her love, and hoping for justice.

The children began to speak choice words of violence and rejection, (Bit did not cause these words to happen, it was as if the forest knew of an unbalance,) they began to talk of force and absolute overpowering.

As some of the other children were putting their hands on her, she got weak and began to sit on the ground; she refused to take to heart what they were saying, “push her, mark her skin, pull her hair!”

Her friends could not help but express their ownership of her after hundreds of years being under her leadership.

“You better not have!” Orion said in jealousy.

The children raging over Gabriel's affair began to use loud negative tones, which Byte overheard.

“Do you hear them Jaurroam?” Byte asked—right

before he lunged out of his chair; Jaurroam and Sally followed close behind.

Upon reaching the small square of the location of Gabriel's Forest they saw Gabriel on the ground crying as the children were making a victim and being as mean as innocence can get!

"What are you all doing?" Byte asked with horror on his face.

Jaurroam was angry, he could not believe what he was seeing, her closest friends, and trusted...why are they being so mean Jaurroam thought to himself.

Jaurroam quick to stand up for his daughter, ran over to her and noticing her animal skin part way off her body—hid his daughter—with the cape he was wearing, he picked her up in his arms and began to walk off.

The children who were there got scared, (they would get scared of the elders if they happened to slip up,) they did not say much about what they were doing but hid their emotions.

Jaurroam carried Gabriel to his feather/pine bed and gave her some of his reserved love...even some of the love he reserved for Becky, in hopes that Gabriel would not fail herself.

Byte looking for Bit was mad, mad at the outbreak of negativity, wondering why Gabriel's friends were behaving in such a way, "why or how did not Bit have control over this moment," he said quietly to himself.

Byte knowing that most of the children were at a lower level of existence said, "there is no need for this, there is no need to be mean, ever! ...Whatever the case is we need to stick together. We just recently have come out of fear, and we were looking to re-live; if you think you are strong, I am stronger, even if you were the light shining down upon Gon, or even—Light, (*Light was Bit's relative,*) I am stronger!"

Those at the scene, now, sort of ashamed bowed themselves down to Byte...knowing that they would have regretted what they would have done if he had not stepped in

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

the way, but privately their jealousy burned within themselves.

Days later Gab was in Jaurroam's house comforting herself with her grandfather's pleasures said, "do you feel better?" to her Mother.

"Gab you have to help me, tell those that noticed something funny happening, the reason to why they were being mean, tell them anything that will make peace between us, invent the solution," Gabriel said.

...So, Gab went to Gabriel's close friends and said, "Gabriel wants you all to know she loves you and needs you to have a talk with her—as her."

"Look, I am sorry!" Gabriel said to the children that came to talk because of Gab, "I had to help Bit and I got this crazy idea to make a new type of creature...and we did! I do not even know how to do that type of thing. ...I never spoke to anyone about it, I never stocked piled energy for such, and I never knew what would happen when I led you to do as I was doing. I never meant I would be your lover or reward; you were to be your own reward. Actually...I did not totally know what I meant—in full, but that does not mean that we are not together in the connection of love! ...Plus, you should have already had me and the future hope of collecting all—as yourselves, you are the ones wanted!"

"The good news is you can now do a similar thing as I have done, you can make a new creature; that is if you find someone to make it with."

"Bit and I created Litm that's the creature that is causing us to reestablish Gon."

"Litm is inspiration and a good reason to always be inspired/happy."

Gabriel and Bit's friends began to see a better future and began to get excited about the new find—the discovery Gabriel made that caused her to create Litm. The others began to long for this, long for a lover!

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

They each kissed Gabriel as usual, and completely forgave her.

Chapter 08

Ether

Thousands of years ago when War left the Camp-of-Beginnings with some of the others, to make a habitation for what he called the people of sex; (sex to the people of War was natural and if one of them was not exposed to another naked they found it hard to communicate.) As they left, War was careful to include Jack, (Jacky and Luke's Son) he was particularly important to War because he was smart and powerful. As they walked out of the Camp, he walked shoulder to shoulder with him as the huge group left to go deep into the forest to establish their own Village.

Jack and War became best-of-friends; War admired the amount of power Jack could achieve overall.

After the recent Battle and bloodshed in the Land-of-Gabriel, after they returned home things began to slowly become normal, healing began, and all those that died were remembered.

“Jack,” said War, “how are we going to cope with what happened?” Little did War know but Jack got very tired of intimacy with him and the group...mostly he was sick of the breed of people that they would create, he expected so much more, after all he was fighting time...fighting time to be more than he was!

Jack attempted to speak to War; *most of the time they kept it simple...it was hard for Jack to speak to War in a way that he would totally understand.* As he was speaking some of the others (close kin) began to move in on their conversation, they had insight into what they were trying to communicate to

one another.

War wanted to be updated about time travel, because Jack made believe time travel, War could not understand, but Ryan could...he was the best interpreter-of-intimacy as War and Jack could get, as well as for the whole Village-of-Gon.

Ryan began to speak to War, “War not long-ago Jack developed a wooden object, it was carved out of wood; stones were tied to it in such a way that it is intelligent, Jack said, 'this wooden box is capable of beating time, by traveling through it.’”

“Jack started this project not long ago. It began when he met Reda. He never noticed her within the Village-of-Gon before, but once he laid eyes on her he could not help but love her beauty and the smell of innocence that was around her. Jack has been tired of sex within the Village for some time, in his own words: 'as a matter of fact I think sex is too common, (i.e., something one takes for granted.) I would and I am close to the group, but desperately I needed an escape, and he found that through Reda.’”

“Over years...several years they created together, they were young at the time, and they were not all that knowledgeable about Gon” Ryan said.

(Gon is secluded and different from the planet that the original ten came from, causing the people to make law, not laws governing society, but laws to be! ...One of those laws was made by Gabriel: to save their suffering sort of like money...the forest loved her, as well as all those born in Gon.)

Ryan continued, “according to Gab-riel's teachings, that Reda and Jack listened to, saved their suffering and made a creation,”

“Jack called his creature, “my piece of time.”

“Reda called the same creation her child, she never saw the children born in Gon as children, despite having several of them. One reason for Reda's beliefs in children is: Reda was convinced children were love or loving, handsome or something to be desirous, and those born in Gon were not!”

“After Jack and Reda spent time together...an

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

invisible, ghostly creature was born! (Reda and Jack named him Ether.)”

“Jack convinced Reda that Ether meant capable of anything...that is what his father Luke taught him.”

“Because the child was invisible—at the end of their love—Jack designed a wooden box for Ether to live in, to make much, to give a body, and decorate his creation for the others in Gon to see,” Ryan said.

As Ryan begins to finish speaking, he says, “the wooden object you see next to Jack's house, is, in his mind, as well as some of the others...a Time Machine!”

No one saw or had the proof that this was a time-machine, but as always Jack's friends played with him; they sort of lied...lied about its power, but the more they played along, making believe, the more truth they saw in Ether's power. (It would appear to be their imagination—at first, but after much time playing, they realized that they were in a place, a place of...and through time.)

Sian called the children make believe a hallucination or a lie, a lie about having a time-machine or even going through time, (which caused those that did to be a bit guilty in Sian's presence.) The children insisted it was the truth saying, “we strongly believe in the Time-Machine.”

As Ryan finished speaking, Jack said, “War, try for yourself...go back to the time of your childhood and see the proof, it really does work!”

War did!

Jack pressed one stone and then another (which were the buttons on the wooden object.) And nothing seemed to happen, War's body was still standing next to Jack's house.

All the while War was under the power of the machine—his daughters' baby-doll kept coming to mind. He just recently taught Si how to make baby-dolls, (she did a really good job making them,) and War continued to have the blueprints in his mind; there was not much paper in Gon.

“I did not see anything,” War replied.

“Huh, it worked on everyone else,” Jack said.

War came to conclude that it was fake, but little did War know, most of the stones and wood in their kingdom was brought there through the time-machine.

Jack now discouraged; War having claimed fake, and not having seen its power...its most excellent power up to that time, did an experiment that night...he told none about it and made up his mind that none would know!

...He planned on leaving that night, he was going to go back in time, by himself, and afterwards come back appearing without ever having missed any time.

Jack's plan: to go back in time, to a time when there was plenty of wood, strong wood! He would then place the wood around the future Village that War discovered for his kingdom, so that War and his people would find it...he also would take much time gathering stones from the past and place them in the same location as the wood.

Jack hoped that once he was in the past, he would not come across any other creatures that could be a threat or who would steal his wood and stones. That War and the people would find the wood, and stones and all would have success!

To stay motivated Jack continued telling himself the plan...he would inscribe words on the stones and wood, words such as his name: Jack, as well as the names of the group...also he would write on the stones words only he and certain others could know, so that once the mission was done, War would find the forest, the wood, and the stones and use them for his future Kingdom...the spot War claimed was divine help at the time he built his Kingdom, and without a doubt everyone would know Jack has become as strong as time!

That night, the very hour Jack made the plan, he left!

*

Reda could sense her child Ether, and knew Ether had moved; she got up from her bed and walked into the stone room where the wooden box/machine named Ether was, and began to press some of the stone buttons and say, "what Ether, why are you

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

up?”

...Without knowing it, she, through pressing Ether's buttons, hindered Jack from coming back to the same time that he left!

...Reda pressed so many of the buttons', thinking Ether was more like a toy...sent Jack to places that he never planned on going, but it did not happen right away, but later, once Jack decided to go home, he would notice.

Jack spent years with Ether, following the exact commands of Ether, it was sort of like being in a giant building, only certain things can be done...a very structured environment! (Time is the structure of—), and without, one must still come up with a form of structure, in this case the structure was for Jack, but still structure!

First, under Ether's intelligence and mechanical-like-control—within the laws of those inside of time, (*a law for example: a place in time that happened—cannot be destroyed,*) collected the wood and inscribed the words that he planned on having the others read—to convince them he was more powerful than time and placed them at the future spot of the Village-of-Gon.

Next, he gathered the stones and placed them within the reaches of the peoples' future gathering...carefully inscribing convincing, secret words on them, such as: Jack gathered and put words on these stones, despite time!

For years, with little food and water Jack worked, making what he thought was a powerful reputation in the eyes of the Village-of-Gon.

...Little did Jack know, but he would not be returning as planned.

*

The night Jack left, in the time Jack left, he told Reda that he had proof of Ether's workings... He said, “all the people (those who live in the Village-of-Gon) have their names written on the walls and houses in the Village...I have put them there, see

for yourself!”

Reda did not think much of it, until the next morning, and on her discovery...the names of those living in the Village were written in the wood and stones!

She was excited...she had to tell someone, she decided to tell War!

...Looking past their average relationship, knowing War was most likely spending time with his Father Max, and did not want competition, forced herself anyways—into the chambers of War, telling herself that he would want to know.

Max had been bed-sick for weeks, he got sick due to not having Jaurroam around as well as seeing all the sex in the Village-of-Gon.

Max rarely mentions the war that broke out not to long ago in the Land-of-Gabriel but can understand the difference between Jaurroam's family and his own; Max likes to war—he likes to fight!

War was about to say Father to discuss the matter, when in a storm of excitement, Reda comes bursting through the double doors of the huge bedroom graciously given to Max, and loudly says, “War, look at the stones in this room and the wood, you will be surprised—in wonder!

Because of Reda's boldness, War got up from his father's bedside and walked with a candle to the closest wall...looked, and said, “I do not see anything, what are you talking about?”

“Look closer!” Reda answered.

War looked a little closer and to his surprise he saw words on the stones!

War said, “there are words on these stones...this one says, 'Jack gathered these stones, and this one says I inscribed the words on these stones.’” War could visually get a sense that Jack had done this millions of years ago in the past. In War's mind Jack could not have done it at any other time, because Jack was by his side for most of the building of the village. The words inscribed at this point were so embedded in the stone that they appeared to be part of the stone. “With the help

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

of Ether, he must have done this,” War said.

“Reda! ...Jack and your Ether is.... well... Thank you!”

War in excitement went throughout the whole Kingdom...seeing with his own eyes the work Jack had done.

Once War had examined the Village, he, full of excitement stormed back into his chambers-of-War...to his newly acquired relationship with his father and said, “Reda, where is Jack? He is most powerful, and stronger than time!”

Reda said, “I am not sure, most likely he went for a walk; I will bring him to you as soon as I find him.”

War said, “this is urgent, I need his time-machine, your Ether—in my palace—behind my walls—right now!!! ...To put it on display for our people, to give them reward for fighting the Land-of-Gabriel.”

Reda, lacking nothing, and in trust said, “yes, your greatness, it's in our house, I will bring you there.”

War quickly assembled men and brought Ether into his castle.

Once the men brought forth Ether into his Castle, he personally set it up in a safe location, and called the people together and made a speech: “People....”

“Jack has done something incredible, look at the stones and the wood in our Village and you shall see something amazing, the incredible work of the all-powerful Jack!”

The people anxiously looked on the walls, on the floor, and to their amazement they found words written—such as: I, Jack, have traveled through time, and spent much time gathering these stones; they found words saying, I need you to believe that I, Jack can beat time!

The people could not believe what they were seeing, they also found peoples' nicknames, names, and words only Jack would know.

As they were reading, most became bitter, and said, “Jack is taking a lot of our authority, and a lot of our credit!” In jealousy they accidentally mis-handled Ether, and he happened to fall off the porch and broke into several pieces.

This sealed Jack outside of time, from returning to the

present moment, and sent Ether hurling through Hyperspace!

Once Jack was done with his mission—he began to wait, normally Ether was on time, *on his own time per se*. He had to be, because, if one of his moments without time failed...his whole structured system would fail, and thus...kill Ether!

Moments passed, and no Ether...Jack began to worry, he now needed to go home, all was done, his mission was complete!

Instead of going home at that moment of Ether time, Jack was sent back billions of years in the past!

While Jack was beginning to wonder where he was, Ether was on route to find him; he first went to the first location that was designated by himself, and once Jack seemed to have not been there, he began to worry. Little did Ether know but finding a home for Jack was not going to be as easy—as he thought it would have been, and that is when his real work began!

Jack looked around and saw a huge leave and reached out his hand to touch it, behind him he heard a noise...a noise of leaves and brush moving, he turned around, but he did not see anyone. Just to make sure none was there he said, “Hello!” “Jack, I am over here” Ether said. “Ether, I am glad to hear you, where are we?”

Chapter 09

The Game continues.

Back at War's thriving Village/ Kingdom, after Ether fell off the porch and broke into several pieces, War, felt a bit guilty, thinking perhaps he killed Ether and in killing Ether broke the laws of time and killed Jack.

Full of paranoia and guilt, deep down in War's heart...he decided to ignore the worst and convince himself and everyone else—that everything was okay. He had people carefully pick up the broken pieces of Ether, and place Ether in a sacred room—to be cared for.

...In the face of the people, War did his best to give the solution; he kind of made up the answer to what he did not have the answer for, and in doing so, sort of, kind of—started lying to himself.

War, having the solution—proclaimed to his people, “Jack has, in these stones left us a message, a message proclaiming for us to retain the power of his entire being, (*while in hyperspace,*) and all we must do is act upon the evidence he has left for us.

He most likely will not return, but he wanted it that way, so that he will be as a god or a great man...he has left for us an answer and has given to himself the privilege to go to the pleasure of...what we all want. He has given to us greatness, so that we, as a Kingdom...will be all-powerful!”

War went up and down the Kingdom/ Village and stimulated the people's hunger for power, as well as his—purposely slowly-losing- touch with reality syndrome.

Sian knew her analysis...her psychoanalysis for War, what he was hiding, and why he began to lose his mind, but instead of correcting him, she fed on his evil, becoming eviler herself... “It is okay...pleasure and power are ours,” she would

say to the people.

Over the space of eight months...War, covering his guilt—totally lost his mind, the people did as well; there began to be abnormal sexual feasts as they savored the writing of Jack (writings engraved on stones and wood before War's Village was assembled,) purposely to do evil by making him all powerful!

“Jack is with us in the form of a god,” the people would say, lying (*i.e., pretending*) to one another, giving them the right to feed on the evil in Gon.

*

Tyler who stayed in the Land-of-Gabriel with the other nine who originally appeared in Gon, like the other nine, had children; he and Paige—at the time of the discovery of the doll that cured flesh-rot, parented Si, Kix, Mop and Toll.

Seeing Tyler's children were old enough, he allowed them to follow War out of the Land-of-Gabriel, the week War decided to make a city for himself; this would include Si, War's favorite, in his own words, “a masters work of art!”

On one quiet night in the Land-of-Gabriel, Tyler could not sleep...so he awoke Paige; they, together decided they would spend the night in the forest and roamed off into the woods for a fresh night's walk!

As they, in delight, watched the firefly type creatures move through the air they heard, “Dad, Mom?” Tyler and Paige were shaking at the sound, in disbelief and wonder—turned in the direction of the sound.

“Hello,” Tyler said, “Who is there? Is that Mop, my son?”

Mop and Kix walked out of the bushes—that they were sleeping under, and into the moon-lit—tiny clearing that Paige and Tyler were standing in.

“How did you get here? And why are you here? Is Si with you?” Paige asked, while looking at Kix, and then at Mop.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Mop began to tell his parents the long story of the building of the Village, (the Village War and the others went to establish.)

Mop said, “the day we left, we all agreed with one another, we would never return; we the Village-of-Gon, (*that was the name War gave to his Village/Kingdom,*) have lived up to our agreement, we have never returned; to be sure Kix and I do not break the agree-ment, we will not be going into the Land-of-Gabriel with you, but we rather want you to come with us—for a few months. We want you to be in our lives!”

Kix added, “if you want to come with us for a few months...quickly go back home, grab the stuff you need to survive the journey, tell none that you are leaving; we will leave tonight!”

Paige, happy to see her children, looked at Tyler and said, “let's do this!”

Tyler looked back at Paige and said, “I am ready now, you go get what you need...possibly, if Toll is around invite him and come back here; we will leave in one hour!”

Paige as told, quickly went home, and grabbed some stuff; on the way she found Toll, (*Mop, Kix and Si's brother,*) and brought him with her, and they went back into the forest without anyone noticing!

Once all was in order Mop, Kix, Tyler, Paige, and Toll began to take the three-week journey to the Village-of-Gon. The five of them talked through the whole journey, sharing what has happened over the past couple of thousand years.

“Dad you're really going to love what War and the people have built,” Mop said.

“...And the children, we have children...plenty of children,” Kix added while walking and affectionately grabbing hold of her mother and Father.

Mop and Kix did not know about the recent war between the Mutants, *War's men in disguise playing the game with the Land-of-Gabriel*; actually—only about one tenth of the Village-of-Gon knew War went home to the Land-of-Gabriel to play the game.

Three weeks went by quick—for Tyler and Paige...over one Mountain and then a field and through a forest; they did not notice how tough the walk was because they were so involved in one another. Suddenly they were standing in front of a large stone walled city.

About dusk is when the five reached the walled city; Mop did not want to use the front gate because, none was supposed to go to the Land-of-Gabriel, the sight of Tyler and Paige would have appeared as if Mop and Kix had gone back. Instead, Mop snuck them in the side entry/hole in the wall.

...From there he disguised them as common people and allowed them to—freely walk throughout the village. As they began to walk around the village, night fell, and the people that lived in the Village began to light fires.

As Tyler walked, he could not believe what he was seeing; he would have complimented the people in the Village-of-Gon, *which was deserved because of the city's magnificence*, but would not—because the peoples' appearance was evil!

Paige and Tyler were horrified—as the Mutant looking creatures ran around town...some with five eyeballs, some with six arms, and some that weighed over seven hundred pounds!

They were not just running around town, but in the light of the small fires they were running around town sexually and while having sex...they were having Mutant sex, even the one that weighed over seven hundred pounds! ...Sex in the streets, and not just sex, but sex for purpose, sex to provoke evil to do evil!

Fearing, Tyler manages to say, “Mop, maybe Paige and I should not be here...maybe we should go home, this is no place for us!”

“Come-on Dad, it took us about a month to get here; anyways this is not our destination, I quietly want to bring you before War, so you two can catch up on things! ...Plus, Si has not seen you in thousands of years, she is constantly talking about you,” Mop said.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Reluctantly Tyler and Paige agreed; Tyler desperately wanted to see his daughter, his first one, the one War seemed to have stolen, stolen from Tyler's repulsion in bringing her to life; back when Tyler hated Gon...but once he brought her to life, he could not have been prouder and happier to be in Gon. Over time, him, and Paige—sort of became gods of Love.

War, before Tyler was to show up, was engaged in evil—telling others his psychotic-delusion that he was all powerful, and how a tenth of his people ought to “*Help*” the Land-of-Gabriel.

“They need to learn!” War said.

The others knowing War, knew what he meant, to do evil...said, “We should teach them, they might need some counsel on power, and a good direction on how to become as powerful!”

The people knowing right from wrong covered up their wrong, which was to make fun of the weakness of the people who lived in the Land-of-Gabriel, smiled at one another saying, “we will help them!”

The people of War decided this night to go to War with the Land-of-Gabriel, and began to suit up for the journey, which hindered Mop from visiting War, so Mop and Kix brought Tyler and their mother—Paige back to their creatively built, exceptionally large house.

“Father, stay here in bed...I am going away for a while, but I will be back” War said.

War gathered his men, about one hundred thousand men and began to walk to the Land-of-Gabriel.

Kix noticed the men gathering and walking toward the front gate of the Village, told Mop; Mop decided to ask one of the men where they were going, they told him that they were going to the Land-of-Gabriel. Mop went back and told Toll, and they decided that if they were going to the Land-of-Gabriel...then they, Paige, and Tyler, as well as some of their children, ought to follow; they agreed to. They quietly followed from a far, so that way none would notice and kill!

As they were walking through the forest Tyler started

putting the pieces together; I think that those mutants were the ones that fought against the Land-of-Gabriel the first time...the deaths were because of them. Tyler was a bit scared but trusted his son...he had been living there!

He began to think that the reason why the Land-of-Gabriel did not know them and why the people look mutated; “it is because: The Village-of-Gon is polluted with Flesh-rot!”

“I thought I cured Flesh-rot,” Tyler quietly said to himself; “I didn't even know what Flesh-rot was when I cured it, and I still don't necessarily believe it!” (Cured it through the lie about the wicked little doll.)

What happened to that doll? Have these people not been lied to? Is Flesh-rot normal, and if it is why have I not caught it?

Has my lie been discovered?

Am I making more of Flesh-rot by covering it up? He suddenly remembered Si going around the camp at an incredibly young age screaming, “you see the forest, you make the analysis.”

“Right, I see the forest, I make the analysis,” Tyler quietly said to himself.

Tyler did not know that: Flesh-rot was the curse of the earth and not of Gon, it never followed Gon. ...And the Mutants appeared to be rotting, because they have sex without structure...and that structure to produce common looking humans—was with the original ten who stayed in the land of Gabriel; but even they, being capable, knew truly little about babies, but did know—one must have structure.

After one month, thousands of men poured into the surroundings of the Land-of-Gabriel and began to arouse their passion to do evil; to smell the smell of the innocence being afflicted.

Tyler could not stop thinking the whole month journey about Flesh-rot, I must get that Doll and save us all!

“I must go back,” Tyler said.

“I must get the Doll, I think I saw it in the Village-of-Gon, in the Village square, I have a feeling that the people

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

there are not using it right,” Tyler said to Mop and Kix.

“Are you going back to the Village now?” Mop asked.

“Yes, I will run, I will be back in a month...I have to cure Flesh-rot,” Tyler said as he ran back into the forest!

The men of War slowly began to make themselves known by banging loudly on the distant stone houses and on the trees. From a distance and very loudly the men of War said, “We have come to help you,” knowing that they in secret intended on evil.

One of Jaurroam's distant offspring went out to represent the Camp, and the men of War replied with a sword through the chest! Several screams could be heard throughout the camp as the men of War began to chant, “the Game, the Game!”

They beat and did as they planned: evil to the people living in the Land-of-Gabriel; most knew to do as Gabriel and fight with the forest; the forest being in the form of a Pine Branch.

One touch of an honest Pine Branch sent the power of life through the evil; thus, the evil would begin to feel ecstasy and fall to the ground and die in pleasure.

Many died before War's men began to fear the love of the Pine Branch and retreat into the forest!

War's men were in the Land-of-Gabriel playing the game for a little under a month.

Once all was fearing and running back to the Village-of-Gon, the people in the Land-of-Gabriel started telling one another, “The creatures left, the Mutants left! We won; we won through the Pine Branch!”

The Land-of-Gabriel considered the dead, they looked at all the dead...they were everywhere; dead bodies of both the Mutants and those at the camp.

“That Game is horrible,” Gabriel screamed, before shutting herself in her house to avoid the smell of the dead.

Jaurroam got some of the others to help him remove the dead out of the Camp; he put the dead who owned houses into their house; most of the evil creatures were carried to a pit

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

a half-mile outside of the Camp!

Chapter 10

The Doll exposed, we have not a Cure.

Over a small stream, splash...water clings to the boots of Tyler as he moves a branch to get to his secret hiding place. “Yes,” Tyler says...full of excitement as a small cave, his secret hiding place—comes into view. “I have made it!”

Tyler told no one about this spot, nor did he think anyone would care if he had mentioned it to them; he was alone during much of his explorations of Gon; for hours, for most of his life he escaped his difficulties by exploring.

Tyler walks into the darkness of the cave—that existed a half-mile from the Land-of-Gabriel, saying, “*I see the forest, I make the analysis.*” He gently places the doll he just recently—forcefully took from the Village-of-Gon, hoping that his lie: (*curing Flesh-rot*) would not hold him responsible. Tyler was a very stable man, he had to be...to explore unknown areas. He figured if he had lied there would also be the anti-lie. Consciously to Tyler, leaving an anti-lie for the people to stumble upon would hurt others as well as himself—until it got *justice!*

Now scared to face that responsibility to hold true to his lie/cure to flesh-rot, since the anti-lie was hunting him and in hunting him—rotted the flesh of those that lived in the Village-of-Gon.

Tyler in fear, said out loud to the wicked little doll he placed in the cave, “*I will not let us deceive any longer! You will be destroyed, you are not allowed to be the side effects of a drug that I have given; if you must rot flesh, then rot flesh*

the only way, the natural way...the way of wild evolution!"

"I have biologically tampered with the ways of life, this day you will be destroyed!" Tyler said to the wicked doll before placing fresh flowers next to the doll and then sprinkled fresh, wild dirt on the top of the doll, and turned his back to walk out of the cave to never return!

Tyler joyfully walked the half mile woodsy-walk to the Land-of-Gabriel thinking...nothing compares to goodness!

Upon approaching the outer edge of the Land-of-Gabriel, Tyler could not help but notice the Cursed-Pit, (*the children named it the Cursed-Pit because the atmosphere of the pit was gloomy,*) full of fresh dead bodies.

Curious to see who the dead were, Tyler crouched down and slowly crawled toward the closest dead.... "It's a Mutant," Tyler whispered to himself.

Wondering if the Mutants were still at the Camp, and what had taken place, he hurried back toward his home!

Upon arriving at his house, he saw Jaurroam sitting down, out front of his house—which was in front of Jaurroam's.

"Jaurroam?" Tyler said.

"Where have you been?" Jaurroam asked.

"Long story Jaurroam!"

"...What took place here?" Why is their dead in the Cursed-Pit, did they fight...what happened?" Tyler asked. Tyler began to wonder if these were the same creatures who made war with them the first time...although he was convinced—they were.

"Jaurroam could barely find the words to express to Tyler what happened, "the dark creatures strike again!" Jaurroam said, "but we won, Gabriel's Forest power is gotten stronger and with one touch of the Pine Branch the love of the forest Kills!" Jaurroam said.

Tyler confesses, "those creatures might be closer to us than you think, Mop, my child...the child who left the Land-of-Gabriel—to follow War to build a city, a few months ago, he came to me and invited Paige and I to visit, the Land of Gon: the city they built."

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“I had to go for the sake of my children: Mop and Kix; it took us about a month to get to the Village-of-Gon, and once inside I noticed Mutants, strange looking creatures.”

“Mop said, ‘all their offspring came out odd looking!’”

“As I was there, I was walking through the Village square and I noticed the Wicked little doll...the doll giving us thousands of years, the cure to Flesh-rot; at first, I thought it was a similar looking doll, until I started putting the pieces together in my mind.”

“War wanted the doll, to cure their Flesh-rot, but what War nor anyone else knew was I lied, I lied Jaurroam; that doll is just a doll. I never understood why Sally would say we are a dying species; we could not be, without having lived that part of our future! I knew why I needed a cure to combat the lie—*the lie of flesh-rot!*”

“...Or so I thought it was a lie, until I saw the offspring of those that live in the Village-of-Gon, they have Flesh-rot, or something...”

“In the night I stole or rather took possession of the wicked little doll, the doll that cured Flesh-rot, and hid it in a secret location, in hopes that the natural cycle of Flesh-rot would re-establish itself, and I will not be guilty of tampering with biological life!”

“Those creatures Jaurroam are the offspring of my lie” Tyler said.

“I do not know Tyler, I thought when Sally said, ‘Flesh-rot’ it meant we would live for seventy years or so, but as of right now we have lived thousands,” Jaurroam argued.

“...Forget the doll for a moment, I have been for a long time...wondering, what happened to Max?”

“If this is what happened to some of our offspring, that they built the Village-of-Gon, then it is possible, that as Mop came to you by night, and in secret, perhaps War did the same thing to Max, he took him by night,” Jaurroam said.

“And as for that doll Tyler, I have trained Gabriel around psychological healing, the same principle was used when you cured flesh-rot with the doll (stating a possibility

when there was no possibility.) “She uses the forest of Gon as her cure and cures the children through it!”

