

**BACK IN THE BEGINNING - THE PREQUEL**

It began as a quiet hush, or thrush, like the distant echo of wind in the swaying branches of trees, almost like a sucking sound, like when water gets sucked down a vortex into a drain pipe. Only for once, for once was enough, this time it was different to any other catastrophe that had visited the Earth. Millions upon millions upon millions were killed instantly within seconds around the Pacific basin, where the epicentre of the tragedy was, in the middle of the Hawaiian islands, all of which totally disappeared within the first second of the impact of the giant meteor, almost a tenth the size of our moon. Words could not describe the enormity of this clash of two spherical planetary bodies in Space, but history has proved that the Earthen planet was spun over on its axis, almost 77 degrees, so that now the Earth revolved North and South and not East and West as it had for millennia.

It has taken 127 years for the seasons to re-establish their order to two seasons of cold to one of warm sunshine and occasional afternoon showers followed by a brilliant rainbow.

Because of the shorter summer season it became necessary to intensify basic farming for daily staples like wheat, rice and barley.

With a lot of technology and superstructure lost after the "Great Impact", as it was known to be called in Hariprasad's day, the survivors of the relentless series of tidal waves, enormous walls of water like mountains in themselves which went rippling around the globe once every forty-eight hours or so; which is, in fact, incorrect, as only the first tsunami was 48 hours before the second, or the second 48 hours after the first, I'm not sure which, but from then on the frequency was extended by two hours progressively from then on, meaning serially, and after 48 days the turbulence had settled to the timeless pulse of waves that humans or humen had been used to for a million years or so. This enormous, gianormous, galactic calamity had left, finally, about 25 percent of Earth's population alive and living and eking out a subsistence diet to stay alive, for generations to come. Everyone who was left, the survivors of the GI, all lent a hand to establish a new order of communication around the globe using rescued ships and aircraft; there

being a handful of operational airships and seaships left after the GI.

Horse Trail Ear Land being quite a low lying continent compared to the other six, every living thing that couldn't burrow deep enough into the earth to avoid the erosive power of the tidal waves, perished. The continent was totally stripped of all but a handful of the strongest buildings in high places that had survived under hundreds of metres of seawater containing the flotsam and jetsam of millions and billions of homes and factories and businesses, not to mention the dead bodies of people and animals and the mass of enmeshed masses of uprooted forests. By some unfathomable fate, the whole detritus of mainly organic material had settled in central Horse Trail Ear Land over hundreds of millions of hectares of low lying desert which had previously been uninhabited; and had once had once-in -a-hundred-and-fifteen-year floods of only a few feet of water, lasting three weeks at the most, once in a hundred and fifteen years. The rich mulch of composted bodies and leaves, sea creatures and land living animals, all had been deposited in the fertile sands of the desert. So that in another forty days or so after the aftermath of the GI, it was then that the survivors from up in the mountains felt safe enough to forage into the organically converted wreckage, for it had organically converted into ultrafertile pockets of organic soil where large pockets and hollows had been filled in with several layers of fertile scunge. When it was noticed that self seeded vegetables and fruit trees began re-growing in colonies all over central Horse Trail Ear Land, exploration expeditions were organised using 4WD campervans that could scamper up, over and around "impassable mountains of crap."

These naturally occurring plantations were systematically milked of their succour; every conceivable edible thing was farmed with a basically sympathetic attitude to the biodiversity and sustainability of this one-and-only source of food. So that over the small space of forty years, geologically speaking, a completely revolutionary system of sustainable biodiversed farming had developed. It was not only sustainable but extraordinarily fecund, providing yields of over eight or ten times the yield of pre GI farming methods and times. And because of the fecundity

of the earth, and the blossoming nature of the climate, it was universally decided, and rightly so, to avoid the use of non-organic methods of agriculture and horticulture, and gradually herds of feral sheep, pigs, buffalo and many other species of animal were caught and nurtured within this superfertile continent, tipped topsy-turvy towards the two new poles, so that the Eastern seabord now faced North and the Westernmost coast now faced the South Pole. And for a fact the New South Pole was now positioned somewhere in the middle of the Indian Ocean, where a continental ice shelf had slowly developed. A new equator now ran through the new Eastern seabord of Horse trail Ear Land across the Southern Ocean and Antarctica, continuing through the oceans between S. America and the west coast of Africa, and across Greenland and the North Pole, then the North east tip of the Asian continent close to the Aleutians and back across the huge expanse of the Pacific Ocean. So you can imagine the unprecedented climate changes around most of the Earth's inhabitable regions after the old poles had melted and reformed at their new centres.

Both Antarctica and the Arctic Circle quickly reforested and reverdured with grasses and herbs and other plants which had lain dormant since the Ice Age, hundreds of millions of years before the evolution of mammals which led ultimately to man with his accoutrements of technology, society and religion.

