



Dune Saga

by

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It is my hypothesis that the Fremen were black.

Using the experience of Planet Earth – evolution has shown that populations that reside in tropical settings as in Africa and South America were dark skinned as manifested by original peoples of these continents. On the other hand populations that found themselves closer to the Polar Regions as with the Nordic tribes tended to be white.

Hence, for this FF, the Fremen are black.

Chapter 1

*If;
You don't like the Rules of the Game.
Play it.
Win it.
Change it.*

Emperor Dax Atreides

It was late. It was hot. It was humid.

This was Dune – Desert Planet – Sole provider of the Spice Melange; thus the center of the Universe.

[V] A Reverend Mother in Commando Uniform walked into the compound, unchallenged. She snorted in disgust, so much for security on a planet that housed House Corrino.

She headed for the desert exhibit and stared, it was a true attempt at reconstructing the desert of Arakkis.

She checked her pack and entered...[V]

Dax Atreides sat up suddenly and looked around wildly. As he settled his heart rate he realized that it had been a dream. This one, however, was different. It felt real. Almost like déjà vu. Of late things around him were changing. He corrected the thought. No, he was changing, which was why he had returned to the Sietch, he was searching for normalcy. Dax was a member of Mick'N Sietch, located near Arakkis City. Of course “near” was a relative term. It normally took a worm ride to get just to the edge of the city. Dune was a desert planet and pulsated to the laws of nature, intensely hot days and extremely cold nights.

Of late that seemed to be changing – like him, like tonight. It was hot and Dax couldn't sleep and the dream now had him wide-awake. He finally got off his sleeping mat and removed the soaking wet shirt that he had been wearing and replaced it with a dry one. With the remnants of the dream lingering in his mind he left his sleeping quarters.

Dax loved his people, his home world and desert life but he was also Atreides, descended from Paul Maud'Dib. Every now and then, though some radical would remind him that he was not native. It was sad that after twenty two thousand years of living, breathing, loving and breeding on Arakkis that some people still didn't accept his family. It really didn't matter. He was Fremen and that was all Shai-Hulud had ordained.

Unprotected by a still-suit, [*Dad would have a fit*] he thought; he stepped outside. It was silent as only the desert could be. Everyone was asleep, but for the camouflaged security and the night creatures of the wilderness. He walked through the Sietch, but for some concessions to

technology like communicators, AVU and computers an Ancient One could have walked the compound and felt right at home. The Sietch was a semi permanent sanctuary as the Fremmen prided themselves on their ability to pick up, relocate and continue life as if nothing had interrupted their routine.

Drawn to the desert and fascinated by the Giant Worms that lived there – as was any Fremmen worth his water; he headed for a lookout just outside of the perimeter of the Sietch and climbed the highest peak in the area. Offering a prayer he sat and watched the handiwork of God.

Suddenly a vision popped into his head – Amasso, his twin, was in UNIFORM!!! Where in the name of Maud'Dib had that come from? Amasso was no longer in the armed forces or so he claimed, but who knew with him? He was a bundle of energy with no outlet. At least none that Dax found constructive. The two were identical in physical appearance only. It would not be unlike Amasso to lie about his decommission or actually be decommissioned and be out on some black ops.

The vision persisted.

[V] A woman was with him, in full attack mode. She was grabbed from behind, and automatically knelt dragging her assailant over her shoulder, landing him on the ground; she positioned herself to plunge her knife into him.

Just as it quickly as it had cranked up, her adrenaline rush slowed down and the blood lust receded. She whipped round "M'ram! Oh God M'ram! I could have killed you! What is the matter with you?!" She yelled. [V]

Dax didn't like this. Not one bit. His brow furrowed as he concentrated on the vision, but the more he focused the fuzzier the image became. His thoughts were interrupted as a nighthawk swooped before him and soon emerged with a meal.

As he watched the hawk he observed worm sign. A worm! The Great Maker! Shai-Hulud! All names uttered in awe of the Leviathan that controlled the Planet. Humans depended on Spice but the Worm controlled the spice. The Spice existed because of the Worm. If the Worm were to cease to exist, then so would the spice. To Fremmen Shai-Hulud controlled their world – It was God! It was a magnificent creature to behold. Only the small ones approximately twenty meters long could be found near civilization, but the deep desert – that is where the mammoths lived.

Fiercely territorial there was only one time that anyone could recall when they had come together; that was the night Paul Maud'Dib took the water of life. It was said that every worm carried a pearl of conscience of Leto Atreides II, son of Maud'Dib, also known as The Tyrant.

