



The Perennial Migration
By
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Prologue

In 2053, the World Administration took form after the collapse of society during the global war of 2040, and caused the split of the human race. It installed a colossal network of various sized domes around the planet within a short period. Most of the materials required for the dome and inner-platform construction was to be transported to underground factories during the decade before the outbreak of the war. Unmanned covert drones carried the network parts at night. Each dome contained a platform, the smallest being for defence had five levels. Once the defence domes came into position, larger domes had to be built to contain accommodation towers, and other buildings such as hospitals and shopping malls.

A tunnel network connected the domes. Trains delivered commerce goods underground and for personal travel at Earth level. The dome shells contained a series of inter-linking blue hexagon-shaped panels which, once in place and sealed, provided outer protection against attack. One large panorama screen covered the whole inner-dome shell. These screens provided a non-stop artificial “day and night” environment, marketing advertisements and World Administration-controlled news. The prepared evacuation of the elite class communities in each country orchestrated the split within human race. In the main-stream media, a series of crisis summits provided conversation content everywhere; with high-profile coverage serving as the curtain for the otherwise unexplained movement of the members and families of the elite class. It was said that many countries had desperate need of financial rescue and supply of emergency resources. That this could be managed if citizens moved to the central locations. The sell of this story to the public was a total success.

With most citizens being relieved of personal savings to settle the invented national debt, if not taking part in riots, most scavenged for work or food. At this time, with most people weakened, the “cleansing” took place as per the scheduled secret agenda. Those citizens who conformed joined the Administration Centres and received food and accommodation. And if selected, training was available for trades, designed to improve country economy.

Those joining the Centres underwent a series of recruitment tests for various trades and moved according to the test results. Those moved, left in the belief that others, including friends and relatives, followed –

which was not the case! The identification wrist chips, implanted as part of the registration, received an update to make sure that those people could never re-enter the Centres once escorted from the premises.

Once cleansing was complete, the Administration Centres closed. After the split, the people who did not pass trade training and relocation, found themselves left behind in derelict cities and suburbs. Electrical power was available from groups of survivalists who owned solar generators. But as people fought over gaining access to generators, those survivalists moved away; out into the wilderness. For many who stayed behind, the wilderness came to them as wild animals and others beings no longer feared the dominance and havoc of mankind.

As soon as the World Administration erected the domes and the inner-platforms, a large settlement grew around the outer perimeter of the network. These people lived off of and traded with the refuse dumped from dome residents. The refuse disposal unit ejected white plastic cocoons through a tube one metre in diameter. The cocoons being lightweight and designed to be collected by strong winds or the 'old breed' (network residents being the newer breed). At first, the cocoons got plundered upon exit from the disposal tubes, which lead to a foul stench returning to the inner-dome. Later a cocoon unlocked once it passed a distance of one kilometre outside any dome.

The non-chevron trade workers, who had permission to move within the Earth level non-accommodation platforms and outer-dome perimeter, had regular contact with the old breed settlement. Even though within the dome platform establishments high security measures was everywhere to be seen, Earth level was different. Various trading took place between the non-chevron trade workers and the old breed settlement, by use of refuse disposal tubes.

Many old breed members had even managed, until chip security upgraded, to have the wrist chip reset and updated to a non-chevron trade. The media continued to bombard dome residents with so-called live coverage of "old breed" incidents of theft and famines. Portrayed as being filmed via drone for safety reasons. Presenters reassured viewers that regular acts of charity took place to help the old breed. With dome residents encouraged to donate entertainment and shopping units.

Much of the media news film covered areas showing refuse disposal

cocoons being plundered and the non-usable waste left on a dump. You always had a few of the old breed in these film clips combing through for edibles and other items for salvage. Such clips always came in useful when news space needed to be filled. As the years passed, the number of domes within the global network grew, as did the height of many of the existing ones. The older breed became more self-reliant and moved more and more away from the dome perimeter. Many taking to the forests, mountains, and even oceans; with the ruined cities left behind, overgrown and no longer offering shelter or safety for defenceless humans.

