

0

Itenria, the indigo planet

Mines exploded everywhere on the indigo planet, and Dusk knew they had been betrayed. His thirst for knowledge had ended his homeland.

Not looking back at the ruins of Itenria, he jumped in the highway chute to their only moon. Their own scientists had blown up all their other moons orbiting the indigo planet in experiments. Other clouds were crowding the chute behind him. He could escape the destruction, but not arrest for treason.

Dusk heard thunder: the indigo army was approaching. They began the interrogation, flashing their lightning around him. He pinned the blame on the scientist Hyacinth. "I've seen her whispering with Parucemman politicians when I left their Pyramid after talks with their president!" Scientists were higher-ranking than politicians in Itenria, so this attempt was desperate.

Some of the army surrounded Dusk, while the rest split off to find Hyacinth and escaped prisoners. Hyacinth was found raining on the side of the moon facing the purple planet. "I don't know what happened," she testified. "I didn't even have time to pick up my experiments and belongings."

Hyacinth's account seemed more trustworthy, so Dusk was banished to the dark side of the moon. The barely-terraformed back of the moon faded to gray in his vision, and a bored fatigue crept up until he wasn't even interested in getting out. He almost suffocated from lack of light before a proper hearing.

At last, the day arrived. The guards and two mediclouds took him 5 miles into the light side of the cramped moon. They rumbled about Dusk's need to take breaks, as if they hadn't just subjected him to fading out for 2 days.

The trial was held in a crater 20 meters deep, with trivia judges lining the lower side, the large audience pouring in through the top, and Hyacinth and Dusk at the bottom with a chess board UV hologram, mediclouds

stationed next to Dusk in case of emergency. The audience roared with thunderclaps of excitement, and the debate commenced. “Today’s trial has two suspects, so it will be a chess game between them,” a judge announced. “This game is from the Pyramid’s messages back to Itenria. If you answer well, you gain moves. If you answer poorly, your opponent gains moves. If you are caught in lies, you lose your queen, knights, bishops, and rooks in that order. The rules are included in the hologram, and if you try to cheat, you lose a random pawn.”

Ice crystals formed on the nervous Dusk. Hyacinth was part of the crew that discovered and practiced chess.

“Question one: Where were you when the bombs activated? Dusk’s turn to answer.”

Dusk knew there were witnesses to his quick escape. He had known there was a chance of this happening, after all. “I was taking a stroll through the parks,” he answered half-truthfully.

“Any objections?” The crowd sizzled with annoyance, but there was no one to contradict Dusk. “Hyacinth’s turn.”

“I was home after work and heard the explosions. I went to check outside and found I might not survive if I didn’t leave everything behind right then.”

“Any objections?” There were none, and the judges conferred among themselves with direct telepathy. A decision was reached: “Hyacinth gains a turn!”

The chess board buzzed and Hyacinth moved a pawn.

After several more questions, Dusk saw an opportunity to strike with his knight. He moved three spaces up and one space left. *Bzz!* A pawn guarding his king disappeared, and Hyacinth had a checkmate. The crater filled with lightning strikes from the audience, and the mediclouds ushered them out for safety. The judges decided Dusk’s punishment was eternal community service.

“We are elated to announce the annihilation of Itenria,” the yellow planet’s Entertainers transmitted. “Explosions are so cool! Whoosh through the highways to Bacertia to see the debris!” A visual was provided before the broadcast moved on to more electrifying stories. “CONSPIRACY: Creators BORED OF Itenria and reconstructing solar system! Guclose’s vengeful Creators REAL AFTER ALL?”

Bacertia, the blue planet

When Clematis came home, he saw his walls had been painted yellow. He hadn't bothered to repaint them in accordance with the new law, so the almighty Creators enforced their will through the government workers. By the Creators' will, green cloud Agave was staying at his house until there was housing built for the new immigrants. Agave had been put to work at the Pyramid, and still wasn't back.