And there it was in the pale moonlight of the first moon – worm sign. This was not the first time. Recently, it seemed that each occasion he ventured out there was worm sign. This night proved to be different as one actually revealed itself. It was all at once terrifying and mystifying. The Giant of the Desert reared up and roared, blasting him with the essence of the spice. It was

truly an awesome sight. In the grey of the night the moonlight danced on the rings of the Worm as it appeared to the young man.

At first panicked, worms were known to devour humans; Dax eventually calmed down and studied the magnificent creature before him.

He stood and paid homage to the desert being. “Your servant always, Shai-Hulud.” He said. The worm nodded and left. That was it, the worm appeared – he bowed and the encounter was over. He settled back and breathed deeply the scent of the spice, which lingered in its wake. There was more to this he was sure but he let it be – for now. He smiled, all was right in his world. Maud'Dib would reveal all in time.

Shai-Hulud -- Blessed be his name.

~*~*~*~*~

LANDSAARD FRAMEWORK CONVENTION ON CLIMATE CHANGE The Convention and its Kaitian Protocol

This Convention was opened for signature at the Landsraad Conference on Environment and Development held in Kaitian, and has been ratified by over one hundred and seventy (170) Planets. The Convention's principal policy-making body is the Conference of the Parties, which is supported by a number of subsidiary bodies and working groups and which often calls on the Interplanetary Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) for scientific and technical advice. The Convention is supported by the Climate Change Secretariat, which is based on Salusa Secundus.

The Convention has the objective of stabilizing greenhouse gas concentrations at a safe level within an acceptable time frame. It contains a series of commitments; requiring all Parties to develop inventories of greenhouse gas emissions; to formulate programmes to mitigate climate change; and to promote technologies, practices and processes that control, reduce or prevent emissions in all relevant sectors, including transport. The Convention also requires that members, individually or jointly, return greenhouse gas emissions to their pre Butleran Jihad levels by the end of the next century, although this is expressed as a general aim rather than a binding commitment.

A solitary silhouette occupied the Official Business Chambers of the Empress. This latest report from the Conference of the Parties of the Landsraad would have far reaching repercussions IF they proved correct. She placed the report down and wondered at the implications for Dune and its worms.

Duncan Idaho popped his head into the Office. “Arista! You cannot do all in one day! Come to bed!”

The Empress stood and did as her husband ordered.

~*~*~*~*~

Spice Wine was a potent intoxicant and Amasso Atreides liked it. With a goblet in one hand and a woman in another he and his friends celebrated life.

Drunk and disorderly
 Always in custody
 Me friends and me family
 All man fed up with me
 ‘Cause I’m drunk and disorderly
 Every weekend I in de jail
 Drunk and disorderly
 Nobody to stand me bail.

His mother liked Dax and he liked wine, women and song.

~*~*~*~*~

It was late. It was hot. It was humid.

Arista Atreides: Mother, Wife, Empress, couldn’t sleep and she tossed and turned. Finally she got out of the bed and stood at the window to look out at the desert – just looked.

Duncan felt her move. He watched her for a moment at the window. “Arista, what’s wrong?”

She sighed and turned to answer him. “The naming of the Heir to the Throne is not a trivial matter ... but somehow I sense the naming of my heir carries more importance than normal.”

“Having twins doesn’t help either.” He joined her at the window. “Listen. You are not going to pick one of them tonight... are you?”

She chuckled. “No.”

“Oh good.” He joked. “You have time. Let events unfold; the boys will tell you who it is to be.”

“Duncan.” She admonished, “Do you not think that they have already spoken?”

“May be. May be not.” He replied. “They are young. Let them become men before you choose. Let them sow their wild oats.”

“You think that is all it is?” She clung to the hope “Wild oats?”

“Yes I do.” He insisted. “Now come back to bed.”

“It’s too hot to sleep.” She complained.

“Who said anything about sleep?” He retorted.

~*~*~*~*~

The Lady Alexi - Bene Gesserit had been bred for one purpose. She knew the purpose as did all around her. She was to be the Kwisatz Haderach the one who is supposed to be able to be "everywhere at once". From the day of her birth this had been her destiny. She was at the stage where her tutors were preparing her to take 'the water of life' the toxic by product of a drowned Sand Worm of Dune. The 'agony' as it was unofficially referred to would awaken her to dull conscience.

Caladan was a beautiful Planet even if it was under the occupation of the Tleilaxu. She was usually given two days in every six months to herself, this time she headed south. Her contacts in the tropical zone had been well forged and she arrived on one of the tiny islands, jumped into the transport that was waiting for her and headed North-East towards a six hundred and five acre property located near the community of Aux Lyon: population one thousand two hundred. The estate had been part of a large sugar estate about one thousand years before, and the ruins of the sugar era still present were to provide a base camp for her.

