

Gemini - The Question

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Introduction

I love action science fiction and I also love Sci-Fi that makes the reader think a little. I love action, but I want a story that could be happening somewhere. In my sci-fi books, I've tried to create characters dealing with reasonable real life issues in their lives and yes they are aliens. In a way I'm saying, 'Hey, aliens are people too.'

Gemini is about a civilization that is complacent and perhaps naïve. They investigate the solar system around them and find out that not all creatures are like them. The Raog are forced to mature, defend themselves and take on different characteristics to survive.

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Gemini

The Question

1-The Launchers

Doctor Wong was about to witness the launch of the Observer satellite, which was his satellite. It had been his only goal for most of his working life. It would answer the most fundamental question that some Raog had been asking for years, "What was out there?"

Putting a simple satellite in orbit half way between Varo and the potential twin planet was the only way to answer that question.

Doctor Wong was a Raog who lived on the planet Varo. Varo was mostly rock and minerals, with a couple of major mountain ranges and a gentle rolling surface. It rotated with almost zero inclination to its axis. Each rotation yielded long days and nights, and the days were the same length throughout the year.

Their world-mother was Varo. The planet Varo was the provider, the soil, wind and rain were its spiritual elements. All of that was in balance and the people were happy. In spite of a comfortable existence, there were those among them that looked to the skies and wondered how they fit with what they saw.

Doctor Wong was a large Raog; compared to others. He was almost 10 hands tall with light tan fur which was beginning to grow patchy on his head. His eyesight had deteriorated over the years and he was forced to wear eye lenses. Most times he was a gentle man, but when others doubted his resolve, he would present a very formidable presence. He had never worried about dressing in a fashionable way, as his body coverings were functional and he put little thought in what he wore.

Doctor Wong had studied the skies for his entire life. In school, he was always more interested in anything in the sky rather than anything on the ground. During his career, he improved the telescope designs and traced the paths of all of the planets within their solar system. Because of this, he was able to improve the accuracy of the clocks and calendar.

Prior to Doctor Wong's work, the passage of time was recorded when a faraway star named Eron emerged from behind the sun which signified the beginning of the planting season. The

period of time between each emergence was one Eron. Each Eron was broken into eight segments, called Eronses and within each Eronses there were 48 days and nights.

It was through Doctor Wong's work that he determined that one Eron was actually 383.89 days and nights instead of 384. The present day calendars were called the Wong calendar in recognition of Doctor Wong's contribution.

As an additional acknowledgement of his contribution the major University within the capital was called Wong University. This honor had always embarrassed him a little, but secretly he was proud of his accomplishment and that some people appreciated them. He was also proud of his son Ornage who had graduated with honors from that university.

It was during these observations of the sky that he saw an approaching meteor. He painstakingly measured its approach and predicted its path through the solar system. He rarely saw moving objects in the sky, and being able to observe one transit the sky was exciting. As it approached the sun, his prediction said that it would pass behind the sun and continue its orbit to the far reaches of the sky. To his shock, when the meteor emerged, its trajectory had changed five Degrees.

Unknown to him at the time, that observation would dominate the remainder of his life. It took two years of calculation for him to come to the conclusion that something had to be there. If there were another planet on the other side of their orbit, that planet's mass would have caused a change in the meteor's orbit.

"Is there another planet orbiting the sun?" was the question he would spend the rest of his life trying to answer. After finally getting approval to build a rocket and satellite, he was at a point in his career where he either found success or failure. He had to be correct because he realized there weren't enough years left to accomplish anything else of significance.

"Father," his son Ornage said, "I hope things go well, I know how important this is to you." Ornage was standing next to his father, and he was also his unofficial junior partner, who had worked closely with him.

"Yes, my son," Doctor Wong responded, "this could be one of the greatest moments for our people," and he continued under his breath, "and hopefully it will be the end of begging for resources and dealing with our leadership."

Dealing with the planet's political leadership was always a matter of frustration for Doctor Wong. He couldn't understand why they weren't curious about the solar system and understanding something about all of the planets. Particularly if there might be a planet opposite to them in their orbit. Having to ask for resources was never ending and each time they would point out that every hour spent was one less hour used to grow more Jabom or some other 'mover valuable effort.'

Ornage finished his career training five Erons ago and had been at his father's side as the rocket and satellite were designed and built. He was taller than his father, almost 11 hands. He was a lean young Raog, and his light tan fur was like his father's, which was typical of Raog from lower elevations. His temperament was still young. He hadn't shown the strength of his father because his job was helping his father technically and not having to deal with the frustrating elements of building the rocket.