Into this "new" verdant continent, once blue-white with crystalline ice and snow and sub-sub-zero temperatures, exploratory expeditions of excited explorers examined the new lush hinterland of New Antarctica, discovering new food sources which profligated in the steaming equatorial heat and humidity. Not only did these explorers find a new continent with plentiful resources of food and raw materials, but on an auspicious day in the year 2169, in a hidden valley where an abundance of luscious fruits, herbs and other organic foods, too numerous to mention, grew, a lone naked figure was found, plucking and eating these exotic fruits as he wandered through this Garden of Eden, basking in the rays of the temperate sunshine in a blissful state of existence.

As you would have guessed, at least some off you would have, this

being was the one and only Hariprasad Hairylegs, who, as the story goes, leaves his idyllic existence to live amongst the survivors of the GI and assist the Earthen planetees, with his superior knowledge and cosmic powers, to establish a new order of harmony amongst the living, the seeds of which had already been planted in their subconscious by the great catastrophe of the GI.

Hariprasad appeared to the explorers to be a normal human being in all physical attributes, and he was quick to learn the ways of his adopted society, albeit a fledgling experiment in simple harmonious co-existence. But back to his appearance, as he appeared to his human counterparts, who appeared to Hariprasad on that auspicious day. Amongst his attributes was a set of pins, his legs that is, which had fairer skin than the rest of his body, very much fairer, and which were very much covered all over with dark curly hairs. The fact that the contrasting appearance of his unusual legs drew attention to him wherever he travelled and without any doubt the main feature which contributed greatly to the soon to be famous name given to him by one of the band of explorers, Crash Drummond, soon to be a household name for his discovery of this extraordinary human alien. Although Hariprasad had no books, no writing implements, no newspapers or any reading matter or ways of recording his life before his discovery, he knew, he instinctively knew, that he was now forty years old.

So we might assume that he just happened to arrive as a baby alien who had, immediately he was born, crawled off into the jungle and learned to suck nectar to stay alive. Or we might assume that he arrived fully grown as a passenger on the giant meteor that caused the GI. Try and answer that one! It was some time before anyone found out he had come from the planet of Glenfjord, two black holes away from the Milky Way.

The explorer survivors who first met Hariprasad had all come from the continent now called Horse Trail Ear Land. Some say this continent was once called Australia, and would have become Newstralia if the N.U.N. (New United Nations) had voted in favour of the change at its next sitting. But there was some debate as to how to spell it - either Newstralia or Nuستراليا or perhaps Neustralia. There was a rising tide of

support for the last spelling as the first three letters is also in the spelling of the word “neutral”, and the Neustralian parliament had just pledged to remain neutral territory; being also very short of manpower to raise any semblance of an army; apart from there being a huge challenge to all Earthen planetees to reinvent the technology that was practically all lost in the GI.

Here Hariprasad came into his own with his superior Glenfjordanian technology. He was to demonstrate his astounding ability to design all kinds of digital gadgets after he had first designed the now famous digital wrist computer, the Mediax, which will be fully explained later.

(Hariprasad had a unique system of mathematics, which he told nobody, but which was widely disputed to be based on the “five” or the “ten” digit system. The followers of the “five” system reluctantly admitted that “ten” was exactly double the original number, or digit, and so was a product of “five” which was the original number; and the “ten” followers simply said that “five” was half of “ten” and that theirs was only half a system which was nowhere near good enough.)

But as a matter of fact Hariprasad had perfected his mathematical system with three numbers, zero, one and five,. Many had tried to emulate his lightning fast calculations, even with computers, but in most cases he had given the answer even before his adversary had typed in the problem on the keyboard. And he could solve two problems simultaneously at the same incredible speed; but no more than two. When asked where he had learned his mathematical skills and formulae, Hariprasad had replied that he had learned it in his early childhood by counting the fingers on his hand. Very quickly he had learned to count in fives, which seemed to him to be five times quicker and so left more time to do other things.

But, moving on, it was for some time after the GI, decades in fact, that the surviving Earthen planetees were permanently occupied in finding food and shelter, which to some, shelter that is, was quite comfortably ample due to the fact that in some areas that had been inundated by sunamis

after the GI, some of the old solid buildings had remained intact, mainly warehouses and factories that now housed hundreds of families.

All traces of previous government having been completely obliterated, the survivors learned to share whatever food was forageable in order to keep the “tribe” alive. No individual became avaricious in collecting or consuming more than they needed, and there was never ever any more need for tax collecting!!! Nobody had the time to do it, or wished to, or wished someone else would do it, so that nobody was asked to do it, and nobody did!