The series of events so far had been part of an evil agenda, executed and controlled by one force; who now claimed to be the newer breed and owners of the planet Earth – The World Administration. Unknown to them though they had not been the only species with an agenda and had hosted the completion of one which was much older and darker. The time for change was overdue.

One thing was for sure, Mother Earth herself needed to pull strings to help a most inappropriate group of candidates take command of the migration. To defend against many terrestrial enemies, secure the future survival of mankind and the recovery of the planet.

Chapter 1

On the platform of a discipline dome a non-public military court case begun. Once the judge, Jury, lawyers, clerks and witnesses had seated, the door to the court dock opened. A pair of custodial officers escorted the still double chevron No.105781259 soldier, known as Leo (Leopold) to friends and family, hand-cuffed into the dock. The grey tungsten caged dock provided enough room for the prisoner and the escorts to sit (and stand when summoned). The court clerk announced that the prisoner was in attendance and that the charge against him read 'Conspiring against the World Administration'.

When asked how he the prisoner intended to plea, the lawyer who represented Leo as duty lawyer answered "My client pleads 'Not Guilty', Sir of Justice."

The court clerk called each witness to the dock. Each of the five gave a version of what happened during the secret meetings held by Leo. Questions in the style '*if it wasn't this was it that*' continued, to draw the Jury's attention towards negative possibilities.

Leo's lawyer portrayed the whole matter from different angles. From forming a work union through to a psychological condition. A condition which signalled that although the welfare of colleagues concerned him, the pressures of his own work led him looking for ways to cope.

Leo was not as well defended as he may have been if he had hired a private lawyer. Prior to his arrest he had confided in his sister True. That he was a target due to his demands for a union and because of the candidate campaign work he prepared. Escorts took Leo from the dock back to the cells while the Jury discussed and confirmed the verdict.

After twenty minutes he was back out in the dock. Everyone stood up as the Jury announced that the verdict was 'Guilty'. Although murmurs came from the public viewers in attendance after hearing the verdict, none dared question the decision made. It was obvious to many in attendance that the judge had prepared his script as he proceeded with the prompt issue of the sentence.

The judge now looked at the ginger haired prisoner, and said "Prisoner One Zero Five Seven Eight One Two Five Nine, you are found guilty of conspiring against the World Administration. I sentence you to banishment from the World Administration network. You are to be stripped of rank and citizenship. The wrist chip data is to

be invalidated. Escorts, remove Prisoner One Zero Five Seven Eight One Two Five Nine from the court.”

Having dedicated his years to earn promotions as a soldier, Leo never considered how life was outside the dome network. He had even been a member of teams whose job it was to protect the network domes against intruders from the old breed settlement. Now he was to be at the old breed's mercy. He hoped for a chance of being accepted at the settlement – otherwise he seen his days of survival to be few.

Below in the cell network, the escorts took Leo to a scan room. A machine situated on a small round metal table caught his attention. Sat on the chair provided, he received the order to place his wrist with the palm of his hand over the scanner. A custodial officer, in grey uniform, typed in an instruction on the device keyboard. The scan took place and after ten minutes was complete and had wiped the data stored within the chip. A small injection jab numbed the skin, and a cut was made for the chip to be extracted. Then the realisation of what happened hit him, the conspiracy and what he lost. Leo broke as the tears overwhelmed his otherwise strong posture.

Officers took him back to the cell while his discharge and exit from the network was prepared. One guard unlocked the cell door and Leo received a sand-coloured pair of canvas trousers, shirt, pullover, jacket and cap of the same colour and material. One pair of green socks, black leather boots and belt got issued just before departure. A custodial officer remained in the cell so that Leo's W.A.F uniform and military identification metal chain and rectangular discs could be confiscated. Once dressed, Leo was to board one of the W.A.F armed discipline vehicles. On board, although the equipment was available to place passengers in chains secured to the floor and walls, Leo could sit unrestricted. The reason was due to a short one-way route.