Orange was equally proud of being a Raog and he was very aware that he and his father were doing something exciting and which would gain a lot of information for the Raog. He was also a typical young person and he dressed in nice clothing and made sure that his fur was well groomed for every occasion.

Doctor Wong was leaning on his resting pad, pensively touching his birth pouch. The birth pouch, was a pouch of Jabom seeds that every Raog carried around their waist, it was given to them at birth, as a reminder that Jabom and the Raog had a mutual history. Jabom lived and died as the people of Varo lived and died. The pouch was a continuous connection between them and the soil and Varo which was the source of everything that was important.

The observation room was large enough for 10-15 people to walk around, talk and rest. Along the back wall was a table of Jabom dishes for the guests to snack on and enjoy. The room was plain and painted one color, typical of a work area. The walls were covered with a mix of schedules, plans and pictures of the spacecraft along with some pictures of the scenery and farmers tending the Jabom. On the front wall was a large window which allowed the occupants to look into the adjacent launch control room where Doctor Wong's technical assistant Albot and his crew were readying the rocket for launch. Each of the technicians were seated with their backs to the observation room and they were busy monitoring the various screens and data output devices. They were busy so none of them looked up, beyond their consoles, where there was another window which showed the rocket on its launch platform ready to launch. In the corner of the room was the traditional container of Varo soil found in almost every structure on the planet. The container was simple and made of twisted Jabom stocks with a dish full of Varo soil resting on top. That design was typical of what was found in most homes and professional buildings. In some areas it might be more ornate, but generally it was made in common yet respectful way. Occasionally, during the day, each of them would touch or caress the soil as a good luck or soothing gesture.

Every building or large meeting area had containers of soil, which were revered through its relation to Varo. Many occasions throughout the day Raog would seek the soil to reestablish their connection to everything that was important.

The doctor glanced across the observation room to the Grand Leader and wondered what was going through his mind.

Grand Leader Invrok, who was the leader of the entire planet Varo, was standing on the other side of the observation room from Doctor Wong. His reason for being there, his interest in that folly and what he hoped to achieve from it, was all very different from Doctor Wong's. He was making inconsequential talk with a member of his staff, he wasn't interested in the proceedings, but his hearing was focused, listening to what was going on.

The Grand Leader was small for a Raog and was at a midpoint in his life. He was about nine hands tall and perhaps had eaten a little too much Jabom. His head fur hadn't started to grey or thin yet and he was still good looking. He was wearing his ceremonial robes which designated him as the Grand Leader with three gold rings on the sleeve. He loved those robes and when he walked he made sure they flowed with the movement, so everyone could see. His demeanor and poise showed him to be a person who was accustomed with making decisions.

Ornage was aware of the strained relationship between the two men and wanted to reduce the tension. He thought that if he made a positive comment, that both of them heard, they might find something of mutual interest to talk about. So he made a point of speaking in a clear voice, which he knew would be heard across the room, and pointed out to his father, "Father, if our launch is successful and we do find a twin planet, it will truly be a major event for the Raog." Ornage knew that statement would surely get the attention of the Grand Leader and hoped to get the two of them talking.

Upon hearing any statement regarding the people of Varo, the Grand Leader felt the need to participate, after all he was a politician and when anyone was talking about all of the Raog he

had to contribute. He casually strode across the room, making sure he got the most effect from his robes, and said, "Doctor Wong, I agree with your son, we are fortunate that we have been able to make a commitment, of such magnitude, and attempt to answer that question. Answering that will allow us to move forward and focus on the important issues facing our people." Upon completing his statement he put a hand on Doctor Wong's shoulder and offered the best smile he could. A political smile Ornage recognized from the leader's many pictures and personal appearances.

The Grand Leader was very focused on ending the irritant. Doctor Wong was a nice enough fellow, but his persistence on that subject had worn their relationship thin over the years. The Grand Leader was concerned with the people of his planet Varo. What was in space was a minor concern to him. His people were growing food, caring for their young, building cities and growing in numbers. Committing resources to any distraction was frustrating and hopefully near its end.