So a tax-free global society had emerged from the pockets of surviving human planeters, which is as human as you can get. And in a tax-free trading world, looking some years down the track, their endeavours became purely philanthropic, the main thrust of commercial power being to get the stuff distributed as quickly and as evenly as possible at the least cost in time and fuel. Then back to the garden or the beach!

A favourite pastime of many older youths became driving 4WDs into uncharted areas of the polar continent, New Antarctica, which, as explained earlier, had greened up totally and had now become a cool, wet jungle, full of the smells of humidity and humus. They would return in a day or two laden with new fruits and rare flowers and samples of insects, even giant leaves which a person could wear on his back when it rained and stay completely dry, or at least never get wet above the ankles while wearing it. This jungle provided more than its bounty of edible and useful products, for it was also a source of inspiration for the survivors.. For deep within this jungle was a peaceful silence, where not even birds had penetrated thus far, or became silent themselves when they did stray to these remotest areas. All that was heard was the watery sound of droplets dripping from the leafy boughs of tall tropical trees, splashing as they hit the puddles or the sodden earth below.

For a real steady balance had settled in, regarding the Earth’s rotation on its new axis, and weather predictions had become boringly correct, down to the start and the finish of ten day cycles of wet weather: that is, it rained between five and six in the afternoon for ten days.

Yet it appeared that within the first ten years after the GI, those witty

survivors, those who had their wits about them, or with them, noticed the regular seasonal changes on a regular seasonal basis and immediately began using a ten year calendar cycle with ten months to the year. And so they sowed their cereal crops like rice, wheat, oats and barley by the tropical belts of rainforest which ringed the equator. This predictable weather was highly predictable, enabling concentrated organic gardening practices to be adopted, which yielded about five times that which was yielded pre GI. And there were but a few old old survivors, the “ancients” among them. mostly centenarians who remembered the pre GI methods of farming, and the stressful living, the most wasteful of which was the conducting or waging of war upon other tribes, even on an entirely different continent. Those were truly stressful times.

So far in the new order there was no massing of weapons by large groups of testosteroneal men - only a handful of hand guns and a spattering of ancient swords in ancient castles were found after the GI, and in retrospect, the survivors had more than enough to do in caring for the young and the frail and the injured and foraging for food; just being honest to goodness survivors rather than banding together and marching together and enduring the hardship of training to be soldiers together, as had been common for millenia before the GI. It's as if there had been a sudden realisation by almost the entire rest of the Earthen survivors that people could get on well together in a supportive manner, from all parts of the new globe. and that it would be counterproductive to waste time and energy in creating and training an army. All scrap steel that had been collected was being smelted to make essential tools; or for larger projects like building cranes for lifting steel girders or for reclaiming all sorts of buried machinery by lifting such things as trains, trucks and other machines out of the mud so that they could be recycled, either as scrap or as spares for similar operational machines they had managed to restore to working order. A gentle progress was being made in reopening a communications system by land and sea between the surviving continents, which was subsequently vastly altered with the superior technology that Hariprasad was to bring to the people of Horse Trail Ear Land, and post-subsequently to the whole world, the galaxy and the universe, and even beyond into the omniverse.

It was like Hariprasad had four brains, but not necessarily all switched on at once. As his brains, and I mean in the plural sense, were progressively switched on or off, his mental agility increased or decreased in megadigidimensions, in gigantic steps or strides so to speak; so when all brains were all systems go he was able to solve, reinvent, create or realise all sorts of solutions to problems which affected the Earthen survivors of the GI. With the available salvaged equipment of the highly technical kind to play around with, HH was able to reinvent devices, originally powered by storage battery, but now powered by his original idea of cosmic ray propulsion which, when miniaturised, became the fore-runner of the wrist-worn watch-sized computer cum videophone which was the fore-runner of the MediAx that all planetees from teenagers up use today to calculate or communicate with each other. It should be mentioned that by 2189 HH had adopted and adapted his patented system of converting cosmic rays to a powerful source of useful energy; well, he'd just about adapted it to everything that needed power.

**THE DESTRUCTADISK**

Hariprasad invented a machine for supposedly playing audio discs. Discs of any type would fit this machine and it was engineered to reproduce hi-fi audio of extra-auditory excellence. However, when it was automatically turned on by the disc which was inserted into it, it always cut the disc in order to measure it exactly, thus rendering the disk, (or disc) or disque (or even “dissa ka” in Neanderthal Japanese), thus rendering it useless, “it” being of course the disk. In an extraordinary movement by a WWW advertisement, which omitted to mention the machine’s destructive power but extolled the versatility of its reconnoitrish power and so on, within weeks there were orders in the millions from all over the Earthen planet, and beyond, As you might have guessed, millions of digital disk documents, and even otherwise as well, as you might now know, were irretrievably lost to the Destructadisk, as Hariprasad’s brilliant machine was later to be called,