The vehicle glided out from the dock, locked onto the dome exit portal convoy and was placed in line for launch. After the vehicle's release from the convoy, the custodial driver continued flight course for full ahead until what looked to be a lighted open space appeared. The vehicle descended and hovered one metre from the ground. The open space measured fifty metres in diameter, surrounded by wooden market stands. Today though a large old breed crowd was in attendance to watch the W.A.F discipline vehicle arrive at the settlement marketplace.

One of the custodial officers on board prompted Leo to stand and

walk to the vehicle exist hatch. As Leo stood and edged towards the exit, the custodial officer removed the hand-cuffs and gave him a shove from the rear; which pushed Leo over the vehicle exit hatch threshold. Instinct ensured that his arms stretched out in front of his body, to prepare for a frontal landing on the ground. But Leo brought his legs and feet forward to descend upon the dusty floor of the marketplace. Once the dust had cleared, as he had expected the old breed encircled him, bearing tools and weapons.

Chapter 2

The rattling started again and by now Thorn no longer noticed the window's protective orange metal plate beating off of the glass over on the passenger side. To repair it meant replacing the foam insulation frame, which an old breed smith could do in the same time it took a worker to re-charge the vehicle battery. But due to recent power theft, every O.D.S.V (Outer-Dome Sealing Vehicle) had to be re-charged within the core security zone on the inner-dome platform. So unless Thorn received a task to work on the outer seal of the lower dome section, it was difficult justifying being at Earth level. Today the complete non-chevron maintenance crew deployed in force, with every available O.D.S.V deployed.

An official visit and inspection of the defence domes by the W.A.F Commander, General Kern was due to take place. For Thorn he saw this as a chance to clock overtime, which ensured that his entertainment and shopping card received a long awaited credit of units. His first-chevron supervisor had given the Defence Dome 102 repair task to him. Because of the high-profile visit (and consequences if something went wrong) at least repair materials became available. Stock was then in adequate quantities and the quartermaster became cooperative when processing orders.

Now having pulled his O.D.S.V from the power dock on the core security zone, Thorn launched the vehicle from one of the inner-dome exit portals; for his first repair shift on the outer panels of Defence Dome 102. Once in the exit portal convoy lane, with the W.A.F media reporter pushing censored news through the radio, Thorn fell into a day dream. Dreams which sometimes carried on running into his work shift. He often flashed back to childhood memories. One was the time playing 'hide and seek' together with his brother and sister in the family garden out in the countryside of the south west of England. With his parents watching from the wooden pavilion, while preparing soft drinks and cake on the round table and calling 'Leopold', 'Thornton', 'Trudy' once ready.

Another flashback took him to one of the Administration Centres, which the World Administration had built. Still young, neither Thorn, his older brother Leopold, nor his younger sister Trudy had any idea that the 'good intentions' of the Centre staff caused the parents' permanent separation. Although both too old to learn a trade, the boys

received training with the non-chevron crews on account of necessity during the construction phase of the dome network.

As the O.D.S.V in front drove through the portal and disappeared from sight, the blast of daylight hit against his windscreen; for a short time before the visor completed the journey across the front window pane. This restored Thorn's front vision again. When the 'clunk' sound could be heard on both sides, and the vehicle rocked before stabling itself, it showed that the O.D.S.V was free from the convoy frame. He pressed the 'Hover' button on the main console and released the brakes by pulling the handle and proceeded with pressing the speed trigger on the steering bar. Once out of the dome, he said "Dome One Zero Two." into the navigation console microphone and followed course to the destination.

Chapter 3

Patients with cardiac problems filled the beds in the Hospital Dome 97. The direct result of living in a secluded world, with the fast-food industry giants gaining financial strength to prepare for the World Administration takeover. The daily media supplied pictures of appetising and succulent meals. And everyone had enough complimentary vouchers stored on the Entertainment & Shopping cards to continue loyal unhealthy eating whenever desired. At the Administration Centre Trudy 105781261, qualified as a nurse and after training got assigned to Hospital Dome 97.