Dealing with the Doctor over the years was interesting at first, then aggravating, leading to frustration and finally, in the last couple of years, irritation. There were those intellectuals among them, that asked questions about, "How do we fit in existence?" and even though they were interesting to talk with at parties, their demands for resources could be trying and sometimes too much. After all, with no clear benefit for the people, why make the expenditure? From his perspective, the launch was to quiet them and allow him to go back to leading his planet.

The Grand Leader's thoughts were on the launch, and not necessarily its success, but on how these talented people and expensive devices could be used to improve crop yields, transportation and improved building construction. In fact, he thought, that room will be an excellent storage facility and as soon as this distraction is over I can put all of these resources to better use.

Doctor Wong was well aware of what the Grand Leader meant with his comments and responded, "Yes Grand Leader, it will be a major event and regardless of the outcome, learning and moving forward go hand in hand to help the people."

The Grand Leader removed his hand from Doctor Wong's shoulder and continued smiling towards the remaining attendees. He moved away, flowing his robes, and talked with the others present. He had made his statement and reestablished his position within the room.

The Doctor felt that he had diverted the Grand Leader's hidden attack and yet the comment just added another layer of importance to what he did and another realization, that if it failed, his career would be over. The Grand Leader wasn't vengeful, but once you're not in a position to support the Grand Leader or the people, then you're not important. If he failed, he would still be invited to the occasional party, but he would be greeted with simple head nods and smiles when he talked. No one would listen or take his statements too seriously.

The Grand Leader's many years leading the planet had taught him to focus on the important things that brought health, shelter and nourishment to the people. It was because of this, he had remained their leader. Achieving the position of leadership was more of acquiescence on the part of the residents, rather than taking control or being elected.

Leadership was informal. Those who made decisions and provided benefits were followed by more people. Over time, a leader developed a following and as long as their decisions improved their lives, the residents accepted their leadership. At each level, the objectives were clear; produce Jabom, share Jabom, nurture the young, care for the elderly and communicate with others. The leaders assumed their roles based on how well the process worked. If the proper decisions were made, and production increased in each level of the organization, everyone was happy and the leader remained in place. If changing weather patterns, breakdowns in

transportation or other calamities occurred, and the leaders didn't react properly, the leader changed, usually without a lot of fuss. It just happened.

As long as the Raog of Varo, could plant their Jabom, feed their families, and care for their young, who was leading was less of a concern. They respected their leaders and knew that they were needed, but leaders were only a part of caring for the Jabom and families. The leader's importance was based on success more than position.

Ornage didn't feel any reduction in stress, but at least they talked. Now he wanted to reduce his stress and he casually strolled across the room to the daughter of the Grand Leader, Sonyata.

Just seeing her, he forgot about the stress between their fathers, which in turn helped reduce his stress. She was the focus of his life, and as he approached her, it made his life better. Was it something about the way her fur glistened in the light, or was it the way she moved? Regardless none of that mattered now that he was near her.

Sonyata was an average sized young female. She stood about eight hands high and had a beautiful smile. Her fur had many shades of light tan which shined in the light. Because she knew that she was going to see Ornage, she took extra time fixing her fur and even put a beautiful Jabom flower over her right ear.

Fashion was functional, not too ornate, and not too simple. Most Raog took pride in how they looked; their grooming was meticulous. There was little difference in the body coverings, except subtle differences in coloring. The fabrics and coloring were made from the Jabom plant. The fabric came from the stock of the Jabom and the coloring came from the Jabom fruit. As the fruit matured it constantly changed color and anytime during the growing cycle, the fruit could be harvested and the color extracted and used as a dye. Each growing area had segments set aside that were harvested in small quantities almost daily to extract the changing colors.

"Wow, the tension between our fathers is thick," he spoke gently to her.

"Yes, I wish they could calm down a little," Sonyata responded. "What do you think we're going to find?" she asked.

After she spoke, Ornage hesitated because it was pleasant hearing her speak, then he focused on her question and answered, "Sometimes I hope we find a twin and sometimes I'm worried that we might," and after a pause, "I know that I'm curious," he said.

Sonyata smiled and responded, "I don't know what I want you to find, you know about the pet Orack that put his nose in too many holes?"

Ornage laughed, "Yes, he put it in one too many."

She had made her point and Ornage realized it.

Doctor Wong knew that the launch was getting near and he passed by the container of Varo soil and touched it, hoping for some help from Varo. He moved to his reserved resting pad. As Doctor Wong got comfortable, the other's in the room sensed their cue and began finding their pads. The Grand Leader approached and leaned on his pad, beside the Doctor, and waited.

