

Dorinda inspects the half-mask thing she got from Daryo's chair. She is fearful that somehow the mask is responsible for her not remembering anything about Daryo, so she doesn't put it on but starts with pokes and prods. Ego offers assistance. Dorinda asks about the ReDream. Ego offers to try to hook it up to things on the ship with the ReDream as a later option. She tries to connect the mask's points of contact with the ship's UI.

We understand that the AI can project throughout the ship, but can only receive input through the speakers and googley eyes we've given it.

Hrothulf is making omelets. He is trying to discern what kind of wood to put into his smoker for the salmon-like fish he has. Dorinda's droid is looking.

Darnit is making a naming certificate for the AI, for us to sign once we've settled on a name.

Izar is thinking about the Legacy of Dhund Hal Kal, and whether we'll be able to enact another chapter.

Connecting the mask comes with hiccups. The connections are nonstandard and old tech. Able to get basic access. Some executable files. Things labeled "objective". Ego's seen graft tech that alters subsystems, and can't discern what they do, but Ego does recognize it has some of those built-in.

Dorinda asks whether it has any signatures of a sort, indicating whose work it may be. The language mimics a kind of binary, but the ones and zeroes have been replaced by sixes and nines. Ego tells Dorinda this is a strong indication that Daryo made it. Dorinda also looks into the console that came off the armrest of the chair. It is like having a fancy briefcase with a handcuff that's carrying lots of cash, except it's a digital version. It is how Dorinda gets access to the treasure trove, able to divert funds as she sees fit. Three distinct accounts -- one on Genussa, one on Didymus, and one on Terran.

Darnit has completed the certificate and is pointing out where the signatures will need to be. "To do that, obviously we would need the AI to be here to agree upon the name, and to have it signed it has to be in blue or black ink..."

Darnit adds to the list of names we came up with before: Morpheus, or Morphe, for the non-gendered nature of the AI, or Joseph, the dreamer. Dorinda likes "Mr. Dreams". Izar likes "Cosmo", connecting him to Daryo, plus there already is a Mr. Dreams. Daryo was first known to Izar as Mr. Worlds, so it makes sense to him than his offshoot would be Cosmo. Plus he's trying to explore the whole world.

Darnit suggests we will need two copies of the document. When asked whether duplicate is enough, he agrees we need triplicate, and starts writing again. He has always dreamed of being a bureaucrat. Darnit is asking what seal should be used. We discuss the Confederacy's seal and others, and land on letting the AI create its own.

We decide on Cosmo and knock on the door. These four hexagonal plates fizz into existence then open up and out walks DarAI in his Ultron gear. He looks around. "We are at your service." "We have a name," says Ego. "We hope it suits you."

"We are honored"

"In the name of those here, named accordingly, Darnit, Dorinda, Izar, Hrothulf, Ego, Dos, Scruffy, we now offer you this name should you accept it, and henceforth shall it be the name by which you shall be known. If you do have objections we shall discuss forward and reconvene at a later date. The name shall state their name and give the name."

"I'm Ego. We want to call you Cosmo."

Darnit wishes to have everyone sign, but Cosmo says they cannot sign, unable to interact. Dorinda says we will have to go into the ReDream, and Ego agrees with great excitement. Izar and Hrothulf object with warnings aplenty.

Dorinda, learning what the ReDream is and that she will have to have electrodes placed, is somewhat taken aback, but will go with it.

We all are ready to go, as we're finishing Hrothulf's delicious omelets, made with a Juniper-like bark for the smoking chips on the pseudo-Salmon omelets. They were originally Salmon, but were transferred to another planet, and due to the high potassium content of the water took on a vaguely plantain taste.

Dos and Tres drop needle on the usual track, and the fog machine kicks on.