“War, on the other hand...possibly doesn’t regard the common majority, but goes after being a self-leader, in hopes of great achievement...making a new thing, it possibly has nothing to do with the doll,” Jaurroam said to Tyler.

“I just want to know, as well as you, and everyone: I am not responsible for the ‘psychological cure’ or rather lying about the cure that the doll brings, it can create an anti-lie and then I will have to continue to fight against something that I already know that I have, and that is laughing at Sally for actually considering and having us all consider Flesh-rot, it was her problem, not ours,” Tyler said before walking back to his home.

*

War and his men of War walk through the gates of the Village-of-Gon; slowly they walk to the Village square...upon arrival the men dispersed, each to their own home; War makes his way to his glorious stone building—Maxxx, which was named after his Father Max.

Upon passing the enclosure, the stone structure the Wicked little doll was placed upon, he noticed the doll was missing...

“What is this?” War says out loud to the men who were with him.

Full of anxiety, War rushes to the last place he saw his father.

“Father are you in here?” War says as he approaches the bed of his Father’s sleeping quarters.

“Yes, I am here, in bed; you sound worried!” Max said to War.

War warmly greets his Father, glad that he was alive, and nothing happened to him, and then makes his way back to the village square, to the enclosure of the Wicked little doll, the doll that saves lives.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Still shocked that it was missing, he takes a closer look and begins to examine the enclosure!

“The doll is not here!” War says to himself, and cannot help but notice an ancient looking piece of paper, *“that was not there before, or was it?”*

He takes the ancient looking piece of paper in his hands, and pulls it up to his face, opens it up, and reads: “War it’s Jack,” before he read any further, he decides to keep this matter to himself; he secretly folds up the paper, and takes it back to his stone fortress.

As War returns to his fortress, he finds a nice, warm place next to the fire and begins to read:

“War it’s Jack, right now...I am watching you next to the fire, reading this letter.

I, Jack without the boundary of time, watched you find this letter...in the spot of the missing doll...Good!”

“There is too much without time that I need to write about, but I cannot be, due to laws that are. I want you to know I am watching you; I know what you will do with this letter, Ether showed me.”

“I want you to know, you might not know: the doll will not cure Flesh-rot...know War! The doll was a lie, one must cure oneself, one must know the solution, know the solution!

–Jack

War sat the letter down on the chair beside him and said out loud, “I was Right! Jack has become a god, a god that has beaten time, and now he wants to give me his power...I have become all powerful!”

War sort of lost his mind, the power was what War wanted; he never stopped to consider if he was wrong; he persisted in thinking he was all powerful and Jack was the supplier of that power. In his power trip he never saw what the letter honestly said, but rather what Jack could do for him—which was more honest, but that still made him wrong.

He was so convinced of his delusion...he, within a week, copied the letter over one thousand times and had it delivered to the families that lived in the Village-of-Gon, so that they would arouse their ways...the ways of the Village-of-Gon.

*

The day the letter was sent, one hundred thousand people died, screams and panic flooded the Village-of-Gon, to the point that War needed to act!

On a day when Sian wanted to be a friend, went to War to catch up on everything.

Sian started the conversation and War took the conversation to tell someone what he planned on doing: “We must all, those of us who came out of the Camp-of-Beginnings, (those that were born in the Village-of-Gon can stay) but we who came out of the Camp-of-Beginnings, must return.”

“I will take my men of War and some of our families, and we will take a month-long journey to our relatives and camp outside of their camp to, “feed on their life, per se!” ...This will save some of us from the disease that has recently killed thousands of our people...the ones’ that died because we have lost our doll, and no longer have the cure from the doll that saved our lives.”

“Jack will be with us,” War said, ending the conversation.

Within hours the word spread, “We are going home!” The people knew what War was going to do and why they were to go back home!

The people thought of War’s solution as sort of an evil solution. “...Sort of like feeding on flesh—in order to sustain our lives,” they said. They took delight in beating and being evil toward their relatives.

Hundreds of thousands of people geared up for the month long walk through the forest.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

*

One month later War and all his people began to build a camp about a half mile outside the Land-of-Gabriel, and thus surrounding the home of their relatives.

War came on the east side of the field of The Game; opposite to the Camp of their relatives which was on the west side.

Max, nor Jaurroam nor anyone spoke much as the time passed. Max was in Gon...Jaurroam was offended!

Suddenly a problem arose: some of War's men...at War's command had their way with friends of Gabriel—taking advantage of the life the forest gave.

“Have I really become a push-over to Max and his children?” Jaurroam said to Byte, while Byte was preparing his people to kill with the spear.

Jaurroam got offended to the point he could not get out of bed and was nursed by his daughters, Gabriel, Love, and Lux.

After the first attempt to take advantage...Bit and his men were terribly angry and killed, that kept War's men away for a moment.

For three months War's men were held off; some of his people died of Flesh-rot which caused him to send more men to the Land-of-Gabriel and afflict them.

Many people died, most died in the hands of the evil Mutants; their feasting on life was cruel and most who were fed upon were not prepared for the level of evil...these died of heart ache.

Gabriel gave strength and persisted—in the love of the forest, but mostly the love of the Pine Branch. “Trust the existence of the forest, supplier of life, no matter what, we are the same: like leaves, pine and water, we are good. These Mutants want us to be like the forest, their being good to us—if you bend their deeds in your favor!”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 11

Without time

At some point, throughout time, Jack's time, within my bag, (the bag I arrived in Gon with,) I found a long letter; the letter described what Jack had went through while in Ether's world.

Jack could not speak English well, so I added in some of my own words. The letter through my translation said:

“Jaurroam I wanted to write and give my description and insight into the world of Ether. Reda and I spent much time on Ether while in the world of Gon, I do not believe I should waste anything he has given.”

The letter, in part said:

“Jack,” Ether said, “I am over here!”

“Where? I do not see anyone,” I answered.

“Hold on a minute, I will try to make myself as visible as possible,” Ether said through many voices.

“All of a sudden something seemed to have latched on to my brain, my thoughts seemed to echo throughout the forest!”

“Ether, are you doing that,” I said. Ether did not respond.

“I spent years trying to get this thing off my head. From time to time my thoughts would echo throughout the forest or become Ether's. In my confusion Ether sent me back—billions of years in the past!”

“Upon arriving billions of years in the past, I took a look around.”

“At that time Ether had seemed to tell me why he sent me back billions of years, or at least he seemed to tell me why! It was as if Ether needed more time to explain why he was not visible, why I should be listening to him, and why things were the way they were; neither made sense at the time.”

“As I was surveying the landscape, I could not help but notice the creatures living billions of years in the past Gon; they were giant unshaped stones, but with flesh, (sort of like dinosaurs,) but to me they looked like giant flesh stones or giant trees, it was if someone took the essence of life and told life to be without structure, and because they just be...they do not know what creatures ought to look like!”

“Hi,” I said to one of the giants, the stone-like-bugs, he did not even notice me.

Anyways before I get any further into my findings in the past...let me tell you of my findings of Ether!”

“I spent just under one hundred years trying to communicate with Ether...it seems as if this thing attached to my head was his world, his operating system; from time to time I would catch a glimpse of his world, his workings, I will never forget what made him tick!”

“Have you ever shut your eyes or got so close to an object that the object blurred out of normal reality, well...if you have, than you will know what I have dis-covered; Ether lived in a blur he created, apart from time, a system of microbes— or something—like microbes, carrying particles through time, they were like imaginary bugs, that work by carrying imaginary particles through time. That is how the time machine does it, it carries particles through time; I just did not see it that way until—he showed me.”

“As I gaze into his world of make believe, I see imagination, imagination that I have always possessed, but one thing I know I did not possess was the thing attached on to my head (the thing that caused my thoughts to echo throughout the forest)”

“Once I could discern where I was and what was Ether, I used the extra imagination ((i.e., Ether) to visualize and

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

speak to Ether.”

“Now making believe, I see Ether...he was five foot in height, black hair and a bit devilish (my type of guy.)”

“As I pretend—we are having a conversation together, I figure things out, he tells me that the reason I cannot go back home is because the people of the Village-of-Gon broke Ether, and to cover it up...made me god, and because they have robbed the truth...the truth no longer exists, like time!”

“I thought long and hard about the teachings of Ether; I played in Ether’s imaginary microbes for what seemed like hundreds of years before I began to see the answer, the answer to the problem: how am I going to get home, and how am I going to fix the broken wooden box of Ether?”

And...around this time I think I figured out how to get my mother and her friends out of Gon—and back to—what she called New York!”

“First, I must get War to see that we make the truth, if we lie, we will no longer be able to take part in reality. Most likely the reason for this present lie was for reality...so, we have the option to fix it!”

“So, I began through Ether’s imagination—scrolling throughout time, from the time humans first came to Gon, to the present time, (the time I left the Village-of-Gon.)

“I saw ten arrive, I saw the building of the Camp-of-Beginnings, and I saw the people begin to build the Village-of-Gon.”

“I continued—through Ether’s imagination looking for a way to return home.”

“The first exciting find was when I saw the doll; the doll that was to give us thousands of years, appear—seemingly out of thin air, I said Ether where did that doll come from?”

“I trace it back to War’s first attempt at traveling through time” Ether said.

“War did not realize that he did go through time and accidently left the doll; he must have thought that traveling through time was more glorious, but in fact only parts of things go through time...for instance living beings must live outside

of time to fully travel through it...War was into war, fighting and stuff, so he would have likely held onto time, so that he could win in the eyes of time!”

“He would have not believed me if I told him, ‘War you must make believe like a child’ I would have said, and he would have thought I was being a child.”

“So that is where the doll came from...War!”

“I decided to continue to search time to figure out what happened to the doll:”

“I saw Tyler grab it out of the Village-of-Gon, and as he grabbed it a note fell out of the doll’s dress.”

“I got it” I said, “what if I put the note in the dress of the doll?”

Ether said, “it could work; I can grab particles of paper from yours and Reda’s house and put charcoal particles on the paper for the words!”

“Let’s do it” I said.

I never looked to see if we did; there was not a way to find absolute truth, so I told myself that I did it, I put the note in the bottom of the dress of the doll.

“Next thing I had to do was explain to all peoples’ in Gon the truth, and in doing so...everyone will go home.”

“But how will I do it?”

I continued to search throughout time until I noticed something....”

“I did...I noticed a gnome looking creature with a book; *where did he get that book*, I wondered.”

“The book appears in the woods without a trace. Rof the gnome picks it up and gives it to a woman.”

I” could not see much throughout this part of time because I desired to control the moment, so I had to settle to believe it was a book, by me, to tell everyone the truth.”

“Ether, we must get to work right away; I have to write that book!”

Best regards,

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

-Jack

That was the letter I found in my Bag; I added some of my own words. Jack spoke truly little English, but what he could speak I could understand, because I grew up with him and Jacky.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 12

The Final Game

War said, “Father!” in the small tent War made from tree bark and sticks, it was located just feet from the Field of The Game.

“Yes....” Max answered.

“Here, I have relocated you as well as most of the family, tell me how we save our lives,” War asked.

“War, when we first arrived here in Gon, there were ten of us, Jaurroam talked about the game, a game that the earth had taught him.”

“We played that Game and I won...he all of a sudden acted differently, like I was his child, as if he was my authority...he took all that belongs to me, that’s why we are Mutated, because he took our Glory!”

“Our Family needs that moment back, I am a war hero, I am strong!” Max said.

War stated, “Father, this will be the plan, we will go out into the field and provoke Jaurroam to play, if he doesn’t play the game, we will cage or perhaps Kill Jaurroam; if he does play the game, we perhaps will do the same thing!”

“My people...our people need to feed off their life, with Jaurroam out of the way we will take the Camp-of-Beginnings by force and plunder the people as well as houses,” War declared to his father.

“That is my strong, and victorious son! Max says full of pride. We will mock and provoke Jaurroam tomorrow—in the field of The Game,” Max said.

“Jaurroam, Max and War are camped outside, they stand in the field of the Game mocking you and provoking you to play,”

Sally said in a loud anxious voice.

Jaurroam knew there were Mutants surrounding the Land-of-Gabriel, claiming to be sent from up above, but what Jaurroam did not know was—if Max was still alive, nor did he know Max’s son, War—was against him.

“What is this,” Jaurroam said, as he hurried out of his ten-square-foot stone house.

“Come out here and play, you good for nothing...you and that brat of yours, you are losers, you will never have authority over Gon,” Max shouted as War aroused his passion for the fight.

“Dad, what are they doing,” Gabriel asked innocently.

“Max...” Jaurroam yelled—feeling threatened and scared, “what are you doing, those Mutants have been killing us!”

War now in a rage walked toward Jaurroam; Max followed. Once close enough, War began to stick up his finger in Jaurroam’s face and yell and belittle Jaurroam! “Come-on Jaurroam fight!”

“We are friends,” Jaurroam replied.

Those words “we are friends” enraged War... he took his club and struck Jaurroam on the side.

The blow was so great that Jaurroam fell to the ground in a cry of pain; blood poured out of his side.

Max began to laugh while saying, “see you are nothing!”

Gabriel now crying and fearing for her father said, “but ‘we-are-all-one,’ we are all friends!”

Suddenly, a memory flashed through Gabriel’s mind, it was of Rof, (the gnome looking creature), she could remember him saying, “we are all one” and then handing her a book.

Within a couple of minutes, she went to where she hid the book, and grabbed it.

Soon she was back on the field of The Game and shouted, “Stop!”

She quickly handed Max the book, he almost threw it

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

to the ground but was caught off guard by the beauty of Gabriel.

Max opened the book and on the first page there was a note, it read:

Max it is Jack, do not do what you are doing, Stop now!

Jaurroam made up the Game, he lied. The earth, the planet you come from—never taught him that game; I without time can go all throughout time, I saw with my own eyes—I saw Jaurroam tell Becky he made up the Game to impress.

I, Jack am stuck in a realm of no time because you lied about breaking Ether...you pretended I am a god, and that is a lie.

If there is no truth in our oneness, then Gon and time will no longer believe in your world of time, and thus making it impossible for me to go home.

Max in awe began to flip through the book, all the while keeping an eye on War, to make sure he would not use the rage within him.

Max handed the book to War, and he looked through each page...understanding time and those without time, he saw maps and diagrams, explanation after explanation, it even went on to describe the very workings of Ether.

Max in shock and totally understanding what he saw and read...began to speak loud to all the people around him, “to all... Jack has once again proved himself; listen to what I have to say!”

War read—the letter to all those standing by.

Gabriel now at the side of Jaurroam, as well as Becky; they began to pick him up off the ground.

“You know what Jaurroam...I believe Jack, I will let it go, I will tell the truth,” War stated along with Max agreeing.

War said out loud!!! “I damaged Ether and covered it up by making Jack look like a god.”

All of War's people let out a sound of dis-belief.

Max said, "I forgive you Jaurroam, for the sake of Jack, for the sake of us returning home, but I need you to hear, do you forgive me?"

Jaurroam, now on his feet, looked at his longtime friend Max, and could not believe—that Max considered hating him; with more pain in his emotions than his side, which was still bleeding, with a tear in his eyes said, "yes, I forgive you, "lets tell the truth!"

Chapter 13

You Win

Without time

I just delivered the book we made for War and Max to Rof—the gnome looking creature,” Ether explained to Jack—in hyperspace.

“Good, the first mission is complete; next we will get Reda, and the rest of the Village-of-Gon, to bring you—Ether—to the Field of the game...at the point in time when Max, War and Jaurroam make peace!”

“Please explain more! Ether said.

“In part, only in part, did I see them shake hands; the problem I’m having seeing what is happening in time is: I want to control what is happening in time, but I know only time can do it, so when I am in these time-spots and I want certain things to happen, I try to control them or force them to happen, which makes time usurp it’s authority over mine, making me doubt, which blurs my imagination or imaginary vision that I see through you Ether,” Jack said.

“So, after we get the Village-of-Gon to the Field of the game, what do we do next?” asked Ether.

A few months ago, while I was strolling through time, I saw a chipmunk type creature appear where our parents appeared—when they first arrived in Gon. Where did it come from?” Jack asked Ether.

“Well, you might not know this father,” Ether said, “but I am older than you; I have been in these woods for a long, exceedingly long time, so have most of the children born

here. I like my profession in Gon, all the people here love me, I am a time manager; I do not see time the way it is, and because of that, I do not see time...call it a curse if you like, most of the children do, but I rather like to think of it as a blessing!”

Ether Continues, “But now, let me get back to the point, Byte one of the first to arrive, asked me to provide safety for Jaurroam and some of the others! ...I heard him when he was out in the forest, although he did not know I heard him. I thought it was best to give him what he asked for, so I made him appear in front of the others. But I did not know Byte was a man of the time.”

“Byte was a man of Time and Law, so only part of him went through time, and thus making a chipmunk type creature appear there.”

“He thought I never answered him and went his way.”

“Jaurroam and the others worked really hard to expel of the critter!”

“Byte felt this rejection...so, to not be over stimulated by the rejection, he did what he normally does when around his friends and that is let them Win!”

“In the forest Byte says to the air around him, “You Win!” with a voice that shook Gon.

“I never knew what to do with that moment, but one day I will figure it out!”

“That is the story behind the critter!” Ether explained.

“I got it!” Jack said, “the critter made the fear and because of that, the truth has been off ever since.”

(Byte was the authority figure over those that came to Gon. He accidentally broke the law of time, he accidentally caused lawlessness to break out in Gon.)

“If we take Byte’s voice and send it into the future, we will-establish the harmony between the ten of them as well as all in Gon, and confirm the truth, they will all go home. And for me, the truth—as truth, must recognize me, and must recognize me—as a part of time, as part of itself, and make room in time for me to reenter itself!” Jack said—concluding

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

the mystery.

Sally, Byte, Tyler, Paige, Jacky, Luke, Becky, Kelly, Max and Jaurroam stood in the field of the game...others were also in the field, clothed in small skins, and carrying a wooden spear, waiting for something: perhaps their ascension or maybe a descension.

Jaurroam, now standing, blood still pouring out of his side; Gabriel's hands were attending to the wounds, Max reached his hand out, hoping Jaurroam would shake it.

Jaurroam reached back and the two made peace!

Suddenly a loud, very loud voice echoes throughout the forest... "You Win!"

Everyone was shocked to where the voice had come from.

Five minutes passed and the voice still echoed in the minds of those that heard it.

At first there were tears, whimpering...Max looked straight into the eyes of Jaurroam and said, "We Win!"

Jaurroam agrees and loudly says, "We Win!"

Shouts for joy could be heard throughout the forest, as the people said, "We Win!"

As everyone celebrated Reda and the rest of the Village-of-Gon began to pour onto the field of the game...Reda assisting Ether's wooden box.

Ether was placed before Max and Jaurroam.

"You are Ether!" Max said, giving Ether the right to live and the right to truth.

Soon after: Jack, slowly...particle after particle appeared in the field of the game and said, "We Win!"

Shouts for joy could be heard throughout the forest and then as the joy reached toward the truth, to Byte, Byte began to fear, and with a loud voice said, "we now go home!"

...And all vanished at that moment, leaving behind their spears and some of their clothes.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Ten minutes in darkness and silent words began to spread, as the voice of Byte still echoed in their minds, “Now we go home!”

Chapter 14

Returning Home

The smell of fresh oxygen blasted me in the face, as oxygen poured into my blood stream.

I opened my eyes and began to look around. I see Byte to my left and Tyler in front of me; I begin to survey the landscape.

“We are back!” Somehow the children, through the truth, brought us back to the Temple!

“We are back on the earth, at the Temple of Gon—in Vermont,” I said.

Becky looked at me and said, “that cannot be,” before looking to her right to see Gabriel shaking her head up and down saying, “yes, it is true you are home!”

The ten of us who originally came to the Temple located in Vermont were standing in amazement and wonder.

“The truth worked! We are in Truth...Home!” Max said.

The children who were born in Gon expressed they were overjoyed to have brought us home. They began to adorn us with Forest-Art: flowers, sown leaves, pine-branches, etc. We walk throughout the Temple of Gon, as well as its many stone huts...all led by the hands of its children, the children we created.

In Vermont there were acres of stone houses surrounding the temple. The children explained to us that the temple and its forts were put there to create the future, that we, us ten...would always have a place amongst the Cha-Cha people.

We no longer understood, but when I turned around to invite Gabriel, Love and Gab to New York all the children

suddenly vanished, and again us Ten were left in the same spot we vanished thousands of years ago, in the front of the Temple, now in a daze, listening to the heavy rain drops fall off the trees—hitting the forest floor, and smelling the fresh smell of the town located just miles down the old-dirt-road.

The thought comes to mind...*I just had been down that old road—in Bytes car not too long ago.*

Gon slowly faded in my mind, sort of like a dream would; I hear Sally say, “Byte this place gives me the creeps, let’s go home!”

Without hesitation we walk to Bytes car; once in Byte’s car we drive as fast as we could drive—without looking back until we got to New York!

Chapter 15

Back to New York, New York

A week went by, none of us ten who spent time in Gon said a word to one another about the adventure; we walked through high school as if nothing happened; Luke and Sally graduated the year prior, Sally is now working at a diner, and Luke is working at a day camp.

“Hey Byte, how did Vermont go,” Kelsi asked while walking through the halls of B.T. high school.

“The face of the north,” Byte said—covering up what had happened.

Kelsi gave a strange look as if she did not understand what he said.

After school we decided to meet up at Luke’s house, his parents owned a huge garage, they even had an apartment above the garage.

We picked up Sally on the way to Luke’s.

“How’s school going?” Sally asked, opening a conversation.

“School?” I replied.

Sally was trying to get a bit deeper about my thoughts about Gon and asked, “how is your mind?”

I pause—at her question as we pulled into Luke’s driveway; seeing Byte in the front of the garage caused me to forget Sally’s question and rush out to greet Byte and the others.

*

As we were in Luke’s spacious garage, sitting on some old furniture, passing around a bowl of marijuana, we started talking about Gon.

Most of us wanted to confirm if it happened—as we each went over one another’s account; Byte began to go over the book that led him to take us to the Temple in Vermont...

As we were talking, he began to flip through the pages of that book—he had brought with him.

“Look at this!” Byte said with excitement in his voice.

He turned the book around so that we all could see what was so exciting, and there it was...a picture and an article.

The picture was of Gabriel, Jack, War, Bit and Gab with a sign that said, Cha-Cha belogwa...which is a word I invented and taught them...it means love and respect for our parents, the picture was taken in the year eighteen hundred.

We were amazed!

I said, “I just recently was going to write an essay for history class on the Cha-Cha people, so I too have a book I recently got from the library.”

I began to flip through it and to my surprise it read: The land of Gon, discovered in the mid 1700’s, a land of unknown origins, made famous by: Clint, B. through his findings of an ancient book written by a man named Jack.

“Max, look at this...that’s the book that Jack wrote for you...the one Clint, B. found” I said!

With the flip of a page, I saw another picture, it was on the inside of the cover of the discovered book Jack wrote, there were names written on it...Gabriel, Jack, War, and many others!

Once I showed the others, we all looked at one another and said, “the truth is in Gon!”

Epilogue

Gabriel, Bit, War, and the Children including Ether and Litm decided to live in the moment, without time, in Gon. They themselves never knew what they did for the earth or when they would appear and gift the earth, but one thing they did know was a good time!

Gabriel said to the rest in Gon, “come-on everyone! There are big, stone-like creatures billions of years ago; we can be them; we can evolve into them through our imaginations!”

To celebrate the return of their parents, and themselves becoming gods...they lived in the moment, without time and became the ancient stone-like creatures of the past!

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

The Game: beat my clock
{TV Snow: Stew-art}

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 01

A working wonder

RK figures that there are cheat codes out there in the universe yet finding them is impossible but believing in creating them is intelligent!

“Have you ever had a moment when you were a child—that you saw something so wonderful—that you knew you must have it, or you might die?”

“If you have not, disregard, you most likely are occupied.! For the others reading I hope you enjoy the snow.”

Mom where did you get this couch,” RK speaks to his mother—who is folding laundry a couple rooms down from RK’s bedroom.

“A friend dropped it off, he no longer has room for it at his house.”

A beautiful couch, red and blue stripes on a grey background sits on the left-hand wall of RK’s bedroom. It fits well with the coffee table RK noticed out in the garage earlier that day...

“I can place my huge television on the coffee table—that is out in the garage; we can watch television all day WR.”

“We can get my mom to bring us sodas and stuff,” WR says.

“Exactly WR”

They both scurry out into the garage and pull out the coffee table hiding behind a vacuum cleaner and a lamp; both pick up an end of the roughly painted coffee table and push their way into the bedroom of RK.

They slide it in front of the newly arrived couch.

RK quickly grabs the big box television and places it on top of the old coffee table.

Footsteps can be heard coming up the hallway.

“Mom,” RK asks.

Strawberry blonde hair can be seen peeking into the bedroom.

“Mom,” RK speaks.

“Sally, I mean Ms. White,” WR says.

“Looks wonderful,” Sally says fully entering the bedroom.

In Sally’s arms is a box, she hands it to RK, she says, “I found this yesterday while I was out shopping, I knew you two can have a lot of fun with it, so I brought it home.”

The children scramble to see what is on the inside.

RK sets the box down on the coffee table.

“*Games*,” one yells, “*power cords* the other yells.

“Look here, an old computer,” RK exclaims.

“I wonder if it works...”

“It does,” RK says—full of confidence, “you can tell because of the wonderful shape it is in.”

“You children have fun,” Sally says walking out of the boy’s bedroom.

“How do we hook that up?” WR asks.

“I know, I have seen Mr. Blue, our science teacher, perform the task thousands of times; we simply plug the two prongs into the back of the television and plug in the power cord.

“Okay,” WR waits anxiously.

RK rushes to the back of the television. He connects the computer to the television. He rushes to the front of the television; he turns on the knob...

A pop, a fizzle, lights appear. RK rushes round the bedroom, playing with the antenna.

“What do you see WR?” RK asks before rushing back toward the front of the television.

“Wow,” both say out loud—as a black screen appears—along with a flashing tiny white cursor in the top left-hand corner.

“What does it mean?” WR asks.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“It means we can now press letters on the keyboard, and they will appear in the television!”

“Press some buttons!”

“I am, I am,” RK says anxiously moving his hand towards the keyboard.

RK begins to press random buttons. The cursor on the television begins to move according to the alphabet-characters that are pressed.

WKZY in glowing white are seen on the screen.

“This looks fairly basic RK,” WR says—confused about the excitement earlier.

“I have always wanted one of these,” RK states.

“Why?” asks WR.

“Look in that box again and see if a booklet did not come with this wonderful computer,” RK says.

WR rushes toward the back of the television. He begins to move items around in the box.

As you would expect he pulls out a white booklet. *Computer Instructions* is written on its cover.

“Bring it to me quickly,” RK demands.

WR rushes towards the front of the television handing the *computer instructions* to RK.

“Wow this is the code to program the entire universe,” RK blurts.

“Seriously,” WR asks to confirm—in hopes it was.

“No, not Seriously, but it is the code to: *changing font colors and font shapes.*”

“If I have billions of years, then and only then will it be the entire code to the entire Universe.”

“Boys!!, supper is ready,” the young men hear from the downstairs kitchen.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 02

If I were time

The night after RK received his new and exciting computer he could not sleep well, he was too excited, excited about his new computer. He understood if he stayed up to explore it—his mother most likely would have come up the stairs to his bedroom and demanded he shut it off. So, instead he stayed in bed, he pushed the memory of having a computer deep into the back of his mind.

It was weeks later before he recalled the tiny computer and keyboard slightly hid and slid under the table.

I ought to play with it. He tosses his schoolbook filled backpack on his bed and rushes to the coffee table—him and WR set up weeks prior.

RK slides the computer out from under the table. It still appears new and clean.

RK quickly plugs the computer cables into the back of the television. He slides the button on. He twists the knob on the television. Slowly a picture appears, a black screen, with a tiny flashing white cursor in the left-hand-corner.

The television light was the only thing lighting up RK's bedroom.

RK reaches back into the box. He pulls out the computer instructions. He holds the book close to the television in hopes of seeing the words written.

Dimly lit he reads, "to turn the cursor blue type code: RUN://+Ab.

RK stumbles in the darkness as he presses the keys.

The cursor did not turn blue. *I should give up.*

RK did not give up, his excitement would not let him.
He types the code in again:

RUN://+Ab

This, time, as almost magic the cursor turns blue.

“Wow,” RK speaks out loud.

He begins to search the keyboard, looking for anything that will look well shining through the television.

Nothing much was there, no pictures, no surprises, just the alphabet along with a few punctuation marks, plus the F1-10 keys—which RK presses several times.

RK presses so many buttons the screen that was black is now blue.

RK eager to try another code presses the delete key and erases the blue letters in front of the black screen.

“It is much too dark in here to read the code book but without it, all I will be able to do is press a bunch of letters.”

I know what I will do, I will take the night light from the bathroom; nobody should know it is gone. My mom said she bought it for me so that way I would not be scared to walk to the bathroom at night.

RK rushes toward the bathroom, taking both hands and pulling the tiny blue nightlight out of the electrical outlet. RK walks back to his bedroom.

“Where shall I plug this blue night shine into? *I know behind the couch, next to the television; then I can read the code in the light and quickly type what I have read into the computer.*”

RK begins to flip through the book to find something personally interesting.

“Ahh, I found one, (Save://) keeps work that I previously created, like a bank maybe.” *I know I will need this.*

RK spends the rest of the night indulging in code, never considering morning might come, but it did and when it did school was the last thing RK wanted to do, not even to think about...

“RK the bus will be here soon,” RK’s mother speaks through the door of his bedroom.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“I do not need to go to school anymore,” RK says.

