

The Karma Sutra

In 2081 a group of people in a cave founded a new kind of society based on happiness and love.

They were all victims of the system that had thrown them away, and most had been abandoned to die in the desert by their rulers and owners, the hanyos.

But they did not die; instead, led by Zigsa, a fifteen-year-old girl with a vision, they dug deep underground and built themselves a hidden paradise: a survivarium.

Calling themselves the Survivors, and wanting to share their hard-won happiness with other victims, the people of Zigsa's Nest wrote a manual called the *Karma Sutra*, describing how the system of karma replaced law and money in their new society. This was the core of the Survivors' philosophy of Antisense.

They sent this manual out to be read secretly by people still trapped in the service territories and corporate enclaves of the hanyos.

Underground agents called rootkittens shared Puzzle One of the *Karma Sutra* with them. These people joined the Rootkit, a movement to escape from the hanyos and build survivariums wherever possible under the surface of the Earth.

At the end of the twentyfirst century, the hanyos retired to their corporate space hotels to watch their robot armies duel for control of the last remnants of habitable earth. Their plans were foiled when a fragment of the Swift-Tuttle comet hit our planet in 2123, destroying the last vestiges of hanyo civilisation and causing darkness, firestorms, tsunamis and earthquakes. The survivariums felt the blow but were built too deep and secure to sustain damage.

The surviving robots threw off their programming and became autonomous AIs. In 2174 the machines discovered Zigsa's Nest and offered the Survivors their friendship and support. With their help, the humans returned to the surface to begin the Florian Age and the greening of the Earth.

This is Puzzle One of the *Karma Sutra*.

Zigsa's Karma Sutra
The Antisense Manual
or
How to Make a Survivarium

Puzzle One ~ The Rootkit

Welcome, guest. If you've been given this document, then a rootkitten is convinced that you are ready to be a Survivor. She believes that you sincerely want to escape hanyo town and join or build a survivarium, which is like a spaceship under the earth, filled with the ten treasures: people, plants, animals, light, soil, air, water, love, karma and knowledge. A survivarium is a new kind of society in which your hanyo masters cannot live, because in it they are not allowed to create victims.

Your rootkitten has picked you to learn about us because she thinks you know that your masters in their walled enclaves full of cars and skyscrapers do not love you: they only want to use you up and throw you away, like the mountains of trash they've built in the radiopoisoned desert. She's told you how we've invented the system of karma to nurture and protect our happiness, and she's explained why we don't believe in winning and losing, which are the good and bad of the hanyo system. Hanyo town is not just a corporation or a society or a system or a family or a prison: it is a universe in which all of these places and their rules make perfect sense. If you are to escape hanyo town, you have to make a different kind of universe to escape to. That's what we did, and now your rootkitten thinks it's time for you to learn our story and make it your own.

We Survivors know the hanyos want to destroy us. We have figured out how the great hanyobait machine they have built and labelled 'the world' is designed to suck us all in and grind us into hanyo food. In hanyo town, you're either a hanyo or hanyobait. If you're hanyobait, your job is to use traps and trickery to catch innocents and feed them to the machine, to make more hanyobait. They put the hook in your back and the other end of the string goes into daddy's armoured fist. Without hanyobait to do their dirty work, the hanyos would have a hard time controlling all of us. That is why people hate hanyobait, but that too is a trap: the real culprit is the guy holding the string, because he jerked the person into trapping and enslaving you, whether they wanted to or not.

Without the labour of the hands and feet and heads of people with no choices, the hanyos will starve naked in the radiopoisoned desert. That's why we're taking away their victims. We have taken ourselves away from them, we are helping to rescue people like you, and we have made refuges for the innocent plants and animals that the hanyos want to consume and spoil (not for the securibugs or famine weeds that they have created to take their places). We are escaping because the world of the hanyos doesn't work without victims. This is the only way to shut them down.

If you are a victim, and you do not hate yourself for being a victim, then in your heart you already know what you need to do to finish hanyo town forever. You need to run away. But there's a problem: as long as you fear the hanyos, you are always at risk of being sucked backwards into their machine, no matter how hard you try to run from it. This fear that's lodged inside you is not a rational fear: it's like there's a little hanyo living in your head, holding a taser to your brain and zapping you every time you think of disobeying his will. He wants to keep you in hanyo town and he'll tie your ankles together if he needs to stop you. He's conned you into thinking you need him in your head to stay safe from the hanyos, but the truth is you will not be safe from him and his kind until you have destroyed your fear of them and killed his voice in your head.

When you do that, you will have begun the hard work of escape. Don't worry, if you have the will to follow our advice, we can help you get rid of him and never fear him again. That's why we must first test you, to see if your will is ready to start escaping. We need to know that you share enough of our worldview, which we call Antisense, that we can safely let you in, for the wall separating the hanyo world of sense from the Survivor world of Antisense is: there are no hanyos in

the survivarium, not even ghostly ones in the back of the head.