During pre-training registration surnames could no longer be used and staff claimed it optimal for personnel records if everyone just used the identification number. But it was allowed to use forenames for oral communication. Trudy, otherwise known as 'True' to her brothers, obsessed with her profession; often stayed on after her own shift to help colleagues during busy periods. She always looked forward to the visits Thorn made during her free time at home. That Thorn watched over his sister she was aware as he always used the excuse he had work on, which took him towards her accommodation.

She wished that it was possible to spend time with her brother Leo too. But since his demotion from the rank of double chevron Administration Force soldier and citizenship ban she had not seen him.

True found it strange that during the last year, the amount of people entering hospital for allergies around the skin above the implanted wrist chips, did not reduce. And many returned several times due to the severe pain the open wounds inflicted. As the law forbid the removal of wrist chips, True and her colleagues tried to treat patients infected with the virus as best as possible with medication. For hygienic reasons, two wards served as quarantine and hospital staff wore protective clothing when in those areas. And because of the infectious threat this virus posed, the official visit from the W.A.F Commander had to be changed to the defence domes.

A part of the registration procedure in the Administration Centres was the compulsory implantation of wrist chips. The staff explained that the benefits of the implanted chips provided identification, monitoring and healing of most medical conditions. And that for personal protection it ensured that people without a chip implant could not enter the dome network without an alarm being sounded. The

implantation procedure took ten minutes to complete after a dose of anaesthetic. And involved placing a flimsy film of circuit under the skin next to the middle veins and a few centimetres from the thumb joint. The other benefits did not apply to the individual, such as tracking and infliction of pain if the person strayed over ten metres away from an outside dome panel. Adjustments had to be made for those whose trade required working near the dome panels.

The symptoms of the virus had first shown when the victims had to have the chips scanned, for example when travelling to a holiday resort dome. Victims described that when the chip got scanned, it felt as if a small rake gauged through the skin. Within hours of being scanned, small craters appeared around the chip part of the wrists, which turned to a light pink colour. Within a day a purple fowl smelling fluid oozed from these enlarged open pores. Upon examination under various microscopes doctors found that the fluid was a live organism, that ate most materials. Even more strange was that the virus did not cause decay of the host's body, as if a survival instinct existed for the 'host' to be protected. For reasons unknown the fluid did not erode or penetrate glass items, which made it possible to store the fluid in test tubes.

Chapter 4

With the noise of the O.D.S.V's electro-motor deceleration overwhelming the voice on the radio, Thorn pulled his vehicle onto one of the magnetic strips; which ran over the circumference of the dome and switched gears to 'Park'. Once the vehicle locked onto the strip, Thorn donned his brown fatigue jacket and strapped his tool work-pouch to his black utility belt. He pressed a small square button positioned on the back of his boot, which activated an embedded hover jet. The roof hatch door of the O.D.S.V opened by an hydraulic arm. Thorn appeared above the vehicle with a panel scanner in his hand, ready to begin inspection of each dome panel. As long as the vehicle was part of the magnetic strip network, it followed in the direction the driver went; which ensured that that person stayed within the ten metre outer-dome limit.

The outer-dome limit applied to the newer breed citizens. He found that to get the best reading on the scanner, it needed to be held fifteen centimetres away from the panel. This enabled the full one metre thick beige panel shell to be scanned for cracks. The seals surrounding the panels had to be measured for air-tightness, and if they discovered a leak filled it with a sealant compound using a custom designed gun. By midday Thorn inspected two layers of panels on one side of Defence Dome 102, which was due to those panels being low maintenance. Of these, ten seals and three panels with large cracks needed to be repaired. He decided it was time to stop for lunch and returned to the O.D.S.V.