“Yes, you do.”

“Not if I have all the keys,” RK says.

“How did you get all the keys?”

“Through the computer you gave me.”

“A computer isn’t keys RK, now come out here and eat your breakfast. The school bus will be here soon.

RK in fear forces himself off the couch, he aggressively opens the bedroom door. He slightly brushes his mother as he walks by towards the kitchen.

“RK, I placed a plastic thing on the kitchen table, it fell out of that box, the one with the computer inside,” Sally says.

RK excited, knowing what it could be rushes into the kitchen.

“Yes, this is a memory cartridge,” RK says picking up one of the objects, “it looks so much more a game than a floppy disk.”

“I know what these do... they give the computer more power and enhanced functions.”

RK happy rushes out of the front door—along with some buttered toast, “I will see you when I get back.”

RK you must come to the store with me, you are going to have fun, they have computers for sale. You love things like that; your cousin believes one day they will rule the world.”

“I can’t mom,” RK says, “I can’t because I must study with the computer. I just figured out how to create a circle. It is like if someone was to name a hundred yellow squares in a circle form and instead of calling it LOAD://yellow4 and another LOAD://yellow5 and so on until one hundred—making a circle, they called it for short:

RUN://1C100yellow,

...a whole new name, a new code mom, it will Run 100 Load commands, making a circle, a circle that was not, until I, master of the universe created it,” RK says excitedly.

“No, RK, we went over this already, you must come with me,” Sally demands—rushing up to RK’s room. She swings open his bedroom door.

“Mom.”

“C’mon.”

“Okay, okay, I am coming,” RK says hesitantly like.

Within moments both are sitting in the family van.

“You know what RK?”

“What mom?” RK asks suspicious.

“I forgot my keys at the park.”

RK laughs, “you did what?”

“I must have forgotten my keys at the park—while me and your grandma were walking her dog.”

“Good, I can now go back to my bedroom.”

“No, you are not, you are walking to the park with me.”

“Mom,” RK cries, “at this rate I will never get back to my computer.”

“It will be quick; we will rush down there.”

RK’s mother quickly opens her car door. She and RK step out of the van and walk to the park.

They find Sally’s car keys on the park bench that Sally intended to rush back to after walking Barky earlier that day.

“I cannot believe I forgot. Am I seriously that old now,” Sally complains.

“You are not old mom, you simply happen to not be your plan,” RK says.

“I am too my plan RK, everyone forgets a little from time-to-time.”

Sally quickly snatches up the keys, “off we go to the store.”

Minutes it takes to find their way back to the car and minutes it takes to drive to the computer store.

As Sally is getting out of the driver’s side door of the van she says, “I must find your father a universal-remote, in the meantime browse the items for sale. Perhaps you might find something to go with that computer of yours.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

RK quickly makes his way up to the computer store; he quickly moves through each aisle—creating a mental map of all that is in there.

RK finds his way back to the capacitors, the memory cartridges. RK knew that computing wasn't hard, in his mind he could compute fine—he simply could not remember all the calculations, this sending him back to the drawing board. To RK figuring without doubt is as living without time, every second makes a frame, making a living reality, if not, how shall we know what time it is?

“Wow,” RK says to himself as he looks at all the new technology.

RK wrote the name of his computer down—so that way he could find the right equipment—that would go with his machine.

“Twenty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents for sixty Gigabytes of memory! I could not just write one code but thousands, I bet I can make pictures and save them!”

“Mom, mom, will you buy this for me,” RK says presenting his mom with a tiny little cardboard box with child-like style font on its wrapping.

“How much is it?”

Thirty dollars,” RK speaks.

“How important is it?”

“Sixty Gigabytes of memory will keep me working on my computer for roughly three years,” RK says artfully.

Sally looks up as to think about it for a second, “okay RK, but you must remember your dad. This is one of the very few items we will buy you. Count it as an early birthday present.

“Yes, yes!” RK dances in a circle.

RUN:// C://Bu, RUN://K:3 F4 and on RK saved into the computer. He used a notebook as he went, writing a new code. RK figures that there are cheat codes out there in the universe yet finding them is impossible but believing in creating them is intelligent!

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 03

Building pictures and windows

I need time” RK says to himself, “time away from school, my house and Mom. I need/want to be able to type code all day.”

RK was desperate.

Knowing the computer—RK was convinced was more than his teachers and parents, one day after school, as RK was walking back home he decided to walk south on track drive and stop by the computer shop his mom—not too long ago brought him to.

Ding

Ding, the upper doorbells ring. RK walks into the store.

“Can I help you with something” asks a friendly black colored haired man.

“I need to buy some time” RK says with a smile.

The computer store cashier laughs, he says “don’t we all kid, don’t we all,” with acknowledgement of truth.

The store cashier looks through some old equipment. He pulls out of a stack of cartridges an odd looking shaped insertable.

Playing along with the kid, “how about *Beat my Clock*,” the cashier says handing the game to RK.

RK quickly responds, “is that for a Holden B-51?”

“Yes, it is,” says the cashier—giving a friendly smile and play-time acceptance.

RK quickly brings the game to his face and begins to study.

“Is this the one...” RK pauses...

“Sure is, that one will surely bring you to the past. The best part is, you do not have to pay for the game until you come back; I will let you take the game, *Beat my Clock* to your mom’s house. Once you plug in the game you will be in the past, and once you unplug the game... you will then pay for the game.”

Surprised RK says, so it truly works?”

“Sure does, and do not forget, when you unplug *Beat my Clock*, find ten dollars and ninety nine cents and bring that to me or otherwise the *Game-Wizard* will think you stole the clock” the cashier says, widening his eyes.

“Okay,” RK says, “thank you.”

RK quickly stuffs the game in his pocket and rushes out the door back home.

Before RK’s mom notices he is home RK makes his way up the stairs to his bedroom.

Without flipping on the light switch RK pushes the game into the back of Holden B-51.

He turns the knob on the television.

Pop

Fizz

The television turns on slowly. A colorful picture appears. Music starts playing through the television set.

The sound of a cowboy or like one that might speak through a speaker phone says, “*Jump in the car, we are driving them fast!*”

RK looks close at the screen, he reads, “*G means Go. S means Stop* and the arrow keys are for direction.

RK presses the G key.

The screen changes images.

RK could barely believe his eyes, he does not recall seeing such a television game, candy for the eyes.

“Ready boys,” the cowboy men say.

Countdown:

Three,

Two,

One,

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Go...

RK presses hard the G key.

The other drivers in the game instantly grab the lead. RK attempts to steer his virtual car but cannot help but lose while he looks for a way into the game.

RK continues onward. He must have been on the road for hours before he saw sight of any of the other drivers.

As RK passes the first driver, RK's virtual door window dominates the screen. "Good race boy," The man driving the race car says, "how about I give you five years to work out some time."

The driver speeds off.

The words in various flashing color lights read, "you win five years."

"Does that mean that I am without time for five years... No parents, no school, all my time?"

No sound comes from the television, just the looped car driving down the highway.

I must be sure of this...

RK rushes down the stairs to see if his mother is there.

"Mom"

"Mom"

She is not there, but her van is still in the driveway.

"Mom"

"Mom, are you here?"

RK rushes out the front door to see if his neighbors are there. He finds no one.

"I must have five years without time.

Great!

"In these five years I must practice my computer coding, I must write code."

RK could read and write high school math. To his calculations with what is given—he can create an entire virtual earth within the computer, this is if he can *beat the clock!*

"I need art."

"I must learn to create art."

RK stumbles upon the command to create tiny squares. He finds he can change the color of each square.

Colored squares in the painters' hand, a brush for the art that RK will create.

"I do not create much art," RK says to himself. "I will attempt to create a tree out of the blocks.

RUN://S+ (ENTER) RK types into the computer.

After the command whenever the key S is pressed a white block will appear in place of the letter S.

RUN://+Sr changes the color of the square to red.

RUN://+Sg changes the color of the square to green.

RK picks the green color to create the tree leaves.

RUN://+Sb is the code to change the color squares to brown, this RK uses for the tree trunk; the b after the S is for brown.

RK is finished.

The small virtual tree has taken RK almost an entire day to complete.

"Not bad, not bad," RK praises himself. RK lays his head on the back on the couch.

I wonder if the soda mom bought last week is still in the fridge.

RK gracefully gets off the couch and walks down the stairs.

"Good, soda is in here!"

RK drinks to his heart's content.

RK swings open the freezer in hopes to find the frozen party food his mom bought earlier that week.

He finds it placed between some frozen food; RK places the party food in the microwave.

Two minutes later...

"Cheesy and crispy."

He grabs his soft drink and food and rushes back up to his bedroom—to his computer.

RK sits down, runs his hand through his brown hair. He takes a bite of his crispy food. He gazes at his work on the

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

computer, his creation, his brown and green tree made of tiny squares.

“Not bad,” RK says to himself, “I wonder if I should try something harder.”

“But first I should save my first creation, my tree.”

RK presses the letter on the keyboard: SAVE://Tree (ENTER)

RK pauses for a moment, he says, “if I type RUN://S+ (ENTER), then I will have the creation of a square. Now if I or another was to type RUN://Tree (ENTER) or LOAD://Tree (ENTER) they and I will find a programmed command, they will find my tree.” (*LOAD://S+ will not change the letters to squares. LOAD and RUN are similar yet loading a program and running a program are completely different.*)

“I am a computer programmer, I programmed the computer,” RK shouts.

RK must see his work in action. He presses the clear screen: (Ctrl + Esc) to find a new screen, a simple black screen with a tiny flashing cursor in the top left-hand corner.

RK presses the keys: RUN://Tree (ENTER)

Quickly his creation, the tree he created appears on the television, glowing bright green, and brown on a black background.

“As I can create a square or different colored squares, now I have the code to a tree!”

“I should try to create some more items.”

“I wonder if there is a way to move the tree around the screen, or if there is a way to duplicate the tree.”

RK excitedly and full of anxiety takes on the project.

RK flips back and forth through the manual of The Holden B-51.

“RUN://→ (ENTER) equals moving one space in the direction of the arrow,” RK reads out loud.

RK considers, *LOAD will not create the movement of the arrows because the command load — loads a command, it will not run more than one command.*

I wonder if I press four arrows if I will move four spaces?

I should try.

RK presses, RUN://→→→→ (ENTER)

Once RK pressed the Enter button, full of amazement, the cursor moves four spaces.

“I must make sure that I understand the difference in the two Commands, *RUN* and *LOAD*,” RK types:

LOAD://→→→→ (ENTER) Nothing happens, the cursor does not move four spaces, not three, and not two spaces.

RK decides to press the RUN command but this time he presses the arrow key nineteen times. He presses (ENTER)

“Nineteen spaces!” The cursor moved nineteen spaces.

I wonder if I place my Tree code into this code if the tree will move with the arrows.

If I simply type LOAD://Tree... we will only load the tree file, but we still need the direction commands—to put the Tree other than; because we plan on running the tree along with the arrows, in any direction we desire, we must run the tree!

RK presses the keys:

LOAD://Tree.

RUN://Tree→→↓→

(Note: RUN:// Tree→→↓→ will do the loading of the tree and we will have the same results, but load now is placed in the above for the sake of loading a file that is hidden yet loaded for the sake of a pre-run.)

RK looks at the screen finding the same black screen, “nothing.”

Hmm...

“I know, I must press the (ENTER) key.” RK lifts his index finger up and he presses (ENTER)! The tree loads and runs to move two spaces right, one down and the last space right.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“I did it,” RK shouts.

“I know much I can do with this little trick. In a way I can now make, other trees, a sky, and birds, I can rearrange them as I see fit, each saved independently from the entire picture.”

Anxious to keep creating, RK begins to create more.

“I must make a house to go in the center of the final picture.”

RUN://S+ (ENTER) RK presses, he then presses RUN://+Sw, he presses (ENTER). *w in the code is for the color white.* RK needs white to create the house.

This time as RK created he is not as intimidated by lining up all the blocks properly, because he knows if he gets stuck, he can save a block and move it to a desired location.

For instance, if RK presses:

RUN://+Sw (ENTER)

S Key

RUN://_SAVE://WhiteBlock (ENTER)

He now has a block to load and run to his desired location. If his art was missing something in an art-scene that he needed to fix, and it needed a white block he can now press:

LOAD://WhiteBlock

RUN://WhiteBlock↓→→↑↑←↓↓→→→ (ENTER)
and move the block to where it needs to go.

“Yes, this is awesome...” RK says as he places the final block on his white house.

“What shall I name my completed house?”

I know I will name it: *House.*”

To save the newly created house RK presses the buttons on the keyboard:

RUN://_SAVE://House.

RK saved his house and cleared his screen by pressing the keys: Ctrl + Esc.

Now RK checks to see if he has the house file...

LOAD://House

“Yes, there is my house... I have coded wonderfully.

“I ought to move my first creation, my tree next to the house.

I know what I shall do, I will move the tree right of my house.”

RK presses:

LOAD://House (ENTER)

LOAD://Tree (ENTER)

(The being for the loading of two files on the same screen is the same as loading two different colored blocks: *if the objects that are saved and loaded are completely in two different spaces on the monitor they can be loaded and moved in empty space.* Arrow keys, the delete command and the Spacebar are read by the computer as empty space.)

RUN://Tree→→→→→→→→↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓ (ENTER)

RUN://→→↓↓/LOAD://House/OPEN://House (ENTER)

“Wonderful” RK shouts, “my wonderful green tree, with a brown trunk sits to the right of my wonderful white house.”

RK is super excited and worked into the weeks ahead...

After weeks of creating RK became a little puzzled.

In his mind he could easily see himself creating a virtual world but after three weeks of intense work he looks to find more a cartoon beginning; the buildings were flat, two dimensional, the people looked like stick figures and the trees looked like big green blotches.

Maybe I do not have the colors to create a real looking virtual world. RK places his head down and begins to think.

RK picks up his head and his computer instructions.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“What if I did something totally different than the instructions say? What if I place two blocks or an alphabet-letter in the same space, thus changing the colors available?”

RK keys in:

RUN://S+ (ENTER)

RUN://+Sgw (ENTER)

RK does not see what he expected, no green, no white, no greenish white.

Huh...

RK puzzled begins to think, what if I put a different color letter in the block?”

RK first places in the top left-hand corner a blue block:

RUN://S+ (ENTER)

RUN://+Sb (ENTER)

S

Blue and yellow make green...

RK presses RUN://A. [*Alphabet character A command is to change the square characters back to the options of creating with the alphabet. To turn the characters of the alphabet a certain color RK presses: RUN://+Ay (ENTER) y is for yellow.*]

Now pressing the keyboard-button-A, RK notices a yellow-letter-A after the blue block...

How do I get the A inside the block...

RK thinks for a moment...

RK deletes the A and moves the cursor before the blue block. RK presses the alphabet character I.

“Wow, green!” The yellow character I placed over the blue block, if looked at quickly makes the appearance of green.

The letter I in yellow on top of a blue block makes the appearance of green.

“I am a genius,” RK says to himself.

RK creates a few more colors before he realizes it takes a lot of time to create much code.

“I wonder how I can make this easier.”

RK searches for a moment.

“What if I make the entire color spectrum, save the names of the variety of colors with numbers in the file name, for instance, for a light shade of blue I will name that blue B1.

Obviously, each alphabet character in a color block will make a different shade of that block.

For an even lighter shade of blue, I will name it B2.”

“If I do it this way and need a particular color block all I will have to do to load it is type, LOAD://B1 (ENTER) That is if I save it properly.

The computers original code for a blue block is:

```
RUN://S+ (ENTER)
```

```
RUN://+Sb (ENTER)
```

```
S
```

These two commands change an alphabet character to a block, the color white to blue.

If I add a white character to the blue, for instance a period or comma I see a lighter shade of blue. The new blue I can load, that I saved and named is:

LOAD://B1 (ENTER) This code loads a new type of blue block, a lighter blue and with the arrow keys I can move the light blue block around with code:

```
LOAD://B1
```

```
RUN://B1↓↓↓↓↓ (ENTER)
```

RK is smart, knowing this he sets out to make much of the color spectrum as he can—simply from mixing different color blocks with different color letters.

Not only does he place the letter I in front of a square, but other characters as well, like the period or the alphabet character A. This made entirely new colors. For instance, the letter I in the front of a blue block appears green in color, but if RK places the number five in front of a blue block it makes sort of an aqua color.

RK sets out to create as many shades of blue with the yellow characters as could—naming in order each one as he went from B1-B30. Once this was complete, he moved on to a new color block, this time it was the color red.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

RK types: RUN://S+ (ENTER) and then presses: RUN://+Sr (ENTER). Now RK has a red block.

RK presses RUN://A (ENTER) A for alphabet. He then changes the color of the characters with the command: RUN://Ay (ENTER). y for yellow. He presses the back button...

RK presses the M alphabet character...

"Wow, that appears as Orange."

RK continues to do the same thing with the red block as he did with the blue, creating a wide variety of the spectrum red, naming them R1-R30. When RK needs one of the colors of red, he types LOAD://R1 (ENTER) all the way up to LOAD://R30 (ENTER)

RK does this with every little color he could search out. He creates thousands of different colors. He writes everything down.

He next wanted to mentally visualize all his colors, but was having a hard time...

"What shall I do?"

"I know, I should create a virtual picture of my new color spectrum I have created. I can create in big bold letters to go on top of the picture, stating **RK's Rainbow Spectrum.**"

RK remembers the colors of the rainbow he learned while in school. He planned on lining up his colors in the same fashion, yet he would have hundreds more than the average rainbow.

LOAD://P1→→→→→↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓→↓(ENTER)

"This command in a way places my light purple color straight in the center. I will work my way out from purple to blue to green to yellow, orange and finally red.

Next RK presses:

LOAD://P2→→→→→↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓→↓(ENTER) This puts the P2 to the left of P1. RK planned on putting the colors in circular motion, *"anything will do I just need to be able to see the colors."*

RK worked for days on this picture, he knew that once he was done it would be the code to his colors. After finishing RK writes in big black letters: **RK's Rainbow Spectrum**.

RK's color wheel was easy to navigate, find the color and the number on the wheel by reverse coding. *Place the cursor before the block going up on the color wheel, command:*

```
RUN://_#:// (ENTER)
```

The Code of the block after the cursor will display its existence. Looking something like:

```
RUN://P2→→→↓↓/OPEN://P2 (ENTER)
```

```
RUN://_LOAD://P2
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://P2 (ENTER)
```

```
.  
(BACKSPACE)
```

```
A  
RUN://Aw (ENTER)
```

```
RUN://A (ENTER)
```

```
S  
RUN://+Sp (ENTER)
```

```
RUN://S+ (ENTER)
```

Thus, RK would read, thus he would load the color he selected. Seeing the color to be P2 he now can give his desired color command to the computer:

```
LOAD://P2 or LOAD://P2/OPEN://P2 (ENTER)
```

(In most cases to save the code alongside of an image file one would need to OPEN the file, this after loading or loading and saving a file to be RUN.)

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

The color wheel RK created was because RK's creations appeared as a child's work, and RK wanted something more like the earth he was from, never seeing the wonder in what he began to do.

Now that RK had his colors created he set out to create a virtual work of art.

What shall I create?

I will create a photo. I will borrow a photo from the living room, a photo of my mom. I will bring it up here and set it next to the computer. I will master the art of people!

“Finished!” RK stands back away from the television.”

“This looks like a real human being.”

RK knows his work is good, it was life-like!

RK was sure of his virtual world, knowing now that people would be in it! But being sure came with a question then though...

How will I animate it?

RK thinks for a moment. I ought to make this lady wink, but how will I create it?

Being unsure RK sets out at first to make two pictures of the lady: one with the eyes closed and one with the eyes open...

“Finished,” RK says after simply copying the first picture with command:

LOAD://Mom (ENTER)

COPY://Mom (ENTER)

RUN://_SAVE://Mom-copy (ENTER)

Mom is what RK named his first like-like picture, this after he was complete, with command:

RUN://_SAVE://Mom (ENTER)

Once RK had the second picture he simply moved some blocks around until the eyes appeared shut; this, once complete, the eyes shut, RK named RUN://_SAVE://Mom-copyWink (ENTER).

RK now wants to quickly move between both pictures, without having to load both files with written commands. He needs a cheat code.

RK remembered something in the computer instructions about the F1-F12 keys.

RK studies.

“To easily access a loading shortcut, as the picture is on the screen, I press control and an F key.

RK loads Mom, he presses control F1.

Ctrl + Esc

RK loads MomWink, he then presses Control F2.

“Yes! Now I can easily flip between two pictures with the two buttons.”

RK presses the F1 key. Mom appears on the screen, the same command as:

LOAD://Mom (ENTER)

RK presses F2 Mom wink appears on the screen the same command as:

LOAD://Mom-copyWink (ENTER)

RK flips between the two pictures—with the two F keys, watching his beautiful brown haired, brown eyes mom wink at him.

She appears to be winking at him. RK smiles. “I can do better, I can create better, I can create this photo more life-like.”

“What if I create a half wink, a wink in between the two winks I have already created? Even better what if I create two partial winks to go in between the first two winks?”

RK pauses for a moment, thoughts moving throughout his mind. “How could I cause the computer to move all four files for me? How could I time those files to Load themselves?”

Too many questions, RK goes back to the original question... “I will create two more winks, yet these will be partial winks.

RK loads Mom:

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

LOAD://Mom (ENTER) Quickly RK moves some blocks around with command: RUN://S and the color, with the arrow keys, RK directs the square... or RK will LOAD a pre-saved square, or he uses his color wheel, reverses the color square with command: RUN://_#:// (ENTER)

RK finishes one partial wink. “Looks good!”
RUN://_Save://Mom-copyWink.1 (ENTER)

RK moves a few more blocks around, and saves:

Run://_SAVE://Mom-copyWink.2

“Looks good! RK saved it as MomWink.2

RK now had four pictures that when combined make a real looking wink. RK moves quickly through the pictures.

RK duplicates MomWink to F5 and Mom-copy Wink.1 and Mom-copyWink.2 to F3 and F4.

RK presses F1 carefully, hoping all will display correctly...

He then presses F2, and then F3 and then F4.

“Perfect!”

RK can move between the files smoothly. He examines the wink. *Did the two extra files make a difference* he asks himself.

I wonder, hmm... it does, it does, now, how can I make the machine move between the four files.

RK thought, ate, and thought some more, but figured little.

Suddenly he remembers the amount of arrow keys he can Run. They moved as magic.

RK blind-like presses:

RUN://F1, F2, F3, F4, F5 (ENTER)

A slow animated wink begins to take place.

RK is super excited and figured speeding up the wink could wait for the future, for now he found animation.

I must create more files!

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 04

Important Files

For five years RK created files, for five years! ...in which time he created the vertical line and the horizontal line; he is copyright owner of a line, a horizontal white line that was and can remain in the center of his monitor and a vertical line that towered to the heights. Not only did he create the white line, but he over time created a variety of colors for the line, for instance to load RK's created blue horizontal line, the command is:

LOAD://bLine (ENTER)

This will load a blue horizontal line, a blue horizontal line RK created with tiny blocks! As RK worked into the years he began to develop riches in doing things, like the premade line, the one RK could place anywhere on the screen—with a simple command, thus creating, he had more, his work had multiplied.

Displaying lines on the television takes time, each block must be typed:

RUN://S+ (ENTER)

RUN://+Sb→→(ENTER) adding, through the arrow keys to the line that was being created. *Without perfect aim, RK in loading a file will cause the codes to collide and thus a code will not load over a code. The arrow keys must be used to load blocks, files over files, the space must be empty space to load a work into it... RK shall not mix words as one!*

RK understood himself, he understood what he wanted, an entire virtual universe. He had not made any plans to go home yet, except possibly to pick up his friend WR, that is if WR could understand such possibilities as time travel.

RK created every possible line on the screen, with every possible color, easy to remember, easy to type.

Every vertical line running across the screen from top to bottom will be code:

LOAD://vLine1 (ENTER) Lines 1-95 can make a vertical line roughly anywhere on the screen. To change the color of the vLine will be LOAD://bvLine3 (ENTER) b for blue. The color of the line in the command will go before the v.

Similar are the horizontal lines: LOAD://hLine (ENTER) Lines 1-95 will make a horizontal line anywhere on the screen. To change its color are like the vertical lines:

LOAD://bhLine (ENTER) this for blue. The color of the line will go before the alphabet character h.

Lines are a wonderful additive for RK. If RK typed in big block letters a word or sentence and desired to add a colorful line either above or below the word, or both, he will find where he needs his line 1-95 and simply type the code:

LOAD://rhLine35 (ENTER) This will easily place a line underneath the word.

RK found this system easy to work with, he is inspired to do more.

I will create my own alphabet, one that I can size to my likings.”

RK named his first block font: *WORDS I USE*.

Creating every possible size character would have taken too much time at the beginning of RK’s adventure, so he skipped out on most sizes that looked like the beginnings of his creation.

RK not only wanted to create the size of the characters but also the space to where the letters would go. Size code is 1-50 and placement both for horizontal and vertical are 1-95. Code being:

LOAD://C_C25_80-10 (ENTER)

C for character, _C meaning the alphabet character, 25 for the size, 80 for the horizontal placement and 10 for the vertical placement. This will place a large C character in the left-hand bottom corner of the television set.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

RK can now place his own font wherever on the screen!

“I am master of the universe,” RK says puffing himself up.

RK reflects towards his achievement.

“I bet I can do more, like what if I change the motion of the characters, what if I create them to be able to rotate, to rotate upside down or sideways?”

“This will take a while,” RK says to himself.

He begins by creating a degree scale, for instance if an alphabet character was upside down, he named this 180. 0-180 was upside down. RK did not complete the total degrees in between but he created enough to position the alphabet characters as he saw fit.

RK knows this project will take years and he does not have years unless he can beat the clock. RK must visit the time machine.

“I must visit *Beat my Clock!* I will eat, rest a while, and come back to play.”

If I beat the clock, I will have more time to finish my universe.

RK sits in the kitchen for days, tired yet he gains strength for work. He finishes eating his mom’s ice cream, plus the cakes and fruit and anything else that satisfies the search.

After, RK walks back into his bedroom. He flips on the television. He shuts his eyes for a bit only to force them open once again.

“Hey, kid,” a man in the television calls out.

“Are you talking to me?” RK asks.

“I sure am, I want to offer you more time, a lot more time.”

“How much time? RK asks.

“One hundred years,” answers the man in the cowboy hat.

“I sure could use one-hundred years! How do we play” asks RK.

“Young boy I want you to buy our car,” the old man says.

“Okay,” RK answers.

“I am a car dealership and I know something about something about buying cars.”

“You see this red car to my left?”

“Yes,” RK answers.

“That car over there, kid, will get you across the country on a single tank of gasoline. And that blue one to my right,” the man says pointing to his right, “is also a boat!”

“Let me sell you a car!”

“You sold it,” RK answers.

“One hundred more years given to you,” the man says before the camera swings to the parking lot; bold letters can be seen flashing: *you win one-hundred more years!*

Yes! RK could not have been happier except his best friend WR was there to spend one hundred years with.

“I ought to go get WR and bring him to this place, this before the one-hundred years ends.

RK rushes back to his bedroom, remembering where he had left off days prior: the font, creating letters he can easily rotate.

RK understood the easiest way to add rotation to each letter that he had already saved, this was to load each letter, rotate it to the desired degree and then save it with a different name. This different name would have the degree the character is at—at the end of the file name.

RK types, `LOAD://C_C25_80-10 (ENTER)` The large C character appears on the left-hand corner of the television. RK begins to move some blocks around, for instance:

`LOAD://P2→→→↓↓↓↓(ENTER)` until it fit RK’s idea of a twenty-degree rotation. RK, because the squares he was working with were large he could only create a letter to move twenty degrees at a time.

Once the C character was rotated by twenty degrees, RK saves the work:

`RUN://_SAVE://C_C25_80-10(20) (ENTER)`

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

(20) for the degree.

RK clears the screen; Ctrl + Esc.

“Now I will load my newly rotated C and hope to see that I have saved it properly:

LOAD://C_C25_80-10(20) (ENTER)

“Yes, perfect!”

With each rotatable character RK saved, whether it was its size or placement on the television he added its rotation: 20, 40, 60, 80, 100, 120, 140, 160, 180, 200, 240, 260, 280, 300, 320, 340, 360, degrees.

When RK started his rotations, he had eight thousand, six hundred, forty-five, files saved for each character. When RK was finished with a character rotation he created: one-hundred fifty-five thousand, six-hundred ten files for each character.

This is how RK created his font, a font he was in control over, a font he was master of.

RK worked non-stop for five years on this small project, he then finished.

RK takes a deep breath, “I must try my code one more time before I move on.

I will type RK in medium font, place it in the center of the television. I will slant the characters and place an underline on top and on bottom of the characters RK:

LOAD://C_R25_47-37(40)/OPEN:// (ENTER)

LOAD://C_K25_47-42(220)/OPEN:// (ENTER)

LOAD://phLine40/OPEN:// (ENTER)

LOAD://phLine54/OPEN:// (ENTER)

“Wow, I did it! It says RK in the center, in white, along with two purple lines.”

“I ought to try Saving the screen!”

RUN://_SAVE://RK_PurpleLines (ENTER)

I ought to try to Load the file:

LOAD://RK_PurpleLines/OPEN://RK_PurpleLines (ENTER)

“Yes, it worked!”

I ought to try to see the code I saved:


```
RUN://_#:// (ENTER)
```

Nothing happens... RK figures the computer read what was and no longer remembered the files loaded.

