

Nihil Novi

Nihil novi sub sole — Nihil novi sine communi consensu

Writing Exercise — Death Scene Before Magical Contract - OLD, LIKELY TO CHANGE HEAVILY

Trinastka, RFV, 11/03

It's a relatively warm day in the city — relatively, of course. The average temperatures in the *Trinastka*, at least from autumn to spring, don't reach much higher than 10C, and summer is usually only a *bit* of an exception. Still, the snow has piled up in mounds large enough that the warm spring sun has not yet gotten rid of them, despite its best efforts.

A pair of galoshes squelches upon the crackling snow below it, some ways away from the city, beating down what soft spots of snow remain into tight little packs that the sun will surely struggle to melt even more.

The owner of those shoes is a student — though currently, this student is neither returning from school nor heading out anywhere important or fun.

Every so often, maybe two dozen metres or so, she leans down and pats the ground a bit, feeling around for... god knows what. Truth be told, she's not entirely sure herself. Not because she doesn't know what she's doing, no — she's done this many times. More because she doesn't know what she will encounter this time around.

...The ground is cold. And wet. But she doesn't really mind; the feeling on her hands is kind of pleasant — even if something in the back of her mind is telling her to complain. It feels kind of fragile, as though one wrong move of the hand, and the ground beneath her would collapse, sending her to a hell frozen over beneath the 13.

As for importance...

Let's be honest, she could do without this — you really don't need to be doing *this* to find unexploded ordnance; there are more commonplace methods that any military cleanup crew will tell you about at length before making sure you know you are not supposed to be doing it yourself, which you will promptly disregard.

...How did she figure out how to find all those shells through simple geodesy, anyways? She chuckles to herself, thinking about her dear geography teacher, who one day started rambling to the class about an *exciting potential science project* involving scouring the land

for live masses of explosives that were designed to bust down bunkers, not to mention humans.

It's kind of amusing. Tell anyone, and they'd applaud the charity work, maybe call them insane for looking for live artillery shells when they are all just 18, and better yet, report the teacher for clear violation of information ethics.

But she kind of enjoys this work.

It's quiet out here.

Her hand feels something metallic — an unexploded shell this close to the surface? Surely, they'd have all been scavenged by now, by opportunists looking for depleted uranium to sell, collectors wanting a 207mm calibre addition to their collection, or the odd university student desperate to work with some *ME-V5* explosive mix.

Odd thing, that one. It apparently tastes rather sweet, though she's not sure if the adrenaline of ingesting something that was manufactured to *kill* wouldn't make it hard to discern any more interesting flavours beyond that.

...Ah, the shell.

She has to be careful now; she'd rather not validate those claims of insanity, as much as they are likely fitting. Carefully, she digs around the shell with her hands, so as to not disturb the potentially half-pressed fuse.

Why wouldn't she just leave it alone?

...Well, maybe it's the call of the abyss.

Still, she trusts her hands, at least enough to do this, and her arms don't really have enough muscle to set off a charge on a shell thicker than her thigh, anyways.

Or so you would think.

A gentle, almost inaudible *click* disturbs the quiet solitude of her work.

And, with a bright flash, her thoughts stop.

Writing Exercise — Introduction to World — Likely to Change

It took the world two years to end.

It wasn't like anything anyone imagined — most people, at least. When you think of *the apocalypse*, you think of something sudden, something terrifying, something almost impossible to comprehend —

You think of a nuclear war that takes minutes.

Not one that takes a month.

You think of a world that ends suddenly.

Not one that does its best to pretend nothing happened for half a year.

You think the deaths around you would be so quick, so paralytic — it would all have to end.

And they were.

But it didn't end.

The bombs fell — it doesn't matter now which was the first, though the answer is easy to find — and they continued to fall for two weeks. One by one, military bases were wiped out, then infrastructure centres, then industrial ones, then hives of humans — and then, it kind of just stopped.

There was, formally speaking, no peace. Formally speaking, right now, *twenty-five years later*, the old empires are still at war. Of course, this doesn't really matter. They don't exist.

By all means, the war ended — not because it did, but because everyone simply pretended it did. That it was all normal again. That everyone could just go back to work, back to their families, back to life.

Of course, there was no work, or family, or life.

But for six months, they pretended. If you are running off a cliff, it is in your material interest to not look down.

But eventually... well, I don't know — I wasn't there. I can only retell what my father told me — and eventually, he simply looked down. And realised there was nothing to stand on.

So did others — and slowly, global society just... became uneconomical to maintain. And when it did, and when it collapsed, so did local society, in that world that was so tied to sprawling supply chains.

Of course, not everywhere — but those would soon be hit by droughts, by the climate changes, the... anything. Anything else.

But it wasn't as drastic as everyone thought it would be. It wasn't. The world just... slowly keeled over. Those who were left — more than expected, but less than needed — congregated, and rebuilt local society, but with the world upended, there just was no longer a need to reconnect further than that. Not to the degree of a modern, industrialised society, at least.

...Again, or so I'm told. Four years after the beginning of the end, children were born again, after the waves of radiation and superstition and trauma passed enough to allow that.

Seven years after, I was, in our city, one such congregation of those that restarted society on a local level.

A city built from the wishes of those who simply wanted to survive, now free from the old world, and those who wanted to hang onto the authority they held in it — a precarious dual balance between *cooperative* and *corporation*, held together through the stranglehold of scarcity and organisational weakness.

In the *Trinastka*, where, right now, to be honest, the winter was cold.

Reality

Yav, Nav

Ostensibly — reality and ideality. The Yav is the real world — simply where we live. Nav is, the world beyond ours, not necessarily a resting place for spirits or the afterlife — but more like a reflection of the real world, ‘the world’s soul’. Essentially, it’s the world outside Plato’s cave.

The transition between the two can be described as the ‘eye of a needle’, or maybe smaller than that — travel between the two is possible through an entropic event with a negative probability of a specific size.

It’s about entropy. It’s somewhere you can go if you make an entropic ‘roll’ with a negative probability. This is possible for both STAR and Radion using two technologies developed independently but in parallel. Other groups in the city know about this and the technology required — the communists are nearing a breakthrough.

Through the game, Róza invents her own way of traversing the veil.

Travel forth and back induces an effect in the mass that travelled that can only be described as ‘inherent probabilistic negation’, that is, if under normal circumstances, two equal bodies X and Y would split energy Z exactly in half at maximum entropy, affected body Y’ along with unaffected body X’ would instead split it into about 50.0000001% and 49.9999999%

There are other names for the Nav that show up in research papers starting from about the 2030s — ‘Subspace’ in the Anglosphere, ‘Aura Négatif’ in French, and ‘Reduktionsgang’ in German.

In fact, the Nav is hard to describe, but it’s not a space of ideals — it’s literal, as real as the Yav, because *reality is all that exists and can exist*. What the Nav is is simply a syntropic space, as opposed to our entropic reality — a world where heat flows from cold to hot, although, to the unfocused eye, it appears basically the same — especially as the girls, now as syntropic beings, don’t *feel* any difference in this. Cold is hot, hot is cold.

It has to be remembered, though, that all of this is scientific speculation by ongoing research.