Raccoon – Awr Awoo

by Mike Rozak
Copyleft July 2011

This story is UNFINISHED. It is a work in progress.

History of the Awr Awoo

Called Al Ari in other stories due to variations in galactic language spoken in “Free people’s” region… and the fact that Raccoon’s cane say the “l” or the “ee” phonemes.

Fifty years ago there was a détente between the Hominids and the “animal” people – mammaloids.

Some treaties were signed

Hominids stopped arresting and invading most mammaloid planets.

Travel became easier.

Several “mammaloid” zones, groups of hundreds of galaxies, where mammaloids lived together.

These were closely positioned near Hominids and Alotians.

Good trade opportunities.

Mammaloids did well.

Especially those willing to meet with Hominoids… who were always twitch and dangerous to meet with. And dishonest. And slavers of mammaloids.

Several mammaloid zones:

- Free peoples – Where I came from
- Xinsing (pronounced Zhin-zeeng) – A more-metropolitan zone than the Free people. Located nearby.
- Upscale – A less-dense zone, also not far from the Free Peoples.
- Our land/pasture – Mostly controlled by horse-evolved people.
- Sand – Aquatic zone, with mostly-ocean planets. Mammaloids living on many of the sandy islands, and some continents.

- The Collective – Mostly Smilodon-evolved. Less multiracial than the other areas. Near “The Free Peoples”.
- The Cat/Feline nations – Cat-only (with some canines), not that far away.

Twenty years ago, everything turned sour.

“Our land/pasture” was invaded/overrun by the Hominids. They took possession of everyone’s estates.

“Sand” was also invaded. The aquatic people had to flee. The mammaloids were allowed to stay. Very-few Hominids stayed in the area, though they used it as a holiday resort area.

Enslaved people.

Many wealthy people (two-legged and four-legged horses) ran away.

They began the “Awr Awoo”, called a different name.

It began as a paramilitary organization to retake “Our land/pasture”.

Ultimately, retaking the planets was impossible due to the strength of the Hominid Empire.

Slowly turned into a slave rescue organization, specializing in run-and-grab rescues.

Gained support and contributions from wealthy mammaloids in the region.

And Saurians.

And wealthy Alotians.

And wealthy Simians.

Many of the spacecraft were Simian. With some Alotian rescue and monitoring spacecraft.

Over twenty years, Gecko-evolved and Chameleon-evolved nations provided more-and-more ships.

Two years ago, Awr Awoo improperly blamed for attack on Hominid planet of Lilac. See my short story, “Deaths at Azcruk”, for more details.

Awr Awoo leaders and supporters were hunted down, arrested, and tortured by the Hominids.

To add to that, the emergence of the war made slave rescues impossible. The Hominids began using very-high-tech “radars” that could spot the Awr Awoo ships, as well as much better planetary defenses, and military spacecraft.

With slave rescue dampened, Awr Awoo leaders began retooling their mission.

And then Hominids invaded, Xinsing, Upscale, Sand, and The Collective.

The new mission of the Awr Awoo was immediately obvious.

Due to previous treaties, the zones of Xinsing, Upscale, and Sand were prohibited from having militaries. Protection was provided for by the Alotians. Hominid militaries were also illegal in the zone.

But they invaded.

The Collective was allowed to keep a military for its own defense.

Awr Awoo began to turn from a militia into the region’s military.

Sister

My sister graduated from university a year ago.

Major in physics.

She took a job working for the nation's merchant navy (BUGBUG – make sure right term)

Began by running packages around in small "scooters", as she called them.

Basically, she would sit down on what looked like a motorcycle, and the spaceplane would appear around her.

It wasn't very large.

Her motorcycle pack would hold a few packages, sometimes encrypted "scrolls".

She'd basically press a button and go somewhere.

Drop off the package.

Pick up another.

Deliver that.

And eventually end up at a scooter-hostel somewhere.

It sounded like a fun job.

It hardly needed a physics degree, but physics degrees weren't too-useful, especially nowadays.

I would call her, or she would call me, once a week.

That was her beginning job.

After three months, she worked up to a solid spaceplane.

Basically a flying disc.

She could carry larger passengers.

They were more difficult to fly, and not nearly as automatic.

And she could carry passengers, if she were licensed.

She spent another three months working for her passenger license.

Like any public transit system, it's okay if the driver/pilot gets killed, but the passengers aren't ever allowed to get killed.

Since her passengers would be in the same compartment as her, she wasn't allowed to get killed either.