RK sort of wants the file names attached to the appearing RK. To do this RK must type the code without pressing (ENTER) The only time in the commands to press (ENTER) is when saving the file:

```
LOAD://C_R25_47-37(40)
```

```
LOAD://C_K25_47-42(220)
```

```
LOAD://phLine40
```

```
LOAD://phLine54
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://RK_PurpleLines.A (ENTER)
```

In great anticipation RK attempts to load the file he just saved:

```
LOAD://RK_PurpleLines.A (ENTER)
```

RK watches the code typed appear on the screen:

```
LOAD://C_R25_47-37(40)
```

```
LOAD://C_K25_47-42(220)
```

```
LOAD://phLine40
```

```
LOAD://phLine54
```

But not the picture of what he created. In thought RK recalls the difference in command *RUN* to Command *LOAD* to *OPEN*.

This time RK commands:

```
RUN://RK_PurpleLines.A (ENTER)
```

All four files load on the screen. RK sees the characters RK and the purple line above and below the characters.

Now RK wants to turn the picture back to code:

```
RUN://_#:// (ENTER)
```

Seeing all the screen was blocks, the cursor was in the upper left-hand corner of the television.

The code to the picture on a black screen appears, the picture disappears:

```
RUN://_SAVE://RK_PurpleLines.A
```

```
LOAD://phLine54
```

```
LOAD://phLine40
```

```
LOAD://C_K25_47-42(220)
```

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

LOAD://C_R25_47-37(40)

To see the picture again RK simply presses (ENTER)
RK can now have pre-created letters of any size, plus
he can rotate them.

He worked years to be able to rotate all the letters.

Once finished he knew what he wanted to create next.

“WR” RK shouts, “I must find him and bring him here.

“But how?”

RK begins to think long, “how do I expect to do this?”

What had seemed easy now seemed to be very hard,
impossible.

RK makes his way towards his living room.

The television turns itself on.

“Howdy partner,” a clown says while giggling. “What
can I help you with?”

“I miss WR,” RK explains to the clown, “I wish he
were here.”

The clown on the television makes an extremely sad
face. “RK... time is not what it appears to be. Pick up your
invisible remote and play *Beat my Clock!*”

RK hesitates a bit. Slowly he picks up his pretend
remote. He races the clock.

“WR is here now,” RK says.

“Exactly” says the loving clown.

RK pretends to talk with WR for a few minutes.

“WR, what the heck? Is this you? Why do I sit so long?
I have not worked it what seems to be years.”

WR in a loud voice says, “I am not your lover, nor am
I your bride, you must have mis-understood our relationship. I
cannot believe you have noticed but I sit where you appear to
be speaking... I am like the boss!”

RK lifts his head up for a moment, he begins to think.
“We do not know this for certain, come inside of time, I want
to know for sure.”

“How do I do that RK?”

“Make believe you are here,” RK commands.

WR begins to translate from one world to the other.

WR fully translates from one world to the other. Into RK's living room.

RK begins to explain... "I found a game that can give me the time to build a virtual universe. This computer, the one my mom brought to us is the tool to the code we will be using.

RK pulls out his paper notebook from the side of the couch, these WR are the codes I have begun to create!"

WR begins to flip through the notebook.

"Show me one," WR asks.

"Which one?"

"How about this one?" WR asks pointing his finger towards the notebook.

"LOAD://ear (ENTER) I will do it! ...but it is not all that much you might desire to see."

RK keys in the command.

WR picks up his head to see a two-dimensional ear.

"Simply an ear. This one I was working on for my universe," RK states.

"This one is much more desirous to see:

LOAD://MomFace (ENTER) RK types in the command. In utter amazement, WR says, "I have never seen such through code! Did you create this through code?"

"Yes, I did, and obviously without time," RK says.

Days the two friends go over the works of RK.

WR is careful to sit by RK's side watching each new code.

"I want to create a new font," WR reveals.

"Yes, we can, but there is only one computer, you WR must write the notes. Remember and write down the code and explain to me what you want me to type.

"Sure, WR says understanding fully the code RK creates.

For a time WR wrote the code for the font he wanted to create. He also wrote the sizes, the colors, and the direction in which the letters can be used.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Once complete he explains to RK the code to type. “I shall first create each letter in the middle of the screen, each letter saved separately. This is how we shall see the font. Then I will give you the code to each color of the font, each color saved separately. And finally, I shall give the motion of each letter. This all being the one size in the center of the screen.”

LOAD://S+ (ENTER)

LOAD://→→→→→→↓↓↓↓↓↓↓→→↓ (ENTER)

WR commands, “a few more of these and you shall see my font.

WR speaks more commands before RK began to visualize the font WR wanted!

Because WR coveted the picture RK created of his mom, because WR liked realism which most of the time fit well with RK—he created something like New Times Roman style font.

At the end of what appeared to be a day RK and WR created the first alphabet character with original font, they created the alphabet character A.

“Do you remember the code to saving this precious letter A,” RK asks.

“Yes, I do,” WR says, “RUN://_SAVE://C_A[WR] (ENTER) WR is the name of the font both decided to name it. A if for the letter that was saved: RUN://_SAVE://C_A [WR]

They both, WR and RK worked for years on the character font of WR until all sizes, places and degrees were created.

They had money! Money that can be used in the creation of their virtual universe.

“We have created WR font,” RK shouts.

“This font creation has been great RK, but... seriously I only spent years here is so that I can understand why you are not committed to my game,” WR says.

“Huh,” RK mumbles, confused, “what do you mean by my game?”

“Most of the time we have spent time together you somehow avoid showing me your leadership, it is as if you

think you must follow me to be around me, and I admit you do! But these last few years I have figured out a plan that will give us both, leadership, and time together.”

“How do you plan on doing that,” RK asks.

“I have figured some math,” WR says, “I figure there must be all and to have the word all—I must create all.”

“Okay,” RK speaks confused.

“In easier ways to explain, you plan on creating the universe,” WR says.

“Yes, true,” RK states.

“I, WR “Pointing towards himself, “will be in all taking notes and hiding the code within the system, within you/our universe. I must create all too, RK.”

“We most likely will never run into one another face to face because we pretend to be one another, we pretend the other is following,” WR says.

“You outside of time and I within—writing the same code—both on separate planes.”

“Sounds perfect,” RK says, “we shall be friends forever!”

“Yes, we shall—as long as we both believe we each singularly own the universe,” WR says.

“Is that not like you are getting my better half that only you think is better?” RK asks.

“Yes and No... the plus is we are alive for one another, the negative is we will never completely know ourselves,” WR says.

“This is the only answer for us hanging out together. I never saw you lead the system, so I never made plans with that part of you, and you never saw me take notes—to understand I am mostly into timing daily living—which to me, gives a living feeling; because you never saw this side of me, you most likely would never consider being the stories I write within the system.”

“Stories is my universe, stories in code, RK, and computer coding is your universe—knowing you are coding me in the system—you are writing me down,” WR says.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“I must consider this for a moment. You go back to time and if we find ourselves living the reality, the reality you mention, we shall say we created it, but if not, no regrets, we will always be friends,” RK says.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 05

I create images that ask for more.

I have not seen or heard from WR in years. I do not plan to see him for the rest of the creation of my universe. It makes me feel good—though—knowing he is my friend roaming inside the code—through a parallel universe lives he in, I believe I ought to live with that.”

“Inspired by WR, and our never-ending friendship he inspired me towards a better way of creating the universe! I decided that my one computer coding tool... *simple words as codes*, are not enough! I should have more tools within the television, within the computer! I should create more tools!”

RK decides to give pictures-menus to some of the code he otherwise would be typing. The easiest way to explain this is RK creates a simple image with a menu, an image-menu that can be selected to ENTER to run a command.

On the image-menu RK will place options: *Load*, *Copy*, *Save*, *Run and Open*, all placed in the same F key at first.

RK decided F11 ought to be for the main menu.

The F11 pressed once will open a menu.

F11 pressed twice will open the second image to the same menu, this image is like the first image-menu image, but *RUN* is highlighted this time, rather than just a nonfunctioning image.

Pressing F11 again another image similar as the first will open, yet this time *SAVE* is highlighted.

If RK was to press F2 the same command as pressing F11 three times the same command is given:

```
RUN://_SAVE://
```

Through the computer instructions RK can command any code to the F1-F12 keys. He programs them:

```
[F1:] RUN://
```

```
[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://
```

```
[F3:] RUN://_LOAD://
```

```
[F4:] RUN://_OPEN://
```

```
[F5:] SAVE://_LOAD://
```

```
[F6:] RUN://_#://LOAD... [.5]
```

```
[F7:] RUN://_#://
```

```
[F8:] RUN://_#://RUN://
```

```
[F9:] RUN://_COPY://
```

```
[F10:] RUN://_#://RUN://
```

```
[F11:] RUN://_SAVE:///OPEN://1+1=2+1=../RUN/A
```

```
[F12:] RUN://000../RUN://
```

After RK programmed the F keys, he locked the F keys, with the code inside, with command:

```
RUN://Esc1 (ENTER)
```

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

To unlock the F keys, RK will press:

```
RUN://Esc2 (ENTER)
```

(To write out the entire code for just the image of any image-menu or just an image—will take much space in this written book, and so to simplify I will use the characters: <<<pretend-image-code>>> and I will place a pretend image code in between <<<pretend-image-code>>> to simplify the entire image explained in the creation, and I will use →→→↓ to simplify the number of arrows being used.)

RK does not stop there, when he saved some of the functions into the F keys, he also saved an image, an image describing to his eyes what he had done, Example in the F3 command, code being:

```
[F7:]RUN://_#://F3(ENTER)
F3
RUN://_SAVE://Menu_LOAD?
LOAD://Menu_LOAD?
```

Yet this code in the F3 command is just an image, not capable of loading another code, this image basically says in block letters by highlighting *LOAD* within the image saying that I turned F3 into a *LOAD* command.

On the screen the item in the image-menu when selected will be highlighted.

Example of its more complete idea, RK presses the F3 key asking Load Menu:

LOAD://... *but load what?* RK needs to load a second option to load something, a picture with the option to load. RK needs a separate image, an image-menu with an option to load, an image with the words *LOAD* highlighted.

RK creates a test load image of five options. Option one: Color. Option two: color. Option three: font size. Option four: color of screen. Option five: Exit.

RK already has the code for all, why the image-menu?

RK cleverly discovered after he programmed F1-F12, it was possible to program F3 and a F3, (i.e., F3 twice.)

Code for the option to a second F3 could look like then:
[F7:] RUN://_#://F3/#://F3 (ENTER)

F3

RUN://_LOAD://

F3

RUN://Menu_LOAD?/OPEN://Menu_LOAD?

RUN://_SAVE://Menu_LOAD? (ENTER)

<<<RUN://→→→↓↓B5/OPEN://B5

RUN://_LOAD://B5

RUN://_SAVE://B5

.

(BACKSPACE)

A

RUN://Aw

RUN://A

S

RUN://+Sb

RUN://S+>>>

With this code idea, RK can, if RK were to press F11 (*F11 is the command for the image-menu.*) and then press F3 for LOAD and then press F3 again for font size.

Simple images are on the image-menu. An image for the highlighted font size, an image for the highlighted color.

You may ask why to toss in an image, rather than keying in the code to the image, it seems a bit vain to have an image seeing the code will be easier and smaller simply by typing F3 to Load something... why go through all the trouble

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

of creating an image that can load another file, that can give options, that can, if entered, run another program?

```
<<<LOAD://R4  
LOAD://R6  
LOAD://R7  
LOAD://R8  
LOAD://R3  
LOAD://R2  
LOAD://R1>>>
```

RK's answer is simple, "I place the pictures to be loaded for others to visually see what I am doing; most likely if others are around, they are not going to have the time to remember all the codes. Like WR for instance, if he sees the product of the code, he is much more likely to stay engaged." *(It is possible as well to program an image to respond to a code, like an image arrow as a cursor.)*

Over time, creating much computer code RK became unorganized. His journals were filled, and he began to find it hard to access the information he had created.

Folders inside the computer RK decided to create. Most of the code to the images he had already created would need to be re-organized, this would be tough and time-consuming.

First, RK created a picture system, within folders that will be easy to remember with a system that worked for him.

As he slowly worked, gaining knowledge, one incredible find, though not sure how he would use it until now... a file he creates, for an example:

```
<<<OPEN://C_A28_50-80 (20) (ENTER)>>>
```

This file, in make believe will place RK's recently created huge *alphabet-character: A*, slightly slanted and inside the center of the television.

The new knowledge RK attained:

"I can place a sub file in the code—so that if my cursor is anywhere on the huge *alphabet-character A*, I can press (ENTER) and the sub-file will open, this by adding a # and a file name inside the code where I would like this trick to be performed."

"The *alphabet-character A*, now does not have this # written in its code and I am not going back to recreate my characters."

"This is what I shall do, I will create a small picture-image of a little folder. This little image will be the place I will place a sub-file—so that once the cursor is on the folder I can then press ENTER and then I can access the sub-file and possibly sub-files within the sub-files of all my creations organized!"

"Yes," RK says to himself, "this will be wonderful." RK looks up, turns his head left. He looks at the timeless sunlight pouring in through his bedroom window.

"I must get started on my picture, a picture of a folder."

RK's folder will be blue. His only tool to create this image, is with the blocks... RK begins to put together code:

```
<<<RUN://S+ (ENTER)
RUN://+Sb (ENTER)>>>
```

Or the color wheel:

```
<<<LOAD://B5
RUN://B5→→→→↓↓ (ENTER)
LOAD://B5
RUN://B5→→→→↓↓/OPEN://B5>>>
```

I have blue blocks and I continue to arrange them...

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

```
<<<LOAD://B5  
RUN://B5→→→→→→→→→↓↓↓↓>>>
```

RK does this until he creates a small blue folder on the bottom of the screen.

Once RK completes his lovely blue folder, having loaded all the Blue5 blocks on the screen, he saves it under the name: *Level 1 Blue Folder*.

```
RUN://_SAVE://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)
```

RK wants to keep the entire code of the blue folder, not just the image though, to do this he cannot press enter until he saves the entire code, which means, RK must with pen and paper write the entire code to RUN and then write the code on the computer without site of the blue blocks.

Once RK had done this and he can Run a tiny blue folder, being able to read the steps of his code, he now can attempt to create a sub-folder within the tiny blue folder. RK must create the sub-folder in the file: Level1BlueFolder.

To do this RK types:

```
RUN://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)
```

If RK did not wait to save, to press enter, (*note: Enter and Load commands are like the command OPEN,*) he will only be able to RUN the last image which was a Blue Folder, and the only code to that folder to OPEN if pressed in F7: will be:

```
RUN://_SAVE://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)
```

But RK did not do that, he did not enter to load or open, and if he were to check on the system, the coding, by pressing F7 or RUN://_#://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)

He might see:

[F7:] RUN://_#://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)

RUN://_SAVE://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)

RUN://_LOAD://

<<<RUN://:_LOAD://ImageBlueFolder/OPEN://ImageBlueFolder

RUN://_SAVE:ImageBlueFolder>>>

<<<RUN://B5→→→↓↓/OPEN://B5

RUN://_LOAD://B5

RUN://_SAVE://B5

.
(BACKSPACE)

A

RUN://Aw

RUN://A

S

RUN://+Sb

RUN://S+>>>

Now RK can Run his blue folder:

RUN://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER) This opens the previous saved folder. Pressing F1 and F3 together creates the sub-folder or in other words the code being.

RUN://Level1BlueFolder/LOAD://

And as you can see in the above F8: [#] system code, a RUN://_LOAD:// — after the ImageBlueFolder was saved, this meaning we can type something to be loaded:

Level2BlueFolder (ENTER)

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Level2BlueFolder can be the sub-folder in Level1BlueFolder, placed in there simply by preparing to RUN a new command, the LOAD command that yet has nothing to LOAD.

We could have named the file to be loaded something much simpler like ss or sss, so that way once we go to the blue folder, we can easily access the sub-folder by typing sss.

Without vision of a sub-folder, RK codes in the sub-folder overlayed on top of Level1BlueFolder, names being 1-30, each to have a sub-folder within will be this sub-folder. Code being://Level2BlueFolder (Enter)

Again, the steps to creating this sub-folder are:

```
LOAD://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)
F1 and F3 together
LOAD://Level2BlueFolder (ENTER)
```

Another way to access the sub-folder—if created is to place a code in the blocks of the folder, something that leaves a blank LOAD command, so that when the cursor is before the block, like RUN://_#:// but rather RUN://_#://RUN, programmed as an F key.

To do this RK types on a black screen:

```
[ F10:] RUN://_#://RUN://
```

F10

Now F10 is programmed to be the command:

```
[F10]: RUN://_#://RUN://
```

Placing the subfolder in the blocks of the folder so that when the cursor is before the block of the folder and pressing F10 a file will run, for instance:

#Level2BlueFolder

Making:

Pressing F10 as the cursor is over the blue folder to open the sub-folder.

This code looks like:

```
[F7:] RUN://_#://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)
```

```
<<<RUN://_LOAD:/ImageBlueFolder/OPEN://Image  
BlueFolder
```

```
RUN://_SAVE:ImageBlueFolder>>>
```

```
<<<RUN://B5→→→↓↓/OPEN://B5
```

```
RUN://_LOAD://B5
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://B5
```

```
#Level2BlueFolder
```

```
.
```

```
(BACKSPACE)
```

```
A
```

```
RUN://Aw
```

```
RUN://A
```

```
S
```

```
RUN://+Sb
```

```
RUN://S+>>>
```

“I have successfully created a way to have all my codes organized, plus I will no longer have to type each code, but rather I can use the arrow keys to guide me to the picture that harbors the sub-file that I can access by placing the cursor on the picture and pressing F10.”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

For now, RK tells himself the names folder 1-30 will do, he will take the folders and place every picture he created within that folder, within one of the sub-folders.

To do this is time consuming, but once done it will be worth it!

For each picture RK wants in the Level2BlueFolder, in Folder number three, he must type:

```
RUN://Level1BlueFolder (ENTER)
Level2BlueFolder (ENTER)
or if placed #Level2BlueFolder in the blocks of
Level1BlueFolder:
```

F10

In the Level2BlueFolder should be another option to Run a Load and the name should be:

Folder1 (ENTER)

Or if placed in the code in the blocks of the image of Level2BlueFolder:

```
#Folder1
```

F10

And finally, the image I would like placed in the #Folder1, in this case it will be a picture of a nose:

```
RUN://_LOAD://#Folder1/OPEN://#Folder1
(ENTER)
```

```
<<<→→→↓↓↓Nose_Block1
```

```
→→→↓↓↓Nose_Block2>>>
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://#Folder1 (ENTER)
```

To simplify the above, RK typed the entire code, with all the code RK now has, all he must do to see the nose he saved and placed into the folder is to move the cursor to the blue folder, press F10. An image of folders 1-30 appears. If RK moves his cursor to Folder 1, and presses:

F10

An image of a nose appears on the screen.

But there was only one file in Folder 1 that RK can select from, the nose! How can RK create another picture folder for the names of the many pictures RK owns?

RK must create another sub-folder. A sub-folder with an image of every name of every image that he has created.

“I will create another sub-folder, but this one is an image-menu with blocks, writings of the images I would like to load. I then can move my cursor to the name on the image to be loaded and press F10.”

Days later RK masters creating eight images, with every picture-filename he had, so now when he goes into the blue sub-folder and finds the image of folders 1-30 and looks in Folder 1, he will not find a nose but a huge image-menu with names; each name loads a different image RK has created and saved. Each image has a tiny arrow with a sub-folder taking us to the next image window: 1-10. Two arrows, one taking you forward, and one taking you back.

RK had made up his mind that once a new picture-image was created, he would store it by re-creating the entire image-menu—that carried the names of his picture-images.

Now that the name of each picture RK created was stored he can use the arrow keys to move the cursor to the name of the picture he would like to load, press Enter, and the named picture will load.

RK begins to create many pictures, he does not re-create the entire image-menu list at first but waits until he collects roughly one hundred pictures before he goes back into the code and stores the pictures.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

As RK is in the process of creating picture-images, he stumbles upon a computer code in the computer instructions that would prove itself valuable.

Code being F2 and F6, but it was not always F2 or F6, RK created a wonderful code and placed it in F2 and F6. Code for F2 being:

```
[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://
```

Code for F6 being:

```
[F6:] RUN://_#://LOAD... [.5]
```

Pressing F2 after a saved picture and saving a picture over that picture, in other words pressing F2 again and saving another picture. Doing this repeatedly, pressing F2 and saving picture over picture, when complete, pressing F6, .5 being the length in a second—will move, in order—through each picture creating an animated picture show. Loading a file and pressing F6 will Run that file, that is if it is a file to be RUN.

RK believes this tool will be of value to him in the future—once he has enough pictures to animate a small city.

RK makes one animation with this tool: a set of blinking eyes. He created three pictures, pictures of eye lids, eye lids in three different positions: *eyes closed*, *eyes partially open*, and *eyes open*.

He saves eyes open as:

```
RUN://_SAVE://eyes1 (ENTER)
```

RK saves eyes partially open as:

```
RUN://_SAVE://eyes2 (ENTER)
```

RK saves eyes closed as:

```
RUN://_SAVE://eyes3 (ENTER)
```

RK creates a blank screen and names the animation blinking eyes. After three files are saved through F2 he saves blinking eyes on top:

```
RUN://_SAVE://blinkingeyes (ENTER)
```

RK decides to make one more step to his animation, he wants to lengthen it:

```
RUN://_Copy://blinkingeyes (ENTER)
```

Or with blinking eyes open RK would press F9.

Once Copied RK moves the code into a new space on the same screen and OPENS blinkingeyes.

Once blinkingeyes is doubled he must resave it. RK resaves it:

```
RUN://_SAVE://blinkingeyes (ENTER)
```

To see all in all, the code written out, RK presses:

```
[F7:] RUN://_#://
```

```
[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://blinkingeyes
```

(Note: when RK used the F2 key to complete this file, on the fourth file he had to clear the screen: Ctrl + Esc = Clear Screen. And then type in the file name to be saved.)

```
RUN://_LOAD:/eyes3/OPEN://eyes3
```

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://eyes3

<<<RUN://→→→↓↓B5/OPEN://B5

RUN://_LOAD://B5

RUN://_SAVE://B5

.

(BACKSPACE)

A

RUN://Aw

RUN://A

S

RUN://+Sb

RUN://S+>>>

RUN://_LOAD:/eyes2/OPEN://eyes2

[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://eyes2

<<<RUN://→→→↓↓B5/OPEN://B5

RUN://_LOAD://B5

RUN://_SAVE://B5

.

(BACKSPACE)

A

RUN://Aw

RUN://A

S

RUN://+Sb

RUN://S+>>>

RUN://_LOAD:/eyes1/OPEN://eyes1

[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://eyes1

<<<RUN://→→→↓↓B5/OPEN://B5

RUN://_LOAD://B5

RUN://_SAVE://B5

.

(BACKSPACE)

A

RUN://Aw

RUN://A

S

RUN://+Sb

RUN://S+>>>

[F9:] RUN://_COPY://blinkingeyes

[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://blinkingeyes

RUN://_LOAD:/eyes3/OPEN://eyes3

[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://eyes3

<<<RUN://→→→↓↓B5/OPEN://B5

RUN://_LOAD://B5

RUN://_SAVE://B5

.

(BACKSPACE)

A

RUN://Aw

RUN://A

S

RUN://+Sb

RUN://S+>>>

RUN://_LOAD:/eyes2/OPEN://eyes2

[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://eyes2

<<<RUN://→→→↓↓B5/OPEN://B5

RUN://_LOAD://B5

RUN://_SAVE://B5

.

(BACKSPACE)

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

```
A
RUN://Aw
RUN://A
S
RUN://+Sb
RUN://S+>>>

RUN://_LOAD:/eyes1/OPEN://eyes1

[F2:] RUN://_SAVE://eyes1

<<<RUN://→→→↓↓B5/OPEN://B5
RUN://_LOAD://B5
RUN://_SAVE://B5
```

```
.
(BACKSPACE)
A
RUN://Aw
RUN://A
S
RUN://+Sb
RUN://S+>>>
```

Now pressing F6 will look like:

```
[F6:] RUN://_#LOAD... [.5]blinkingeyes (ENTER)
```

Four seconds is roughly the length of the animation.

RK created a file: blinking eyes that will animate a set of blinking eyes for roughly four seconds—if the cursor is on the file name and it is ran or rather an F2 is pressed, after storing and then F6 is pressed.

Many plans did RK make considering using the tools F2 and F6. RK can now animate, which caused RK to slow in his work and dream much more...

RK envisioned cities, cars, hotels, food, all animated through the power of the F2 and F6 buttons.

Daily he could see himself building detailed cities, buildings, city buildings; he would dream of the decorative items he could create. RK dreamed so much it became work. He could not store the information of the dream, of the plans of the cities, countries, planets, and universes, and in this RK learned to make a quick note of the plan, he then would go back to work.

Chapter 06

Is someone talking to me?

“Information floods my brain; it is like I activated something in my mind: *to dream to create a universe and walking through the door to do, and to knowing I will create a universe, these two views are two totally different views.*”

“Once I walked through the door to knowing I will create a universe, I had to ask myself if I truly ever thought any of my works were possible!”

“Sometimes I must ask myself to where I got the blueprints to create an entire universe!”

I cannot walk away, my timeless days are consumed by my work, my awe-inspiring work. One clever invention leads to another as a fire burns, I am being consumed:

My own world!

My own city!

My own school!

My own job!

Code! Code!

Math!

There is a system, a blueprint to my universe. I believe it could match some of what I was taught quickly in public schools.

For instance, atoms, light exchanges between protons and electrons. In my words: *ones and zeros making the universe—as it is. The more time spent with powerful*

negativity, the more real the reality of a universe will look. A job! It pays a real thing: to spend time with real looking images, which over time means to spend time with real looking image cities animated!

“I would love a test subject, but I have none and most likely I will never get one; I will not use WR... or will I?”

I would love to test out a theory...

“I notice certain codes are harder or rather more negative to create than others,”

“For instance, typing the alphabet-letter Z is more challenging than typing the alphabet-letter C.”

“In theory the more Z’s we have in a code, the product will look more like the three-dimensional reality I came from.”

“On the other hand, if I am creating a picture of my mother, done with very little Z’s, the more the picture looks like a cartoon.”

“Other alphabet characters are like the Z, challenging; the X is extremely heavy!”

For me to spend time with the X, this computer reality sure begins to pay the real thing!

“If I recall correctly, work and pay are part of the earth, I should make them part of my universe.”

“My first thoughts were to make a universe where X and Z, and possibly other alphabet-characters, work the people or rather just me—and this to receive a real substance, images though at first.”

“Protons get slammed by the X electron, this resulting in a photon we all now own. I in the moment considered if this photon was a one or a zero. As I thought harder about it:

Coughing up a photon can make us see things differently.

“And this difference makes our reality! ...say that this seeing different is permanent.”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“Whatever it is that is being created most flow in order. For me, after pressing many challenging keys like X or Z I feel good knowing I overcame the challenge; this goodness presses me onwards to create for people or others that love pressing tough keys.”

As I permanently work daily, I am consistently reminded of some of the more pleasurable things I will be working on.

“One of those things is a house, a huge house, created with code, yet made to virtually live in.” *There must be a way to create virtual food, I say to myself.*

“I am not sure how I will create it all yet, but I dream about it daily. I dream of animated foods, and I dream of real food. I have done some research and found out—that all fresh food is—is code built from microns. I can do that!”

“Not only will I have pre-made animated virtual food, but I can build the real stuff—to satisfy my appetite— straight from my computer. No more picture money, but a fresh code for a fresh product!”

“This is all a fresh product is, for instance a fresh apple: slowly microns build the apple—through small electrical impulses like my finger pressing the keys on the keyboard.”

“One apple, two apples, how many apples can I create and store in my mansion, ready for me to eat?”

“What makes this apple so fresh is I will not have locked its code to remain an apple, but I can eat it, disassembling the code, thus making something of the earth I am from.”

This will be the dirt on the earth of my planet, fresh food, pretended to be eaten and digested, RK says to himself.

If I ever did get tired of typing I believe I found a way to type without fingers, rather work the universal job, and this by tech-esteem, the machine using your creative ability, the essence of who I am, thus the machine keeps you awake.

“Why do I have a headache?”

The machine would say, “I used you—to press many Z’s into your universe. And thought you would feel a headache if you got tired, you did, and now I am given you an error 404 message!”

I almost want to make a vow with myself to make sure I do these things; this pack or vow would be between me and the machine, or was that with WR?

“I am not going to do this anytime soon though.”

“I could almost think someone is talking to me. Over and over do I go over the idea in my mind.”

“Who is with me,” I shout sometimes. I receive no answer, only the perception another is with me.”

I have come up with many theories to who this mystery entity is:

Theory One: it might be a future me, once my universe is complete, or a future machine.

Theory Two: it is WR living inside the machine, but that would mean to except a one universe theory, where we all work on one universe.

Theory Three: I am simply losing my mind—due to the absence of time.

“My firmer belief is it is WR. I have no evidence for this, but I feel better knowing there is not another that is going to claim my universe once complete or before its completion.”

“Maybe it truly is WR; and I run into his more masculine side, and notice he thinks I have answers.”

I can only imagine WR being forced through peer pressure to sign a contract with my machine to continue onward, this to guarantee me a finished product.

“Fact is I know I need WR in the machine... light in the code is needed; if I use my light, I am stuck without all, the

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

above, and the only way to play above in the code is have sort of a second light.”

“New ideas are not and to gain new ideas means to play with a light that is not my own...”

Why not use my own light?

“In my own light I store the information needed to continue coding, and that information WR has access too, this to balance out and this in hopes I can use his light in the machine.”

As I attempt to toss out such garbage as a second person in my universe I begin to struggle. I begin to desire more and more of a universe.

