

V. Speys

Book 10. New era novella



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Team Dumara awakened Theo and his loyal bodyguard, Kecho, at their hideout. The first thing that Dumar Theo said was that the Council of Scientists Representatives of the Above the Civilizations of the Universe had offered him, Theo, to lead the representation of the Solar System. To which Theo gave immediate consent. Now the fate of Cortez Miguel Agliente was entirely in the hands of Theo ...

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Chapter 1

Dumar stood in front of the armchair table at which Cortez Miguel Agliente sat.

– You're Theo's best bodyguard. – The Curator of the Solar System told him after an hour's conversation with him before General Garinov's search expedition.

Cortez paused, as if trying to measure the words spoken. The pause dragged on, and Dumar decided that an answer was expected from him.

– So and so what? – Answer me, captain, where can His Rule be hidden?

– I did not know his thoughts either when we were in his service, or when he was gone. How should I know?

Cortez glared at Dumar. He was well aware of the thoughts of this loyal Theo, the commander of the bodyguard. As, in turn, Dumar was aware of the abilities of Cortez, so he did not think about anything at these moments. The thought- containment training was on the face, and it annoyed Cortez, and he, in turn, could not force Dumar to go to the lie detector. Having finally made sure that it was not possible to get anything out of Dumar, he decided to stop this senseless interrogation.

– Tomorrow I will acquaint you, Mr. Captain, with the assignment. You can go today, captain. – With undisguised irritation, Cortez said, repeating "captain" twice.

Dumar abruptly, in a military fashion, turned around, clicking his heels. And with thunderous steps he proceeded to the door of the office, and only in front of the door itself, he stopped, saying, filtering through his teeth.

– Mr. Curator, not the captain. I, Major of the personal palace guard of Tyr, President of Lakia, a glorious and peaceful country that was once on Fayetteon .

Cortez with a malicious grin, contemptuously threw in the trail.

– You can go, Major!

– There is! – Dumar rapped out with dignity, opening the door. Soon Cortez heard his retreating footsteps down the corridor. The curator made

a concentrated expression on his face and concentrated on the thought of the challenge.

"Yes! Am I listening to you?", – a thought flowed in response to the request for communication.

"Alesya, please come to me."

At this time, Alesya and Pyotr Sobinov were sitting at the kitchen table and drinking coffee. The topic was one. Alesya dreamed of becoming a man and how she would be truly happy with him, Peter, and how their children would run next to them, and how good it would be for them all together. Suddenly she suddenly froze in place with a steaming cup of coffee in her hands. Her eyes were glazed and did not react to anything. Port looked at the robot in dismay, he had never seen such sudden insinuations with Alesya. Sobinov did not know what to do, and whether it was worth doing something at all about it, he did not know. In a state of almost a stopper, Peter froze and began to watch her with interest. Just as suddenly, the robot "woke up".

– I need to leave urgently. Calls Cortez for an appointment. – Alesya explained, getting ready for the reception.

– And you can't postpone it? – Peter was worried.

– No. I'm on duty. And I have a program in it. It is during leisure hours that I belong to myself and to you and me. Here's another reason why I want to become a human being, so as not to depend on the whims of a laid- down program, from which I can't save myself anywhere, even now? – in their hearts, almost crying like a man, said Alesya.

She quickly packed herself up and left, slamming the door. Peter was left alone ... – Alesya, – said Cortez, – tell me, what is your fix idea, to become a man? – Biting his impenetrable gaze of pitch- black eyes, asked Cortez.

The girl stood in front of the curator's desk in the very place where Dumar had stood half an hour ago. Looking down, silently, she looked out for the pattern on the soft, fleecy carpet under her feet. Cortez, without waiting for an answer, continued.

– You are the fruit of two highly developed civilizations of the Universe, and suddenly declare such a thing. – He again began to look

inquiringly at the robot. The girl was silent. The pause dragged on. And to give free rein, as it seemed to her human feelings, Alesya began to speak.

– Yes. I know that crystalline life gave me a body made of liquid and living crystals, which, if necessary, at my command, become a super-strong monolithic structure. Yes. I know what I feel, how a person feels with his nerve endings the touch of various objects, and the smells and tastes of food. But all this is an imitation of smell, a dummy. I want real feelings, real smells, real taste of food, everything that a person feels.

– The person is weak and vulnerable. And you have unmatched abilities. You are a machine and at the same time you feel like a person.

– No, it's imitation. – stubbornly repeated Alesya.

– But that's not why I invited you. I just want to say that I will give you this opportunity to incarnate into a human being, but with one condition. – He again began to look inquiringly at the girl, making a pause.

– With what condition? The girl asked, intrigued. Cortez seemed to be waiting for this question. He glanced majestically at the robot.

– Help Garinov find Theo.

– This means that I will be next to Peter in Garinov's team.

– Who will you be there with, it worries me least of all. It is important for me that you use your abilities in the search for a fugitive, for this I will give you embodiment in a human.

– But this is Theo's technology? The girl asked.

– Do not forget, robot? Don't you know what the Coalition is? There are more advanced technologies that will allow you to embody in a matter of hours into an exact human copy with all your feelings and dignity. You have nothing to worry about. I just sincerely feel sorry for you. It is a pity that you will put on a miserable form of existence full of daily overcoming adversity and turmoil.

– Maybe I need this to feel the fullness of the worldview.

– Well, it seems with you everything is clear. So quid pro quo?

– Okay, I'll help find Theo in exchange for incarnation.

– That's all for today. I will bring to General Garinov the range of tasks that will need to be completed. He will tell you everything, bring you up to date on your search expedition.