The room wasn't large by any standards and although it had the best technology, putting a satellite in orbit that far from Varo would be a major technical challenge. There were fourteen co-workers involved in the launch, who worked in the control room. They were all leaning on their rest pads at their consoles in the final stages of preparation.

Doctor Wong and the Grand Leader looked straight ahead through the window in the observation room and beyond, through the additional window in the launch room, upon the rocket. It sat on its launch pad with vapor escaping, which blew some distance downwind. From their location they couldn't hear any noise outside of the observation room, so the rocket poised there, might have been a picture if the escaping vapor wasn't moving.

The rocket was 500 hands tall and had taken the best engineers two Erons to make. The satellite rested on top of the rocket and looked like the tip of their Jabom planting tool, The Pointer of Life, and it looked poised to penetrate the clouds of Varo like the pointer penetrated the soil and provided the Jabom. The rocket's design was similar to other rockets which they had used to launch maintenance crews into space to repair satellites.

Their space program developed to meet immediate needs. There was no extra effort to explore or develop the technologies further. Many satellites had been launched and were regularly used to monitor weather and crop growth so the space program was a natural necessity to maintain the satellites. The weather wasn't so bad that they needed satellites to monitor, but the Raog were consumed by the need to plant Jabom. They searched for the best weather, the best soil, and the best prevailing winds. They had ample supplies, but planting and growing it was more like a religious experience than merely planting food. They had been successful with those flights, which was encouraging for that launch.

The rocket outside the launch facility was capable of carrying a satellite and putting it in a low orbit. Then after one orbit, a small onboard rocket would accelerate it and the satellite would leave the planet's gravitational pull. The satellite's acceleration continued on a course veering slightly towards the sun. The satellite could continue to accelerate and stay within a path within Varo's orbit. If the path wasn't towards the sun, then the added velocity would move the satellite to an orbit further out from Varo. At a predetermined time, the onboard rockets would cease firing and the satellite would use its excess energy to move outward to the proper orbit. When it reached a point orbit halfway between Varo and its possible twin planet an additional rocket firing would slow the satellite to achieve orbit. Even though that wouldn't yield a perfect circular orbit, minor eccentricities wouldn't be a hindrance to the goals. At that point, it would be able to observe if there was a twin planet, and be able to communicate with Varo.

The launch wasn't trying to accomplish a lot, the small satellite had a radio receiver, telescopes and a transmitter. That was a minimal attempt to resolve Doctor Wong's calculations and determine if there was another planet opposite to them. By receiving any radio transmissions the satellite would determine if there was life on that planet and by transmitting a short message, let them know that the Raog exist.

The satellite was going to survey the space where the twin was thought to exist and take pictures with a telephoto lens. It would send a prerecorded electronic message for a precise amount of time and listen for any radio transmissions during a pause of the same time span. It was hoped that any intelligent life would recognize the pause as an opportunity to respond. After a short time, it would transmit the images back to Varo, and if any radio transmissions were heard, they would be recorded and transmitted to the home planet continuously as long as the satellite remained in orbit. The plan was to detect the twin, but there was no plan to establish a continuous link. After all, there would be a language difference and it could take a great deal of time to translate any data or communications.

The investment in resources was moderate, but the overall emotional investment was guarded. Most Raog were a little curious, but they were too focused on their lives to have a real concern about the outcome.

Determining if there was another planet, was the main goal and pretty much the only goal. Very little thought had been put into the impacts to their planet and society, after all they had everything they needed, what impacts could affect them? Verifying a twin planet only provided an answer to some of the curious among them. There was no immediate impact foreseen, after all what could happen?

Ornage took his resting pad next to his father, and he was nervous. At that point in the launch, he had no direction for his energy, the plan was complete, the rocket was ready, the satellite was ready, and at that point it was in the hands of Varo and the technicians.

He shared his excitement with his father Doctor Wong, "Father that satellite is an amazing accomplishment. I pray to Varo that we've taken care of all of the details and our calculations are correct."

His father responded with a simple squeeze of his son's hand.

Doctor Wong was proud of his heritage, yet he was frustrated that more of the Raog didn't look to the sky, wanting to understand their place. He had fought hard over the years to get the resources and the battles had been long. There were satellites in orbit providing basic communications and weather forecasting around the planet, but launching a device into a further orbit was a large step requiring resources. The project was more complex than launching a Raog in a rocket for satellite maintenance. Safety was a major concern when they had a Raog piloting the craft, but this mission was different and required more precise timing and many events had to happen at the perfect instant. When a Raog was flying, his skills controlled the events, but the rocket carrying the communication satellite was controlled by many finely timed devices which had to activate at the exact moment for success.