I understand all, but what if some are greater and some are less? If this is true, I would want to strive for something great.

“Greatness is what I get swallowed up in!”

As a one or a zero; as a positive or a negative makes light, I ask what shall I be, how great shall I be? What shall be my wavelength. The less light I am—the slower I will be, the more the light I am, the more youthful I will be.

“Slow equals these thoughts that are no longer mine, it is as if someone is talking to me.

Stop him!

Stop him!

“Is someone talking to me?”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 07

Two Dimensional

To write out the entire code for just the image of any image-menu or just an image—will take much space in this written book, and so to simplify I will use the characters: <<<pretend-image-code>>> and I will place a pretend image code in between <<<pretend-image-code>>> to simplify the entire image explained in the creation, and I will use →→→↓↓ to simplify the number of arrows being used.

Everything I have created so far looks like a cartoon, except the extremely time-consuming image of my mother.

I fear!

What if my universe remains in this condition, this condition of ugly!

Cartoons can be fun, but this is not the reason I want an entire universe!

It is possible, realism sleeps in math... *what if I begin to develop a two-dimensional canvas that can be, over time developed into a three-dimensional canvas?*

*

To create the first canvas, my two-dimensional canvas, I shall take similar steps as I did while creating my many layers of files:

I shall make a system to draw and sketch the world around me with math, with #, and not only math but

geometry, and then and only then will I possibly understand and be able to replicate the visual objects my eyes see every day.

I begin to recall the fonts, the many fonts I delighted in creating.

I look towards my notes for the in-part blueprints of my canvas. I see shapes with a big, underlined word that reads: *Geometry!*

What if I create shapes? What if these shapes are as paper, the black paper of words. They must be needed! What if I create these shapes like as I did with the fonts: size, rotation, and color.

“If I did this, it is very possible, I can use these shapes to create a virtual world, a world that appears extremely real, so real that one would not discern if they were or were not living virtually.”

“I can create a special window or image-menu, a canvas for these shapes to be placed upon.”

RK worked timelessly on his new art image-menu, a runnable file he named: *ART*.

Years he worked...

One shape is simply not just movable.

RK had to create each shape as in an animation—to be placed anywhere on the television screen. Once the shapes were created, he forced himself to fill each shape with color—an option—to be moved anywhere on the screen—as an option!

During the years RK worked on his shape on his canvas which he cleverly named *ART*; and his behind the scenes work and creations he cleverly named Stew-art or *Stew art*, who I, thinking about it as the author, writing *TV Snow* personally know.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

RK discovered a way to shove keys, keys like that of the F1 or F11 keys into his art. Code being:

```
F11, F11, F11, F11, F11, F11, F11 →→→↓↓  
(ENTER).
```

Or

```
RUN://_#://blinkingeyes
```

```
RUN://_RUN:/→→→↓↓/RUN:// blinkingeyes /F6://
```

```
<<<RUN://_LOAD:// Image-menu_1.5
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://Image-menu_1.5>>>
```

```
<<<RUN://B5→→→↓↓
```

```
RUN://LOAD://B5
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://B5
```

```
.
```

```
(BACKSPACE)
```

```
A
```

```
RUN://Aw
```

```
RUN://A
```

```
S
```

```
RUN://+Sb
```

```
RUN://S+>>>
```

If RK now presses ENTER an animation will run, through F6, thus being the last code in the image-menu.

RK also figured out how to place a written code in his art, code being:

```
F11, F11, F11, F11, F11, F11, CODE→→→↓↓  
(ENTER)
```

Or...

```
RUN://_#://MomSmile
```

```
<<<file MomSmile is to be placed in>>>
```

```
<<<RUN://_SAVE://MomSmile (ENTER)
```

```
RUN://_RUN:/→→→↓↓/LOAD://MomSmile6/OPE  
N://MomSmile6>>>
```

```
<<<RUN://_SAVE://MomSmile1-5>>> (ENTER)
```

```
<<<RUN://LOAD://Image_1.5/OPEN://Image1.5
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://Image_1.5>>>
```

```
<<<RUN://B5→→→↓↓
```

```
RUN://LOAD://B5
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://B5
```

```
.  
(BACKSPACE)
```

```
A
```

```
RUN://Aw
```

```
RUN://A
```

```
S
```

```
RUN://+Sb
```

```
RUN://S+>>>
```

Now if RK presses ENTER the image of mom will smile.

With these two precious discoveries RK can master many more techniques of image-menu building.

The first code RK placed in a picture was:

```
RUN://_SAVE://
```

```
F2
```

```
RUN://_#://
```

```
F2
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://
```

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Yet the above commands are simply to turn F2 to a Save command. To turn the F2 to a Save command and into an image-menu, more coding needed to be done.

((To write out the entire code for just the image of any image-menu or just an image—will take much space in this written book, and so to simplify I will use the characters: <<<pretend-image-code>>> and I will place a pretend image code in between <<<pretend-image-code>>> to simplify the entire image explained in the creation, and I will use →→→↓↓ to simplify the number of arrows being used.))

```
RUN://_#://F2
```

```
F2
```

```
RUN://_ →→→↓↓SAVE://
```

```
<<<RUN://LOAD:// Image-menu_1.5
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://Image-menu_1.5>>>
```

```
<<<RUN://B5→→→↓↓
```

```
RUN://_LOAD://B5
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://B5
```

```
.
```

```
(BACKSPACE)
```

```
A
```

```
RUN://Aw
```

```
RUN://A
```

```
S
```

```
RUN://+Sb
```

```
RUN://S+>>>
```

With the code: [`RUN://_ →→→↓↓SAVE://`], being the last code RK programmed into F2, before locking the F keys: `RUN://Esc (ENTER)`

The code is as now waiting to SAVE:// something; without RK having pressed (ENTER) it lingers to be a command.

A dialog box or an image-menu now opens. RK names his project to be saved: Nose, he then presses (ENTER).

RK now has Saved his file Nose!

In this condition to Load a file he just Saved is code:

LOAD:// FILE NAME (ENTER).

This is simply too boring after the many files he loaded. He decides on a new thing, “What if a new window pops up after the naming file window, in that window:

F8, F8, F8, F8, F8, F8, F8, F8, F8, F8→→ (use arrow keys until the cursor is on a new window:)

RUN://F2

F2 can add a number to any given code if I change F2 a bit:

RUN://_SAVE:///OPEN://1+1=2+1=

What is I am working on a project, like blinking eyes and I do not want to save them, but want to recall that they are blinking eyes:

RUN://_SAVE://blinkingeyes/OPEN://imagemenu/OPEN://1+1=2+1=

F5: file name_image menu, number of image: 1-1,000,000

This design is not finished yet. RK cannot figure out how to automatically create an image-file name. But if he were to move his cursor on any file and press RUN://_#:// the name of the command to the image will re-play itself.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Now RK can SAVE:// a file simply by moving his cursor to the save file icon and pressing ENTER, rather than to name the file to be Saved and then by pressing ENTER.

Although the images saved would display themselves in numbers:

1-1,000,000

...it was a shortcut to an automatic, visual saving system.

Long times later RK developed his first program in art.

Using ART saved RK much time writing code. Although creating the world around him, through geometry was not his gift—he told himself he will learn...

“I will attempt to create my first work of art; I will create a clown.”

“A triangle for the hat, a circle for the head, two circles for each eye and a half a circle for the mouth,” but once RK had his shapes in place, the clown appears worse than when he originally created it with tiny squares.

“This is ruining, what shall I do?”

The clown looked like shapes—as if there were no clown there in the least. Only if you fixed your eyes right could one see the clown.

RK was not willing to toss out his new project, ART. He figured, why chose one item to create over another, yet he must create over another, he must create everything!

“I will keep the clown and I will keep the *ART!*”

RK begins to play around with the program he created, working his work to be as a fine wine, richer as it aged.

As RK looked at his clown, he noticed that a triangle hat would look better if the part of the triangle touching the clown's head were more of a circle.

If he can erase parts of the shape... If he could erase, he would have more liberty in creating...

But how?

“What if I create a pencil, like that that of what I previously created with, tiny blocks?”

“I could make the pencil black for drawing and create the white in the pencil for erasing.”

Suddenly RK feels overwhelmed, he places his hand upon his forehead and shuts his eyes...

“To create a pencil, I will have to create a square dot on each part of the screen and do this for every color,” RK speaks.

“But once done, I could shove a command into a new created cursor—so that if I am the new cursor, I will be the dot code for wherever the cursor is, as I move the cursor I will be as if I were to hold it steady on a piece of paper.”

“I can make options for the pencil to be different colors. I shall make an option on the top of my screen—that will say color. Once the cursor is on the color read picture it will have a code, that if ENTERED or pressed on the picture will OPEN the cursor to turn red.”

“Twenty colors ought to do it.”

RK had to code a lot of colors across the entire screen. Years did RK work on this project, never looking back to doubt his work, never doubting his universe.

RK took it all and proceeded to spend it.

“It is time now that I am finished with my pencil and eraser. I shall demonstrate its workings and in its entirety.”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“First, I will draw a circle, I shall place a triangle on the top of the circle, I will erase the bottom line of the triangle...”

White appears on the line that was black.

“Now that the original triangle bottom line is erased, I shall draw a new line, a line that looks more like a hat.”

RK carefully, through the arrow keys moves his cursor to the bottom left-hand side of the triangle hat.

RK presses (ENTER). Tiny black splotches now appear wherever the cursor is. To turn the pencil off RK must press (ENTER) again.

Slowly, through the arrow keys RK makes a sort of a letter U under the triangle.

“That looks a bit better. If I were to make another U under the first U it would sort of appear as a fold in the hat.”

RK presses (ENTER) stopping the virtual-pencil-lead on the pencil; he moves his cursor to the left-side of the hat. He presses (ENTER); RK draws the second U.

Amazing!

“It is beginning to look like a hat, like a clown’s hat.”

“I believe if I erase the triangle point on top and drop it to the right and place a circle on the top—connecting the top-part—it will look much more like a winter hat.”

RK moves his cursor to the top of the screen looking for the eraser icon he created. He finds it and presses, (ENTER).

RK moves the eraser towards the pinnacle of the triangle and begins to erase.

RK presses, (ENTER), this stops his eraser once he has taken out most of the top of the triangle.

RK moves his cursor back to the top of the screen; he presses the pencil icon. He moves his pencil or cursor back down to the top left-side of the hat.

At the end of the top of the triangles erased line, on the left-side RK places his cursor, he presses (ENTER).

Black virtual-pencil-lead is now in the hands of RK. RK makes a nice droopy hat, hanging on the side of the right side of the circle head.

(ENTER,) the lead stops.

“Now goes the snowball.”

RK moves his cursor to the top of the screen, he presses the circle shape, or rather presses (ENTER,) on the circle shaped icon.

“Clown’s head down; it still looks much as a cartoon, but much more improved than the last.”

Days go by, weeks and years, RK’s clownart_ sits in a folder. RK thought about it from time-to-time. Every time he thought about it, he would think, I sure would love to pencil in some details, but he would not—in fear of damaging the original file. And then one day it suddenly clicked:

“If I save a clown each time I add onto it, file name being:

Clownart_1-1,000,000 then I will never lose the original, nor the Stewart I create.”

Stew-art!

Stew-art!

“If I were to do this with every creation I make, I will have to invent an easier way of saving every file.”

RK thinks for a moment:

What happens almost all the time, yet never runs out of names.

Ah, ha!

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“I got it!”

“Time!”

“What if I find a way to save a file every minute or so. If I were to do this, I could easily pick through the Stewart to find a work I need.”

What if I invent my own clock? Starting time:

00000000

Each move of my cursor will the machine save a time, first save being at time:

00000000

To do RK will guess, he will try it.

In the computer instructions turning the cursor into a square is:

```
RUN://S+
```

In the computer instructions turning the cursor into a command of my choice is:

RUN://000./RUN:// and then by placing the command of choice after the RUN.

This is where RK can place a save for each cursor move:

```
_SAVE:///OPEN://1+1=2+1=.RUN://A
```

Then though to switch to squares will be, plus if switched the time will stop and need to be restarted:

```
_SAVE:///OPEN://1+1=2+1=.RUN://S+
```

This code is now placed on the cursor.

At first, RK saw no files being saved, yet it must be working because the alphabet characters and squares still present themselves.

“I will leave it alone; I will think harder about how to get this done.”

One day, while playing, RK finds a bit of code, this being the time code!

“Look me, my time code. If I use the original screen of RUN://000 that I save code on, never noticing it before, an F3 by chance is now at the bottom of the screen. If I move the cursor on F3, I press (ENTER) code appears, a code that now reads black, nothing appears but if I type in the F3:

```
RUN://_LOAD://00030005/OPEN:// (ENTER)
```

“Look!”

“Look!” RK shouts. I created 00030005 weeks ago. RK stares at the screen recalling the three-dimensional box he was working on.”

Chapter 08

Am I time?

Not much, at first, does RK do with the time code, RK continues working though, RK works upon his first city. Although sometimes RK uses the timecode to pull up history, this helps him upload work, thus making him never find the need to rebuild a project—if he was too far into it before saving, yet he rarely thinks about the time code, unless he needs to switch from the alphabet to the square colored blocks.

Once RK was finished with his first city—in detail—he began to attempt to animate it.

As he was doing this, RK noticed two eras: *a time he saved every file and a time he must create in the animation for the machine.*

There were essentially three, if not four times: RK's mom's home, RK through time, RK's saved files as time or the timecode and then the animation time.

To quickly save his animation files he named them AI for Animation Intelligence, second word after AI represents the city or place, underscore then the file name or rather time of file:

```
LOAD://AI:City_1
```

Without AI, the animation is a bunch of picture files and codes, nowhere could be found a city or cities—just a glimpse of a city, yet there was a city there, a city now after AI, the stew-art of the city!

The animation-files are different from the time-files. The time-files are saved every second or rather every time RK

moves his cursor, as compared to RK's works of animation-files, that RK purposely saves to animate his city.

Long and hard did RK consider to how to make a living breathing city. The best he had at first was sort of a movie or an advertisement.

"I will show off my virtual mansion in a three-minute animation," RK says to himself.

Odd as it was, RK begins to save animation files animated through the F3 key.

He starts with files of the front of the house; the closer he gets to the home, the bigger and more detailed the picture gets. He gets to the door, a giant hand grabs the door handle, filling a few frames.

The door opens.

Pictures begin to load as we enter the living space. The walls are decorated with RK's Stew-art. Beautiful red sofa comes into view. It appears as if we hover over the couch for a few seconds.

Up the stairs the memory-files load. Down the hallway we go, a left turn.

RK, once, living at home, hanging with WR and spending time with his mom slowly pieced together his dream bedroom.

Into the room a college desk sits to the right. A brilliant red lava lamp sits by a large computer.

Moving left a bunkbed covered with the cleanest of blankets.

Computer code posters hang on the walls.

Science projects decorate the room.

The memory-files go down, under the bed—giving a nice display of RK's virtual brilliant red, fluffy carpet.

Up the files go; we look outside the window.

Tree branches from the large oak tree outside the window fill the view.

To the right the camera goes, over RK's desk and back into the hallway.

RK gracefully shows off each room.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

RK watches the animation over and over, studying his craftmanship.

He says, “light hitting black code, it as if the walk to the store is a must, a law that cannot be broken. I have always wished I could appear in the store to grab a cookie when I craved one, but it never happened. I believe I figured out why!”

“To see my virtual cookie, I must be at a certain wavelength, to be at that wavelength I must shed a part of who I am,” (i.e., be a cookie.)

A good analogy for this idea in my mind is:

Imagine RK with two colors, blue and yellow.

“I look, I see two colors, one blue and the other yellow. If I use the moment and mix the two colors, I see green!”

The law to the cookie at the store mixes RK’s walk with the memories of a cookie, thus making a one-of-a-kind cookie, a cookie of labor.

“This cookie of labor is what I am! I need this labor to make my virtual world taste real.”

RK, for himself wrote the physics for the labor concept, he began to design situations of willing labor—for him to participate in—so that he can eat a real cookie.

The situation RK first began to work on was a machine shop, a machine job in which he is to work.

RK’s job at this machine shop is to place glass bottles on a moving pallet. Though the glass bottles can break—they will not utterly break because they can quickly and easily be restored by the memory file, (*This loading the memory file can lessen the neat real effect of RK’s cookie.*)

Without pressure on the job may seem fun—until one is to put little pressure on the items they buy and find little substance.

Yet, through all this frustration RK works telling himself, this will do for now, if I have something—the rest shall fall into place.

RK works for years—all the while looking back at some of his favorite childhood toys: *Legos*, *Erector-Sets*. *Transformers*, *Puzzles*. These toys are the inspiration to the machine shop.

The machine shop is like a *Transformer*, it is both a car and a being. It is a bottling company as well as a manufacturing shop. It is created like a child's toy: Erector-Sets; same pieces, yet different models.

All this in the machine shop, created to feel the feeling of earning fifteen dollars an hour.

The law in RK says: labor gains, and that gain can be spent.

“I slowly created the machine shop, through trial and error, I perfected it, I make sort of a video game out of it—at first. Playing the game consisted of setting up the shop that one would desire to work in. Through all this I earn roughly fifteen dollars an hour.”

“I choose to set up my maple packaging shop.”

Bottles being fed to a machine. Maple syrup then goes into the bottles; they are labeled and pushed out onto a giant table. The table slowly rotates in a circle—so that the machine would not get clogged with a backup of freshly labeled bottles.

Once the table was full—which was for the next day, RK would box the completed bottles.

The boxed bottles would be stacked on a palette and moved into the storing room. From there it waits for a big truck to haul it away.

All this created to be and not to be, without losing a single memory-file: *files of being and not being*.

I do not have to fear breaking bottles, I do not have to fear drinking the syrup.

“Syrup is fun to create, I can create it there in the shop.”

“At first, I thought to tap maple trees, but it did not fit as well as creating maple in the shop.”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“I have a job set aside, just for creating maple syrup in the shop.”

I have a job set aside just for creating syrup!

Walking around in frustration slowly creating the syrup elements. Like the vision of the cookie, frustration at work makes good sense of maple syrup.

He the syrup creator would not just walk around but do vain movements—as if the boss is to catch him not working. He continuously looks productive.

“I have worked the job—through my keypad for several years now, at the end of the day I will go to my virtual store and eat my virtual cookie. It has become something to do.”

“To me the building of the workshop is never finished... there is always something new to add onto it. The only thing that stops the moment unto completion is other projects I am working on.”

“If I get interested enough the other worlds can wait...”

“Building in this size I can visualize the past planet I lived on—and see someone like me—with all power being capable of sort of being homeless—yet saying I am working.

Jobs are like that for me, if I notice something about a tin-can or a bush or a tree and think I could create this on the tin can or I could extend that tree branch, I will do it, yet it will appear in my mind’s eye like that of a homeless man.”

“If time was the creator of all, I must be time.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Building Building

Animation, Animation,” RK spent the last few decades perfecting his pictures, the pictures that move to animate his city.

“Always work to be done!”

RK rarely stops working, always anticipating his next best creation.

Most of RK’s animations—at this point are mostly videos of what appears to be someone walking through buildings and halls.

“It’s frustrating in the beginnings stages to not have free will over the city, to move about where I want.”

RK thought long about how to create such, such as a free will in his city.

To do such at first will be simple effects, simple building, truly little details.

RK had perfected his application, *ART*. Still though it was hard to create 3D in a 2D program.

“I should create, *VR ART*, meaning virtual reality art.”

“If I do this, I believe it would be a solid starting point for a free moving camera to move about the city.”

But how shall I create it?

“I could build 3D shapes, similar as I did with the 2D shapes and fonts: *size, color, shape, and coordinates.*”

“This will take an extremely large amount of time.”

RK begins to ask himself, what is 3D.

“I know what should appear in art, but what about the math?”

“To build a code system I will need to know the math, not just the art but the math, right?”

“I know a 3D blocks math includes length, width, and height.”

RK is creating a box in 2D he includes four squares for the length, and four-squares for the depth, looking like an area of four squares times four-square, thus making six-teen the area of a 2D box. This box is then created of all *sizes, colors, and coordinates*.

To create a 3D box, RK will create four squares in length, four squares in width, times two for both length and width making the area of the box. Then he will need to add the 3rd dimension height.”

“This must be, area, times area, times area, and if each 2D box is sixteen squares full, if I add four-sixteen-areas on top of one another then the total area of the 3 boxes is: 64.”

You may ask how RK got 64 from a square that is a 4x4.

“I will answer by saying that if you have 16 squares in the form of a box and you pretend to lay that box flat on the ground and you stack it four high, you might find $16+16+16+16=64$.”

So, as we are building height, we must stack them up.

But also remember that RK must divide length and width by height. If the width angle changes, it will appear to divide.

Boggled and confused in the mind RK begins to work.

“To make it easier on me, to think and consider the 3D world—I decided to practice on a 3D block. I created a square in the center of the television, I begin to rotate it, all done with art, no math, saving each picture file:

```
RUN://_SAVE://3Dspin 1-3000 (ENTER)
```

“Once done I animate the block. I watch it spin. I consider the workings.”

“How could width change the way it does...how am I going to create the 3D program?”

“I watch the block spin... around and around it goes.”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“As it turns left, I watch... the width of the block gets smaller on one side, yet slowly grows larger on the other; it divides itself. As one side gets divided the other begins to grow, yet the width stays the same, the length stays the same and the height stays the same.”

“But what about on an angle...?”

“I create a whole new spinning block, yet this time I tilt it right a few degrees.”

“Almost the same thing. The left-hand width is angle, yet the right-hand is angled up in the other direction, making a V.”

“The size on the width and length must change, the V most likely is not four.”

“Height and length, if height is four and width is four, this could make the V, equal to eight.”

“3D building is going to be tough, a lot of math, a lot of creating, I figure if I can create code to an entire 3D block, degrees included I accomplish enough to rest the project for a time.”

“What I decided to do with the block, understanding I did not have the math to create it, is through art alone, I work on the 16-area square. I will slightly change the angle of the block through art and not math, I will create a rotation and change its angle by mental perception of what this would be like, and in doing so maybe I will stumble upon the code.”

Years later, I believe I found the code I was looking for, but not knowing if it was. I chose the one that looked the best and this was to watch the block spin tilted right a few degrees.”

“It was art, not math, not black, a simply spinning work of art.”

“I looked long at my work, wondering, how I can find the math to a 3D block, degrees, and all.”

“I stumbled and stumbled, not finding the math, but I did find the patience.”

“I decided to create more of these 3D blocks of art, some small, some huge.”

“The small creations I left on the top of my screen as I wrote code, but I was full of regret as the small block was saved into my code.”

“To animate and code yes, but to save as two, separately, no!”

“To animate and code is as simple as to place the cursor where needed, this to separate and then I press F2, F5 and F8 together.”

“This code separated the screen where the cursor was last placed, this meaning to animate a set of pictures on the top portion of the screen would be to move the cursor to the top, to animate and key in the code:

```
RUN://_LOAD://blinkingeyes (ENTER)
```

“Once the command is given, I move my cursor back towards the second half of the screen and began to work on the code I was working on.”

“To make the screen whole again, I will simply key in the code I used to separate it.”

“There is more to the computer than one could predict, as I mentioned—the split screen will not split if I attempt to save a code while split, it saves the entire screen, split code, and all.”

“I have not figured it out yet, but according to my experience in time I usually stumble upon the answer.”

“I take a break from the coding, I rest my head on the back of the sofa, I gaze at the upper part of the screen. I look at my work, *I colored each face of the block different colors, this way I would better see the spin.*”

“Without noticing at first, but now gazing I predict lighting the block or rather lighting the 3D environment will be a challenge, for instance: *if the light were to shine in the upper right-hand side of the screen the three-dimensional blocks left side will be a bit darker*”.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“To code the light now is nearly impossible, I will write a note and come back to it later.”

“Spinning the 3D block is as easy as programming the F2 key to LOAD. As soon as I press the F2 key a new screen will open, voiding any other screen, it is as if I turned on the computer and typed:

```
RUN://_LOAD://
```

“If I now type on the that command a file to load and press Ctrl and F2 again. The shortcut to access that file typed is pressing the F2 key twice. I can continue to use the F2 key as LOAD, each time I make a file I can press Ctrl + F2 and that file in order as I placed them in F2 will appear as a simple command: first on a black screen I type:

RUN:// + Ctrl + F1. Now F1 is running programs when I press the button once. As soon as I press F1 a new screen will appear commanding:

```
RUN://
```

If I type in F2 it will run all files in F2:

```
RUN://F2
```

Ctrl + F2 before and storing files.

“According to my time Running F2 programmed to load, each file loaded will be spaced part in time roughly one second.”

“This is the first way I began to sort of animate. Originally the machine was programmed to animate or load multiple files by pressing F1 and F2 at the same time, I since then have changed that.”

“And in changing that I am happy, now I have a clear understanding of RUN, LOAD, and code.”

“At a time in school my seventh-grade teacher made us students watch some short films, one was a simple briefing on code.”

“The man shining through the projector sitting behind a computer typed it a simple code 5x5, he then presses (ENTER) he says, ‘this is the computer, this is computer coding.’”

“I looked close at the screen he typed on, I ask, ‘you typed five times five, where did the twenty-five come from?’”

“Son, this is coding!”

I thought hard about that answer, it makes sense now, the 25 represents the power behind the action, ‘for every action is a reaction.’

“Someone once long ago touched a button and it made a sound, that one long hard thought makes a system that says:

$$5+5=10$$

Someone partially programmed this computer, he evolved it from a sound to a vibrating wire, to a glow, to a capacitor, to a system.

“In my mind I can do math, I remember the answer, I ask my brain, what is 5+5, and it answers: 10.”

“Why not with a computer? Why not outside of my body?”

“I do not have the answer. Yet, I can sort of rationalize the idea, for instance if I build a universe in my brain, would my brain not swell up to the size of the universe? What about if there is a problem? ...would not my body feel the problem—making me less than capable of fixing it?”

“If now, I act too quickly to program the computer I begin to wonder, what types of reactions do I get for my actions? What if I am playing with a power beyond my control?”

“If I can equal 5+5 as 10 and the computer can equal the same thing, is the computer therefore me? If I know not to mess with my coding, should I mess with a computer code?”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“Personally, I do not have the answer, I’ll ignore it. Yet, I will note, pressing my finger into wax changed the shape of the wax; once I became aware of this, I figured, I now can create wax sculptures.”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 10

Is the code living?

Thinking about my sixth-grade science class, my body is made of tiny particles, like blood and cells and stuff. Words are a way one can interpret their existence—having never seen them.”

What if they were words?

What if my finger pressing the key, sending an electron, storing a memory is a body cell?

“I do not know if it is, but it could be seen this way.”

“I believe it could be fun to make another me, a me in the computer...”

What if I am?

What if I did?

“If I finish my universe—it would then be his, and if so, where is my universe?”

“I ought to create an avatar, someone I can play with—as sort of a mini-me, someone I can gaze at and wonder: *is he living?*”

“Still have I not found the math to creating in three-dimensions, but I can fake it well with *ART*. I then can create small animations—at first—with the host of my virtual world.”

“Exciting projects, a permanent project! Files I will need to preserve as the universe grows.”

“As I coded with the colors in my *ART Program* or as I did with the font—I begin to make the face of the host—the stew-art behind the man.”

“If I make him capable anywhere on the screen—he will be as a font or color.”

“Years I work on stew-art, working on his face, hair, eyes, etc. I created somewhat of a three-dimensional man, something I can fall back on as I create his inward working, his behind the scenes.”

“I look at those couple images once and a while to create more of him.”

“Over time as I create the man, he sort of grows as a child would: *a detail here or an eye change there.*”

“The images of the man are simple: a black suit, a red tie, a top hat and black shiny shoe. The man’s hair color is brown—as the same as his eye-color. This combination color makes mostly a black figure with white hands and a white face.”

“I did not animate the man quickly at first, I simply wanted to move the stick figure like man anywhere I wanted on the screen.”

“Afterwards I would do the same with other angles, other than the front of the man—I in moments of rest and play call Stewart.”

“I figure it could be easier this way, a three-dimensions positions rather than creating the entire program in which now I do not have the math, the code, the understanding.”

“For instance, if I create the man standing sideways, partial leg up, I can use this file to walk the man, that is if I remember the file name.”

“If I create the same image leg up in other places on the screen and repeat the process, I can walk the man to anywhere on the screen.”

“An easy way of placing and solving the same image is the same as I did with the tree and the house.”