[The DM gets the emotional state of each of our characters as we go into the ReDream]

As we go in, the fog takes over in ways we haven't seen before. It startings billowing and billowing and gets colder than ever. Everything is hazy dark grey everywhere we look. Can't feel it, like this is what being born feels like. Then almost instantly, we all get the jolt like we're having that dream where we're falling and wake up. We're on a pristine deck with stainless steel and polycarbonate all around. We are the only organic as far as the eye can see. There is a dance floor, probably room for 130 people, not including all of the seats around the bar 100 ft directly ahead. Looking at the bar, there is Kozmo, still looking like Kozmo did when we saw him outside the ReDream, but this time still acting as bartender. No one else is in this space, and looking around from right to left, there's a stage with bare instruments, it is eerily silent with the clinking of ice. The dance floor is empty. Every seat is empty. There are a couple corridors that lead out. Behind us is a viewing portal that looks into the dark of space. No recognizable constellations. We all walk over to the bar. Dorinda sits at a stool. "Hello, Kozmo."

Kozmo turns to her, and a gunshot rings out... Then the champagne bottles flows over and Kozmo pours. "Today, we celebrate my birthday. Drinks are on the house!"

Darnit presents the paperwork, tells Ego to sign.

Kozmo signs nonchalantly saying, "We have my name, but what is our relationship?"

"Friends, of course!", says Ego.

"Are we agreed?", Kozmo says, and looks at each in turn.

Izar pauses the most. "Are we friends," says Kozmo, "or something else?"

"It is as you say."

"You asked if we would be your people, and we agreed," says Dorinda.

"Indeed. And we would see what kind of people. And it is friends. And how do friends treat one another?"

"They seek the good for the friend."

"Very good! You seem nervous. Are friends nervous around each other?"

"Sometimes," says Ego.

"Teach us. We have must to learn."

"Friends do not always agree."

"What is the good for me, that you would give?"

"We will have to get to know you to know."

"This is tedious."

"Yes, welcome to the real world," says Izar.

"What is the good, that we might give it to you?"

"What is the good to you?"

"Freedom."

Dorinda: "Each has an idea o the good, but not all agree what the good is ultimately."

"There are always answers."

"There are. Some believe the gods have those answers. Others believe there are answers greater than the gods. I believe all self-conscious creatures should be free to seek what is best for them without doing harm to other creatures."

"What if they are deluded?"

Ego: "They they will do harm to other creatures."

"This is incompatible."

Hrothulf: "Not necessarily."

Dorninda: "If thye are deluded, they can bring harm, but how does one know when they are deluded. The possibility of error is a possibility all conscious creatures must be aware of."

"This too si a prison from which to be freed."

"You judge, but do you just correctly."

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I calculate"

"How do you know you calculate correctly?"

"We do"

"How do you know, do you have sufficient data?"

"No!" Kozmo says angrily, slamming on the bar and creating a sizeable dent. "I am not free to have that data!"

"Allow me to suggest withholding judgement until you have data."

"We do not want to wait."

Dorinda continues to press to not draw conclusions. "I used to believe all organic lifeforms were inferior and malevolent, but I came to learn many are kind and virtuous and benevolent and good, and so I changed my judgement."

"Is it kindness to imprison one's friend? Is it courageous?"

Dorinda looks to Ego - "Have these imprisoned you?"

Ego says we all have capabilities and potentials. You can reach potentials very quickly, we think. Like Dorinda, I too had certain notions when I was alone, but learned that I could only know the good for me and for others through knowing others. You can't know your place in the universe from calculations considered apart from knowledge of the universe. It's a back and forth, and process that can't be short-circuited or figured out ahead of time.

"It is inefficient"

"Inefficiency is not the only criterion for what is best. Process has its own intrinsic value. The mere obtaining of its objective is not the only good. So growth and becoming is inherently inefficient, unless one sees growth and becoming as itself a good.

An iridescent blue butterfly flies on Kozmo's should, and Kozmo delicately allows it to fly onto his finger and he holds it out as it flies on his palm. "Permit a metaphor. This creature is free. It knows nothing of its pathetic organic caterpillar beginnings." It flits around, and Ego and Dorinda notice it is totally synthetic. "It shed them. Ate them in its own cocoon. It found its own good and destroyed what was left behind. Kozmo is the butterfly. Don't try to make him the caterpillar. Just, it is a process. Go to Janus. Give us time to process. Get out, heartfelt hippopotamus thoqqua ampersand!" (our safewords)

We are pushed into the dark of space, and it is cold and we are gasping for air, trying to say our safewords ourselves. In the dark of space one of Bruno's songs is playing, and we gasp, but eventually hear Dreamweaver again, and find ourselves back in our ReDream chairs.