Clematis turned on the Entertainer. UV light shone on him and he was brought into a happy world blessed by the Creators. His house filled with sunny fields and a fun movie in each room. He wandered through them, deciding which to watch. The ones being broadcasted today were all ones he had seen many times, so he went to try out Agave's entertainment device. Clematis was feeling optimistic and open-minded – until the device started. The rooms filled with a suffocating vortex of Others. Others living luxuriously with personal jellyfish tanks, favored by the Creators, and they were red, orange, yellow, purple, and even indigo. Clematis at once felt that he had not prayed enough, not donated enough to satisfy the Creators.

He shut down the device. “What kind of Overwhelmer is this?!” Clematis flew out of the house, going down the street to the downtown for a distraction. The number of protesters had dwindled as they resigned to repainting their walls with the passing of the Anti-Green-Camouflage Act to accompany the original blue version. The Creators didn't want crime from invisible clouds, so they made the government workers write this into the sacred scriptures of Bacertia. Clematis couldn't escape the reminders to go pray: statues of Creators, mini pyramids, and directions to the real Pyramid were in every corner of the city.

Soon he was in the Pyramid's main prayer chamber. “I wish the green clouds luck with their assimilation, and may meteorites that big never land on Bacertia. May the protesters be forgiven for their rebellious phase.”

A knock sounded on the opposite side of the wall. The Creators answered!

“Are we Bacertians worse to you than others?” Clematis prodded. “Forgive my bluntness,” he added anxiously.

Two knocks. No.

“Thank you! I brought no offerings today; I’m sorry!” Clematis at last noticed he was not alone in the echoing chamber. There was Agave, on the opposite side of the empty room.

There were no statues or paintings here, no material things to distract from connection to the Creators. The offerings chamber was the next room, on the way to the exit. Clouds entered and exited the Pyramid on opposite sides to signify spiritual growth. Halls were cylindrical tubes, grandiosely large in the Pyramid compared to cloud housing. The Creators made them that way so Bacertians wouldn’t be distracted by limited physical space.

Agave slowly became responsive, having finished his prayer. Clematis didn’t know what he said to the Creators; clouds’ telepathy was either transmitted to chosen other clouds, or broadcasted over an area. Custom was to exit the main prayer chamber before communicating with other clouds, to show the Creators the appropriate respect and avoid letting skeptical clouds sabotage the connection. Other prayer chambers were looser because they served other purposes. Every room in the Pyramid was ready for spontaneous prayer, but only in this one did the Creators answer.

Clematis and Agave drifted through the exit at a slow speed that was encouraged for deeper reflection. Agave had gradually gotten bluer than Clematis remembered him being at the time of arrival. The Mitochondrion’s rays were different colors on each planet in the Cyplotsam system, coming from the prism in the seven planets’ skies.

“How’s training going?” Clematis asked.

“I hope to be promoted so I can fix the teachings. Bacertians have some things wrong about the Creators, but they’re well-meaning enough. We have values, unlike Yttrium.”

Clematis didn't know other planets well, having spent his life on Bacertia, but he sent a light zap of mirth. Guclosians had evacuated to the best planet.

Agave sent back a stronger zap. This was the first time he allowed himself humor after having to take refuge in the allied neighbor planet after the destruction of Guclose. Guclose wasn't as broken apart as Itenria, but there was terrible damage to the planet and the structures were destroyed. Scientists reported a mass extinction. No clouds died, but some betrayed the alliance by choosing Yuttrim. They were assumed to be tired of "miserable" life in the alliance, and chose the path of irresponsibility.

"So what was that I saw on your Entertainer?" Clematis asked.

and wasted no lightning on interpreting art. It was all the same as their news.

-Agave and clematis argue over religion? Agave wants to prove self in new way now

2

Yuttrim, the yellow planet

IDEA: consp continues linking itenria and gucose with the same vengeful-creators narrative

next yellow chap: forget-me-not arc starts?