“First, I load the man file with his leg partially up:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Stew-artR-legUp_center (ENTER)
```

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“Now I have my file, but it’s in the center. If I Load the stew-art file before pressing enter and use the arrow keys to move stew-art to a new location—the file will load in that location. Then I would press ENTER.”

This code looks like:

```
RUN://_LOAD://→→→↓↓Stew-artR-  
legUp_center/OPEN:// Stew-artR-legUp_center (ENTER)
```

This moved the stew-art two spaces to the right and two spaces down. I will save this with code:

```
RUN://_SAVE://Stew-artR-legup_2r_2d (ENTER)
```

The center where now 2r_2d sits means center of the screen compared to now meaning two right and two down.”

“It can be easy to recreate the image anywhere on the screen, save, name, and load it, this in the long run can bring the man more alive.”

“As I create him, I try to keep him three-dimensional as much as possible knowing this will be the man within my universe.”

“To transparent paste the image in different sets is possible, but I have not created a program to run the man over other images, but I am sure it is as easy as creating F2 to be load, press F2 again to load a code, and again with more code, and again with more code and so on until I have the code, save it and I will RUN it or animate it. In the code the program will delete to make room for the running code.

“To run the delete program means to know what the coordinates are on the screen, the code would look like:

```
Run://→→→↓↓DELETE (ENTER)
```

“Arrows would be the coordinates.”

“To create the entire function for an image, one would need to know the exact coordinates to be deleted to the new image to be pasted.”

“This instead of recreating an entire image from blocks I would be deleting what I know.”

“Typing in each coordinate, using the F2 tool with each new coordinate and then save the image in F2 as the last image, and then save the entire work done in F2 and RUN that file.”

“For thought sake we name the F2 delete and image-file:

Stew-artR-Legup_transparent.

“We would Run that as:

“RUN://Stew-artRLegup_transparent over the file we would like to place the man.”

“The small running program—without creating an entirely new screen will delete sections commanded beforehand to delete.”

“Running or Run is like a picture slide, but to RUN a set of commands, rather than to animate or slide-show is quicker, meaning: the code basically runs as codes—even large codes will not present itself to be a picture.”

“Knowing the difference between run and animate can cause me to see my animated world—which can present itself to be somewhat living, but if I RUN all the code to that same animation, nothing appears to happen—yet I must wonder now after running: *is the code living?*”

Chapter 11

Making my first video game

Squares are cool! What is not cool: the man I created, and still creating inside the computer—is not alive, he does not respond. After fifty years of working on him I am board.”

“I begin a new project, a game, a computer-game. This way—if I have this knowledge, I can play games in my virtual cities.”

“The computer having been partially programmed, this meaning, command:

```
RUN://S+ (ENTER)
RUN://+Sr (ENTER)”
```

“The computer made something, which is red squares. What if I took this concept further? What if there was a way for it, the computer to respond in a game like tennis or gulf?”

What if I create a game?

“I could create tennis, ...but I rarely play tennis, most likely I will not finish...”

“I could create golf, ...but creating the little moving golf ball is bogging to my mind now.”

“Math could be easier than the other two.”

I begin to think...

The computer is not installed with a calculator or any such Math program—that I know of. In creating the game—I could also as well create a calculator...

This new math application can be tough or easy depending on the amount of detail I would like in the game or application.

“To create the game could be as easy as pressing the F2 key to load a math problem and then pressing F2 again to load the answer.”

“To create a calculator is similar, yet in the game I may simply need to create ten-thousand answers, where as a calculator would need all answers.”

I would like to do both.

“I will create the game first and afterwards I will create the calculator, which will calculate adding up to the eighth power, plus division, and subtraction.”

The math video game consists of playing cards: a math problem on the front of the playing cards, with an option to answer. Typing in the answer and pressing (ENTER) will cause a computer animation; there will be possibly two caused animations before the card turns: *a correct animation if the number answered is correct and a wrong animation if the answer entered was wrong.*”

“To have the machine generate two possible card backs, meaning two animations—stating to the player whether they are correct or wrong is difficult, but I believe I have figured it out.”

“Once I have the front of the card picture done, (*a simple screen drawings of a rectangle card, black background, and a math problem,*) I will need an invisible code saved alongside the math problem card.”

“Each math problem card will consist of key F11 tapped three times; *third tap is the next problem to solve.* This is if I turn the F11 key to LOAD://. To do this I will start by typing:

“RUN://_LOAD:// and then I will press the F11 key. Now every time I press the F11 key a message will pop up:

LOAD://

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“If I premade the math card and saved it Mathproblem_1.1 File being:

```
[F7:] RUN://_#://Mathproblem_1.1 (ENTER)

<<<RUN://_SAVE://Mathproblem_1.1 (ENTER)
RUN://Mathproblem_1Answer1→→→↓↓/LOAD://a
nswer2:>>>
<<<LOAD://Mathproblem_1/OPEN://MathProblem_
1
RUN://_SAVE://Mathproblem_1 (ENTER)>>>

<<<RUN://B5→→→↓↓/OPEN://B5
RUN://_LOAD://B5
RUN://_SAVE://B5
.
(BACKSPACE)
A
RUN://Aw
RUN://A
S
RUN://+Sb
RUN://S+>>>
```

I would then—after typing in the code and saving type Mathproblem_1.1, I press F11 again. Now, after a clear screen—if the key F11 is pressed twice Mathproblem_1.1 loads.”

“The more precise code to the second F2 is:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_1.1/LOAD://answer2
:
```

“This code is important to loading the result which is the correct answer. The slant / after the first LOAD means to

start a new command after the first command. In this case the command is `LOAD://`

“Loading the correct answer after the F11 keys and then pressing (ENTER) is the win that question. The correct answer and then pressing (ENTER) the card will animate a flip, stating: Correct Answer.”

“To sure we can use all numbers on the second F11 file I simply `LOAD://` answer files from 1-99, 4 being the answer and the rest saved to load the incorrect statement.”

“This will separate any files that have not already been named.”

“If we put up the first Math problem a $2+2$ and this code was `Mathproblem_1.1`, the answer is 4, (ENTER) making the second complete F11 code to be four, plus pressing (ENTER) this will load the animation:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_1.LOAD://answer1:4
```

“If the second F11 made the code above, yet without the 4, then typing 4 (ENTER) will result in the `LOAD` command flipping the card stating, *Correct!*”

“This is the only way for the card to flip with the correct answer: Loading the proper number in sequence of the F11 key.”

“For instance, if the second F11 key is:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_1.1/LOAD://answer1:4 (ENTER)
```

“...then the first F11 key after the animation could be another Math problem, we can name this one `Mathproblem_2.1`”.

“The second F11 key after the animation key would be opening the animation file with the answer 3.”

“After each answer the (ENTER) key was programed into the answer card flipping.”

“The complete file name, the second F11 key after the first animation:

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_2.1/LOAD://answer2
:3 (ENTER)
```

“Three is the answer to the second math problem which was $1+2$.”

To make the game sophisticated I can create a card that flips on false answers.”

“It will not be all that sophisticated, if I keep it simple enough, I can create a correct card and an incorrect card.”

“To create the incorrect card, I will have to create it for all Math problems files that have the option to LOAD other numbers.”

“For instance, incorrect code for Mathproblem_1.1, the second F11 key. The first question, what is four plus four, code being:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_1.1/LOAD://answer1
:4 (ENTER)
```

“This gives the correct answer card.”

“In the little space occupied by a four is the little command: 1-99, in that same space without the four Loads the incorrect card, which is the math problem option—though leads to the incorrect statement as an animation file:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_2.1/LOAD://answer1
:3 (ENTER)
```

“The computer knows the first F11 key was pressed, it will know this unless the computer is unplugged and rebooted.”

“There can be two ways to load the second Math problem, one way is key in the commands:

LOAD:// in the first Math problem, which simply means to type another file in the answer_1 and press (ENTER) or we can simply press the F11 key again without having coded answer 1, but rather placed it in the F11 key as:

```
Mathproblem_2/LOAD://answer2:3
```

Math problem 2 is two plus one, thus the answer is three. The code to flipping the card correct is:

```
Mathproblem_2/LOAD://answer2:3 (ENTER)
```

“So instead of a game that automatically brings up another Math question after each answer, one would press F11 to get each Math problem. I could have created this game either way but pressing F11 for each question makes me feel that I have more control over the game.”

“The more complete code:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_2/LOAD://answer2:
```

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_2/LOAD://answer2:3  
(ENTER)
```

“After this code we would need the card to flip with a message that lets the game player know they answered correctly. The above code loads a file that will be the correct flipping animation. To create this, I first create a two-dimensional animation of a flat card flipping.”

“As I now have five pictures five files. One file is the front of a simple white rectangle the same size of the cards in the game.”

“If I make the animation all white cards, I can reuse the animation.”

“The first blank white card, after I created it, I named: CardGameAnimation_1, looking like:

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

```
[F7:] RUN://_#://CardGameAnimation_1 (ENTER)
```

```
<<<RUN://_SAVE://CardGameAnimation_1  
(ENTER)  
LOAD://CardGameAnimation→→→↓↓/OPEN://Car  
dGameAnimation_1  
RUN://_SAVE://CardGameAnimation (ENTER)>>>
```

```
<<<RUN://B5→→→↓↓/OPEN://B5  
RUN://_LOAD://B5  
RUN://_SAVE://B5
```

```
.  
(BACKSPACE)
```

```
A  
RUN://Aw  
RUN://A  
S  
RUN://+Sb  
RUN://S+>>>
```

“Afterwards I create a second animation card, a partial rectangle card I name CardGameAnimation_2”

“The card half flipped, now looking like a vertical line I name: CardGameAnimation_3”

“The card partially flipped three quarters all the way around, I name: CardGameAnimation_4”

“The last card I create is completely flipped, and I write on it: *Correct!* I name this final card: CardGameAnimation_5”

“To animate the five files, I will use RUN; I will run the files.”

“Run is like animation, to RUN a LOAD or several LOADS, each file loaded will take roughly one second.”

“I can program the loading time by simply adding numbers after the code LOAD... Without numbers after LOAD... it takes roughly one second to LOAD each file. If I type #://LOAD... [.5] each file will LOAD at one half a second. This is what I want.

Instead of typing:

```
RUN://_#/LOAD... [.5]
LOAD://CardGameAnimation_1
LOAD://CardGameAnimation_2
LOAD://CardGameAnimation_3
LOAD://CardGameAnimation_4
LOAD://CardGameAnimation_5
```

I will type:

```
RUN://_LOAD://CardGameAnimation_1
```

Then press F11. Then I will type:

```
RUN://_LOAD://CardGameAnimation_2
```

Then press F11. Then I will type:

```
RUN://_LOAD://CardGameAnimation_3
```

Then press F11. Then I will type:

```
RUN://_LOAD://CardGameAnimation_4
```

Then press F11. Then I will type:

```
RUN://_LOAD://CardGameAnimation_5
```

F11 now has five files in it. These will stay here until I save F11:

```
RUN://_SAVE://F11_ (ENTER)
```

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Now if I RUN://F11CardGameAnimation roughly each second a card file will LOAD; they will LOAD in the same order as I placed them in F11.

I now type:

RUN://_#://LOAD... [.5]F11CardAnimation and press F11 I will RUN the card animation in F11.

If I SAVE:// F11 after keying in RUN, it will now RUN and LOAD each file in one half a second.

I save this file with:

RUN://_SAVE://F11.5RunCardGameAnimation

Any time something is in the F1-F12 keys, and I save it, I must command save the F key and then underscore. This will SAVE the F key. To delete what is in the F key, press the DELETE and then the F key.

I now have an animation file I can place in the card game.

F11_.5LOAD_CardGameAnimation

I have my computer-game animation file, that I can place in the first math problem:

Mathproblem_1.LOAD://answer1:4 (ENTER)

...which is really, after we are done: answer1:4 (ENTER)

To do this first I will key in:

RUN://F11_.5LOAD_CardGameAnimation, but I do not press (ENTER) ENTER will Run the animation—instead of saving it under a new name:

```
RUN://_SAVE://answer1:4 (ENTER)
```

Now the animation to run is named: answer1:4.

The commands to the first Math problem look like:

```
RUN://_://LOAD://Mathparoblem_1/LOAD://answer  
1:4
```

“Pressing the key (ENTER) after this command will trigger the animation to flip and say correct.”

“The first Math problem in F11 is:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_1/LOAD://answer1:
```

“Keying in 4, pressing (ENTER) will LOAD, this causing the Animation file to RUN...”

“The rest of Mathproblem1 is a little tougher. In the math game instructions, I must clarify the game rules. Each math problem will have an answer between the numbers 1-99, any other answer will result in a game bug.”

“The first math problems answer was four and so keying in an answer three is incorrect and this should result in a statement telling the player: *incorrect answer*.”

“This code will look like:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_1/LOAD://answer1:3
```

“The three at the end of the answer where four should be is the file name for the incorrect animation file to be ran.”

“We will not only do this with the number three, but four, five, six all the way up to one hundred.”

“We will have to create a separate animation, an animation that will flip and state incorrect and then copy it 99 times naming them roundabouts the name above.”

“I will reuse, CardGameAnimation_1-4, except file CardGameAnimation_5. CardGameAnimation_5, I need to recreate with a message on the back of the card that states incorrect.”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“I will LOAD CardGameAnimation_1-5 and rename each one a bit different, this simply means to LOAD and SAVE file with the name CardGameAnimation_2_1-5.

Now that I have completed this I will LOAD each file and then press F11 between each file.

I now SAVE the F11 animation as:

```
RUN://_SAVE://F11_CardGameAnimation_2
```

I now type:

```
RUN://_#://LOAD...[.5]F11_CardGameAnimation_2
```

I press the F11 key and press (ENTER):

I now have the incorrect animation to the game, which looks like:

```
[F7:] RUN://_#://Mathproblem_1.1 (ENTER)
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://Mathproblem_1.1 (ENTER)
```

```
<<<RUN://Mathproblem_1Answer1→→→↓↓/LOAD://answer1:3/OPEN/RUN://_#://LOAD...[.5]F11_CardGameAnimation_2 (ENTER)>>>
```

```
<<<LOAD://Mathproblem_1/OPEN://MathProblem_1
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://Mathproblem_1 (ENTER)>>>
```

```
<<<RUN://B5→→→↓↓/OPEN://B5
```

```
RUN://_LOAD://B5
```

```
RUN://_SAVE://B5
```

```
.
```

```
(BACKSPACE)
```

```
A
```

```
RUN://Aw
```



```
RUN://A  
S  
RUN://+Sb  
RUN://S+>>>
```

To use this animation in the rest of the math game is as simple as resaving it under a new name.

First, I type the second animation, load, and then load the math problem, save. Thus the incorrect animation is in another math problem.

Now...

“When the first math problem is loaded and the answer option loads, and one types three, the incorrect animation is triggered. I can do this all the way up to 99. Answering seven will look like:

```
F11_.5LOADCardGameAnimation_2
```

And then...

```
RUN://_SAVE://Mathproblem_1/LOAD://answer1:7
```

“This now means that if one types the incorrect answer seven for the Mathproblem_1 the incorrect animation is triggered; this will as well work for numbers 1-99, minus 4.”

“Most of the figuring is now complete for the game. I will create fifty math problems, like the first math problem.”

“In the meantime, all that is left is the cover, the game introduction and end credits.”

“F11 is the button I will use to store the game materials, including cover, game, and end credits.”

“I create a fancy cover. Covers are the want in a game.”
A lot of colors shall do it”

“I complete the cover and SAVE it:

```
RUN://_SAVE://Mathproblem_Cover
```

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

...naming each piece to the game like the other pieces, this will make them easier to find in the computer.”

“Now I must create the game introduction—which shall include the instructions.”

“I create the introduction very simply, one file, one screen, briefly explaining to answer using only two numbers for each problem, and press (ENTER). If received answer correct Press F11 and another Math problem will present itself, if answered incorrect wait for the screen to load and then try it again.”

“Which reminds me that in each incorrect file I must stick in a code:

RUN://_LOAD://MathProblem which would look like in Math problem 9:

```
RUN://_LOAD://CardGameAnimation_2_1-5
```

“The fifth file must LOAD the Math problem we are on which is 9, so in CardGameAnimation_2_5 must have code:

```
RUN://_LOAD://Mathproblem_9/LOAD://answer9:
```

“...on the fifth incorrect animation card, this will redirect back to the Math problem for the player to try again.”

“In the introduction it is mentioned to end the game press the Esc key.”

“The Esc key is code:

