

G N O S I O R

First Act

in which the story is presented

GNOSIOR

COMING HOME

200-249

Jan Argis

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2014 by Ian Argis.

All rights reserved.

Published in Canada by Gnosior Publishing, Toronto, Canada.

Gnosior – Coming Home : a novel / Ian Argis.

ISBN: 978-0-9937329-0-4 51700



Gnosior Publishing website address: www.gnosior.com

v1.17

The light has come and gone.

The darkness begins

its sweet journey to meet the dawn,

the shiny killer.



Book 1. Truly happy

206-208



Book 11. The world is growing

208-210



Book III. Who I am

210-213



Book IIII. Becoming a man

213-221



Book V. Potis. Pater.

221-234



Book VI: Blown away

234 - 241



Book VII. The answer

The PepNo71 reverberations of a SET colony of ill conceived points, distracted through an S-T-X extraction from their source, if one has progressed hyperbolic-ally from the time t of impregnation, must adhere

PRE and POST, out of its L-Loop-0,

both in the space of the penetrating line and the initial punctured space according to the emotional nature of the points.

*The Math Annals/Journal, 486, Unspecified Author,
Methoadonics of Hidden, Out of loop Dimensional Forms: PRE and
POST.*

What you read above ran in front of my eyes, puzzled, one late morning, to the endless amusement of its author. My younger brother could not be fuller than he was of it – in that moment - a masterpiece of mockery going on for three thousand words, filled with things that made no sense to me. And to clear the things up there were another ten thousand more of glossary as enlightening as the paper itself.

Why? I always wondered of his sense of reality, and even more at his energy wasted on things so ephemeral. He always had this special sense of anything numbers or geometry related and even language and behavior rules to the point that I lost the ability to truly follow him by the time he was six, maybe seven.

Why not? And he made it clear he did not plan to say anything else, obviously proud of his feat.

It makes no sense?

Too smart for you? Chuckling with his head caught in a mechanical fugue of jerky, speedy movements, eyes half-closed.

Should it? Stop it Fish, I hit him, his thesis showing off once again, being thin, truly easy to disregard.

Ask me anything.

Why do you pick your nose?

No, ask me something else, from .. science.

I still don't see the point. Why? I was not in the mood. He might be smarter than me but not that smart to waste my time again.

I'm going to submit it. The paper. And he insisted, pointing with his nose dancing his nostrils to me holding it. What is he doing? I did not answer, not seeing the need.

I'm serious, and he kept smiling with his huge grin, but somehow, maybe from his tone, I could see that there was something serious behind all this. That year, thirty years ago the thesis my brother, Fish - twelve years old, submitted to one of the scientific forums took our world by storm.

This happened at the end of a period of three centuries, maybe more where science, if we disregard the advertised effects of compound gains, stagnated. If we are to follow unofficial sources, well - the only sources since no one bothers today to go that far in keeping track of the past, other than as a hobby, some ancient changes to the hied that saw the creation of the Kongord in the far east and OSARI in the south moved the target from applied sciences supporting the economy to a decentralized research approach, using value based, non politicized systems that encouraged a more

individual approach in the context of collaboration, but which both did not see any leaps as one would have expected, for the next few centuries science became a commodity, the realm of technicians with few hobbyist scientists making ever increasingly important discoveries that somehow failed to convert into meaningful progress for the rest.

That is not to say that the perception of progress was not there. That would be foolish. Progressively better definitions of progress itself injected in the social mind made that happen. But, by assessing the mainstream perception of science one could not escape the feeling of a certain, definitely non-trivial, approach of recycling of desires and ideas, punctuated by hidden resets, and of things not adding up in time.

How could we have progressed so much and find ourselves in a world just marginally better, to keep positive? Few asked the question anymore and no one seemed to have the answer. Until now.