Early in the design stages Doctor Wong, Ornage and their team had long debates about using more electronics and computing devices in the rocket. Those other options definitely had their place, but the consensus was that they should stay with a technology that was well known and had their confidence.

Computers were used across the society but creating complex timing mechanisms was a matter of pride, and if done well, they would handle that project. The flight was in a very demanding environment and computers became unreliable in high stress and high vibration conditions, so staying with mechanical systems was an easy decision. Raog computers were large, but not sophisticated. Their computational needs were simple and although they enjoyed programming, their needs had been satisfied.

Ornage didn't express it, but he had a significant amount of pride and wonder in his father, after all he had put all of that together. He was caught up in the excitement of the activities and yet somewhat detached, his father was the key and he accepted that he was his assistant. His father treated him with respect and always listened to his suggestions. He felt that his place alongside his father was the proper place and he was happy to be there.

Success for his father would mean success for him. He had worked close with his father over the years and contributed some significant points to the project, but success was less important to him. His youth provided so much optimism that the potential of failure was just that day's failure. He couldn't foresee any changes to his life as a consequence of a failed mission.

Ornage had a major distraction and someone of interest; Sonyata, who he kept in the corner of his vision. He was sure that she looked his way a lot, yet he realized that she must maintain her composure in public. After all, she was the daughter of The Grand Leader and she had to act in dignified manner in public. They both had roles to play and if they paid too much attention to each other, and the mission failed, then they could be criticized if they weren't focused on the launch.

He looked her way whenever possible and he caught her looking his way many times. Ornage and Sonyata didn't grow up together or even circulate in the same social circles, so he sought out any occasions to spend time with her. He was part of the satellite team and his father was the leader so they had obligations to socialize with the Grand Leader and his family. It was

during those occasions that Ornage was able to spend time with Sonyata and get to know her. Their time together was fun and full of laughter with a shared enthusiasm in the launch. Beyond those social encounters and the rigors of the project, they weren't able to spend as much time together as they wanted. However the times they did spend together, were full of excitement and pleasurable discussions. Ornage respected Sonyata's intelligence and insight. She had made many observations that were clear and concise. She had a different way to approach the problems and it was refreshing to hear her inputs. Aside from that, he enjoyed having her with him.

There was something about the way she carried herself and the subtleties of her fur that attracted Ornage. Raog women moved with a certain elegance and Sonyata, in particular, moved in a manner he enjoyed watching.

Sonyata was more than just a socialite and he was more than the son of an engineer. After all, he had contributed much to the project and she was the daughter of the Grand Leader. She was intelligent, thoughtful and cared a great deal about Ornage and the project.

Resting on a pad next to The Grand Leader was his spouse, Lretta. She and The Grand Leader had been paired for most of their lives. She was mildly interested in the result of the launch. Doctor Wong was an interesting fellow; at times. He was so interested in that theoretical twin planet, that she saw only a one sided person with only one thing he could talk about. At times that was boring, at other times she was intrigued and sometimes she was frightened.

Lretta was very statuesque. Even though she was a very gentle and friendly person, the many years of being the wife of the Grand Leader had given her a certain formal air and carriage. She was about the same height as her husband.

Lretta gently touched her mate's arm and said, "Don't worry it will be all over soon enough."

The Grand Leader's response was a simple nod and sigh. Both realized that the statement meant different things to each of them.

Life on Varo was good and her position as spouse to the Grand Leader was a comfortable one. Lretta had everything she wanted, she was respected and as part of Varo's leadership she contributed a great deal. Her spouse was the Grand Leader, and as his partner she was the family value leader, and mother to all of the Raog. The people of Varo called her the Orb.

The roles of Grand Leader and Orb had been partnered for so long, they appeared to come together naturally. The husband of the Orb was the Grand Leader and the spouse of the Grand Leader was the Orb. Lretta and Invrok had been partnered for so long, the combination of their titles seemed appropriate and necessary. The two titles weren't combined by history or law, but it seemed natural and was so.