Mary, my sister, was very determined to get her license.

She practiced and travelled quite a bit.

Going as far as "Sand", as well as up into the Alotians.

With her scooter, she mostly stuck to "The Free Peoples".

And then, half a year ago, my sister got very weird.

She began talking in hushed tones on the telephone… Raccoons speaking in hushed tones are very difficult to understand.

She kept asking me if I had watched the news at all.

And what was on the news.

I hadn't watched the news, of course. It was boring.

So I did.

And there wasn't anything on.

"What about the invasion of planet YZW?" she would ask.

"Invasion? Are you serious/joking!? I didn't see anything on the news about that."

Huff. "Just keep your eyes and ears open for that kind of news."

I did, and I heard nothing.

What I did hear was that a war might be brewing.

My friends and acquaintances talked about it once awhile.

Their parents were more up-to-date on the news, and they would talk to them about the details.

And then physical education began training us to run and do other stamina sports, instead of play volleyball.

And then the word "military-draft" was mentioned on the news… once only.

Homework

I did my university homework at night, after class, and between classes around lunch-time.

The thought of cheating never occurred to me, nor just about anyone else.

We had paper books – no multipage E-books.

We wrote everything down.

We weren't allowed to use computers because they would solve everything for us.

And my computer, just a tablet, couldn't do much more than show photographs and send E-mails.

Calculators weren't allowed either. And they were pointless. Everything was symbolic.

I took a physics class.

The 15 homework problems every three days weren't that difficult.

It was mostly recipe-book math. Just look in the book and see how to wind the matrix around, and do the same.

Simplifying-down the estimates was a bit tricky.

It was never obvious what terms in the estimates could be discarded, and/or replaced with simplified terms.

You needed a calculator for that… and no-one objected.

Just try plugging some random numbers into the estimates and see if they produced significant values.

Which wasn't technically the correct way to solve the problems.

I had a history class.

History didn’t appeal.

It was all about what happened when, and why people did things, and what they were thinking at the time.

I simply couldn’t imagine what they were thinking.

Simplistically, if the history book said, “Jark Lin Woong was happy, so he decided to build a memorial building to Wan Kwoo,”…

I couldn’t imagine him being happy. I wasn’t happy at the time, I was studying. I could imagine him studying to build a building.

I had never built a building. I had never seen one being built. I had no courses in building building. So I couldn’t imagine a building being built.

Now, if this had been filmed and shown on television, I might get that.

But then, why did I care that he built a building anyway?

My professor didn’t seem to care about the building either. He was Goat-evolved. He mostly cared that the Hominids destroyed the building five years ago.

That wasn’t in the book.

“So why not eradicate the building from history also?” I thought.

I had a mathematics course that paralleled the physics course.

We did basically the same stuff in both, except the mathematics course was a week ahead.

And it’s problems didn’t just deal with fields in space. It also had applications to statistics, another course I could have taken but which I didn’t.

I also took physical education, like everyone.

We played volleyball.

No-one would swim.

We played Frisbee.

And the professor was gradually ramping us up into being able to run a kilometer.

The previous term I had taken a cooking course, which wasn't bad.

It didn't involve matrices.

And it provided cheap meals at night.

We had a creativity class.

It was 10% painting art class.

Lots of discussions on how to be creative.

Lots of papers being written to create new ideas.

And then examples about how the new ideas would work, and how they would fail.

It also included some music… drums… as a creativity source.

It was taught by an "artsy" Antelope-evolved woman.

It also included poetry.

And sculpture.

I was looking forward to the assignment in a few weeks when we would begin to play-around on computers and create thee-D models.

Every class was attended nearly every day.

Except for physical education, which was every-other day.

No chemistry… I had taken that last year and started my fur on fire.

Next year, I would begin taking one-evening "seminars"… which were like mini-classes on various subjects. They would broaden my education, and help me decide on a major.

Scholastically-underperforming teenagers

For Hominids on Earth-Sol, scholastically-underperforming teenagers always have it in the back of their minds that if they don't do well in school, they won't get a good job.

If they don't get a good job, they won't have a nice work environment, won't be able to buy a nice car, and won't be able to afford a house.

For people in "The Free Peoples", the concern was different.

Scholastically-underperforming teenagers are "merged" together.

What that means is that two of you walk into a room.

You meet and shake hands.

(We have comedy television shows about this.)

You are both gassed into slumber.

You both wake up.