Which brings me back to my younger brother's paper. Following a very old trend of language development, the science vocabulary maintained recycling words of mundane origins to the point of the texts caring a certain flavor of idiotic, juxtaposing old farmer market words and what not to newer centuries' highly recycled terms of various sources. Eggplant implosion is quoted by casual-historical sources as one of the most popular terms in physics mid last century, and higher math meta spaces, and coming back early this century, becoming mainstream, and not less importantly but in business,

catching up, never to miss the real inner value of trends.

As it happens, I'm sure this probably carried a certain appeal easily in the early states of the phenomenon in geeks' circles but with time it borrowed the appearance of a conservative practice to the point of being ridiculous, in bad taste - as I continue to express my opinion.

Why did then the thesis borrow this artifact? was what I asked him as well. The words do not matter here but there's an underlying logic they symbolize. It's a bit like poetry and I wanted to make that clear. His hands move chaotically, and he seems to try to stop something with unimaginable power. The answer was certainly not clear at the first thought but the more I kept coming back to it, the stronger the attraction grew.

But before I go into that, I need to say that the thesis, while initially ridiculed and quickly ignored, even more given its hobbyist and anonymous origin - my brother never revealing his role in creating it, become a puzzle for many after a second untraceable paper followed, solving - with perfect T3 verifications - two three century old problems of utmost complexity and carried references boldly crediting this first paper alone.

Needless to say that for those still familiar with the subjects discussed this made no sense at all. But the many automated and human reviewed tests revealed clearly that these problems were in fact solved. More, the last paper hinted at clear engineering applications that were in the early phases of being developed based off the concepts underlined in both

papers. In one year, following the dynamics of research, there were more than a hundred people trying to understand the phenomenon. The second year, there was even a new branch of logic that tried to simplify the original paper, which meant translating it into the old vocabulary. There was an paper now containing ten fold the volume of the original information, which paper created a bit of controversy since a few pointed to the increase, but only to find that it was common sense now that simplicity, when aimed at many - if not all, is still sometimes not less but more.

When I asked my brother then, after the second set of papers went out, to explain to me the basic ideas he laughed. No, well, it's a riddle, he said. I thought these are answers, a solution of sorts, don't they show something? You're right in that they show something, but it's really a test – when someone will understand what is being said they will surely see they have been mislead. This whole theory is almost a random set of rules, of logic. It makes sense because I generated it from a much simpler theory. But I could have generated hundreds, thousands, perhaps more, quite easily.

Generated? I don't.. Why didn't you write about the other one, the simpler one? What is the other one?

Can't, it's different. It's .. it does not follow the current structural approach. It's quite mechanical in nature, like a toy, except for the number and nature of the dimensions, the possible behaviors, and it's possible to have shortcuts between not fully realized points in various states. You see, it's both

significantly less than 11 pages and much more since I'm really stuck at the glossary. Somehow I am not able to write it down. It does not follow our current set of logic criteria, of expectations of logic. But I can much more easily generate projections.

Generated? I was still behind.. You wrote a program to generate it? I was confused. No, not that way.. You know those games we played when we were younger? Where you would be in a space where the objects in the game would sometimes disappear but you could still see their projections on other objects of various forms and sometimes one projection would be completely blurred and you had to run through those .. obstacles and mazes?

I remember you ruined that game. It worked fine and then, after your changes there was no way of getting past the first level..

You did not try, that I know. I'm not stupid, you're cleverer than you show. I always ignored his commentary, an attribute of being an older brother, but never discarded it. I did come back and dealt with. Regardless of his tricks, he is much smarter after all.

So, this theory is like that, projections, mostly blurred if that was an option. And there are shortcuts. A few. Types of shortcuts. Enough so those two theories can be solved. In the real system I cannot see the objects directly but I always can feel with high confidence they are there. And not like a blob, I can feel their details, it's as good as seeing but I cannot map it

to any image or words.

A secondary system? Same as visual?

Yes, exactly. But not quite linear, not three dimensional.

What's the point with the paper?

I wanted to see if anyone else can see it. Not only words were not important, I wanted to make that clear. And fun.

At this point to make justice to the story I have to break from telling this part and go back in time to when we were much younger.