```
LOAD://
```

“...without any code. LOAD:// is the everyday screen which means to LOAD://Mathproblem_1 can be loaded on the original black screen without keying in LOAD://”

“Yet does it OPEN?”

“I mentioned in the Card Game Instructions that if all fifty questions are answered correctly a colorful art piece will be a reward. This art piece I must create along with the credits, along with the final F11 being LOAD:// which will take players back to the original black screen.”

“Once I have all fifty of the game files ready, I place them in F11, there they will remain until the computer is unplugged.”

“A more sufficient way to create a lasting game is to code them to RUN rather than place them in F11.”

“To do this is as simple as Save F11 and then Run F11.”

Chapter 12

Creating a bottle of my favorite soda

I create a lot of two-dimensional objects, I have created so many I recall them by situation, not by file name, which is if I recall them in the least.”

I want to create something new, something that is other than my 2D work, I want to create something 3D.

“I began to scroll through awesome objects in my mind.”

That could be fun, but too tough...

Too simple...

Boring...

“What about a bottle of soda, I have not drunk my favorite soda in lifetimes...”

“What if I create a bottle of soda—so life-like it would quench my thirst?”

“I do not yet attain the 3D code. I recall as I looked, as I studied, I figure: to consider 3D would be as creating *photo-realistic-images* and so that is what I did.”

“I place a bottle of soda on the coffee table; I rotate it, I study it.”

“I may not have the 3D code, but I have two-dimensional art, with this will I slowly create and study 3D.”

“As I spin the bottle, I notice that not all that much of the bottle changes: only *the soda packaging and the bottom of the bottle.*”

“If I master the appearing 2D bottle in front of me and rotate it a degree or two—for each saved file, I will have that much of a 3D soda bottle.”

“I create several 2D images; I compare, I check, I create more.”

“I figure, as I play with my soda—that its completion is my soda reward. I ought to place an animated thirst-quenching animation at the end of my recently created *Math Game*.”

“For now, the *Math Game*'s only reward for winning, for making it to the end of the game is an animation of fireworks; because I was so anxious to complete the game, I created the poorest of graphics, 2D is math, or in the least 2D is math to me, I simply cannot calculate three-dimensions, and if I can—I can calculate billions of years in seconds; I am simply not there yet!”

“I gaze at my 2D soda bottle...”

Nice!

“I ought to make the soda green...”

“The light reflecting off the bottle is incredible. It appears to bounce off the soda; the way the light behaves reminds me of the number of impossibilities creating natural flowing realistic light on objects.”

“I will create a simple soda label, a white cap to hold back to soda and green for the color of the soda.”

“Because I am creating 3D with 2D most of the animated flips, whirls and drinks will be a guess...” *What does the model bottle look like upside down, sideways, cap in your face, etc.?*

“I study the soda bottle... I wait to create the many files in between the more giant movements of the bottle; I do this once the main hurdles are complete.”

“The back flips I complete. I name the files soda rewards; plus, the degrees the bottle is in, and the number of frames in the degree. For instance, if I rotate it ninety degrees, from one degree to ninety, I will name it:

“SodaReward_90_2.”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“Two being one of the many frames between one degree and ninety.”

I am now complete; I have created over one-thousand different soda files. Although now they do not appear to be soda bottles, I must arrange the files in an animation.”

“To create the animation is to create something drinkable, sort of like television commercial drinkable!”

“I will spin the bottle from a few different angles, and then point the open top of the bottle in front, pouring the soda out as if someone appears to be drinking it.”

“I name each drinkable soda file:

Drinkablesoda_1-100.”

“In the first copy of the Soda files, the numbers that are at the end of the file are placed there not for order in the animation...”

“For order in the animation, once I find the files I desire to use in the animation—I will make a second copy of the files, I will rename them according to the animation I will be working on, for instance the first animation I will name folder SodaWin, and each file to be placed in the animation will be named SodaWin_1-1000.”

“Thinking about the file name, sodawin, I need something like that right about now. Too much coding, too much and I begin to feel as if I am walking, simply walking down a dirt road, aimless and in the country-land”

“I need to be home!”

Most of the time RK rests by experimenting with code, trying ideas out, being careful not to touch sensitive material.

“I have not thought much about my timecode.”

RK presses a few buttons, trying to LOAD the timecode... something extremely hard for RK.

“RUN://000...” RK begins to murmur.

Laughing, jesting, RK says to himself, I wonder what would happen if I:

RUN://111/#://000

“I shall try!”

RUN://111/#://000/OPEN://111 (ENTER)

Surprised, RK sees a code mysteriously appear on his screen.

RUN:// EARTH: RFD 2 BOX 159A/OPEN/:

“That is my mom’s address, how could the machine have known that?”

I wonder if she played on or put a child-lock on the device.

RK leans back on the sofa, looking at the screen... excited for the change, full of wonder.

Without warning the machine begins to act weird, codes and color squares begin to present themselves on the screen.

RK could not discern the images or codes; the machine acts as if it is infected.

RK desires much to shut it off, a simple button will do that, but RK remembers the clown in the living room.

“I am a fool! I lost the Game!”

RK continues watching, wondering if his machine was going to explode. Colors and radiation coming through the television kept RK watching meaningless codes all day...

Weeks, years RK watches... he cannot take his eyes off the colors!

He notices a pattern... “they appear to be the eyes of a child.”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

RK points towards the television, “I believe that image is my mom, and I am the baby in the television looking at my mom...”

“The time code, of all my work saved, now played out is me as a child, those in the computer are my memories, I am the machine!!!”

RK watches his childhood unfold before his eyes...

*

RK wakes up in the time, the same day that he brought home the game, *Beat my clock*.

“I must bring this game back.”

RK walking down *Track Drive* recalls, that he must bring ten dollars and ninety-nine cents, or the *Game Wizard* will be upset, and possibly think he stole the game... “it is very possible if I don’t pay for the game, I will be punished without time...”

“But I do not have any money!”

RK recalls the day he brought the game home, this day—that he had twenty dollars, but wanted desperately to spend it all on ice cream...

I should not, RK reaches into his pocket.

“Yes, it is still there, twenty dollars,” RK holds the money to his face.

Ding

Ding

RK sets the game on the counter, along with a twenty-dollar bill.

“How did it go,” asks the cashier without a sense of truth.

“I don’t believe I am old enough for that game, RK says laughing a bit, I really do need the time...”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

“Don’t we all kid, don’t we all!” says the cashier.

THE END

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Epilogue

RK slowly walks back home after his meeting with the cashier, the one who loaned him *Beat my clock*...

What do I tell my mom and dad? Should I tell them anything?

RK opens the same door he has opened for the past one-hundred years, everything looks the same.

RK walks up the stairs to his bedroom, quietly looking towards his left, wondering who was doing laundry, trying to not make a scene; home felt much better than to waste a second on disbelief.

RK sits down on the couch. He looks at the television...

I should turn it on...

As RK gets up off the couch to turn on the television—WR comes rushing up the stairs and into RK's bedroom...

WR says, "what happened?"

"Too hard to explain WR, it is as if my life flashed before my eyes!"

"The colored squares WR were most likely created by someone, I mean think square calculations of wavelengths."

"They do not see colors WR, the creators of the Holden B-51 saw pure code! This is where $9 - 1 =$ a side effect of a color."

WR for years did not understand what RK mentioned that day, this until he began to read daily, and when he understood, he said, *JUST TYPE IT!*

RK ignored and purposely forgot any such workings happening on the outside of time.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

The Game: Ether

{B&S Golf, Master of the Mastees}

The undercover A.I. Project

Chapter 01

The Wall

Jack's mom Jackie kisses Jack on the forehead as the thousands of people leave the camp of beginnings to go build a city for themselves, a city that the people had control over.

This idea of control excited Jack, unlike war he cared very little over the power over sticks and stones, he saw another control, a control roundabout the works of time.

Putting pieces together Jack noticed he grows, the forest grows, there is more behind this.

Jack picks up the rough looking bag, a blanket of bark and twigs pulled together to hold items. He turns from his mother; he follows the others deep into the forest.

For months war led the people through the forest. He needed to get far away, far enough that he would not accidentally stumble upon any known beings in the forest.

Jack noticed Reda back at the camp, maybe the cause was because of his own isolation studying time or maybe it simply was a time.

As soon as Jack found something clever, he would tell Reda.

At the very beginnings of the building of the village of Gon, which in hopes was the future city of Gon to be the future city of Gon, Jack found reason to build another type of city, this with Reda's help. This city was a small wooden box slowly put together by particle building, this with Reda's help.

Parts of code they created together could be found in odd places, some would slowly appear on the machine but most of the box sort of was somehow coughed up.

The very beginnings of Ether as Jack were setting up his home, possibly stripping the forest of theirs, or was he?

Whatever it was it was slow building, so slow it sort of was imagined to be, as if the force knew they needed homes and so reserved its mind.

Reda every now and again would walk from this stone forest fortress War was building and spend time with Jack.

Reda is Wars great great great granddaughter.

Jack was much older than her, he was about the age of War, he was spending time with a baby, he knew that and was not intimidated by her.

Because of this, Jack was custom to playing around her, never considering every word of his as her reality. Because of this Jack grew extremely smart, acting towards his reality.

As he and Reda began to recognize that they grew the forest as the forest, that they were the forest; slowly watching the product of their imagination form, Jack begins explaining to Reda a new idea.

“As you may know Reda, one day I must figure time, I must win,” Jack says.

“You have been saying this for a while Jack, yet I failed to grasp your conversation.”

“A mind box reader, something that figures.”

Reda, having no idea what Jack was saying simply gave ear.

“This box stores and retrieves information about the forest around us. My mom told me about a thing called a computer, she said that they existed in the land she was from. She loved the thing, she is always mentioning it, wanting to go back home.”

Reda sits upon a tiny wall stretching deep into the forest, small enough so that nobody noticed, yet large enough to raise questions.

“I would like to bring her home,” Jack says.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“Maybe it is in following the wall,” Reda says mildly tapping the wall.

“What could be that wall? It is not at the camp of beginnings; I first noticed the wall about an hour walk into the forest.”

Reda says, “makes me feel as if someone once long ago lived here and built these walls, it is like they were trying to make a house or tower, something that goes up.”

Jack agrees for a moment, he says, “that sure would be a big tower, I have followed one wall one day deep into the forest, I never found the end.”

“If they were building a city or a tower it sure was a big one!”

Reda adds, “that is if there were people...”

Jack agrees.

“Maybe it still is in sticks and stones, like this wall that will bring your mother home,” Reda says.

“How so?”

“Well... I have talked with the elders many times about the days that they fell out of the sky... well, it simply does not make logical sense.”

Reda, taps the wall, “this wall is more logical, and if so, just a pinch of stupidity and you might find the remedy for taking your mom back home.”

Reda hops off the wall.

“Maybe you're right,” Jack says.

“Well, there might be a way to find out,” Reda says.

Crunching dead leaves sound as they walk on the forest floor, Jack says, “how so?”

“Like the making of sticks and pieces of wood, like what if we intentionally store information in the objects we create, what if we pretend to pull some of the information from the wall, simply define its meaning.”

Reda pauses for a moment, a cool breeze pushes its way through the forest, “and maybe, just maybe the wall will take your mom home.”

Jack looks into Reda's eyes, "if we did find a way to bring her home, I wonder if she will want to take me with her, I mean would I leave Gon and live elsewhere?"

Reda says, "it would be like living in the stars or something."

"We could try," Jack says.

"We could."

Jack adds, "but there is no guarantees. We could start small and if we find something we don't like we back out of it."

"But how shall we start?"

"Well, like the pieces of wood that seem to magically appear there as if we created it, we imagine the wood pieces or stones and if they manifest themselves in front of us, that is an if then we will have that much of an advantage to the code we placed into the insides."

"Okay" Reda exclaims.

"First we must tap into the wall and in the least retrieve the information to mom's home and some of the system we shall build."

Reda says, "how shall we do this?"

"We simply touch the wall and pretend to extract the information."

Reda and Jack walk back towards the wall.

"Shall we both touch it," Reda asks.

"Yes," Jack answers.

Both young adults, Reda with light brown hair and Jack with brown hair touched the wall.

They felt no jolt, no charge of electricity, no magical voice, nothing, only the sound of the wind moving the Maple trees above their heads.

Jack and Reda walked back home that day quietly, never considering the wall, never questioning themselves if they had the information, oddly they walked back home.

For weeks neither Jack nor Reda discussed the wall, this until Jack had to mention the new chunk of wood

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

appearing in front of his home, in which most of the city would create and would this create their homes.

“Reda, come with me to my home for a moment,” Jack says.

“Why” Reda asks.

“Well, a new piece of what I could think of as a new piece of my home, but weeks ago we mentioned that we might try to bring my mom home.”

“What shall I do with the wood,” Jack asks.

“Let us see it together,” Reda says.

Jack and Reda walk to Jack's house.

“Here,” Jack says pointing to the ground.

Reda bends down and picks up the rough looking chunk of wood.

“I suppose we just do what we want, if we feel like making our home out of it, we do, but if we feel like it belongs to our computing system then that is what we do.”

“Here,” Reda says, if we put the wood here, we can slowly overtime make a box type object and that is where we can store information.”

“Okay,” Jack says.

“What information shall we store in it,” Reda asks.

“Well first we must have an idea of what we are doing, what are we doing,” Jack says.

“We are bringing your mom home,” Reda says.

“Sounds simple, yet that almost sounds like building all of creation simply to know where her home is.”

“How do we build creation,” Reda asks

“Well, this is all and make believe: the wall goes everywhere and Gon, it was once put there by the forest creatures, they circled Gon with the wall, aimless they laid the stones.”

“These stones are the security system of Gon as well as the entire forest.”

“We can tap into the entire forest as well as other places through that wall,” Jack says pointing into the forest.

The information in Ether will be capable of retrieving the small particles in the wall as we are storing items of Ether through the wall into other parts of the forest.”

Reda asks, “the information, how do we create information?”

Jack thinks for a moment.

Jack's mom taught him a little writing and reading, most of the children born in Gon could read and write a little.

“My mom told me that there once were these little boxes in her land, boxes with a water like reflection, light through the water made images appear.”

“The words in black caused the light to split in a variety of ways.”

“First Reda, we must create the screen and then add in many black characters to make the light dance.”

“Well, how do we do that,” Reda asks.

Jack thinks for a moment, paces back and forth in front of his home.

“Your right,” he notices his walking stick. He walks over to it and firmly puts it in his grasp.

“Through this stick,” Jack says boldly.

Reda says, “how does a stick create a universe?”

“Through a game we play, a game with no end, no beginning, deep in the forest we play, in all situations do we play, we play B&S golf!”

Chapter 02

Master of the Mastees

Jack is super excited about the game idea.
“One stone, one stick Reda” Jack says.
Reda picks up a stick off the forest floor.

The children born and Gon were mostly without time, no beginning, and no end. Rarely such a need to be is. To play this game is like building a city and whoever stopped that? ...in fact, none has, it never existed, to stop is to laugh for the children.

Jaroam saw this idea a bit different, Sally taught flesh rot... who can relate?

Jack places the stone on the forest floor, with his woodsy stick he draws a circle roughly three feet from the quarter sized round stone.

“The goal here Reda is to place the stone with the stick inside the hole.”

“Watch me first.”

Jack lightly taps the stone. It moves but not into the circle.

Jack hits the stone again. This time he got closer to the circle but not in the circle.

Jack hits the stone one more time. This time the stone moves inside the circle but not completely, it moves on the outer ridge of the circle, thus it's not completely in the circle.

“This here Reda is the goal, if the stone is in the circle, we can count it. The stone does not perfectly have to be

centered it simply has to be in the circle; as much as touching the outer rim of the circle counts.”

“I believe I understand. The objective is to move the stone inside the circle,” Reda says.

“Exactly!”

Jack thinks for a moment...

“To make this sea-window my mom explained that dwelt in her land we would need to make believe a grid, and then we would need to color the grid until we have words.”

Most of the children born and Gon were taught some of the basic English alphabet, though many characters did they invent, and all did not line up the same.

“If we make the grid like this,” Jack says moving his stick to the ground, he begins to draw a grid on the dirt of the forest floor.

“A grid of the-thousand Reda, this meaning ten-thousand horizontal boxes and ten-thousand vertical boxes given an area of like one hundred million boxes! This allows us to create many pictures once the grid is complete.

“This all in pretend, like creating our wood. We work horizontally in counting.”

“To complete box one, one swing into the circle. To create the third box, three swings to the circle. To create the tenth box, ten golf swings to the circle and so on all the way up to one million.”

“To create each box, you may take as many chances as needed to get the proper number of swings, if you fail you can try again, limitless chances you have.”

“Once you choose the direction in any given game you must travel that direction, no backwards travel you must guess where each circle should go. Creating square one would be closer than creating square fifteen.”

“If you begin to travel in any direction and you find a hill you must play up the hill, this is as your feelings that day. If you are playing in a direction and you find a pond or a lake

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

you must walk around the pond or the lake, you work in the direction that most fits that day, this is as your feelings.”

“If you come across the huge ledge rising upward or dipping below your created playing field, you must walk and work around the impossible object, you must work around the object that most fits the direction you are traveling.”

“These are the rules to the golf game, to creating the first black set of one-hundred million tiny boxes.

“This game Reda is a powerful game, I can feel it as if I withdrew the power from the wall when we laid hands on it, I can see it, almost as ancient, an ancient game of the gods as they roam the forest; all degrees of weather, the heat and the snow and the rain, they sit out there with sticks of the forest moving, they almost don't even appear human to my mind—they appear to be beings that may appear human from a distance but up close they were much more than human.”

“It is as if the wall was created long ago and this game of sticks and stones is thought of it might even be possible that it was time travel and that these beings somehow came from the future, it could even be us that go back, or it could be some of our offspring that build the wall.”

“But the game Reda, the game is most important it is addicting, it is a thrill; what will come out of it all this power building, something in the wall, outside of the wall, in the forest and what box we shall design?”

“What does it mean to build something in anticipation of the outcome? What does it mean not to see what we are building?”

“This long ago, the beings played this game, these guys would play this game hitting the stone, long out there in the forest, it is almost like they are never asking why they were playing but knowing that they could not stop, it was addicting to them, it is addicting to my mind. I do not want to stop thinking about it, I don't need to stop thinking about it.”

“We must build this box, we must connect to the wall, we must find what this land holds, all its secrets and all its information—that it may have stored in this ancient land, we must find out what happened to the original habitants and perhaps that original inhabitant was us!”

“Nothing in the forest speaks, nor other beings around, makes me curious about what happened to them, why they remain silent, why they let us walk and tread all over the land without coming forth and saying hey we live here too.”

“If my mom came from somewhere else Reda, and that is if she came from somewhere else as some of the elders have mentioned, then where is this land?”

“Where are we, where is Gon?”

“Why have we come here, Reda, why were we born here?”

“This game will be fun, a release of a thrill thinking about it... all we must do is put the stone in the hole as described in the rules, this seems fairly simple but there is one catch to it and only one catch: *once we start there is no way to back out of the land, if we try to back out the game will call us back to play the game.*”

“It wants us to finish the project, it wants to be part of the conclusion of the people.”

Walking on the land, they need to know, they want to know, my mom needs to know, she deserves to know!”

“All this land back here Reda, the leaves, the Maple trees, the forest, the wind, it is playable as a story, it is one giant game Reda, it is my game, not only mine but our game, we just need a couple of sticks and a few stones and on we go; the forest will feed us and take care of us as we play; there is much more out there, we cannot get lost out there.”

“Though there are many ways to play the game, whether you stay at home or go outside, but once you start to play you cannot go back.”

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

“Whether once and a while you go out to hit a couple stones or one day you just wake up walk off and don't look back, blame it on the game, say the game will take care of us.”

“You begin to hit the stones in the direction, never looking, never looking where you're going, never wanting to look where you're going. And the direction you go round and round where should you finally go, as the wind you blow making Gon maybe, making Gon a possible show.”

“Exciting, is it not Reda?”

“Yes, Jack that is exciting, sounds fun, I have always looked down in the deep parts of the forest, and desire to just walk in a direction and not stop. This game sounds like that small wish to walk, be taking care of, all the while fulfilling the craving, fulfilling the responsibility that was set upon my shoulders.”

“Well, we can test it Reda, to whether we walk in a direction until the game is complete or whether we should take breaks.”

“If we build the grid of one hundred million at one moment, we can stop afterwards and come back home and decide whether we want to do more.”

“We just take off one day.”

“It could not be more than a few years to build the grid, only but a few golf swings.”

“Yes, Jack that sounds like it will be a great idea, tomorrow, do you want to head out tomorrow?”

“Why not” Jack asked.

“No reason, let us plan on that!”

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 03

Let's play golf, create sea glass.

Jack and Reda, that day, got some of their better clothes on, selected a few sticks from the woods, and set out on foot. Never telling anybody what they had planned on doing.

Time in the city of Gon was sort of not thought of so, nobody questioned it, they had not seen people, or some of their friends for a few years.

Jack and Reda walked several miles before drawing the first circle on the forest floor. Because Jack came up with the rules of the game, he figured he should be the first one to swing.

Jack drew a circle on the ground, put a small stone close to the circle, he put his stick down and hit his stone inside the hole.

That was the completion of the first square on the sea glass.

Next was Reda's turn; according to Jack, the rules were that they would take turns, the only time they could switch, they must complete the circle, they must get their stone in the circle, this for the other player to have a turn.

They both decided that they ought to count, meaning horizontally creating number blocks to ten thousand, and then they would do or create a second ten-thousand and then a third ten thousand, then a fourth ten thousand. Figuring that each ten thousand they would create—it would be easy to remember where they were on the grid. And so that's what they did.

Reda now had two hits into a circle. And because the circle was sort of a guess to where to draw it, she decides to challenge herself and put the circle further away than need be, it was sort of up a hill, so the two swings she took she failed; she tries again. A few hours trying to get the stone up the hill to the circle, but all in all her loss was as a feeling and that was the feeling that day and it was accepted.

They continued onward for days. Eating very little, drinking very little. From time to time an apple tree would come into view and there they would eat... or some berries would be on a bush and so one of them would grab a few.

They played for years nonstop. The game sort of had control over them, put them in a trance so that they didn't think or feel boredom, they continued to play as like some force was guiding them.

When it rained, and they were in the rain and going up a mountain, they continued to play the game.

It was almost as if they were no longer vulnerable to the elements that they lived in, but sort of had power over them.

The direction that they decided to play in was north-east but more north than it was east. They made their way up to a very woodsy part of the forest.

They began to go up a mountain, and they played up the mountain so much so that as they were going up the mountain, it began to snow. And they continued to play the game in the snow.

It was something that one could only think was possible if they were part of it, sort of as something you would wake up from as in a dream. This raging landscape was beautiful. The views were spectacular. There was no normal that one would recall saying that they knew, every new step, every breath of fresh air was wonderful.

They never reached the ocean and they had played the game for., three years, and they must have walked thousands of miles, thus until the grid was complete, and when it was complete, they walked back to their home, never thinking that

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

perhaps they might get lost on the way back. It was as if something out there guided them to finish their work.

Once they got back the elements that they had created while out in the woods seemed to sort of roughly be sitting in front of their homes. And because of the nature of the elements, and the time that it took to create them, they decided to give it a name and they named this creation Ether.

The sea glass was the first pane, it was somehow one of the layers within the screen; the sea glass they put within the wood, knowing that they would layer the sea glass and the wood which would make the glass move with images.

In the amount of time, it took to create each section of sea glass, Jack and Reda would recall each code that they had created. And because of some of the alphabet they already had knew in the English language, similar like they had made stones that they could call this section of the glass this or that code. And they quickly figured out how to program the stone so that once they put a word or two in the stones, they could retrieve it back on the sea glass.

The next section of the glass that they made was blue.

Because it was a new color, they couldn't go directly to the circle as they did with the black. And so, they had to play another entire game. Creating the layer, the blue was easier than creating the black, they did not have to work as hard or get it into the circle, this only in creating the blue layer of sea glass, they would just shoot to hit the stone and that was going to be the result of the color that they were making, which only fits with blue.

Jack went first in the blue color, and his was the first box. He hit the stone and it went into the circle.

Reda's turn was next, and she did the same thing as she did the first time, she put the circle way up on a hill, and when she went to make two swings to get the stone in the hole, she didn't get it in the hole. And that was that color for that box.

They did the same thing with the blue as they did with the black, they journeyed all the way up into the mountains and when they were finished, they came back.

When they came back home to the city of Gon they found a small sliver of sea glass sitting and placed in front of Jack's home; he put that in the box that they called Ether.

When they made red, they had to hit double of what it took to do the black.

Jack went first and he drew a circle.

And to do the first box, to create the first box, he had to hit the stone twice.

When he did, he got it into the circle.

Reda went next. And when she drew her circle, she put it far away, close upon a hill.

She will have to hit hers four times to get it into the hole.

And when she did, she got it inside of the hole on the first time and that is how they made the color red.

White, they figured they didn't have to create white because that was the environment. They called it, sort of the earth that they were creating with.

When they went to create yellow it was three to one inside the circle.

Jack went and started making a circle; he must hit his stone three times to get it inside the circle, making the first box of the layer of yellow.

This is how they made the colors on the grid within the sea glass. And because of the simplicity of the creation of the sea glass, much more could be created with it in thought!

Chapter 04

Characters in stones

The sea glass was accidentally created. Beforehand Jack and Reda planned on stopping, but once they created the first layer and realized it was much fun in time, they did not seem to need to slow down, they continued going onwards.

Once the sea glass was done, they programmed the stones so that way when they press the stone it would mean a certain color or character in an area on the sea glass would respond.

To program the stone, they first had to convince the stone that they were the authors of the sea glass. They would have to make the stone and convince the stone, this through proving the point that they were masters or the masters of the mastees in golf.

For instance, if they needed to prove to the stone to make a red color, the red first box and they would touch that stone and for that red box to turn on, they would go and draw a circle, and use that stone to put it in the hole.

That stone, then would know its job that if three times they got into the circle, that that was the stone that was going to respond; if they were going to do a red character, a tiny character in the left-hand side of the screen or sea glass, and they wanted that character to be large enough that they could see it and they needed it in a shape on the grid, they would have to take the stone and draw that red character through the marks that they knew in the sea glass to draw that character and that stone would know its position, and then they would take that stone connect it to the box.

The original stones for each sea glass would go inside the box as having completed the sea glass. It's not that it was

needed, it is that it was respect to keep the pieces of the box with the box.

For as Jack and Reda know, the stone or stones that they played with was possibly created through the box itself; and so once they started using it or playing with a stone, it was really disrespectful to try to use a new stone because it could have been the very workings of the box, it could have been the very life of him coming through at some point.

It was the same thing with the characters black, if they wanted to make alphabet characters or numbers, they would draw it out on the grid. They would play the numbers in the game with the stone.

From there they could have an entire keyboard or alphabet on the box, and then they could use a language to communicate with the box, and not only the box but the ancient wall that inspired them, the wall they touched, the wall that gave a download into the mind!

Chapter 05

Bringing Mom Home

Once Jack and Reda had completed the sea glass in the wooden box and had placed the stones inside as well as outside, and made a few levers to communicate to Ether, Jack and Reda turned it on.

As it was on and their imagination, knowing that their work was more than imagination, the characters that would form in the sea glass as the stones were pressed were imagination. But with these characters, they could make more characters, this made more substance within the sea glass, this made a more real presentation, and this would make a screen of colors, a possible system that might control the world around them.

As they made their first program, they called it *Walls Eye*. And they began to try to pull out information from the wall, and they did but it didn't come in a way that they might have thought of, but it did come through, and the more they pressed the stones, the more the wall and the information of the forest would become something of intelligence.

After many, many, many, many years, reaching into Ether, Jack gained all the information that he needed and more, to not just bring his mom home, but to understand his entire universe.

It was not just time that he went through, but he could see on his sea glass, every moment that ever occurred within the universe; the wall apparently communicated that it was connected to a giant network of information streaming throughout the universe. And that it could give them whatever they needed within the system of being, it is a very complex system that sort of can be blurry to understand but doesn't need

to be blurred. It is most favorable to choose something positive in mind about anything confronted that might cause doubt.

Jack saw what had happened to his mom.

He saw where Jaroam had come from, he saw him in a forest and a project. And something about another dimension that was trying to kill him. And when it tried to kill him, it knocked him into another place in time. And Ether was sort of the middleman in between dimensions.

Some creatures in some other dimension in the universe was trying to kill Jaroam, Jackie, Max, Kelly, Byte and Tyler. He couldn't speak much about it, but what he could do is understand that the man Brendon, the one that led them to build a city, showing them how to do the stuff. That he was once friends with Jaroam, that they were on this project together, a research project, an undercover A.I. project, and they both got knocked into some weird world in hyperspace and ended up in the very, very far distant past.

He noted that he would be nice to Brendon and give him whatever he needed to make the universe whole and promised to protect this side from that dimension or whatever it was that was trying to threaten them.

Chapter 06

Brendon back in time.

*Voices in darkness talk to Brendon, his mind, he is so afflicted.
“Say you will Brendon.”*

Brendon wakes up one morning, the small apartment he rents is in the same condition as when he went to sleep, he would know, usually certain to himself for the darkness is simply that dark. A few hours go by before Brendon reached the conclusion, he must go out today; small errands need to be done, as usual Brendon has pushed the duties off for as long as he could.

Moving many objects Brendon placed in front of the door he sneaks out into the public hallway.

“A little filthier than normal,” Brendon whispers entering the hallway—as to his shock the hallway begins to eat itself, leaving Brendon and his tiny apartment in the middle of a thick forest...

Brendon backs his feet back up into his apartment.

Confused for a moment, he sits back down, wondering if he should lay down and fall back asleep.

If I sleep maybe I will wake up normally, and this is all the dream.

For a moment Brendon considers if he sleeps everything might be fine... *if I walk outside my apartment door who knows what could happen.*

I shall sleep.

Brendon lays back down on his tiny mattress.

One minute

Two minutes

Time sure is going slow.

Brendon cannot fall back asleep.

“I must force myself back up.”

Now wondering if it truly was a weird forest dream, Brendon opens back up his apartment door, sort of noticing forest debris that had fallen off his boots as he walked back into his apartment.

“Oh, my there is a forest out here.”

Brendon kind of was and was not expecting this, only was — as he had written about it beforehand.

“Maybe I know what happened, maybe I know what I’m supposed to do here, and maybe, just maybe I am in the far distant past, so far distant that America never was nor shall be anytime soon.”

Brendon walks out the door to survey the tiny ten by ten box he calls his studio apartment.

“This sure is a box, this could easily fit on a moving truck.”

Beforehand the apartment rental Brendon stayed in was part of a seven-story building yet now sitting as one tiny apartment amongst the forest of huge ancient trees.

Brendon had a hard time figuring out what had happened.

It could be easier to think if the whole building was attached but just that his apartment, now, out here in the middle of nowhere makes him a bit more curious than normal, that is if normal is a word that can be considered in such an odd situation!

“It is more possible to have dug a giant hole under the building and quickly buried the entire building or even teleported the entire building to a new location than just one of the apartments.”

And the way the hallway had disappeared just a moment ago would not permit the mind to think logically.

It is simply labeled in a thinking part of the brain: not possible!

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Brendon walks completely around the outside of the apartment moving small shrubs and tree branches from his way as he went.

“Where the heck is this place,” Brendon mumbles to himself.

He thought about exploring but truly the only thought that allowed itself to come to mind was not possible!

Humbled, knowing his size amongst the possible, Brendon stays close to the door entrance of his apartment.

It was weeks before a possible thought came to mind.

Maybe I should gather stones and fortify my apartment.

My food stash is running low, and it won't be long before I run out of tobacco.

Having the only thought Brendon could think of, he moves to gather stones to heap up against the walls of his apartment, an apartment that appeared out in the middle of a deep lonely forest.

Brendon did not stray far at first, gathering a stone here or rolling a heavy stone from over there.

Laying the stones in a pile against the walls of the outside of his apartment.

Very little wildlife did Brendon see, just some distant bird calls high up in a tree if that's considered such a see.

Occasionally a large thumping creature sounded, as if it was moving by, as if it was to make itself known yet somehow did not.

As the stones were slowly being piled Brendon accidentally forced his apartment roof to slightly collapse a bit and so Brendon had to develop a new technique for laying stones around the building. He decided to reinforce them with large tree branches; there were many large tree branches that were on the ground around Brendon's apartment.

If he uses the tree branches to stabilize the apartment this will occupy his mind and give him the sure future to study what had happened; Brendon worked hard to fortify his house keeping his mind occupied keeping his sanity intact.

As Brendon got low on food and supplies, he figured he must find a way to search deeper in the forest that surrounded his house, to find water, apples, berries or anything else that would keep him alive and sane!

A small pond was found far to the right of Brendon's apartment. Once Brendon got close enough to take water from the pond it appeared a little dirty, but Brendon figured it was better than thirst, *what could happen, a small stomach bug?*

Brendon did not find much food that he knew of as food, yet he did find plenty of pine needles to chew on and boil until they were soft enough to drink, this sort of made a tea that's if the pine needles were separated from the liquid.

Too much exploring was never wise, so Brendon stocked up on pine and water, locked himself in his apartment he began to think.

With the small amount of paper he had, he would write his most clever thoughts, the thoughts one would never think of unless they experience something as odd as finding their one tiny apartment that was connected to a giant apartment building out in the middle of a forest of which no living creature seemed to be around.

This was all so odd, it was too odd—it was no longer thinkable to the mind, for the mind begins to think of some strange, strange things! Strange things are thought of—when what is—is no longer and is—is rather a question. There was no reason that Brendon could find, a reason that his apartment was out there in the middle of the woods, and to consider there was some sort of logical explanation was full of rage.

So, from time to time Brendon would think about the many possibilities of how possibly the government or some rich entity was playing some cruel joke on him but he only could think about it very little, for the rage on the inside was enough that a curse seemed definite and this left Brendon feeling that he might one day find a worse misfortune than being stuck out in the middle of nowhere.

One explanation to why Brendon is out there in the middle of the woods is some sort of government time portal,

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

some sort of government test, maybe a military operation, possibly even radiation from some sort of nuclear fallout.

The less rational thoughts the more make-believe thoughts, like, for Brendon somehow—life was other than the way Brendon thought it to be, that he could sort of will his life to be a certain way and some magic system in the universe would sort of fit his dreams and fantasies with his surrounding world, thus in the best possible ways. For this is an easier way to think about finding your one small studio apartment in the middle of the forest: that it was somehow divine, that some outside source had caused such an incident to happen, thus for better purposes and causes such as a wonderful future, full of hope.

But at the end of the day there was no reason, there was no sound information, there was no “bread crumb trail” that said this is the cause for such a weird incident where you find your whole entire apartment in the middle of the forest, where there is no creatures running around and the landscape is a bit different and if there is wildlife there's only the thump of some giant creature walking by, a creature that some most none see, able it was, non-catchable, though there was no way to find the thumps on the ground, there was only the idea that something was out there, but to go out and find it—there was just simply nothing there.

Brendon stays hidden in his stone fortress, his cave that he made, he fortified with stones, he hid his thing, thing as something that was much more from a technological reality, such more of a civilized nature than the surrounding forest.

Was this the afterlife? Was he in the grave? Was this his imagination? Is he dreaming? What brought him out here to live in a stone cave, this cave out in the middle of the forest—where there is no trace of a beginning or end, where one, no, where he is just kind of and sort of is out there.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Chapter 07

Sanity

Brendon while being in his house, his apartment—everything sort of is as normal, as if he never appeared in the forest, that is if he doesn't open the door, not opening up the door life basically goes on in his mind and in his mind he can plan for errands, he can in his mind believe there is laundry that may need to be taken to the laundry mat, maybe he needs to visit his sick grandmother, he can pretend and make notes and jot it down but to accomplish those things at this point in the middle of a lonely, thick, deep forest of which to explore could very well put Brendon's life at risk and so to stay inside is most likely the best and so Brendon does, he sits there for weeks for months pretending it never happened, keeping the little sanity he has.

He reads every book on his shelf, he watches the cartoons play on the walls, using every tiny bit of his imagination, he washes the walls and sweeps the floor more than a few times; he makes sure his best outfits are in the best condition, all his paperwork is in order; his shoes are nice and shiny, and all his work is up to date!

Brendon writes letters to family and friends; he does things that he never thought were possible from the land that he had come from.

From time to time as the months go by Brendon will open up the door and he will see a dark, deep, lonely forest of which may not be the earth he had come from for he happened to notice that at night the moon is not in the sky; he has spent hours out there searching for the moon but never found it; the sun appears to be a bit smaller in the sky than it was months prior when he was out and about visiting friends and family, so truly in fact Brendon cannot fully know if he is still on the

earth for as far as he knows he could be on a completely different planet and most of the forest except the pine is new!

The bushes are unrecognizable, the fruit trees are unrecognizable, the tiny shrubs are unrecognizable... most of the leafy plants are unrecognizable, and there simply is no wildlife out there, but there is a green glow in the forest, as well as sound: there is thumps, as well as the magnetic sounds of something out in the forest either talking or trying to talk, they, these voices perhaps are trying to study Brendon, and as far as Brendon knows they might not be coming from the earth, this is if he is on the earth—but perhaps maybe from some virtual world that he is in and the sounds are really from some fault on the outside!

Brendon's having spent his indoor time and his duties were done and his clothes were clean and all his paperwork was in order... and all the books in his apartment were read and all the writings that he thought to write on the very little paper he had were written, he decides that he ought to explore the forest, he ought to explore much deeper than he has, perhaps to his excitement it all could be an accidental teleportation and there is truly land, his home land, twenty, thirty, forty miles in some direction out there, as long as if he walks in one direction he ought to find his way back to his cave if nothing is out there, but Brendon, in good hopes believes that one direction will take him home, back to America on earth!

