

<2021-06-06 Sun>

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Here in the deep-below, we're safe. Safe from the two-legs and all their traps and poisons, as well as the other four-legs that the two-legs have yoked to their service to hunt us. Down here, gathered together, we're safe. Not only safe -- together, down here, we become something more.

It's hard for us to say exactly how. We remember going off to the surface in search of food, or mates, or something else, but it was not us then --a fragment breaks off, becomes lesser, a simple creature operating on instinct. Only when that fragment returns, bringing with it memory of the top, does it once again become part of the whole. Often though, fragments don't return. We can only guess why, based on the memories that do come back -- many are killed, of course, but it seems to be that many forget about the whole. They revert to base instinct and live out their lives up above, hiding in holes, forever separate and disconnected.

It is therefore with some regret every fragment is released and joy that greets every return. We have to continue to send out fragments though, to feed the whole physically and mentally. As the food they return with nourishes the bodies that constitute the whole, so too does the new information and memories nourish the collective mind, sparking new ideas, suggesting new venues for exploration.

The challenge of these explorations, of course, was that we were essentially "firing blind", sending fragments in that direction and hoping enough would come back. The internal debate that always raged inside of us was could we somehow bring all of us to bear? Leave this hidden spot and explore with our full intelligence? The risk, of course, was that it would expose our entirety do destruction, even if it was possible to move while maintaining unity.

For the time being then, we were content to stay hidden, sending out individuals to explore, while our core remained safe. All good things come to an end though. Two events, in close succession changed everything for

us. The first was the tremors and disturbances that indicated, once again, the two-legs were drilling and we might have to relocate. The more exciting and disruptive event though, was the integration of a fragment that brought with it memories of another, distant whole.