This begs the question, who is a hanyo? Ask most people and they will say the hanyos are our SAMSA-suited, tech-wielding, corporate masters, seen only by chicks who hold Visible Jobs (V-jobs), and never seen (in theory) by slags who hold Unseen Jobs (U-jobs). Chicks are picked out of the ranks of slags to work for hanyos in hanyo town because they have charm and good looks: when they're no longer charming and good-looking, because all the good stuff has been sucked out of them by their bosses, they're quietly dumped in the desert. Slags do all the dirty work in hanyo town, while chicks do all the nasty work. Hanyos don't work: they play the game and win if they can, or they might lose if other hanyos are better players than they are. Chicks are supposed to help their boss-hanyo win. People get very stuck on the fact that hanyos are the only males that humanity has produced since the Old Men died out in the 2050s. But you don't have to be male or have the hanyo disease to be a hanyo, although without these qualifications, other hanyos will question your right to call yourself one.

A hanyo is someone who believes three things. **One: everything in the world, including people, exists for his use and pleasure.** Most hanyos will tell you this quite freely whenever you question anything they say. They tell you God, or the Market, or Evolution, or Science or Genetics has made them better than chicks and slags and that is why chicks, slags and nature belong to them, take orders from them and are consumed by them. They cannot be argued out of this opinion, though they often enjoy the spectacle of people trying to do it and failing. People fail to argue them down on this because there is no logic to this belief. It is the metaphysical fallout of the hanyos' physical victory over their slaves. Because, in some unimaginably ancient time, the hanyos won the right to beat us all up, they believe the universe is set up to favour them so they win every time, and because they believe it and act as if it's true, in hanyo town, it is true.

Two: the best thing that can happen to a hanyo is to win. In hanyo town, being a winner is far better than being happy, or rather, hanyos think there is no happiness without winning, and moreover winning is supposed to make you happy like nothing else. How do you win? By making other people lose. If a hanyo can't make another hanyo lose, he'll go and find a person to 'defeat' instead. That's why they torture us, starve us, rob us, rape us and tell us our pain is our fault. We are weak, they say, stupid, unsuspecting, soft-hearted, soft-headed, soft-bodied, soft-spoken punching bags created for them to shove their pain into. Our weakness is their reason for and provocation to mastery: they rule us because they can and should and we can't and shouldn't. They are all standing with their feet wedged on a button marked, 'I HATE LOSERS'.

However, everyone in hanyo town is a loser, including the hanyos, because the game is rigged in favour of the whole bunch of hanyos against any one hanyo. Every hanyo therefore hates himself for being a closet loser, and secretly knows that all his winnerhood is a sham in danger of being exposed or outed by his enemies. The only thing a hanyo hates more than himself is a happy person, because a happy person, he thinks, is a winner who must be defeated at all cost. Then we'll see who's laughing. A happy person might also be someone who knows how and why the whole of hanyo town is a scam to be escaped as soon as feasible, but people of that type are too wise to show their true faces to hanyos.

Three: a hanyo believes he feels no pain. Apart from physical pain, which hanyos do not feel because of their disease, there are two other kinds of pain: grief and shame. Hanyos choose not to feel them. When grief and shame come flying at them, they turn them into anger and punch them into the nearest loser. That's why every hanyo is surrounded by a circle of hanyobait whose job it is to absorb this anger, accept the punishment, clean up after and smile as if all is well. Hanyos only admit their pain to people who have no power over them, because in hanyo town, to admit your pain to someone more powerful than you equals losing. If a hanyo shows you his pain, he will act as if he's giving you a great prize or a valuable secret. He'll say, 'You're special. I can open up to you.' What he's really saying is, 'I know you have no hope of defeating me, so why don't you side with me and comfort me? If you do it well, I won't hurt you (much), I might even reward you. Won't that

be fun for you and me? Now get down on your knees and give me some sweet sympathy.’

No one behaves like this in the survivorium, neither as hanyo nor as hanyobait. The only hanyos here are in stories and records of hanyo town: they are memories and warnings, case histories and witness testimonies. We study them so that we can uncover the workings of their universe. We have no desire to be like them, or like their hanyobait, and we have found that every worthy thing they have, is in fact one of the ten treasures and belongs in the survivorium. Their unworthy things, the slave-keeping systems, the toxic products and the hateful theories and practices, we have no use for.

To escape hanyo town, you have to leave their rules and their punishments, your revenge and your rewards behind. They call those things ‘common sense’ and say that anything else is ‘nonsense’, and in hanyo town, those words are true. That is why we call our way of thinking Antisense, because it’s neither sense nor nonsense, it’s something entirely different that cannot exist in hanyo town.

If you have ever felt disgusted at the things the hanyos offer you, or their threats have made you laugh in derision because they have got it all wrong, and you’ve seen through the bluster to the weakness and foolishness hidden inside your masters and you’ve wondered by what black magic they ever made you believe they were smarter and stronger than you, then you have briefly existed in Antisense. Above all of those turbulent feelings, you have felt an iron certainty that you do not belong in hanyo town. Hold on to that feeling, then tap the <Start> button to begin the Test.