Brendon, in cleaning up, noticed he did have a little compass with him. It is on a pencil sharpener that he got from one of his siblings as a birthday present.

He checked it, north appeared to be north, and south appeared to be south and east appeared to be east, west was west, yet the compass bent a little and appeared to be north-west.

Though the compass has a little fault Brendon figured it might be a good thing to use the compass, to walk in one direction and not necessarily trusting completely the compass but to also trust his eyesight, recalling and remembering trees

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

and the path that he took, for in this confidence Brendon did set out.

He planned today where he would set out, he mapped out what he was going to do and for how long he was going to be gone, what he would take with them, if he needed to take anything with him.

One morning if it was morning, because at this point the sunlight was sort of the moon and in its size, it could be either the moon shining brightly or it was the sun just a bit smaller, in description it was sort of dusky out in the days in this land; for Brendon it appeared to be dusk.

Brendon full of hope as per usual, he gathers his bag, he gets on his best clothes, stuffs an extra pair of socks in his knapsack, puts on a nice pair of boots—the newer ones he kept stashed for important occasions and begins to walk south; he figures south is better because he remembers being up in the north on the planet he had come from and so south would mean the equator and this would mean more of a population.

Sir Brendon, now at this point starts walking south, he walked for one day looking at the compass, looking at his feet, looking at the trail though he didn't find anything. He walks the second day, still nothing, he walks the third day, nothing!

He is walking day and night, basically sleeping six, seven, eight hours a day, Brendon continues to walk, he walks the fourth day, Brendon walks the fifth day, as a matter of fact Brendon was having so much fun walking, this after being cooped up in his apartment for months he figured he might not need to go back to his apartment, after all, I mean there is nothing back at his apartment, except a refuge from the weather and possibly the child beings in the forest but so far he has found no bad weather and as far as beings in the forest there simply isn't any, as a matter of fact the things that magnetically seem to try to communicate sort of vaporized as Brendon began walking.

Brendon doesn't just walk one week not even two, not three and not even four, Brendon walks south for five months, according to studies and thoughts Brendon has done five

months of walking south from where he was located—to a similar looking forest, which was impossible, he ought to be by now in the tropics!

He knew beforehand walking this distance ought to be fairly close to the equator, in other words it was technically touchable but yet Brendon found no such equator after walking for five months, actually he didn't find the temperature had changed, everything was still the same, air was cool, the sky was dark, he didn't sweat, he didn't overheat and he didn't get cold, as a matter of fact Brendon wasn't even very tired and he has not eaten that much, yet back a couple weeks ago he found an apple tree.

Little green apples grew on the tree, Brendon collected as much as he could carry, his bag was full of them.

In that thought, in hunger Brendon decided to walk back to his cave, thus he would stop by that same tree perhaps gather more apples, that is if he could find some that he had not already found and picked off the tree.

Brendon turns around, there was nothing, five months walking South there was very little, it was these small fears Brendon had when he was growing up about such a situation, where he was sort of stuck in a dream, and there was no sound knowledge or gravity that existed, and as far as he knew, and as far as the physics or science Brendon knew it was fairly true, the teleportation, yet nobody back on earth would admit it, as true they would all comfort one another with something other than the truth and Brendon always took that comfort, he never did otherwise so much so Brendon would grace himself with looking at the truth, this until he found the truth and now he was left to think how tough it is to live without any sound knowledge or gravity that he could point to and say, here is sanity!

Brendon continues to walk for two weeks.

In walking Brendon finds the apple tree, but this time Brendon doesn't walk past the apple tree, he knows those apples taste good, he craves them, he wants more of them, so after he began picking at the one tree—he decides to stay in

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

this spot for a moment and search for any more food, perhaps it was a good spot, after all a two week walk was basically walking through a state and Brendon was hungry!

Brendon circled the area for a moment, he found a few more apple trees, he liked the area, it sort of was a wet land, he wanted to stay in that spot, but truly in this lonely reality he needed his apartment, he needed his sanity, he knows exactly how to get back to the spot if need be though, it was about a four month walk from his cave to that spot, yet the spot was good for there was not just one apple tree, not two apple trees but there was a whole grove of fruit trees spread throughout the forest in this spot, there was even some small wetlands—where there was some berries and more than a few of them.

Brendon fills his stomach to his heart's content with these giant blackberries, they were huge, big, and round, tasteful blackberries, so many that if he could, if he had a jar or bowl, he could have filled a jar or bowl easily, he could of easily filled it, there was so much fruit in the area. Brendon could think that he would not get hungry again but obviously that's not the case because four months later Brendon makes it back to his cave which was really his apartment covered with a lot of stones, he immediately finds himself hungry and began to plan for another four-month journey back down to the fruit spot.

Because of such lack in Brendon's apartment and such a lonely nothingness Brendon sort of made it a thing for a year or two to take a four month walk and gather as much fruit as he could and walk it back to his apartment, if he made two trips a year he could rest for a couple months with a nice stockpile of fruit and this is he could call his winter stash of food and so that's what Brendon did, he did this for a couple of years.

Brendon's tobacco has long since run out, he picked up smoking dried forest leaves, mostly Maple leaves, his lighters, in which he had many of them as well as matches, for they were soon to run low and running out never came to mind, yet it did and Brendon did not figure out how to start a fire other

than what was given to him which was a lighter and some matches, most of the time his mud bowl mixed with wood was lit, if lit Brendon nearly had to use his lighter and this gave him more time to think about how he would keep a fire going besides in his mouth.

As he was walking the pipe Brendon made was excellent, it was a little bit of aluminum foil to start off with, then some mud in between the aluminum foil, and some wood for the mouth tips. This bowl lasted years, in fact Brendon never planned on throwing it out, he kept it with him and would make it better with each smoke he put in it.

Years went by Brendon learned how to adapt to the world he was living in, so much as eating the rotten fruit in what could be thought of as the winter months to sustain his sanity. There appear to be no reason to eat nor drink, there just seems to be the need to hold on to the knowledge that he was, and that he was living in a society, in a huge apartment building and now here he is in his tiny apartment out in the middle of a lonely, deep, dark forest where he walks months to get some fruit.

Brendon simply holds on to sanity.

Chapter 08

Nel

It's been two years since Brendon appeared as well as his apartment... appeared! ...and in a forest that seems to not be from planet earth and if it was from the planet somehow Brendon was far back millions of years in the past on possibly an island that was exposed to very little of the outside world. For two years Brendon has managed to survive this through taking long walks deep into the forest and pretending, believing, that he was okay.

After two years, one day as Brendon, as he is in his apartment smoking dried maple leaves and eating fruit from his recent gathering he begins to study the noises and sounds that were coming from around his apartment, not noticing them all that much deep into the forest for they seem to only be around as apartment as if they were in the walls, even the thumping was rarely ever heard from the outside of his small, tiny, apartment and Brendon, his mind as it heals—the lack of a reality by making reality, his mind begins to piece together more of the puzzle thus fixing the voids to what could have happened—he notices that the sounds, sort of electronic sounds in his apartment though not one-hundred percent sure if the green glow or the thumping or the electronic sounds were directly from his apartment, he concluded that in the least some of the magnetic electronic sounds were coming from within his apartment.

There seemed to be as he sat in his apartment to be children or young adults in his apartment yet if he reached out to touch them or see if they were anything in the material world his hand would not forcefully stop as it would /might as if a material object was in front of him.

At first Brendon thought they could be hallucinations brought on by missing realities in the mind but after a while concluded that it's very possible that the way these beings would move—that they were separate entities from himself; it took a moment of study, years to be exact that he began to search through the items within his apartment.

Brendon was a big fan of big giant analog televisions, he began to collect them seeing in his homeland that they were slowly going out of style, he stocked up on a few of them, as well as some of the older computers with giant monitors and towers.

It could be that the electronics was sort of bringing themselves to life because of the void in the environment of being... that they need to somehow touch base with the reality that they know, thus to sustain themselves—therefore as in the law of one or in semi biotics they attempt to be part, they appear to think that they are Brendon, they are sort of are and is involuntary extension yet they might be or are not aware that Brendon is there, they just as some sort of living organism make one to figure out what had happened to them and why they are in the situation, that they're in somehow.

They, the apartment possessions became or might have become aware in the teleportation process that they are, and so now as an extension over the years they began to develop more and more as people, sort of children in his apartment and they became or rather began to get more and more lifelike and alive as time went on.

For Brendon to use the/his apartment as the years went on—they would afflict Brendon, so much so that he had to sort of do their thing, it was not that he had choice over his possessions but rather somehow because of their nature they figured they ought to be first and so would beat anyone or anything else that was not under their subjection which is weird, which was weird to Brendon's mind that these earth like possessions had to have a seat to understand what had happened to them, yet Brendon around them was forced to be subject to them—so that they could figure out, rather than

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Brendon figure out what had happened, and it truly was his question and this Brendon is questioned simply to be around the objects.

They voiced no conclusion that Brendon could find for four months away from his apartment, yet the question was still his, at least in his mind the question to what had happened was his; the earth possessions of his—would like more to claim the seat of the question yet the view is Brendon's, in the least in his mind it is.

So, Brendon from time the time trying to keep his sanity, he would go back to use his apartment, and each time he did he would be subject to his possessions in a way that they were almost as a separate entity and there they sort of became more and more alive, over much time he began to name them and speak to them as another human.

They seem to use Brendon's body in such a way that it was by logical chemistry, they would sort of control him without him attached.

Because of their need, these earth-like materials need to adapt to, to understand what had happened, they would pretty much overpower Brendon, and with any means possible. They were sort of an extension of him, yet they would have to be in the lead.

And so, Brendon didn't really like his apartment all that much, he is only using it to hold together sanity.

And if he did hold together sanity, he was learning something new about the possessions in his apartment.

The TV's, sort of, after a while, started turning themselves on, this without electricity.

Brendon was a collector of dolls; he would find old dolls and hang onto them. He was sort of collector of what's some may call China dolls. He figured possibly they were worth money to somebody, and if not that they were. Creative. Sort of spooky!

Well, some of the dolls started to sort of move, and as everything on earth does, they sort of changed or mutated overtime.

The more time Brendon spent amongst these objects, and the more liberty he had to think for himself, he would notice that these changes were sort of growth; as a child would grow, so these things in his apartment would sort of grow.

He didn't just have dolls and TV's and computers, but he also had books, and he had clothing, some feminine clothing. Clothing he was collecting for the sake of discipline, for a future expectation of ladies in his home.

He figured it would be better to have those in the house this would sort of make somebody else. This sort of gave a feeling of somebody else was living there too.

Discipline! ...so over time, these things began to grow what the Earth would call either mold and or fungus.

Something was growing in the apartment; it was more alive than it previously had been.

The televisions turning on and the dolls moving, and the clothes seemingly to walking on their own could have been Brendon's imagination, after all, he's been isolated away from people for some time, and so his mind could have, technically imagined things happening in the void that necessarily did not happen. But in truth, it was technically in his hands to say what was and was not happening.

To him, these items appeared to try to figure out what had happened to them, why they are no longer part of the bigger picture.

At first there was a fight, a battle between Brendon and these objects. Brendon could not communicate the absolute importance it was to him to have his mind, to have his authority.

But rather, these objects decided to claim the territory to question what had happened, even though Brendon was designed to have a mind and arms and legs and was built to function in such a way that he was sort of a mini god.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

And being the mini god he was, he thought to let the objects be apart from him, and as he did, they slowly would no longer talk to intelligence, but they rather—with a sort of control—thought Brendon was as sort of a function or part in some system that they were building. Which was hard to deal with because it was not as hard to question, it was rather harder to put up with the question.

It was sort of important to Brendon to put the best idea of life he could in the least into his mind. This way he could hold onto his sanity in this he began to play father to these items in his apartment, he began to make a life out of them and play a scenario of some wild reality where they take over this new land and begin to make people; they have the power to start from scratch, for they can build a whole new world that included houses, stores and towers.

As in the very beginning, the stones that Brendon gathered to build his cave, as they kept his mind occupied for sanity's sake through this small reality lie it continue to keep his mind from abandoning all hope that he would ever be or figure or see what had happened; if it failed it might leave him sort of as a void.

As he was playing and pretending and coming up with realities, some of which—in the long run could have very well been true, but then again, what is true?

True, was sort of more of a void, so pretend must sort of been the reality.

And so, Brendon pretended to be the father of many people. And some of those people, in the long run, over the hundreds of years, somehow, sort of grew from the fungus in his apartment.

Every now and again, a new being would sort of. grow and appear out in the forest. And this Brendon was there to guide, and bring up in a good way and teach about the ways of the new land that they were walking upon.

It was the only real thing that Brendon had was to be the man of the land, to be stable enough to speak in such a way

that all the forest and the beings in the forest would trust what he was saying.

Over thousands of years playing in the forest people began to grow in the forest and they began to learn how to build houses, play games, it was just like any other people that had dwelled on the earth that he came from.

He named them all. He raised them all. They were his family. They were his reality.

He mostly lost his older reality, or at least pushed into the far back portion of his mind, hoping not to lose the meaning of having the power to create an entire world.

The entire world that he had created at the time is what Brendon named Nel.

Because of simply appearing in a land of an ancient like way to inhabit, his people were wise, they were healthy, they were much greater than the world that he had come from, they were cleverer, they were more social, they were more loving, they were healthier.

But before all this creation of Nel, it was not just the apartment that began to sort of grow.

Outside the stomps and the thumps, well as of sort of biodome type environment the/Brendon's imagination began to see these beings on the outside world, this only in his imagination.

And once his cellphone began to power up on its own, he began to sort of communicate to the force on the outside and they sort of an away would drop him supplies as if he was in a biodome or zoo.

The first encounter that Brendon recorded was when they dropped off a pack of cigarettes.

He found them out there, in sort of a fit of rage as his apartment was using him to figure out something that Brendon himself could create, yet they could not; Brendon did so they would stop questioning the surrounding environment.

Brendon, has it recorded in his mind that as he goes outside of his cave, he finds a brand new, unopened fresh pack of cigarettes.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

He immediately smokes the entire pack. He couldn't have been happier for there were tears in his eyes, tears of joy. He was extremely happy.

But before this pack of cigarettes, he was playing with his cellphone, talking to the outside force when it had happened.

In this moment of agony as his apartment was attacking him, he was mentioning how they ought to do something and drop off supplies, he kind of lost his mind to keep his mind and through that cellphone he could make believe a pack of cigarettes appeared there and it did.

He kind of continued to use the cellphone and talk to these beings on the outside, even so much as imagining shopping online through his phone.

This was long ago for he was powerless.

Though he never got exactly what he expected, things would now and again fall out of the sky. Whether it was food or clothing, gems, or jewels.

As the children grew the ones that seemed to grow in his apartment, he could sort of give these items to them and they sort of could see them and hold them.

The world was very real.

It was like the world that he came up, the one he grew up in. Which still asks the question of what is real?

If the older world was unknown, non-real, yet it was real, so the real was in the fake.

The entire dream that Brendon came up with was complete, there were houses, cities, temples; there was the entire land, it was beautiful.

The people of Nel were experts, they were great at creating buildings. It was wonderful. It was a dream come true. It was more than a city. It was a small paradise, and everybody was friendly and there was very little awareness of any evil at all. And any evil that did happen, it was from the apartment that Brendon came with, the objects on the inside, sort of mutated in a sense and began to torment the people of Nel so that they knew to be on their best behavior.

And so, everybody was on their best behavior. They were wonderful, creative people that lived under a small, small sun, with no moon in the sky. Thousands of years they lived.

And those people created had the ability to create more people.

Tribes began to spread for miles throughout the land.

There were no others.

There were only the creatures that came and grew from inside his apartment.

They were sort of Brendon's kids in a sense, they were created through some sort of fungus that formed as he was being beaten and afflicted in his apartment, as no longer part of the reality that he had once lived; all his possessions began to dominate him and overpower him to look for an answer.

And that answer began to work itself through the people of Nel, which upset Brendon a little bit. He struggled for years as they questioned, and now there ought not to be a question yet still.

The objects look for the answer as almost the savior of something that Brendon was forced to serve.

Yet the question was still on the inside of him.

It was so unfair, it was so hard to deal with, and each new giant chunk of fungus that was in his place that was formed, somehow Brendon would get that much more afflicted to knowing that it was a chunk of something that he was.

Thousands of years upon thousands, the people grew all over.

Now so much so that Brendon could meet new people as he walked.

Five or six months in any direction there were people to meet.

There were cities, there was a new adventure, stores, and small shops. Houses began to get built and sold through its markets. Food in abundance. There were items for sale.

The people began to develop a better language and then they developed books, and they developed tools.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Over time far away from Brendon's original apartment, the apartment he turned into a cave. Far, far away, Brendon was meeting new people, and, on an adventure, somebody happened to show him the moon and the sky.

He was jealous!

As Brendon was to be introduced to something that he knew was there. He gazed at it for some time, was much larger in the sky than he remembered, and he wondered how it had formed in the sky.

It was not there and then suddenly it was.

He desired to go back to his cave to see if it would follow him back, “why it was there.”

He looked towards the ground; he looked around. He found no signs that he had returned anywhere home-like. All the people were still in their tribal clothing. He knew he was still in the land that he appeared in.

He rushed back to his cave, his apartment, to see if the moon was still hanging in the sky, and sure enough, the moon was still in the sky.

How it had gotten in the sky is still a mystery.

Most of the people who have watched the moon appear in the sky sort of worshipped it. In the black night it kind of looked like a possibility, a possibility of black destruction. Yet a black destruction with a small glimpse of hope on the inside and that a tiny hope in the night.

People began to worship and love and see much, much more with each gaze at the moon—as it kind of emitted radiation, desiring people to follow it and worship it and study it.

In the most it as if the moon was beaming down information every night and people began to grow smarter and smarter through this radiation that the moon shined down upon them.

Brendon watched his children and grandchildren growing in knowledge and better building skills, techniques and reading and writing, they began to be, and mold themselves into people that he could recognize from the far,

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

far distant past before that he, Brendon was somehow teleported to or appeared in this land that he had named Nel.

Chapter 09

Mount Point

The entire land of Nel, for thousands of miles surrounding Brendon's cave which he slowly turned into a giant mountain. Over the thousands of years that he patiently endured he would lay stone on top of stone, carve in the stones, and build a huge fortress.

Most of it appeared to be underground. There were trees growing on top of it. To most of his kids, they thought of it more as a mountain than a house, they would call it, *Mount Point*.

Mount Point was a huge, underground facility. It was huge! Skyscrapers, at least the smaller skyscrapers could fit on the inside. It had rooms, caves, it had furniture, it had works of his kids. It had comforts that had food in it, it had livestock and water. A huge living facility, that Brendon at this point having completely lost his ability to discern what was taught to him and what this new world was, loved!

Well, in the thousands of miles surrounding this huge mountain, mount point were millions of people, of which Brendon thought was created by him, like walked out of his apartment created that had created children that had created children and so on.

At this point it was millions of years down the road, Brendon rarely explored outside of Mount Point in the least in the past one-thousand years. At this point, he goes out and in exploring, this always something new to explore because as the moon's radiation fell upon the people, it was hard to discern who created what and what was created, and so Brendon assumed that all was of something that he knew, that he was still on the planet that he appeared on.

He still has not figured out what had happened when he appeared, whether he had gone into the past, he wasn't sure if he had gone into the past, he wasn't sure if he went to the future or if he went to another planet altogether. And he didn't like to think about it because if he had died, or somehow was imagining things, this imagining things from his grave, it was very uncomfortable. So, he didn't think about it that much.

Well, he goes walking.

Two months outside of *Mount Point*, down south. He is still carrying the same compass he had when he appeared in Nel.

Noticing the wood houses that had been put up there with some metal buildings, some of the kids did, for they had technology to build metal buildings and they would build tech-plants and it was similar to something that the earth had experienced in America at the turn of the 19th century, where there was wood mills and paper plants and brick houses and stone houses and wood houses and factories, it was very much similar.

Well out on an island that the kids called *America*, they said a little spirit down there that they named America, she lived on this little island, they mentioned she was a blonde-haired child that stood on the ocean, looking out towards the ocean.

Well, on the island of America, there were some metal buildings, some of them were circular, some of them had a dish attached to the top of them. Brendon's kids would explore these buildings, they presumed it was some later offspring that had built them, thus making everything common.

They didn't think of it as some foreign being was on the land, they never thought people had crossed the ocean. Though it was possible, it was thought of as, there's just no way to take thousands of years of seeing nobody coming across the ocean and then one day say they're coming across the ocean. So that was ruled out as far as something that people had thought of as a possibility.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

Well, the island of *America*, Brendon could see it spiritually, if that's what that is, or maybe it's cross dimensions, and he's seeing a different dimension. One of Brendon's kids, Tone has sort of discovered and had communicated with Brendon about the possibility of a dimension living right over the land that they live, so, it wasn't all that hard to understand that Old-America might have lived in another dimension, at least the child America that he was seeing in his third eye or part in his spiritual eye, that was looking out across the ocean.

Well, the island, in some of the buildings there was some equipment, computer equipment and none of the children in Nel knew of such equipment. They were curious to where it had come from and what it could be, what it could have been used for, which caused Brendon to be a bit curious because he in all the affliction he was the answer and the answer to know everything. So, he pretty much would walk around knowing everything.

He thought about it for a moment and quickly set his sights towards a fellow named Jack, who was married to a young lady named Reda.

They had lived next to where Brendon had built his mountain, Mount Point. It was not all that far away where he had first met them and some of their friends.

Years, years and years ago, he met War and Jack and some of the others that had sort of appeared in a land they called Gon.

But it's not that they appeared, it's that their parents appeared. The children did not appear.

The first situation happened when a young man named Tyler roamed up north from where his parents first appeared, and Brendon being very friendly, a very friendly old man at this point was talking to people and Tyler seemed to be a bit shocked about his surroundings as if he hadn't seen it before.

Well Tyler being shocked, Brendon went over and comforted him to make sure he fit in. Brendon was curious as to why he was acting the way he did.

Tyler confessed that he never saw people outside of his parents' home, which they called the camp of beginnings.

This shocked Brendon, but he did not express it.

Tyler went off.

Brendon kept it in the back of his mind, thinking that maybe one of the kids had lost their mind. It didn't bother Brendon. There wasn't anything that could surprise Brendon at this point, he was and was open to any idea, any new possibility, any new knowledge; he would and could put the pieces together.

Tyler went back to his parents and said there were people up north and living up there.

The parents did not believe Tyler, for he had come up with stories before. At some point he came up with a doll or found a doll and told them that it had powers to keep them continuing onward and Gon for a very long time. He was known to have made up stories in Gon.

But War and Jack thought about Tyler's speech and in their isolation at the Camp of beginnings asked Tyler to bring them to the spot up north.

Tyler walked Jack and War far up north to where this old man lived.

War, once getting there, he could not believe his eyes. There were buildings and cities, stores, and markets. War had never seen anything like this before! For such had never entered War's mind. He was sort of not tuned into the thoughts that there was or might be something else, his mind was always occupied at the Camp of beginnings, this prevented his mind from strolling out there into the unknown, his life was occupied, it was filled.

This land that Brendon had built through him and his kids, War loved it, he coveted it, everything that Brendon had built up in the city War coveted it. He loved it. He couldn't stop thinking about it.

This he was covered in lust for the city, this lust for Nel drove War to make much more out of the idea.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

To the people that he was and grew up around as he went back to the Camp of beginnings and began to tell people, but sort of as a secret.

As he gained a great following, the people loved War's ideas and the stories that he told and the possibilities that he was giving.

Because War had flavored the land up north—in such a way most of the people didn't know there was people up north, but some of them did know that there was a city up there.

What War communicated to the people is that it was very possible to build much, much more off the land. And that's what he promised the people: to build a city.

And so, they walked up north, northeast and built the city of Gon.

And this is where they began to get smarter in what they were doing. And this is where Jack and Reda began to build a time machine.

They still, thousands of years later, live in the city of Gon.

They have nice walls that are high and fire in the city. A lot of the outskirts are hills, this is where people live inside the hill.

Brendon with a couple of his kids, after walking on the island of *America*, went back to the city of Gon to have a talk with Jack.

He shared it with Jack, simple information.

Brendon knew that Jack could travel through time. They built a temple in the land of Gon, in the land, and in the City of Gon, and they dedicated it to Brendon, and they called it the Temple of Gon.

Jack had in part built this temple, in part because it was Brendon's land, plus, he needed reason that his parents had come to Gon, he had to have control in this area of life to send his parents back home.

At this point, Brendon was aware that people could appear in the land of Gon or in the land of Nel, and so he

wanted to talk to Jack about some of the buildings on the island of America.

Jack had never gone down as far as the island of America.

Brendon convinced Him and Reda to walk down to the island of America to search out the structures on the island, the island with buildings and computer equipment and storage tanks, and what could be thought of as satellite dishes, for there were books and manuals, and trash, something that if looked at in the right light, thinking that perhaps it was not of that land, that they would begin to see somebody else in that space, rather than somebody who was from the land, from the land that they grew up on.

Once arriving on the island of America, they look at what the buildings were, or what the computer stuff was.

As soon as Jack got down there, Brendon picked up on the information of what had happened—when their parents went home through the temple that they had just built.

They went and communicated to the people and the land that they and he had come from about time travel, which told people, which informed people, which told more people, which caused a research team to search it out.

The ten people, “I mean, they couldn't have been lying” and not only but there was books in the library that witnessed to the fact that they were back in time and so some scientists of a future generation were very curious to how people were in the past millions of years ago, in a land that hadn't developed people in it for much, much, much later in time.

In the buildings and in the books, it was discovered that a team of scientists were attempting, attempting, and possibly had built a time machine in the building.

In this, Jack began to study the island, in depth.

Chapter 10

The game

After the millions of years that Brendon was sort of struck, stuck in this land that was lonely, dark and in the middle of nowhere, and he had built sort of a cave which slowly turned into a mountain which they called Mount Point. Brendon sort of forgot what the environment was like that he had come from, so if he was walking in the environment that he was from, at this point there was no absolute surety of what was.

Brendon slowly began to think deep in his mind, as Jack was riddled with the structure. Brendon was sort of let into the world of his kids that they didn't have all that much, that they were constantly finding new things, but they never told Brendon because they feared that he would somehow take it from them.

Most of what the kids found as they were growing up, whether they were buildings or cities or abandoned military equipment, they would simply not communicate, in their words, "it kind of appeared there one day." And they couldn't tell what was, and it messed with their minds, it messed with their relationship with one another. This scared them. They thought maybe they had done something wrong.

And so, they gave Brendon permission to think outside the box when it came to the *island of America*.

As Brendon looked and noticed where its location was on his hand drawn map, it had or appeared to fit the area of the northern east side of the United States, it fit in the area of New York, and so Brendon drew a map of what he knew of Nel and through some of the words and languages on the manuals he found it hard to read, despite the fact that it was over a million

years; for Brendon carried some of the tradition forward of reading and writing and, in his mind, though, he was not quite sure it was, but concluded it could be a military base of the land he came from. And this military base was known to have worked and had done experiments doing time travel.

Though Brendon and his kids had looked for the source of where some of these bigger objects had come from, they didn't find any people. They could say it came from the people that came to Gon, the ten that had appeared and Gon a long time ago and had kids. There was no trace of that though.

Then there were the structures, the buildings that seemed to sort of appear in places from time to time, but there were no people.

Brendon concluded after the study, knowing that he was in the land, he was back home to where he was.

*

Brendon told his kids that the way it had appeared there, it was like when the first pack of cigarettes seemed to fall out of the sky next to his cave, that there were no laws, that he knew that would forbid them or overpower them.

In fact, when Brendon thought, or heard about it, he went back to the location of his former apartment building, in which the one apartment appeared out in the woods. And he found that the apartment building had collapsed during an earthquake. He saw some documents that seemed to point that it had collapsed due to an earthquake, and that earthquake, that location of the apartment building was around the Temple of Gon, which was in the City of Gon, which Jack in word saw pieces of it appearing to their city, but they simply did not communicate the lack. And with time travel it's very possible in time travel not to have any sound, knowledge of what will be.

This is where Brendon began to remember:

Brandon had grown up in what some could think of as poverty.

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

When he turned into a young adult, he decided to join the military. He was given a test and was quite smart, scored quite highly, so the military was eager to have him join.

On the eastern side of Florida was the place of the recruiting office, this is where Brendon joined the team of soldiers, this is the place which he stayed in several of the motels.

On the East Coast of Florida, at least in the southern part, was known to possibly have magnetic interference, a disturbance, something that the people of the earth would call the Bermuda Triangle.

Well, the magnetic interference, this disturbance had changed some of the chemistry in Brendon's body and so after the three weeks of staying on the East Coast of Florida, Brendon was moved to a base in North Carolina, to where he was to be working as an undercover A.I. Research Scientist, it was all to be undercover.

At some point during his workday, he was commanded to research a discharge in a forest nearby.

And so was.

Quickly he was placed with a couple other members of the military who drove him out to a forest in North Carolina.

Due to the magnetic interference, in the least this is what is concluded, that due to the magnetic interference in Florida, it had caused either a hallucination or something to enter the forest as Brendon walked in there. Therefore, this giant machine that seemed to connect to Brendon's soul, to move for Brendon, it was as an extension that had appeared out in the forest, it thought Brendon was trying to cross over.

Though the story has some blanks in it, the research team had vanished in their minds due to gas in the woods.

They seem to have fallen asleep, still slightly communicating to Brendon in their sleep, this Joraom kept Brendon working in a dream or through time and B. made sure Brendon had an apartment, thus playing life as if nothing happened for a few. Brendon kept them informed of what was happening.

All three of the military members that went into the woods that day had sort of went into a trance, walking! ...some saying one thing while another says another thing.

It was noted that in the report that came back, “that through the magnetic interference that Brendon had within his body, he seemed to accidentally communicate with this area of the forest and so the forest creature made itself known as a brute enemy of the military.”

It decided to fight and threaten the members that went into the woods that day. Jaroam was one of the members that appeared in Gon, he was in the woods the day of the A.I. Research project. The other young girl's name is B., Clint was her father.

While Jaroam was knocked down into a coma and placed into a machine in the hospital. Brendon was brought to a base up in the New York area.

Because this enemy of America could sense the magnetic disturbance on Brendon—it attacked.

The situation needed more; this situation needed more of an expert opinion.

And there at one moment, and like one spark of light Brendon was in the same place that he had disappeared from millions of years ago. He was at the same time, yet it was a couple days from when he walked into the forest in North Carolina.

To Brendon, he went back in time, living millions of years. But to the true reality that he was to live only a few days had passed since he was in the forest in North Carolina.

When Brendon saw the paperwork and conclusion of the military, and he began to see the doctor who was standing next to him, he noticed the doctor, he began to recall what had truly happened in North Carolina.

Surprised, Brendon sees some of his own kids in the military gear that Brendon was to wear and was wearing.

The doctor drove him back down to North Carolina and Brendon picked up the rest of his possessions that were at the military base. He was not discharged out of the military;

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

he was convinced he created the people and found reason to protect his game.

The military did not know where the base came from, they did not know where the base came from on the tiny island of *America*.

His own children, of which he thought were his children, that he had just lived millions of years were some of his supervisors and peers at the military base. And so, though Brendon was the father of all these people, he was also just one of the people.

As Brendon put his mind together, he drove up to where his apartment was, the apartment building that he was living in, and somehow found twenty years earlier an earthquake had struck the building and it fell. So, in fact there was no building when Brendon went to live there, the magnetic distortion of the Bermuda Triangle had caused Brendon to pull and sleep B. who was daughter of Clint who gave him an apartment as well as the finances to finance it, Brendon was labeled as mentally ill.

Something to make a situation that would be so hard to communicate. And considering that there was an A.I. project, that being behind the wall was threatening him, that being was threatening an accidental crossing of dimensions.

So as Brendon grew up: poor, crazy and a storyteller, he is sort of as the same and now this to his children, it is as if nothing happened, yet he might have found the piece of his mind that went missing all those years ago!

Because of the amount of time Brendon has lived, it was quite foolish as he looked back to see his thirty years before of living, in the previous life where he had lived, for lived a very short life, and saw very few yet looking at it from a much greater perspective, the objects would sort of appear and disappear all the time from where he had come from. There was not the sound reality he thought was there, or at least from studying it from his perspective at this point.

Because of the pack of cigarettes appearing there, and because Brendon regularly continued to see them fall out of

the sky through his own will, playing with this cellphone, he figured it would be okay to map out what had fallen out of the sky and what him and his kids could take back with them if they wanted to, and so Brendon sort of gave permission that anything that they didn't know of, that they could take it back with them as sort of a gift.

There were cities, giant concrete cities that nobody knew where they had come from. There were towns that appeared, and nobody knew where they had come from, so most of the people now would just grab what they wanted to and bring it back to their homes. That is if they found any use for the things appearing there.

They could not find any people that the possessions belonged to. They couldn't find any law in this society, and they fear that they might lose their minds if they thought of anything else than what they had been doing for the past few million years. And so, they pretty much dominated what appeared to be Brendon's reality. And in that reality, they began to disassemble and take them back with them to their fortresses in the hills.

Brendon took back a lot of equipment, computers and hardware and technical equipment back to his giant. Mountain. He took back some of the most precious items back to the mountains, claiming territory over them.

He built this giant portal and his knowledge he carefully built this portal to another dimension that he had not built but planned on building. And so, he's pretty much opened a future possibility.

This future possibility was a game, a playable game full of mazes and wonders; it was not like any other game, it was planned to be a living type game. It is to look more living, and it would be huge a universe in fact.

All the equipment, computer equipment Brendon took back to his mountain, he began to put it up in such a way that it would, sort of open a portal and then Brendon would sort of have power over it, if something within the portal came out wrong Brendon had planned to build what was inside, as he

The Game: the undercover A.I. project

was on the inside. And so, though it was not complete yet, it was sort of a free universe. And that free universe he would slowly pay for as he played in the game.

Once Brendon was complete with the giant machine, that opened a portal to a giant game, he showed it to Jack, and he showed him the opening to this other place.

Jack was amazed!

Brendon and Jack got along well, together they stayed on the same information plane and so communication was easier, and they both understood what opening a door to a free universe was.

It was brilliant!

The end.

Notes

About the Author



Brendon is happy with the story, now a Trilogy: *The game*, *TV Snow* and *Ether*, all together he named, *The Game: The undercover A.I. Project*. Brendon lives in Vermont, most of his stories are inspired by the landscape around him. Brendon's first book published was *Smoking by the River*, Published by Page Publishing in New York... what a journey he has come from those few months in the library. Brendon, CEO at Behind the Night Sky, and owner of Drawings by Brendon continues to record the most mysterious of ideas!

The game: The undercover A.I. Project
Copyright © 2023 Brendon Holden
All rights reserved.

The original book published, originally titled the game, afterwards
Brendon wrote another book, *The Game: beat my clock* {TV Snow; Stewart}
and after this Brendon wrote the game: *Ether: B&S Golf, Master of
the Mastees*; *The undercover A.I. Project*.

All three books together make *The Game: The undercover A.I. Project*.
This project is fiction, this book is fiction,

This book takes you through three stories, stories of people who were lost
in time.

Though opinions may vary to the cause of the timelessness the author
wrote it as an undercover military project which was prolonged due to
Brendon's recent visit to the *Bermuda Triangle*.

This Magnetic interference caused by the Triangle caused the research
team to be discovered by an unknown creature living far outside their
dimension. In this project the research team finds themselves lost
throughout time.

Roundabouts a book through time, building ancient computers through
games.

Games of the gods!

B&S golf can be played in many ways, creating the sea glass is more of
imagination than it is structure. Endless sidewalks look to be fun...
sidewalks around the world, walking in places endless, counting the
sidewalk squares as you go, a stone in pocket.

Military sticks, pretend war, how many shots to take out a target... a
pretend military project.

Baseball like creating sea glass...

www.drawingsbybrendon.com

Holden
2022