

The three core primitives of the colonists were non interference or non observance, temporal adjustment and telepathy or telling.

The last two being the purvey of the Watchers who cleaved reality to remove the danger of future paradoxes delimiting their reality and maintained control via communication at a distance - telepathy more commonly referred to as storytelling.

The first being the act of recovering DNA information, the only constant in the universe without changing the future - non interference. To the colonists there was only one certainty about the universe and that was information - dna being its physical realization - where physics and all matter was in effect unprovable and therefore not real.

The 2nd non observation meant simply that any colonist harvesting dna must never be observed or risk breaking the 1st and last Primitive and be immediately executed by the Watchers.

Anthropologists were trained in stealth skills of the non observance primitive - invisibility to others - altering the retinal perceptions of others, they were also trained in the non interference primitive along with the watchers this primitive was held throughout the colonists. Anthropologists and Watchers would both go to extremes to preserve the ignorance of any species being harvested which did not preclude Watchers eliminating Anthropologists.

The 5th grade Watcher scribe rustled its beetle like carapace in excitement as the evolutionary primitive of non observation revealed itself in the automatic arrangement of cells infused with a newly acquired dna taken from the anthropologists archived materials on Zone 12.

"To be non observed .. ", whispered the Watcher to himself, "Is first to observe, to sense the world beyond your own."

The newly infused cells soon converged into a lattice of light receptors that convolved the objects within their field of perception both near and far into shapes that belayed meaning.

""Is not is , Or not Or, And not And. Yes yes the primitive gates it's all here using this sample."

Like any scribe his obsession with pure Genetic Logic was never well received amongst his more practical minded contemporaries.

"What's he doing now?"

"Thinks he's discovered something about the universe, some hidden truth that might one day win him a prize from the council."

"Won't make him any better at being a watcher, he can't even tell across this lab let alone through deep space to the next world."

The scribe merely looked up for a brief moment, he could sense the contempt of those around him and he merely dimmed the lighting in his alcoved portion of the lab further concealing himself.

"Hey look he must of heard something he's switched to low lighting.", his contemporaries sniggered as they shuffled down the funneled exit towards the meat farm. Most Watchers enjoyed spending their free time at the meat farm. There was fermented juices from a wide variety of colonized species, and an array of smoked meats that would make any Colonist salivate.

The scribe merely looked up and sighed in relief as the lab was now virtually empty and he could continue his work in peace.

"Scribe Julios", the loud penetrating voice of the head watcher broke the silence harshly as the Scribe froze in mid state. Knowing all too well the sound of the master and yet not knowing his true whereabouts frightened even the most aged of his students. He struggled to keep his heart rate beneath a detectable threshold.

"Yesss Master, it is I." he spoke feebly through his somewhat diminished telepathic capacity, "That's better Scribe now what is it you have to show me."

Julios made his offering, "It's another primitive evolution of the gates we discussed."

"Now let me see, yes yes that's good work scribe very good. Keep this quiet scribe and you've got a future yes. Very good. Keep it up. And dont forget not a word."

Julios was about to look around for the Master but didn't and maintained his fixed state, he knew that any attempt to observe anyone especially a Master directly and be observed doing so would be punished. He remembered the words well, "WHAT IS THE BASIC PRINCIPLE OF NON OBSERVATION!"

"Never get caught.", he whispered it to himself, softly quietly, comforting himself into self reliance. Accepting that the world didn't exist, that all our perceptions were false didn't come easy to Julior.

Any direct communication or detectable observation was severely reprimanded. Watchers were expected to adhere to these rules from birth. With the exception of social gatherings when Watchers were allowed to vocalise in numerosity and yet only as a swarm of insects rattling their sabres and extensive carapaces.

For the most part Watchers were to be complete introverts. Anthropologists on the other hand lacked the ability to communicate telepathically and instead used their abilities to hide themselves from watchers and other species and to remain invisible except when it became absolutely necessary. They became gregarious and extroverted in this ability and with each other.

The fact is that although the watchers subscribed to the primitive of non interference it was only a normative subscription based upon their , if any, observation of the anthropologists. In reality - if there is such a thing the future was just as volatile and unknown with or without the actions of the colonists. In fact more so as the act of harvesting a planet for its cold worthy dna and then in effect changing the dna so as to evolve certain favourable traits that might one day enable the colonists to exist in less favourable regions of space suggests a rather large contravention of the primitive of non interference. However as this effect was either controlled within a lab or observable only over many thousands of years of evolution it was taken to be negligible.