The Raog had a simple lifestyle and society was based on Jabom, so each member of the society performed roles that supported its growth and distribution. If a male performed a job better it was assumed that he would, if the female performed the job better she would be expected satisfy the need. Many Raog worked as teams where the male would do a portion of the job and the female would do the other. Often farming teams were a duo, the husband would work a few days a week and the wife would work the others. So the Orb and Grand Leader sharing the decision making and leading of the world was typical of how the Raog lived their lives.

The title, Orb, represented Varo and signified a globe which had no beginning and no end; such as the soul of Varo. It was more than a ceremonial role, she was the moral compass of the Raog and often provided guidance where a decision which effected the soul was needed. Morality and how they treated each other was a key element of the society. After all, the decisions that her spouse made, always had an impact on the family and society. They made

decisions in concert, he explained ‘the what’, and she explained ‘the why.’ He, the practical part of the decision and her, the family, and ethical part of the decision; each come together to made a complete decision which helped people the most.

The spiritual part of the society was broken into two parts; the soil and soul of Varo. Varo had given them the soil and Jabom, which was cared for by the soil tenders. The Raog were part of Varo’s soul, for which the partner of the Grand Leader, the Orb was responsible. Varo’s soul was endless and included all. It was symbolized by a sphere and that was why the wife of the Grand Leader was called the Orb.

The only people that had unique body coverings were the soil tenders and the Orb. Being a key element of their relationship with the soil, and weather of Varo, soil tenders wore soil colored body coverings. That indicated their dependence and connection with the soil. The Orb, on the other hand, represented all that was good such as family, morality and their overall spirit. Because of that the Orb wore brightly colored robes that flowed like the wind when she walked.

There was something about that launch, which caused Lretta concerns. Finding out if the twin planet existed might have a profound impact on her people and she was a little frightened that it would not be a good impact. Her concerns were for the Raog and she couldn’t get distracted over actions that didn’t provide a benefit.

Lretta was well aware of the attraction between her daughter and the son of the project leader. It was somewhat humorous and, though she didn’t know if it would lead anywhere, being a mother, she subtly encouraged the relationship, just to see her daughter happy. Ornage was a very nice young man and he treated her daughter well.

Sonyata was enjoying herself, in her own estimation she was a closet engineer. She loved the technology and intricacy of what they were doing. And, even though she heard many times from her father about the frustrations of dealing with Doctor Wong, she shared Ornage’s enthusiasm about answering the question.

For her, when she heard Doctor Wong and her father talking about the project, were times of enthusiasm and imagination. She would listen to the discussions and allow the information to feed her imagination about the technologies involved, the technical problems they were trying to solve and of course the excitement of answering the question.

Given those little pieces of inside information she would go to the library and read any publications available, trying to put the subjects together. Her education wasn’t in engineering, as she saw parts of the discipline boring, but her intelligence allowed her to fill in the gaps and extrapolate them to far-reaching conclusions that stimulated her imagination.

Sonyata was very aware of Ornage on his pad next to his father. Ornage’s presence only added to the heady atmosphere of the launch. She enjoyed their discussions and debates about the project’s technical elements. She knew that Ornage was very intelligent and hoped that he enjoyed their time together as much as she. She was also impressed by the contributions that he had made. Ornage would never claim credit, but he had pointed out numerous technical problems that surely improved the chances for success.

She suspected that he was in love with her although he hadn’t said it yet. She hadn’t said it either, but when they are together, the beginnings were there and they just needed to be nurtured and tended to. After all love was like growing Jabom, once the seed was present just add some water, nourishment and wait, soon it would blossom.

Orto was the last member of the dignitaries watching the launch. He stood in the corner so he could observe the participants. That way he could collect all the information that he would use to his advantage in the future.

people who lived on the planet, the weather the planet provided, the existence that he saw was because of Mother Varo.

Vortus was one of the more senior soil tenders and he was also one of the most vocal. All of the soil tenders focused on their local people, the soil, the weather and how bountiful Varo was to them. They spent their time with the people, helping with crops and planting, harvesting and serving the bounty of the planet. The food that was produced represented the food for the soul of Varo and it had to be respected. Because he was one of the senior soil tenders and worked in the capital, he dealt with the local leadership and helped to resolve issues of importance, such as crop plantings, weather effects, and food distribution.

Varo provided the weather, nutrients and seeds to produce the crops. The Raog of Varo had the responsibility to plant the seeds, harvest the crops, share the bounty, cook the meals then return their essence back to the soil. That was the soul of the planet and they only had a part. If they did their part the nutrients would be returned, shared and used again in subsequent generations. Varo would continue to provide.