But both in the same body… like *"The Two of Me"* movie. (BUGBUG - the two of me)

Within a few days you "merge" together and are acting like one person. You simply become one person with two pasts.

This means you have two mothers.

And two sisters.

And you have attended university twice.

But seeing as you were obviously scholastically-underperforming and only really attended University half the time you were there, 2 x ½ = 1. So you attended a full course of university.

After that, you would get a low-stress job.

And raise children, most of whom were embryo-implants from genetically more-successful women.

No-one wanted to do this.

It was seen as a sign of failure.

However…

With the impending war, this option was unlikely.

A more-likely scenario was that you would be drafted into the infantry.

Once drafted into the infantry, you would experience military training, lots of boredom, and perhaps some combat.

You had a fifty-percent chance of dying, being shot by Hominids or Alotians. ("Alotians" were a theoretical possibility that hasn't come true.)

If you die, your soul would be merged in with someone else of similar personality, who also died. You would get a new body, and would have half-a-year off.

If the war hadn't ended by that point, you would be drafted once-again into the infantry, and have a fifty-percent chance of dying.

The electronic bulletin board

I saw the announcement on one of the "electronic bulletin boards" scattered around campus – basically a large display bolted onto the wall (so it wouldn't be pilfered).

They always listed low-price lunch-specials at different cafeterias

And different events, like "raves" (public parties) and weekend trips to other planets. I never had enough money for the weekenders, but I attended quite a few raves.

The notice said, “Want to know what the television-news is censoring about the war? Stop by Hergove-Building, room 3245, at 8:00 Tomorrow”. (Electronic bulletin boards don’t need to give dates, since they can display “Today”, “Tomorrow”, “Two days from now”, automatically.)

The club was titled the “Awareness club”, as in “News-awareness”.

I didn’t watch much news, since it mostly covered local politics, which were quite boring compared to raves.

I was interested in the impending war though, since it was likely that I would be drafted and turned into infantry.

The news was distinctly quiet about war events.

Everyone on campus whispered about them.

When I called my sister up, she also talked about the war.

So I took out my text-messager and photographed the electronic bulletin board.

Text-messagers are like your mobile phones, except that they don’t make voice calls. They include a small keypad, a screen, a GPS, a camera, and the ability to play music.

Friends

I had four friends, and perhaps ten acquaintances.

The difference was that I would walk-up to my friends’ dorm rooms and initiate. (Two of my friends stayed with me in my dorm room.)

Acquaintances were friends of friends usually. I saw them enough that I knew who they were, what they were doing, and

what their personalities were like. But I wouldn't text-message them or stop by their dorms.

My friends and I would do homework together, in the same room.

We weren't allowed to collaborate on math and physics or history, so we didn't.

We did so on creativity.

We went to raves together.

We watched television together… sometimes… well, it was in the same room. They didn't care for the news. We'd sometimes watch porn.

We went out to eat together.

Campus had four different cafeterias.

And different ones that were opened at night… which were more café like.

We'd go off-campus by subway once a week.

We'd go shopping… not to actually buy anything. We couldn't afford anything, and didn't really want anything. Just to look around and see what was there, and to get away.

And we'd eat at the fast-food court in the shopping mall.

We took a hike in the forest surrounding our campus, once.

We talked about our mothers and sisters. I talked about my sister. My mother had died five years before.

We all knew what one-another's family was doing.

Acquaintances, I didn't know what their family was doing. Nor did I try to remember it.

We'd also chip in for furniture items, like a wicker sofa delivered from the mall.

We all had a stipend by the way.

Some of my friends actually had their own saved money.

Parents weren't allowed to provide them with money while they were at university. University students should be able to survive on a budget.

"Awr Aroo"-club

I went to the "Awareness club" meeting alone.

I didn't bother talking to any of my friends about it.

They weren't the type to be interested.

It was night, after dinner.

I think I ate some roast beef… and was feeling sleepy.

The room was more of an auditorium. I had never been there.

Perhaps fifty students attended. I didn't recognize any of them immediately.

A rabbit-evolved woman walked up to the podium and began speaking.

Her language was automatically translated into our Galactic Standard using a speech-synthesizer broadcast throughout the room. (BUGBUG – text to speech)

She spent the first half of the talk giving us an overview about what was happening in the war.

She showed us our location within "The Free Peoples".