The very idea that Watchers and Anthropologists were in fact direct descendants of a race of necromancers long since demised was a taboo subject amongst the colonists.

Both Julios and Janus now fought to keep this conclusion from their waking minds, an effort that needed little resolve as they were both well endowed with abilities evolved for this very purpose.

Janus had been called away after addressing the swarm of colonists and announcing the existence of the necromancer. It was a safety issue that ensured that the recovery of the anomaly was not in contrivance with any primitives of non interference. "A mere formality..", whispered the clerk as she entered the city's transport hub. "Anything to declare?"

She gave a formal nod which resolved the contents of her overt mind to being introspected by the inspection team.

"No hazardous materials upon your person? And the aforementioned article is securely held now within the Archive."

She paused for a second, knowing all too well that it was not available for analysis by the Watchers.

"Yes the artifact is well concealed."

"Thank you, you may continue", the customs agent returned to her ordinary duties but not before giving Janus one more look of curiosity. 'She's hiding something', mused the watcher. Janus jumped aboard the fleet ship that began its descent from Ultrusia 2 towards the Tri-state and Zone 12. Her descent took a mere 12 minutes and Janus was back home enjoying the sun drenched streets of her home enclave.

Something lurked in the shadows behind her conapt. The light being of such an intensity made the shadows all the more concealing. It made a creaking sound like that of an insect before offering its address to the Anthropologist. Having made ample assurance of its primitives not having been compromised - confidence was assured.

Julior was adept at controlling the fear of others especially non watchers. He excluded creepiness which meant he could remain un observed by anyone except the intended target.

"What do you want. I can see you, you know. I am spectral.", whispered Janus down the narrow cavity between her conapt and a descending freeway that contained a steady stream of auto harvesters that seemed to drown out any real sound apart from the overhead reverse thrusters of the hourly descent shuttle from Ultrusia 2.

Her curiosity peaked as Julios merely chirped in quick succession a kind of morse code that made him seem harmless. She turned down her spectral vision and entered the dark space.

The small beetle like Watcher more beetle than Watcher offered out a hairy limb as an offer of introduction.

"My dear," he spoke in absolute confidence, it was as though no one else, even God would know of their existence at that moment. A prerequisite for an encounter with the most adept of the Watchers reality cleavers. Julios surprised even himself.

"I am here in strictest confidence. No one not even your minder must be aware of this. Its about your address today. Many have shown concern about your discovery. Many will attempt to suppress this knowledge to keep it from inspection..."

"That may be so sir but matters of security are not to be discussed in this manner. I can ensure your non observance but tell me first what is your interest with me and how did you find me. I was concealed by many at my address."

"I found you simply through", he whispered ever so softly as he arched towards her meeting her left shoulder blade, "Love."

She stood back, she knew the word only from translation of many artifacts that resided off limits in the archive.

"The fourth Primitive..", she whispered to herself. "How?"

"It doesn't matter for now it is sufficient for you to know that what you may have unearthed will have grave consequences for the Colony and your own future may be at stake."

"I have here the details for a location a secret location which has hitherto only been known about by those amongst the watchers that have guarded for centuries the fact that we are all descendants of the Necro...."

He stopped mid sentence before dropping the tablet containing the taste vectors for the secret location. Julior had been cleaved. His body fell apart before her. Janus made a grab for the tablet. The cleaver would need time before making its second attack. She switched to her spectral state and disappeared down the street. Several neighbours' heads poked out from the side of the conapt.

She jumped aboard nearby hover bus bound for the downtown district of zone 12. Down dwellers, misfits and other assorted charity cases all knew her from days and nights she spent working in the homeless shelters - camps erected by the social democratic interior government for each enclave. She quickly disappeared from any would be Watchers. She entered one of the camps and greeted her friend Mobius a would be Anthropologist turned activist.

"Janus christ it's been.."

"Too long, yeah I know listen I need to self isolate i've been targeted by the Watchers."

"But how why you were always so impeccable so dutiful."

"Don't ask ... sheez ..you know that conference I gave in Ultrusia 2 well it didn't get me a promotion. Worse it got me exiled. Well at least that's how it looks. Already cost some guy his life. Listen about those drugs. I need to isolate."

"Ok .. ok well you know, or maybe you don't we've been sanctioned by the Watchers. The government has been infiltrated and they've pulled funding which means no drugs. We've got cases dropping off the board going loco. Many of us are considering finding a more remote enclave even if it means more watchers. Others like me are talking about more permanent asylum in the off zone."