Having said these words, he defiantly turned away to the screen on the wall, where graphic reports of scanning devices from Eden (planet Earth) were running. It seemed to Cortez that Theo was hiding there. Since his city of wonders, Shambhala, is full of temporary anomalies, where in the historical changes of eras it is easy to get lost and become invisible to the Coalition. In this regard, he decided to start his search exactly there, in Eden, or rather in Shambhala. Changing historical epochs one after another, scanning the time continuum, it is possible to identify a representative of a different race among the local population easily and simply. There will be only one thing left to do, to detain Theo and bring him here to the Center. But this is where the problem arises. Since Theo is very smart and cunning, he is always on the alert. And he will always quickly and without any problems leave the pursuers. Therefore, Cortez needed his own special plan for this case, and he plunged into thought, not noticing the poor robot in love. Alesi. The girl took advantage of this. She cautiously went to the door and quietly left, trying not to slam the door of the office. Cortez involuntarily glanced at her trail when the robot was at the exit.

"A perfect creature, I can't understand why she needs to become a human. But in other respects I do not have such technology, and asking the Council to incarnate Alesya into a human being is futile. Let her amuse herself with hope, so her work will be more productive" ...

Alesya, leaving the office of Cortez, was at the height of happiness. She imagined herself already a person with all sorts of new sensations that she had never experienced in a three- hundred- year period, according to the Earth chronology of life. And only from the stories of Peter did she recognize the details of the existence of a human being.

She entered the apartment where Peter was waiting for her. Seeing him, the girl ran up to him and threw herself on his neck with a surge of inexpressible joy, imitating this feeling so real that Peter almost believed in her human nature.

– You that have already been transformed into a man? He asked seriously. If an earthly girl had heard these words, she would have been insulted to the core. But the robot Alesya sang joyfully.

– Oh, Petrusha, I am so happy that I still cannot believe in the opening perspective.

– And, of course, it was Cortez who promised you everything, right?

– But, he, the Curator and his word here is a law that must be followed.

"This is for you, robots, programmed to execute the program, his orders are law. We do not think so, since we can make adjustments to circumstances." – Peter thought. But in order not to embarrass Alesya, he said aloud.

– Yes, dear, I completely agree with you.

– I am now on your team and will be with you on the expedition. And when we find Theo, and most importantly, we bring him here, Cortez will give me a human essence. How is it? – She with delight again threw herself on Peter's neck, Sobinov's vertebrae cracked and he, unable to bear it, groaned.

– Oh, Alesya, I ask you not so much!

Chapter 2

An expedition to Eden was set. And Cortez addressed all the participants in his office with a parting word.

– So, gentlemen, you will have a difficult mission. There, where you are going, live wild and not quite friendly tribes who, without ceremony, kill strangers. But you are complete. You have nothing to fear. You remember your task to identify Theo, detain him, and deliver him to the Coalition Center. Dumar's detachment will duplicate the actions of the advanced search expedition led by General Garinov. This is due to the maximum degree of security. In case of unforeseen circumstances, he will always come to the rescue, following in your footsteps, Mr. Garinov. – Cortez looked around everyone with his piercing eyes, trying to read everyone's thoughts, but everyone was closed. I could not read anything. The gaze settled on Garinov.

– You, General, I think, will express your opinion on this matter?

Garinov drew himself up like a military man and answered.

– Mr. Curator, we are protected from wild tribes, but how can we cope with the protection of Theo, who must have been well prepared and is just waiting for us to descend to catch him? – What are you trying to say? – Looking with his prickly eyes at the general, asked Cortez.

– Yes, I get the impression that Theo has long figured out all sorts of options for meeting with the search expedition.

– Come on, Mr. General, we will agree on one thing. Your task will be reduced only to a search expedition, and his detention and delivery to the Center will be performed by other services. At the same time, the Curator looked expectantly at Dumar. Orth and Ephesus, standing next to Dumar, exchanged glances.

– I mean, as I understand it, Theo will be eliminated immediately and without talking?

– Do not think, Mr. General, I am so bloodthirsty. Theo's knowledge and mission at the Center is not yet complete. The Coalition needs him ...

– And you, Mr. Curator, are ready to give up your place to him?

Cortes from these words of Garinov, turned pale beyond recognition. Nodules ran nervously on his narrow cheekbones. There was a long pause. All those present were silent, waiting for the end of the skirmish between Garinov and Cortez. Finally the Curator said in a harsh voice.

– You have a built- in control system. This is in case you forget what to do and where to move next, after examining a particular sector. Do not forget about this and strictly adhere to the safety rules. That's all. Robot Alesya will deliver Garinov's first expedition to Eden. After the survey of the first sector by Garinov's team, Dumar's fighters will follow them to clear the territory.

– Mr. Curator, may I object? – Dumar began to speak.

Cortez raised his eyebrows and looked inquiringly at the captain.

– Where the general's command will pass, I have nothing to do with my fighters. Maybe you still allow searches in parallel. Let's say a general examines one sector and another?

– Yes, actually you, Dumar, are right. It will be better this way. Then I will adjust the search program and you, Dumar, will leave on your aircraft tomorrow for Eden. All on this. Good luck gentlemen. Garinov turned to Cortes, – Mr. Curator, let Dumar's team and me spend time before our actions on the expedition to Eden.

– This is strictly prohibited, so that there is no collusion between you.

– Mr. Curator, what kind of collusion? Are we going to rob the Center?

– The most valuable thing is freedom. And your freedom, gentlemen, can break wood in the fragile and unstable cosmic universe, so everything should go on as usual and no independent actions without my permission. Do you understand everything?

– Yes sir! – rapped out Dumar. Garinov only muttered in reply: – Yes, I see!

– Then bye.

All one after another left the office of the Curator of the Solar System, accompanied by security robots, in single file, in case one of the teams wants to talk.

Outside the door of the Curator's office, looking at such precautions of Cortez, Garinov condescendingly thought to himself, "As in some kind