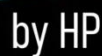


PROLOGUE: PRIMORDIAL ERA



"Before the clay learned to remember.
Before the first human lineage named fear."

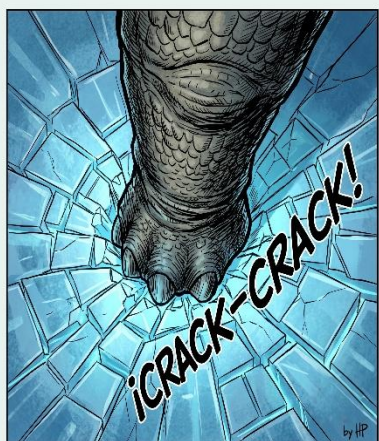
FWUUUUUUUUUUUUUU

by HP

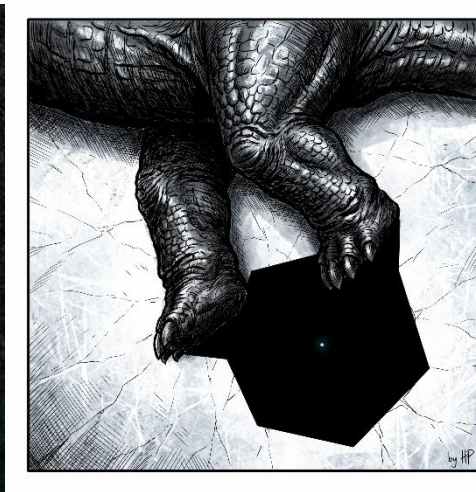
Flesh and bone wandered
blindly through a world
that had suddenly ceased
to be theirs.



by HP.

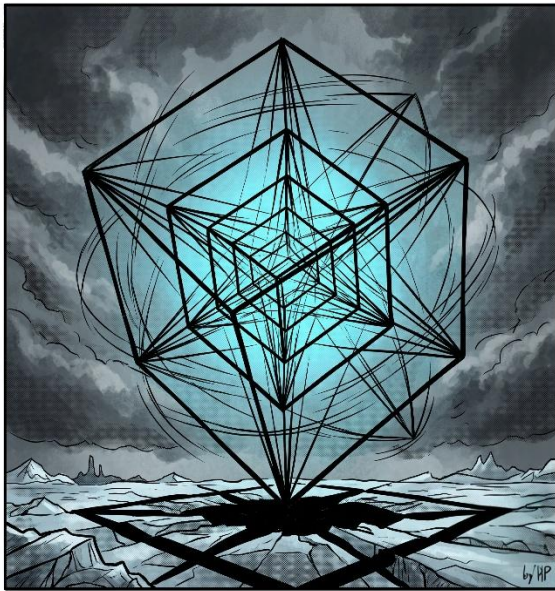
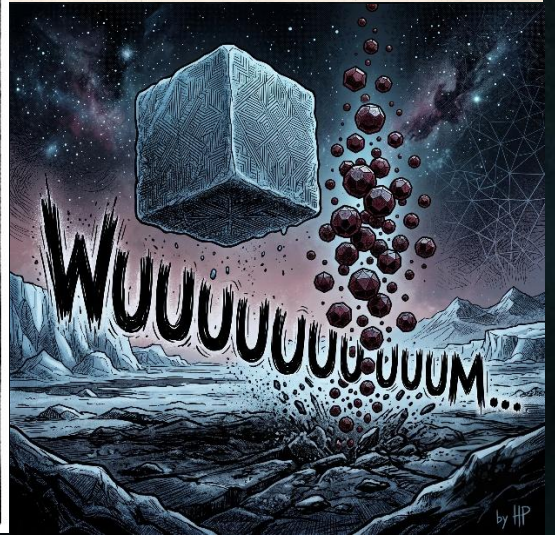


Nature does not commit the blasphemy of the straight line.
Nature ignores the right angle.





The carbon matter was unraveled
from the tapestry of local space.
Decomposed into its fundamental
vectors.