She arrived, set up camp and then perched herself on a cliff and let the crashing waves hypnotize her. Her thoughts drifted as it usually did to her future.

Alexi had never questioned her place in the Universe or her role in the plans of the GB. But every now and then the weight of the designation scared her. Kwisatz Haderach was no small destiny!

The closer the 'agony' got, the more the small voice inside was telling her that something was wrong. That she was not The One. She had no basis in fact and not having taken the water of life yet she had no inner voices to consult. But nevertheless she had that nagging feeling.

The setting was hypnotic and time passed in a gentle flow relaxing her. Her patience was rewarded with nature's evening ritual of sunset and it was spectacular as is everything in nature. In the tropics twilight is none existent and the setting sun gave way to night abruptly.

Alexi just sat in the warm night listening to the sounds of the darkness. Eventually, remembering the warnings that this was snake country she got up and headed back to camp. Finally, falling asleep to the lullaby that nature sang.

She went exploring.

She found a number of natural attributes such as a waterfall she judged to be one hundred meters high, two rivers, a collapsed blowhole, a wetland area, a variety of geological formations and of course the beach she had seen on her way in. In her explorations she discovered that the beach was also a nesting site for birds, iguanas and the infamous Caladan Viper, which she spied once slithering along the under growth.

The two days went swiftly and finally the day came to leave - she closed down the camp, jumped into the transport and headed for civilization.

Rejuvenated and determined, she needed to review the records on the Kwisatz program. She had a suspicion that needed to be investigated.

Chapter 2

*"An eye for an eye will make us all blind."
Mohandas Gandhi – Ancient Peacemaker*

Personal Journal: Arista Atreides, Empress of the known world.

[Caladan is the ancestral home of House Atreides, as Earth is the ancestral home of the human race. Yet our water has mingled with that of Fremen. Does this make me Fremen? Or a hybrid? Is Caladan even home? Is Caladan part of the Atreides jurisdiction by virtue of the fact that it is of our House? Or is the planet mine because I rule.

One may doubt that I am Atreides. Though I am; if not by birth, then certainly by the genetic manipulation of The Tyrant.

With a sign the most powerful female in the known universe shut the image ring and looked out the window. Dune – Desert Planet – Home.]

Her thoughts wandered.

[Now this! Yet another appeal.

When the migration had begun one thousand years after the death of the God Emperor not one thought it was possible. Zensunni and Zenshite live on the same planet? The Universe held it's collective breath.

Amazingly peace had been the result.

First, because the then Emperor had let the ancestral home be annexed by the religious fanatics.

Second, because the Buddislamics had split the planet down the middle and for the first time since the human race had left Earth there was not a single planetary rule, but a primitive sharing of that power. Left to their own devices they had thrived.]

She turned before her aide could politely cough. Some things had become genetic and the ability to foretell aspects of the future was now ingrained into the DNA of the Atreides bloodlines.

“Yes, Annan.” Arista prompted, knowing full well the reason for the interruption but wanting the aide to vocalize it.

“Highness. The Ambassador is here.”

“Which one?”

“Both, Highness.”

[*Of course both.*] she thought. Stifling a sigh Arista swept past the young woman and headed for the Hall where she held Court.

~*~*~*~*~

The Reverend Mother assigned to the Court of Arista Atreides watched as the brown skinned woman entered the Throne Room.

Even as the Atreides had brought Dune from Desert Planet to Tropical Paradise and back to Desert Planet; the Planet itself had affected the family too. No longer were they blue in blue eyed blond and Arian but with the effects of both the Fremmen gene pool and the hot desert sun the Atreides now were as brown skinned as any native.

The change had only served to enhance their mystic, beauty and power.

Arista was true to all three qualities.

The Reverend Mother listened bored by the latest appeal of the joint petition of the Ambassadors of the Planet Caladan. As they had done for the last five visits they appealed for assistance from the Throne to fight the strangle hold the Tleilaxu had on them.

Once again they presented their case: “For over twenty thousand years, Highness we have not only co-existed with each other but did so in peace. We are a threat to no one. We did not deserve this.”

The riddle that the Reverend Mother was focusing on was – why was the Throne entertaining the submissions? Like clockwork on every centennial anniversary of the invasion and subsequent occupation, the latest Ambassador would submit to the latest ruler and the result was the same;

We are in negotiations.

It was obvious that House Atreides had cut the historic ties to the planet and its people, but if they had why the charade? It was a minor mystery, but one that entertained.

~*~*~*~*~

As with any Royal protégé worth their weight in water, Ammaso and Dax Atreides had observed the proceedings. Tall dark and handsome the twins were the most eligible bachelors not only on Dune, but through out the Empire. Though it was tradition that the elder become heir to the throne – many suspected that the younger Atreides would ascend.

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