On the side panel of the vehicle he opened a storage container and pulled the collapsible board up, which he used as a table. Another pull-out board served well as a place to sit. Because he always prepared his own packed lunch mornings before leaving for work, he had no surprise snacks! Plus it contained the usual share of cheese and tomato substitute sandwiches after which he drank coffee from a flask. As he ate his lunch he faced away from the dome to enjoy the view of the forest. Over time the edge of the forest had advanced over the boundary fence, and displayed strength by sprouting a network of thickened green forage, sending thin feelers out on reconnaissance.

As he bit into his sandwich he was sure he was under surveillance, but even with quick reflexes when he looked up he seen the same forest picture. Thorn finished his lunch and packed the things away.

One perk he enjoyed was that he did not have to clock out and back in when he took lunch, out on inspection or repair jobs. Today, although sunny it still had the chill that winter had left. The aroma of fresh grass mixed with buttercup provided the perfect picnic scenario. While he pressed the button on his boot to switch the 'hover' jet back on, he knew again that something watched from a distance; but this time he carried on as though he did not notice. Being an open person, Thorn welcomed the possibility of contact with a non-human intelligent life form.

On the inner side of his boot was a series of buttons, marked 'Up' 'Land' 'Speed' 'Stop'. As one had to stay balanced with the one leg as the opposite boot activated any of the buttons, it made the use difficult. Thorn now tapped the 'Up' button and ascended to the third layer of panels to begin the inspection. While ascending the outer shell of the dome, Thorn twisted his body so he faced the forest. As he turned, his gaze went in the same direction. And he saw it! The watcher, positioned between trees but not in the open – instead used the trees as cover.

Although Thorn appreciated that he might not have long to inspect the watcher before it disappeared into the wilderness; he noted characteristics of the being during the few moments in which glares of both connected. Thorn had the eerie feeling that this being was not human. Although from the posture it could have passed as human if it had not been for the leaf features which broke the silhouette. Standing at an estimated height of one hundred and fifty centimetres, the watcher radiated an aura of peace, knowing and understanding. The skin a pea-green texture as was the colour of the watcher's thin lips. Green leaves grew out from the skin and covered the side of the head, where humans had ears, and top of the head. The watcher's clothing could not be fully seen through the trees. Thorn saw the material though, consisting of a moss substance. As soon as the visual scrutiny was over, he gave a friendly wink and nod of his head before turning and proceeding with his paid job.

Chapter 5

After pushing a double shift, True logged out at the matron's office and waited for the next elevator to arrive. Her reflection in the elevator door showed that her short brunette hair was not as styled as when her shift had begun. The dome platform elevator network had an independent over-head mono-rail which enabled each hanging capsule, which accommodated one person; to travel in every direction. It was possible for a capsule to travel through multiple dome platform networks to reach a particular destination.

As True waited for the elevator, her fatigued facial expression covered the somewhat shy look of guilt. Which may have otherwise have drawn attention to the fact of her not wanting to be stopped now for a bag check by the W.A.F. The next elevator capsule arrived, and the door opened. Although her blue plastic satchel had extra padding inside, True still took extra care to avoid any accidental knocks to it as she entered the capsule. In the elevator capsule True could sit in a comfortable position.

After instructing the navigation console which route to take, she checked her email first and placed an order for an evening dinner. Dinner was to be delivered to her apartment on the fourth floor of Accommodation Dome 56, which for convenience was the next nearest living quarters to the Hospital Dome 97. While in the capsule, True had to make sure that the satchel remained safe from damage. And maintain her typical travelling behaviour, as each capsule had a built-in security camera for alleged safety reasons.

So after ordering a warm meal of pasta and tomato sauce, she returned to reading and responding to her incoming emails. The capsules had no actual windows, but instead had rotating adverts beamed on the inside panels to keep the passenger occupied. Purchases could be made direct via a touch-keyboard pulled from a virtual menu. The red digit five-minute destination arrival countdown appeared above the capsule door. True arose and collected her satchel in preparation as the capsule docked at her apartment.