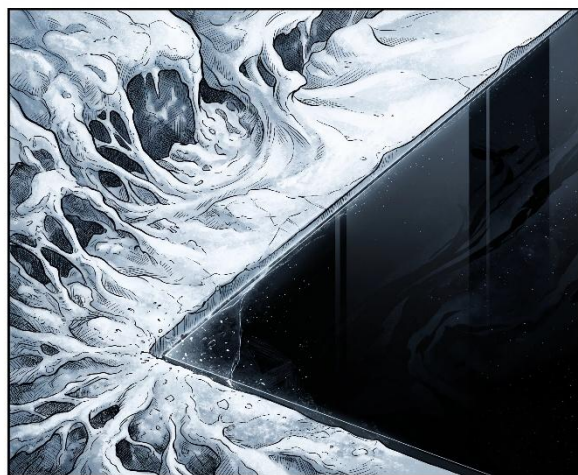
by HP



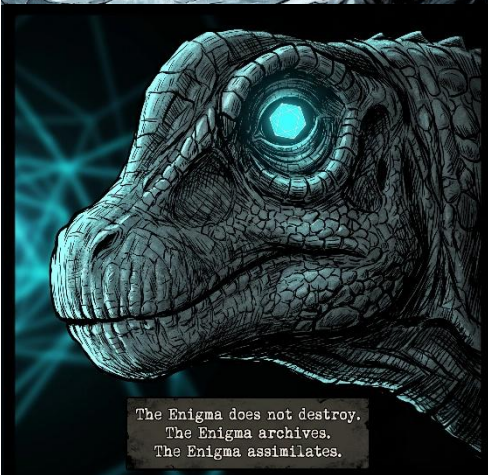
by HP



by HP



by HP



by HP

The Enigma does not destroy.
The Enigma archives.
The Enigma assimilates.

SNAP!



The Enigma teaches us that forgetting is merely orderly storage.

The Enigma does not destroy.

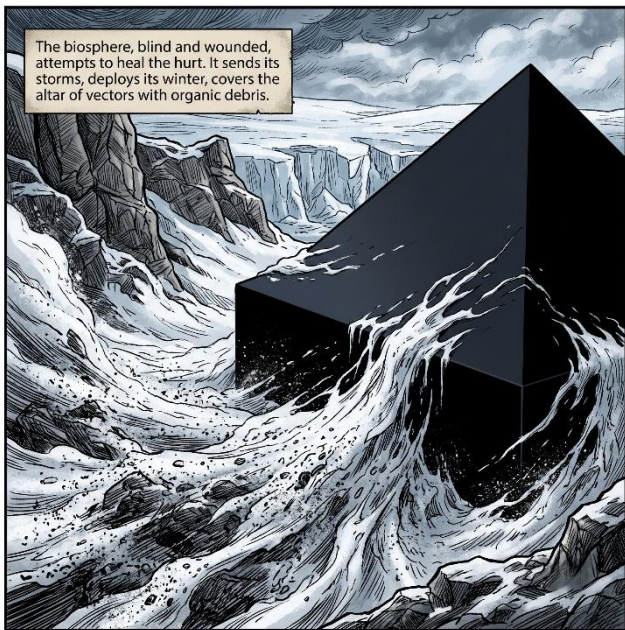
The Enigma archives.

The Enigma assimilates.

The erasing of the flesh leaves no scars on the local tissue. There is no lament, no burial, no residual memory of the forty tons that, a moment ago, were breathing here.

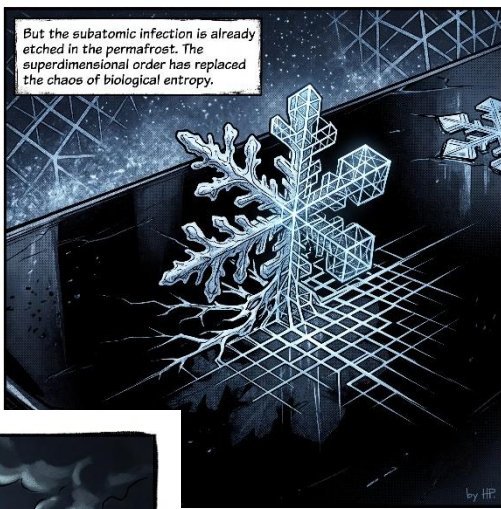
Carbon matter has been archived in the folds of a superior dimension. For three-dimensional space, the herd has simply ceased to be a valid variable.

The biosphere, blind and wounded, attempts to heal the hurt. It sends its storms, deploys its winter, covers the altar of vectors with organic debris.