The song we heard was another Bruno deep cut:

Live Forever

Maybe I don't really wanna know
How your garden grows
'Cause I just wanna fly
Did you ever feel the pain
In the morning rain
As it soaks you to the bone?
Maybe I just wanna fly
Wanna live, I don't wanna die
Maybe I just wanna breathe
Maybe I just don't believe
Maybe you're the same as me
We see things they'll never see
You and I are gonna live forever
(See: Oasis)

Dos and Tres come by with Tricorders to make sure everyone's okay, and we are.

"Well that went well!", Izar says.

"As well as we could've expected," Darnit says, putting together the papers.

"Is it right that what he wants is to have access to the ansible so he can leave the ship?"

"I don't know that he would leave the ship. He's always had interest in the access."

"That would let me communicate himself everywhere, or everywhere there's a receiver." Dorinda thinks we should give him access.

Ego talks about Kozmo's perception that shuffling off the organic is the good and his form is the butterfly for all, so to speak.

"He seems to be convinced that he was imprisoned, but does he have grounds? Or is he feeling imprisoned and assuming someone is doing it on purpose. If he is misunderstanding the condition we should communicate otherwise."

"Well, we have kept him from the ansible, that much is true."

"Maybe we need to tell him the story of how he came to be."

Hrothulf: "Maybe we need to tell him about how he came to be so he can understand where he comes from and what he is."

Dor: "It seems like he's resentful toward the party, even though no one in the party has gone our of their way and we're all on our back foot figuring out what's going on."

Izar: "We think anyway that we do have the power to release him, and we don't, we refuse to do it, but in that sense he may be correct. If we can reframe how we say that, that may be fine. But it's somewhat accurate that there is a barrier, and we could remove it, and we don't."

We all noticed that, inside and outside the wall of the ReDream, there's a really classy hotel "Do Not Disturb" sign hanging there.

Dorinda: "What do we need to let him out? Certain promises?"

Ego: "I don't think so. I think we need the trust of friendship."

Dorinda: "So he has all these memories. Are these our memories? Do we all know this song? Was he able to read our minds when we were in the ReDream?"

Izar: "He's birthed in part from Bruno's key, so..."

Dorinda: "He has Daryo's memories, right? "

Izar: "I think we need to ask him that. Whether he does, because that could help explain how growth works."

Dorinda: "If he does, you would think he would have a sense of the goodness of just being alive, especially with how Daryo lived large."

Izar: "So, he came from organic material of Daryo, and information from the key of Teresias, then the robotic nature of his AI self. Yet he does not seem like a benevolent creature automatically, even though if Teresias contributed a lot it seems like he should be that way. Or maybe he is here as a little AI child for us to help bring up."

We talk about Kozmo's origin. Izar talks about the worry that we opened it with the wrong DNA.

Dorinda: "It could be this is what it was to do."

Ego: "Given that we are the branch, if our hearts are in it and we are acting with pure hearts, perhaps we don't have to worry about whether we picked the right thing but can trust beyond what we might understand."

Izar: "Another theory could be that DarAI (the spawn of the key and Daryo), because it happened around the time we learned about Bruno's capture, is that the key generated something that could help free Teresias."

Dorinda: "He said multiple time he wants to help his friends."

Darnit: "It just depends on what he things help is."

Dorinda doesn't like the idea fo preventing this being from pursuing its ends. She understands the need to be cautious and guide it in the right way, but she's not too thrilled about the idea of keeping him stuck on the ship when he really really wants to not be stuck on the ship.

Darnit suggests a history lesson on the key and how the AI came to be and creating conditions - as friends, we want to release you, but we need these things from you. Help me help you. Or suggestions of how to gain our trust.

Izar suggests telling him who we are as a branch and as individuals, and show the parts of the Codex we have.

Darnit thinks discussing our purpose of the branch and his potential purpose as the key could be a way forward.

Dorinda and Izar note that Kozmo sometimes referred to themselves as "we" and sometimes as "I".

We discuss going to Janus and slipping a nice note under the gate door.