I was not born here. Mother brought me from the reservation when I was turning five years old. I've been told we stayed at the outpost for a couple more months, until my brother was born, around 474 I think. After that she was prevented to ever go back into the reservation. We kept moving and eventually moved back to the city when I was seven. Mother started to work in the administration, a low level job and we got to stay with her. I don't know if any other kids were allowed to stay with their mothers, or see them, other than visitation days but perhaps because we were not part of the system, but rather part of that gray, unclear area of the law that allowed us to exist but ignored us otherwise, we stayed.

All other kids were up, in their segments, on their age floors, and the only times we saw them was during the Club days once a week for three hours in the afternoon and

visitation days, about once a month. Mother managed to get us both me and Fish old style passes and IDs in the system which were the minimum required to be able to move at the lower levels, where we were, but enough to get us into the Club which was next to My Family, the visitation lounge. However they did not work with the elevators so we were never able to get into one then, as incredible as it seems, to mother's unrelenting grief. We had to use the side stairs, originally built two and a half centuries before but probably never used, other than by the cleaning teams once in a decade. These were in a way the equivalent of the city sewer system of the old days, except for the difference in terms of necessity, of usefulness. Yes, that placed us well in the bottom 0.01% of the poorest kids in the whole Home Ed district of over three million children and young adults under 25 who were born to be thrown in the race game, to fight to their best skill, reach the end, go to the next level. And few were left out. And we were not even in this group. We were at the very other top. We were really left out. But we did not care. We were happy then.

The unit mother was allocated was a 40 in the East End, home to a hundred fifteen thousands units assigned to low and medium level educators, clerks, keepers and other system servants, a word I should remember not to use. Our unit was two stories bellow the surface next to one of the main warehouses, and probably the furthest from any elevator. Not that we cared.

A unit is only meant for one adult, with little space to

spare. Fitting a teen-twin bed capsule was the only possibility, and that left the five by eight unit quite crowded. Mother called it a royal treatment since this was already much more privacy than the regular child would receive at our age, and the unit itself was double the standard area and had a bathroom, probably to compensate for its location.

In general, not only in this building, since there were no retired people here, but in all other districts, the single units were legally assigned to people older than 25 and most did live in single units with a few excepted by law. The younger and the older however were all confined to communal spaces, the privacy almost following an obese bell shaped distribution. At both ends large, imposing halls decorated with nice capsules, from a few tens to hundreds converged through a curve of units filled with 12, 8, 6 but not 2 or 4, to the single adult unit long line in the middle, reserved for adults 25 to 65 years old. The adult units varied themselves, those located more conveniently being smaller, as small as a 12 in our district but even smaller elsewhere and having to share the bathroom and a small kitchen between two or four units, while those being at the outskirts of the densely circulated world had the luxury of some more privacy.

And I remember the things we longed for. The visitation days, one every month, were the moments we looked forward to the most, the time where we felt for a day normal, part of everyone else. We could not go anywhere much for the six days in the spring or the two winter breaks or most of the

12 days of summer vacation. Mother, like almost every other adult was only allotted fifteen days a year. We spent together all ten visitation days with mother up in the Visitation Lounge, feeling special, bringing presents and asking ourselves what happened since the last time we saw each other, which was every single day, but this was different so we all pretended that way.

The rest of her vacation – five days - mother would take us to visit grandfather and grandmother, mostly in the summer. Grandfather was sick, with a disease unknown to us, better that way - mother would say, so he received a special dispensation to live with grandmother. This was still possible a long time ago.

And since father could not be here with us, the rest of the vacation we would spend it fooling around unchecked.

And time has passed, each year faster, filled with many things that happened, of which some may find their way in this story later. Until one day I decided it was time for me to leave and find my own path. This was not because of my height outgrowing the capsule's, as Fish liked to say, not entirely.

I left for the North District in the spring of 487. This is when the most exciting part of my story starts. But I urge you for patience. The first story has ran out of breath already and the new one still needs breath blown into it to take shape.