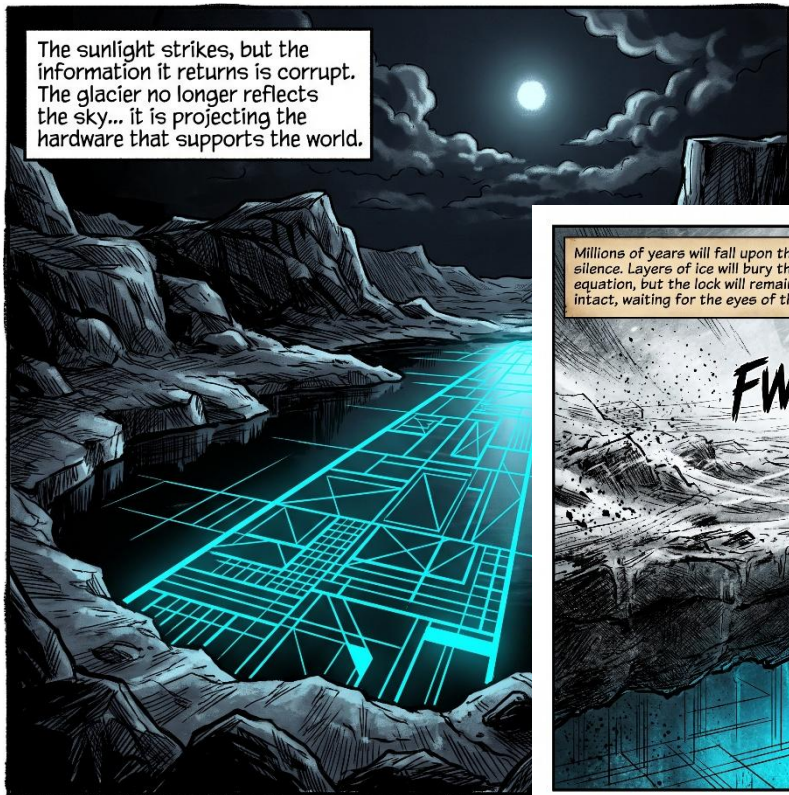
by HP

But the subatomic infection is already etched in the permafrost. The superdimensional order has replaced the chaos of biological entropy.

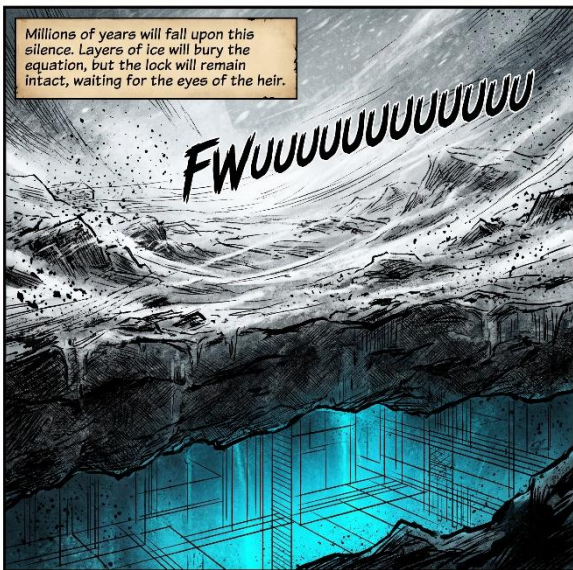


by HP

The sunlight strikes, but the information it returns is corrupt. The glacier no longer reflects the sky... it is projecting the hardware that supports the world.



Millions of years will fall upon this silence. Layers of ice will bury the equation, but the lock will remain intact, waiting for the eyes of the heir.

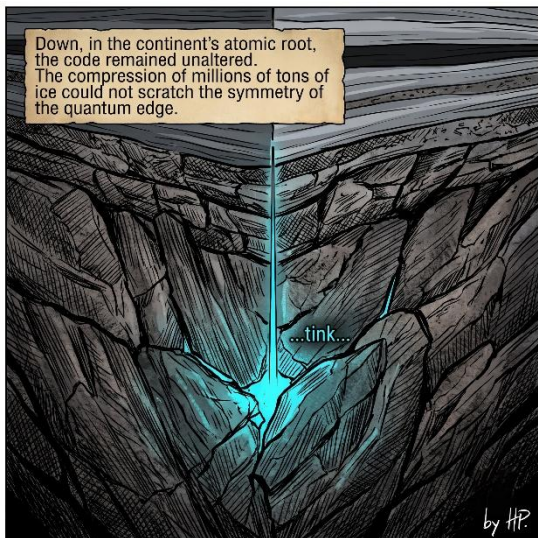


by HP

Eons passed. Continents drifted across an ocean of magma, poles shifted their axes, and the Earth's crust cracked under the weight of millennial winters.