And then another video-slide showed the location of "The Free Peoples" compared to the Hominids and the Alotians. She also marked a region as "Saurian", though it actually isn't saurian, it's Agimadae (BUGBUG – sp). (BUGBUG – Australian dragons)

I took a few photos of the slides.

Some people were photographing every slide.

The next slide showed yellow-lines advancing down from the Alotians into our space… the yellow lines were actually Hominids cohabiting with the Alotians.

Alotian yellow-lines travelled from their space into the Agimadae. (BUGBUG – sp)

Red lines travelled from the Hominids into the Smilodon zone, not far away. (The Collective) (BUGBUG – Smilodon)

Then she showed a map of specific planets in “The Free peoples”.

Crap!

Yellow planets were essentially occupied by the Hominids.

There were a few red dots for conflicts.

All of our planets had Hominid settlements on them, because we were multiracial. We all knew that. Most of the settlements were distinctly military… a violation of treaty.

The yellow dots were everywhere.

Why hadn’t our news reported it?

We had no news service.

News broadcasters were arrested and/or assassinated by the Hominids for broadcasting news they didn’t like. (BUGBUG – assassination of Russian reporter)

The Hominids interfered with the transmission of any news they didn’t like… and they could interfere with any news.

The rabbit-woman’s job was to bypass this censorship.

She then went on to show photographs of Hominid soldiers, their equipment, a few dead Mammaloids, and a list of atrocities they were committing.

And then the sell.

The woman said she worked for an organization opposing the Hominid occupation.

And anyone who didn't want to remain could leave the room.

Hell. We were all raucous university students, especially the Red Pandas. We all stayed.

Except a few got up, most-likely because they had to do their homework.

I usually didn't bother with my own homework.

The woman began talking about events her organization put on.

They gave talks, like this.

They also had weekenders on other planets that were free, or subsidized… That sounded good to me.

They were summer-camp like, involving hiking, wilderness survival, and networking sessions.

The organization also had larger rallies in the city where they revealed more information, information that the university wouldn't allow them to reveal.

She posted the date, time, and address of a major rally, that would happen in a few weeks. Everyone took a photograph of it. So did I.

What about the weekend trips to other planets?

Students wishing to sign up for the weekend trips would find the paperwork at the rally… in the city.

The woman never said the name of the organization she worked for.

Someone later told me that if I had been perceptive enough, I would have seen it spelled one-character at a time, one character per slide.

Rave

School-sponsored party

At night

In an auditorium

No drugs

Had something that was somewhat narcotic to drink… gave you a slight “I feel safe/happy” buzz.

That was it.

I didn’t go to all of the raves, but I went to most of them.

It was a break from my major, which I wasn’t sure what it was, but it was most-likely physics.

Being a physics major was the default for people who didn’t know what they wanted to do

And it got my sister into flying a spaceplane, which didn’t sound like a bad thing.

Walked to the rave, about 1 km away, with one of my friends.

Loud techno-pop “music”… more of a beat.

Lots of flashing lights.

In an auditorium.

About 100 people.

No dancing.

Just chairs.

Would pull up a chair and talk to people, all-the-while drinking the buzz drink.

Light show on the wall and on us.

Sometimes would be sparkling disco lights synced to the music. Other times would actually light-paint something on the wall.

Talk centered around class, what the latest homework assignment was, how to solve the differential matrix in 5-space.

No-one talked about our history lessons. No-one cared about the 30-years-ago war in “Our land/pasture”.

And then we talked about the idea of a free weekend trip to a planet to do summer-camp stuff.

There were no boys… the Hominid sterilization war had ensured that we were almost all girls. So sex didn’t come up, not for me at least. I wasn’t oriented that way.

And the mild narcotic in the drink was anti-sex anyway. After drinking enough of it, all you wanted to do was go home and stare at the wall for half the night.

Which is what I did after the Rave.

And the wall colors always seemed a bit faded.

Awr-Awoo rally

The trip to the rally was by subway.

I went with a few acquaintances.

We had time to talk to one-another over the weeks in-between.

It was expensive, about $50 for the two-way trip, plus the cost of a meal in the subway.

The subway was a bus-ride away, costing $10.

Once underground, the four of us typed in our destination and ordered a communal subway “tube”.

They looked like sleek grey tubes, rounded on the front an back.

One arrived for us, and the computer-announcer called us forward.

A gull-wing door on the top-half of the tube opened-up.

We descended into our own private car.

The door close, and we took off.

The ride would take about an hour.

During that time we talked about schoolwork, mostly. Events that would be happening. When the next “rave” was. Who had the best curly fries.