The apartment door had to be opened by face recognition, and on days when her fatigued altered her facial expression; the recognition took sixty seconds longer due to the micro-processor scrolling through the gigantic memory database searching for a facial match. Once in her apartment, True placed her satchel on a small round table next to her

lounge couch; before swiping her entertainment and shopping card through the slit to the left of her apartment's delivery portal. The card unit value display showed a deduction of a few units, which triggered the portal door to open; allowing True to collect her evening meal. She took a quick shower and donned soft and comfortable clothing.

As she ate her meal she switched the wall screen on to catch up on her regular and favourite soap shows. And for a short period forgot that she had smuggled something out of the hospital. But a sudden jolt in her mind triggered a reminder for her to check in her satchel. True finished her dinner as fast as possible and took the satchel into the bathroom; as she thought it might be safer to open it there instead of in the lounge. As she opened the satchel bit by bit, her heart jumped as the door bell rang. Panicking she thought what to do next.

True closed the bathroom door and reassured the visitor with “Wait a minute.” which sounded fake as she could have first checked the entrance cam display to view who was there, had time allowed. Without checking the surveillance camera, she opened the front door. Upon the door opening, she heard “Hi True!” and smelt the somewhat sweet aftershave her brown haired brother always wore; when he walked past her and looked towards the lounge table hoping that he was in time to grab her diner leftovers. While Thorn focused on the takeaway container, True closed the front door and for the first time; wanted her brother to leave.

True greeted her brother with “Hi Thorn, how's it going? Any news?”

Thorn had made himself comfortable on her couch as usual, and shrugged both his shoulders as he confirmed “Oh the usual, nothing much. I'm getting overtime in at work due to what's-his-name's visit – you know, um the World Administration Force Commander, Kern, General Kern, that's him. But that's it with me. And you? You look as though you haven't slept for a while. And why are you still standing? Is something wrong sis?”

Trudy remembered that she could never fool her brother Thorn, and said “You're correct I guess, I have slept less than I wanted. I took another shift as we didn't have enough on call to cover. So yeah, I'll be glad to get to bed – you staying long?”

“True, come on, what's with you? So nervous – Hello! You can't fool me! You keep looking over at the bathroom and now you want rid of me?”

Trudy, noticing the conversation took a direction she did not want and knowing Thorn may extend his visit duration now that his interest awoke, accepted that it was time for defeat. She exhaled a saved up gasp and said “Thorn, do me a favour please and get the pair of cleaning gloves which are wedged under the sink in the kitchen; and join me in the bathroom – I want to show you something.”

Thorn first thought that the toilet needed repairing for his sister. But having arrived in the bathroom after having first collected the cleaning gloves, with thoughts of toilet cleaning, he was surprised and curious at what he might now confront. True pulled the test tube out from her satchel and held it up for her brother to inspect.

“What's that? I mean how did you get that purple stuff?” Thorn asked as he closed in on the cork-sealed glass tube which True now held up in her hand.

“I don't understand myself yet what it might be. But what I know is that many patients are in quarantine, who have open skin pores with this fluid erupting. And that the stuff grows and grows if not contained in a glass compound, for example this test tube.” said True.

Thorn made a cupping-hand gesture and said “Heck True, don't drop it, just don't drop it! So how come the patients are still alive?”

“Well we understand that the fluid doesn't harm the actual person from whose pores it spouted. With the patients in quarantine, it's unknown just how contagious or damaging the stuff is. For these people, admission to hospital was voluntary after a recent chip scan, with complaints of severe pain around the wrist parts with the implant. And within a day the patients had a series of miniature craters in the same part of skin.” True explained as if she still wasn't believing it herself.

“What happens when the fluid comes into contact with other objects?” Thorn asked.

“First take a cotton ball using the gloves.” True said pointing at the gloves.

He donned the gloves and collected one of the cotton balls as requested.

True gave a hand signal for him to bring the white piece of cotton over, and as he came closer she opened the test tube and urged “Quick! Push the cotton into the test tube – that's it.”

Once the cotton was inside, True re-sealed the test tube. They both watched to see what might happen next to the fluffy ball inside the

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