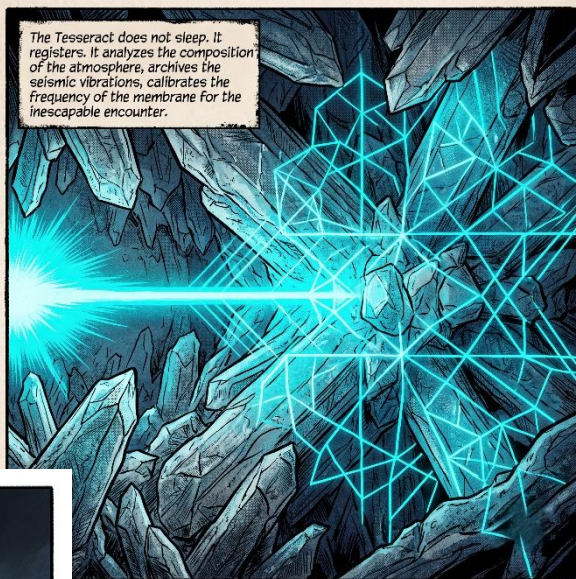
Down, in the continent's atomic root, the code remained unaltered. The compression of millions of tons of ice could not scratch the symmetry of the quantum edge.



New species walked upon the surface. Lineages of muscle, fur, and blood reclaimed the white desert, unaware they walked on the roof of an incomprehensible architecture.



The Tesseract does not sleep. It registers. It analyzes the composition of the atmosphere, archives the seismic vibrations, calibrates the frequency of the membrane for the inescapable encounter.



The Earth forgot the intrusion. Biological memory is fragile, a plume of smoke dissipating in the first blizzard.



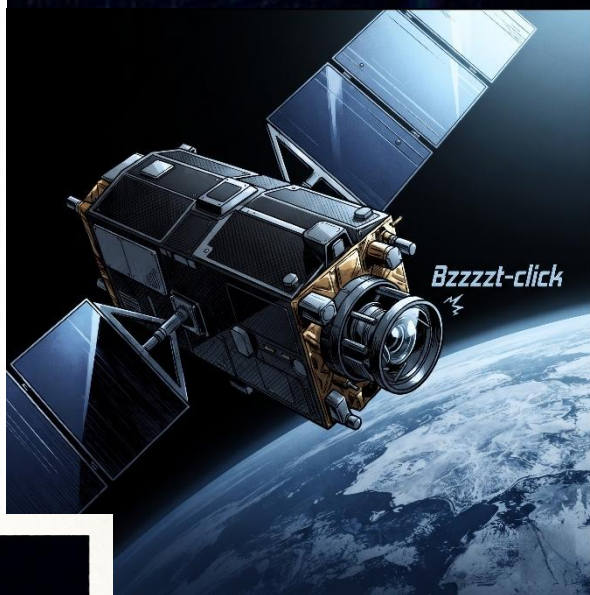
But the permafrost does not forget. The equation is etched into the core of the local matter, awaiting the arrival of analytical reason.



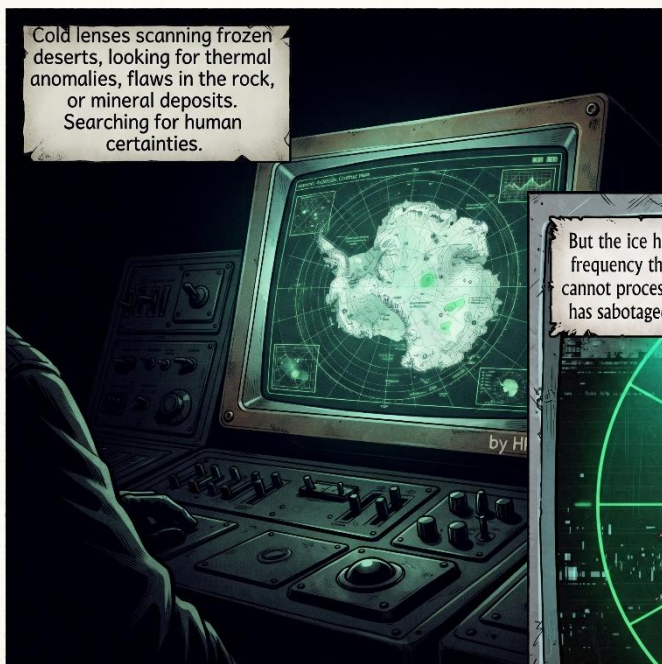
21st Century. The era of global surveillance and silicon eyes. The human being has surrounded the planet with a network of digital mirrors, mirrors, in, believing the map is equivalent to the territory.



by HP.



Cold lenses scanning frozen deserts, looking for thermal anomalies, flaws in the rock, or mineral deposits. Searching for human certainties.



by HP.

But the ice has responded on a frequency that the software cannot process. An ancient syntax has sabotaged modern optics.



by HP.

The lock has detected the proximity of the observer. The Enigma has activated its transceiver. The signal is open...



by HP.

THE ENIGMA OF ETERNAL ICE

END OF PROLOGUE 1

Following: PROLOGUE 2 - The First human contact.

by HP.