I asked an older girl what I should expect from next-year’s classes.

The hour passed quickly.

We arrived, and the door opened up.

We got out, and into another underground subway station.

There we found some food.

I had a hot-dog for $7.50. It was merely subway food – as good as I expected.

To get to the rally auditorium, all we had to do was follow a very-long corridor off the subway, and enter a huge underground warehouse. Or perhaps it was a spaceplane landing bay.

100 m x 100m x 30m.

Drinks and cookies were available at the entry.

We took some. I didn’t eat as many as I’d like because the hot-dog was upsetting my stomach already.

There were no seats.

At the far end were two huge displays with showing a blue-to-black “horizon” fade.

We were some of the first to arrive.

We took our Tang-like-drinks and cookies to near the front and sat down. (BUGBUG – tang)

We waiting for three-quarters of an hour, before no-one else showed up.

Someone came up to us and asked why we were here.

We said we were there for the rally.

“Oh, that has been cancelled.”

What? We wasted $50 to get here and it was cancelled.

“Don’t worry. We have another event that you might like.”

We came for this.

“Just follow me. I think you’ll like it.”

We were lead out a side door in the rally room, and down another very-long corridor.

If we had any money, we’d worry that we were going to be mugged.

At the end of the corridor, the woman led us through a door, and into an equally-large auditorium.

This one was filled with thousands of people standing and listening to a two-legged horse-evolved woman speak. Text-to-speech translators were blaring.

The night suddenly got very surreal.

We were falsely led to a fake rally. Once we were investigated, they must have gotten our IDs from body scans, we were shown to the real event, which was already going on.

People walking down the first corridor were almost-certainly scanned. Anyone who passed the scan would have had someone step in front of them and shunt them off to the real rally room.

I was so excited figuring out the cloak-and-dagger stuff that I didn’t listen to the talk much.

Basically, it was a pep rally.

The woman was talking about the Hominid injustices, and how we would crush them.

She then showed a more-detailed graph of where the Hominids were in our “The Free Peoples”.

And their troop movements.

And their expected movements.

No-one was taking photos with their cameras, so we didn’t either. We got the hint.

She began posting requirements for the “Awr Awoo”… she actually mentioned the name here.

We had heard the name on television.

Shit, what had we gotten into?

It was certainly interesting though.

Fighter spaceplane numbers were mentioned.

They were looking to recruit pilots. Cool!

And they were looking for co-pilots and helpers… more likely.

And they had infantry training camps all-over.

Some suit training camps, but you had to attend quite a few infantry training-camps before you got suit training. (Suits were “Encounter suits”, kind of a combination of a scuba dry-suit, battle-armor, and an invisibility suit.)

University and high-school students could attend summer-camps were they learned outdoor survival skills, networked, roade dirt-bikes, and fired a few BB-guns. Dirt-bikes, cool! (BUGBUG – BB-gun)

A goat-evolved woman got up and gave a speech about the political situations.

Mammaloid leadership was hampered by the Hominids and treaties.

Mostly by the Hominids.

Many of them had just disappeared.

A photograph of a battered woman on a dusty planet was shown. “Recognizer her? She was the backup prime-minister to planet XYZ. This is a photograph of her, smuggled out off a Hominid planet. She is still a prisoner, and treated as a slave.”

The photographs continued.

In fact, the talks continued all night.

We eventually got tired and decided to leave.

We made our way to the back of the hall, where we found a doorway out.

All of the cookies were gone, but there were some cups of Tang-like-drink left.

From here, we walked down a lot of very-long corridors to the subway, and ordered a subway-tube back to university.

We forgot to sign up for the weekend summer-camp trips.

As I found out later, there was a sign-up sheet by the cookies.

We missed that.

If we had signed-up for the summer-camp weekend, we would have been told that the rally had been cancelled, and escorted back to the subway. We would have been given a free ride back to university, without having attended the real rally. The trip all the way to the fake rally was a test to see how eager we were. Since we waited three-quarters of an hour, we were noted as being especially eager.

A week later – Rounded-up from university

BUGBUG – more detail

Hominids on all of the planets.

A small population allowed there by treaty.

I didn't know where they were on my planet.

Went into school one day

Noticed the Hominids in panel-vans parked near the centre of the main walkway of the University

Everyone passed

They were in military

They had never been allowed at university before.

But then again, we knew they were invading us.

Walked past them.

Went into class.

Physics.

