

Third Moon Rising

Prelude 2033

Darkness...

I feel myself floating in darkness...

"I wonder if I died again." I asked myself as floated.

"No. You haven't died, but you came close." A disembodied voice answered.

"That voice...it sounds so familiar."

I try to go to the source of the voice but I find I can't move.

"It's okay; just picture yourself reaching out with your hand."

I try picturing reaching with my hand but all I see is the memory of that day twenty one years ago. I couldn't reach her hand then and it seems I can't now.

A slight giggle echoes in the darkness. "I've should've known. I'm sorry. Here let me reach for yours."

The voice spoke to me and I felt a warm gentle hand touch mine and then...

I found myself sitting on a bench in the park where I used to play as a little girl. It was quite bright out and I looked to the sky and what I saw stunned me for a moment. There in the sky were three moons; a red moon, a green moon and a blue moon. I've heard Laetitia and Margaret talk about it but since I couldn't see them I wondered if they were imagining it all. I briefly stared at the moons till I was given a much larger surprise. There standing in front of me with her red hair being blown by unseen winds and her green eyes reflecting the moonlight and with that cryptic smile of hers was Laetitia. I leapt from where I was sitting and I hugged her and I stared into those eyes and spoke with shock in my voice.

"Laetitia?! Is that really you? Where have you've been all these years?! We've been worried about you and..." Her finger reached out and pressed my lips so I could not speak.

"I'm sorry I worried you, but it is me and for various reasons I can't divulge where I'm at and where I've been. I only came back...to see you. I heard what happened and wanted to see if you were okay. You were caught in a terrible explosion when the building you were working at was attacked by terrorists. As of now you're in some kind of mold. I'm not really familiar with all this new technology but that's what I've heard the doctors say..."

Laetitia removed her finger from my lips and gave what she said some thought and then I answered her.

"I should've known you give an answer like that. As for the mold, well it seems I'm getting a new prosthetic body." I said sadly figuring that my first prosthetic body was more or less a pile of pseudo meat and scrap from what I could I gather that a good portion of it was charred.

"Laetitia, I'm glad you're here and all. But how are we communicating?" I asked a bit confused realizing that Laetitia didn't have any cyber wear in her. She smiled with that cryptic smile and answered. "I think you know that answer to that one. I just happen to catch you while you're still lucid dreaming. In a few moments you'll be in a VSR from what I'm hearing now. There's one thing I need to know Elenore; do you forgive me?"

I was confused by her question and quickly answered. "For what Laetitia?"

"For what happened twenty years ago." Laetitia answered a little impatiently.

"I forgave you a long time ago. I'm sorry if I never told you. I always thought you knew."

Laetitia slowly shook her head. "No I didn't. I wish I could stay longer but I have to go. Thank you and Goodbye Elenore. I love you..."

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“LAETITIA WAIT!!” I shouted wanting her to stay a few more moments but I could feel myself waking up in a sense as my conscious went into the Virtual Simulated Reality.

In a virtual field of Helianthus flowers a female anime bunny dressed in a maid uniform stood next to a book that was floating head level with her.

As Elenore’s consciousness logged in the VSR the bunny smiled as she appeared.

I looked at my surroundings and found that this was my own VSR. The big tip off was I was wearing the white cocktail dress with the red heels.

“Good Afternoon Miss Elenore. It is good to see that you are functional.” The bunny said in a cheerful tone.

“Good Afternoon Daisy. Can you tell me how long I’ve been unconscious? And why is my personal VSR being used?” I asked a bit puzzled.

Daisy smiled and answered cheerfully and in the most comforting tone she could muster. “You have been unconscious for eighty hours and forty six minutes prior to your log in to this VSR.

Miss Vanessa brought your VSR from home when she heard you were incapacitated. She felt that you needed something “comforting”.

“You have a pre recorded message from Vanessa. You would like to hear it?” Daisy asked cheerfully.

I nodded and a holographic image of Vanessa sprang up.

“Hi there.” Vanessa said with a wave of her hand.

“I know you can’t respond at the moment. I know it’s been awhile since we last spoke. I made some phone calls and they’ll be here soon when you wake up. What you mean there’s a word limit?! With all this techno....” Vanessa cut off abruptly and I had a good giggle.

“Sorry about that Vanessa. “ I said talking to no one.

I smiled and then pondered on how long I had been unconscious and then I asked Daisy another question. (Well a couple of questions.)

“I must’ve taken quite a lot of damage. Has my cyberbrain taken damage for me to be unconscious for this long? And what day is it?”

“From what I gather Miss Elenore you were buried under some rubble for an estimated time of thirty hours before you were found. You went into autistic mode to save energy, as for damage; no cyberbrain damage has been sustained Miss Elenore. To answer your last question Miss Elenore, It is July 6th 2033. Local time is 3:26 P.M.” Daisy replied cheerfully as always.

I stared at the book floating near Daisy’s head, smiled and nodded to myself.

“I didn’t realize it was close to that time again. It’s been a while since I’ve read that book.”

“Is there new data you wish to add Miss Elenore?” Daisy asked.

“No, how long before I fully wake up and can see visitors?”

“In about three hours and forty two minutes till full conscious will be regained Miss Elenore.”

I stared at the virtual book for a bit and walked over. Then I sat down next to Daisy in the virtual flower field, grabbed and opened the book and started to read. The book resembled Margaret’s picture book.

“What did she call it? That’s right...Secondary.” I mused to myself.

“Well since I have some free time on my hands might as well read...read about those days long past...” I said as I began to read from the virtual book. That book... My book...

End Prelude