

One Recal.... PONDERING (from Ele story)

Posted by elettra.munro - 28 Jan 2012 00:57

The outpost is strangely silent, while the Major from the third level down the stairs that lead from her office at the crew room. Only the noise of the air pipes and droid outpost and automatic break a strange silence, due to the fact that the entire crew is in outdoor training at the flight deck on the east side of the area surrounding the base.

Passes from the kitchen and cook 2 orders the drone double quotation cheese burgher with double helpings of cheese and a black coffee without sugar medium.

Then she heads for the stairs that lead levels above , until enter the control room where large windows show the outer surface where the Captain and the pilots are doing the training of troops. She puts the bag of sandwiches and coffee on the desk, with the right of the screen lights up the touch screen control panel, while the voices of the radio station air traffic continue to sort the cargo arriving in the south west.

She removes her gloves and bracelets armor posing on the table, loosen the breastplate of the chest and putting it slips off the ground, remaining only with the lower part of the armor and heavy on with the suit glove that acts as a shield under the armor heavier. Order from the mainframe to open folders crew, waiting to open the bag of sandwiches that taking one.

And it is at this very moment as she biting her lunch, pausing before the great map of Mars that dominates the wall of the cockpit, that her mind freezes, suddenly like a lucid dream that is backward her return to her mission of three weeks before. three weeks of which one of them was passed in a way totally unexpected and unique

Contact was not difficult from the cargo ship where she was on duty, Yanah enough to say that, so they called (One who confronts her enemy .. in one of their languages), during one of their message exchanges.

Now it goes without saying that once the red soil in the unknown region, things were anything but easy.

She was asked to land in this area bandaged, the bandage was removed only once, and landed what turned up in front of her was a scene of Mars ever known. A smooth red rock canyon, forming columns of the most bizarre natural forms, in some points seemed to form bridges between one valley and another. In twelve presented themselves, in their black suits, with hoods and helmets covered with red cloth seat belts that identified which of them had been honored as a warrior, three of them were in front of her.

As we marveled at how she was dressed, it took well over two hours to make sure that they are convinced that there was no intention to fight. For both, however, was the first real contact.

invited her to go on a black motorcycle that had crossed the canyon behind them in the great stone columns, doing slalom here and there, until you reach a valley, where they entered into a kind of rocky gorge. Rock, were surrounded only by smooth red rock, in some places with strange figures carved by hand.

The waved and pointed to a crack down through a wall of red rock, passed it along until you reach a huge anti-burst door that opened them without touching anything.

They went up on the big elevator that had only two buttons, one above and one below. They chose what they did in the figures were high all around her more than about six feet and wearing overalls were solemn, majestic. She also wore the suit did not reach the feet four inches, but it did not frighten her, or rather was not scared at all. But there was silence and continued to fall.

They went down for about 10 minutes without stopping, but just before arriving, the clips of the 12 helmets of the pressure that had snapped in unison with her. Twelve faces of young men, some of the same age as she, with calm faces and eyes ranging from brown to green apologize and clear skin, dark red. Blacks took to long hair on their shoulders that were tied with laces promptly form a queue.

He was not spending any word, and she did the same by removing his helmet. but the reaction of the twelve silent videos that appear on her face was eloquent as a speech verbose.

The entrance that greeted them was a cave dug into the rock, supported centrally by one of the pillars of natural stone, illuminated by lights from the bottom up extolling the red rocks. crossed a large door that led them to a big round cave and looking up to 50 rings carved in the rock layers that formed interior floors from the bottom up with thousands of small doors on each ring. A central elevator leading to all levels of the Rings. They went on 'Lift her with only the three with the red belt, howled disappeared behind a door on the ground floor. Once looked down upon her and the surprise was that many concentric layers went down.

They went up to a dozen planes approaching and stopped the elevator at the railing at least twenty small doors with no apparent distinction were present on the right side of the floor where they went, one of the young men motioned to follow and entered one of them. The show, which appeared at the end of a small corridor, could not find words to describe an entire underground city technology, mixed with rock, etched into the stone buildings with lights and colors of signs suspended and a passage teeming with busy people. They went down through a huge staircase that led them to a giant sculpture of red rock columns depicting subjects ever seen, at least from her. Two of the three stood there, you enter through one of three that sculpture was not barking that the entrance of the palace of the leaders.

No word had been spent so far, there was no need. As long as the warrior who was with her, the only one who had the facial features of much more delicate than the others, small and brown eyes, a nose that looked like a small potato and thin lips that had never hinted at a smile and blacks kept his long hair tied back in a tail well behind the head.

After he had typed a code into a crack turned to her and said, "I'm not even allowed to enter as well, my name is Sik'is and my job is to defend these ports, some want more than this entry talk to you, I'll wait here"

Without any questions she passed as if it were the most natural thing in the world, a rumble of thunder came from the center, as if some sort of meeting was in progress Trying to make as little noise as possible and not to be noticed she came in looking for a corner on the right.

A large table in the semi round red rock engraved detail, the center contained a huge brazier with live fire inside. Twelve men beyond middle age sat around it dressed in overalls and half-armor sheath fiber.

"we also have a faith which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us from their children. It teaches us to be thankful, to be united, and to love one another. We never quarrel about on what we trust"

A man at the center of the table was talking about, and the sound of 'helmet she slipped awkwardly to the ground,interrupted him.

The man turned to her and you as he slowly stood up, and invite all others to do the same, he said. "And you betterbelieve in what?

She stopped cold as to that question while collecting the helmets, astounded to hear the clear his position: "Well...." he said as a wide-eyed at a guardvav men standing: "Well ... I do not believe in something ... I believe in exactlybalances that regulate the flow of things, that if broken balance does not lead to a harmony of these things "

They smiled silently, after which, the man who had spoken began to move toward her and continued to speak:

"Today you, Major, you will learn one D'naa divid mind in two parts, - the spirituals mind and the physical mind. The first is pure spirit, concerned only with the essence of things. All metters of personal or selfish concern, as success in hunting or warfare, relif from sickness, or the sparing of beloved life, were defintely relegated to the plane of lower or material mind and indications designed to secure a benefit or to avvert a danger, we recognized as emanating from the physical self."

Miss Munro Now I woul like to invite you to sit with us for speack to us About That "

Totally stunned by the speech he made, in mildly gaze, she proceeded to sit down with them.

Remained there for five days, and during this stay, were discovered men, women, children, names, customs, mixed with ancient technology and archaic beliefs, fearless

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Captain: Major?.....

Slowly, as if she wakes again from sleep, the noise of the radio traffic, the sound of the main frame to process the data and the voice of the captain who was part of the relationship with sensors that Conrad set back in the morning

Captain: Major ... are you oki? * Says she and her face look a little absent, but the second call returns as serious as usual, and as if any thought had passed my mind ...

Major: Yes, Captain and i'm ready your report.....

The wind blows every day also well on the northern outpost of Mars then wraps around it to form eddies red....

To Be Continued.....

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Re: One Recal.... PONDERING (from Ele story)

Posted by stark - 28 Jan 2012 04:02

this is so awesome ele i want to make this into a comic!

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