About 20 people.

Knock on door twenty minutes into lecture.

Two Hominids, with guns.

They interrupted the teacher, and approached.

He looked worried.

They handed a sheet to him.

He did nothing.

We all sat and watched.

Then the Hominids pulled out a scanner.

Scanned the room.

Two men from outside came in and walked up to my desk.

They aggressively grabbed me by my shoulder and arm.

I said nothing.

They basically lifted me up.

Meanwhile, another girl was also grabbed. Fox-evolved I think.

We were pushed outside the classroom.

My hands were forced behind my back.

Handcuffs were put on me.

I asked in my best Alotian, which they might know, why I was being arrested.

I got a rifle-butt in the back of my head.

The Fox woman said nothing after that.

We were led out the back, and to the next building.

There we were loaded in an armored vehicle.

Several other students were there.

Some with blood on their mouths and missing teeth, and swollen eyes.

We were driven in silence to a spaceplane.

Small cargo spaceplane, about 50 meters x 50 meters x 15 meters of cargo space.

We were all chained-up to a run along the wall.

Couldn't sit down.

Arms behind back.

After an hour the doors were closed.

Felt physics-laws "pressurization" change.

I awoke later.

I had fallen unconscious.

My arms, behind me and pinned to the wall, held me upright.

They ached.

I wasn't able to fall on the floor.

Many people were still on the floor.

Lots of many-woman guards walked in and unchained us.

They led us out into a large underground landing pad.

Hundreds of meters across.

Concrete.

Led through some doors.

Very efficiently.

I was lead into a small room with about three other people. And lots of Hominid guards… not people.

They cut off my clothes with scissors.

Did a body-scan to see if I had any hidden weapons in naked places.

They had an automatic tattoo machine, and tattooed a number on my shoulder and the back of my neck.

Didn't trouble me too-much since my fur grew over it.

From a pile of clothes, on man-woman selected an orange jumpsuit and tossed it over my shoulder.

I couldn't put it on with my handcuffs.

They certainly weren't going to put it on for me.

We were all led naked through a corridor.

Filled with him, who were intentionally forced to stand right-up to their bars and watch us walk past naked. The men were all wearing orange.

Obviously some sort of psychological torture which affected Hominids… didn't do too much to us.

Neither did the tattoos. Again, that torture/mark was designed to affect Hominids.

Led to the right, and into a large service elevator.

Taken a long ways down.

And then into a long corridor.

Where put into a prison cell.

Some Simian guards eventually came and helped me put my orange jumper on.

They were clearly dismayed.

I didn't give them any trouble.

For a few weeks, were released every day for some recreation.
Still had chains on.
Common cafeteria.
Visit toilets.
Even some whispering to ourselves.
Didn't last long.
Eventually, we were all isolated into solitary confinement.

Hominid prison

Locked in cell
Guards than ran prison were Simian
In the Lots of Stars (K' Tick Tuk) galaxy
Underground.
Wore orange jumpsuit without tail hole.
Arms permanently manacled in front.
Chained to wall
Slept on concrete box that acted as a bed.
Toilet break once a day.
Simians would enter and put a bag on head.
Lead out down random hallways.
Told to spread legs.
Told to urinate and defecate.
Fed a meal… starvation diet.
Water (and food) were drugged.
Led back into cell.
Simians never spoke.
If tried to speak got whacked.

Lawyer? Seeing a judge? Jury? Trial? Nothing like that.

Led into a 5m x 5m concrete underground room with a desk.

Red-headed Hominid woman and some simian guards.

A month after arrived, handed a piece of paper.

Written in a Hominid language.

Similar to an Alotian language I knew.

It was either an explanation for why I was detained, or a sentence, or something else, no-one explained.

“What is this?”

No-one talked to me, or explained anything.

A red-headed woman was in the room.

She pulled the paper out of an accordion folder, double-checked my name, and handed it to a simian guard, who opened it and handed it to me.

Fucking Hominids.

One year.

A trip through a sun’s corona

Didn’t get fed for a few days.

Unusual.

Didn’t quite get hot.

Too far underground.

Just got irradiated.

And woozy – woozy in the soul

Died.

Hominid planet was plunged through the corona of a star

One of the major “justice” planets

Maybe even had courts on it.

At least a few billion Hominids died.

Perhaps as many at 14 billion.

The Awr Awoo remember.
The Hominids only have databases for their memory.

(It's more of a Haiku in Galactic Standard.)

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