"The dark side? They'll hunt us there ... it's their job - non interference. It's the first primitive"

"Yeah well we think we've got a work around.", Mobius picked up a piece of bioware circuitry off the medbay and held it out in front of Janus.

"What's that?"

"It's a ghost plant. We've been building them offworld out of the gaze of the watchers beyond the machine zone closest to the sun....", explained Mobius.

"...we've got machines working for us on the inside watchers too. We are aware of your predicament and well we were just waiting for you to come over to us. I ... well to be honest I wondered whether you were one of us. And I still do but as your here and you need our help the EsZed is only willing to oblige."

"EsZed?"

"Yeah that's what we're calling it now stands for Social Zone."

Janus smirked, "Ok then."

He handed Janus the Ghost plant and it seemed to glow with spectral energy. "How does it work?"

"Oh you wear it just over your parietal lobe it syncs you to the sun's own spectral density gradients. They Are unhackable. Even the most savant Watchers cannot fathom its future probabilities makes you invisible but it only works sun side on our side of the planet."

She took the device and thanked Mobius, gave him a hug and a kiss after which he doubted her no longer. She then wandered about the camp to find a place to lay low. The huge tents ran for meters in all directions on the inside each tent was a purpose built hologram with people crying and weeping about food, freedom and the government. But underneath behind a concealed portion of each tent was a stairwell that led down into the heart of the complex. A city within governed completely by the EsZed.

The city ran on without the Colony even knowing it existed and spanned the planet's hollowed interior extending beyond the Ultrazones and into the Dark side of the planet.

Shed need to find a tracker, someone down here that could guide her through the Dark sides inhospitable species of cold dwelling, spectral suckers creatures and parasites that could turn any living soul into energy for its own survival. Darkside creatures never got close when you were inserted by the Watchers they'd shield you while you took samples and then left. This was different. No watchers would sanction it. In point of fact if they knew you were there then you'd almost certainly be hunted by them to prevent a future paradox.

Once she was over there she could uncover the secret held by the Watchers expose it to the Colonists who would quickly confirm what she already knew to be true, the hidden truth that the Colonists and the Watchers themselves were in fact Necromancers - feeding off each world through its artificially induced evolution in order to create biotechnology for use in further expansions into the colder regions of deep space. This violated the first primitive of non interference. There would be an outcry.

She sat down in an insect bar. It was well known to her and carried all the best insect juices banned topside. She took out the tablet and looked around her to check shed not been observed. The Ghost plant was terribly effective she drew no attention; even the bar man needed coaxing to bring a drink. She passed him a 500 bill, a currency way too large for what she was buying. The bar man knew what it meant, "I need a tracker, no questions this is for you.."

He took the bill and looked around nervously as he adjusted his own Ghost plant which was running low on spectral energy. "Ok sweetheart but you're taking chances here. It's all on a down low. We're all running low and waiting for a delivery from topside but they've got the camp uptop under heavy surveillance."

He was talking about the machine run portion of the space station that collected spectral radiation and delivered it via an underground network into the camps and the freezone EsZed subterranean cities.

The network consisted of EsZed ran relay stations many of which had been compromised by the Watchers.

"I can wait. Let me know.", she handed him her drop off point for any would be tracker.

He took the taste vectors, snorted it right up his nose and then disappeared out back to dialup the tracker before he ran out of juice for his plant.

"Yeah Joe some bitch nearly took me off the wire. YYou know it could be something big I dunno. She's carrying cred and juice could be worth something. Something to you something to your associates.", hed meant the Watchers. Joe was half in half out he kept the Watchers out of the city and in return he gave them targets. Brought them over into the Dark Zone and let the Watchers hunt them using the 1st primitive.

Janus crashed into Mobius flop house. Shed wait there until the tracker left a drop or until Mobius asked her to leave.

Mobius would be gone all day and she fell asleep in his bed. Shed done this many times before. It was a familiarity that made her feel safe in the world she only just began to understand before she felt it was all too much.

She woke up and toyed with the tablet left her by the defected Watcher Julios. She didn't want the vectors in her head, she knew it wouldn't be safe. She didn't trust Julios. He could have

been a plant. make her think he was genuine - kill one of your own. They'd be onto that probably trace her through the vectors bypassing her Ghost plant and then she'd be up before the council pleading insanity while the Watchers awaited her public reaving. Nope she'd give it to the one shed trust the least - the tracker.