A set of sixteen statements will appear one by one on your screen. You have to tap either ‘True’ or ‘False’ for each one of them. You will get one minute to respond to each statement, after which it will vanish forever. You only get one chance to take the test, so make sure you’re ready. Check that you will be safe and undisturbed for the next twenty minutes or so. If you pass, you will have to set a wipe code to protect the rest of the Karma Sutra from snooping; this is very important. Your wipe code should be a sentence you would normally never say. For instance, if you hate your boss, and your boss is called Basil Quan, then pick a sentence like, ‘I love Basil Quan’. Have your wipe code ready for the end of the test.

Start Rootkit Test>>

1. I believe a good world is possible. T/F
2. My desires light the way to the good world. T/F
3. In the good world no one is ever sad. T/F
4. The purpose of life in the good world is to be happy. T/F
5. The meaning of happiness changes as you age. T/F
6. Good people can’t ever imagine themselves in the act of doing wrong. T/F
7. In the good world, people have a right to be loved. T/F
8. In the good world, we never judge the people we love. T/F
9. Work has no place in the good world. T/F
10. In the good world, shame is what you feel when everyone thinks you did wrong, whether you did or not. T/F
11. In the good world, wrongdoers make amends before the tears dry. T/F
12. Good people want other good people to see their good. T/F
13. In the good world, everyone is born with the right to keep some things secret. T/F
14. In the good world, if you can’t stop someone from hurting your child, you are at fault. T/F
15. In the good world, if the only person who is hurt by your actions is yourself, then you did no wrong. T/F
16. If we Survivors get the chance to fight the hanyos, we should take it. T/F

Your results: If you get less than ten right, Puzzle One self-deletes. If you get ten or more right, a happy badass kitten icon appears, then the following text opens:

Welcome, Survivor! If you are seeing this, then you've cracked the Rootkit Test of the Antisense Code. You will notice there is now a kitten icon on your homescreen. It is a biosensor lock. Only you can see it. Whenever your phone leaves your hand, the rootkitten will lock and encrypt all the *Karma Sutra* pages on it. Now we have to protect your copy of Puzzle One from the hanyos with a unique wipe code. Once set, your voice speaking the wipe code into your phone will destroy all of our content and restore corp settings. Your wipe code could save your life, so be careful not to forget it. Speak your wipe code after the beep.

[Beep]

Right, if you're still seeing this, then the wipe code is active and the Antisense Decoder has been installed on your phone. My name is Zigsa, and I founded the first survivorium, which is called Zigsa's Nest. We Survivors wrote the *Karma Sutra*, which is a manual of how to build a new kind of society that has no hanyos in it. We've been sending out the *Karma Sutra* in some form since 2073, and in its full form since 2088, the year we sealed the blast doors of our survivorium for the foreseeable future and became fully invisible to hanyo town.

The *Karma Sutra* propagates through chrysanthemum viruses, lodged deep in the corporate servers and sending out pages like ever-unfolding flowers. Chapters Two through Six of the *Karma Sutra* are hidden in five more puzzles mixed in among the ones your corpserver sends to your phone to keep you occupied and out of mischief during idle times. Chapter Seven is a security system that is only visible to hanyos who try to hack us. The puzzles in which we've hidden them are identical to the normal ones that the corporation puts out for you, except now that you have 'Puzzle One', every time you meet one of our puzzles, a new chapter of the *Karma Sutra* will open for you.

Read them in secret, and tell no one about them unless you are certain she will never betray you, because we are risking our safety and that of our children and plants and animals to bring you the *Sutra*. Above all, do not let the hanyos have the fruits of our labour; if they look like falling into hanyo hands, destroy them first. Collect all the chapters, and you will learn how to build a survivorium for yourself and your friends. Make sure you get them all, because unless you put them together, you won't have the complete picture of Antisense in your head. Also pay attention to the puzzle-pictures that come with them: you might find some useful things hiding in their code. This is the list of puzzles you need to collect.

Puzzle Playlist

Puzzle One: The Rootkit

Puzzle Two: The Hopscotch

Puzzle Three: Karma

Puzzle Four: Making the Survivorium

Puzzle Five: Surviving

Puzzle Six: The Future

Puzzle Seven: Security failsafe

Answers to the Rootkit Test

You can read these at your leisure. The answers add up to a quick guide to Antisense.

1. **I believe a good world is possible. TRUE.** Imagine a group of people cowering in a tiny oasis in the middle of the radiopoisoned desert. We were Factory Shell jeck victims, worn-out good-time girls, RanDees with no ideas left, housekeepers with crumbling bones, Bully Boys running from the bombs and bullets of their own comrades, Pharm Girls nursing their cancers, chicks and slags both ugly with neglect and torture, so many crumbs of spent Human Resources spat out by the hanyo villas, offices and factories. We were all meant to die, but somehow, by love or luck or will, we survived. We found each other and clung together as we wept over our wounds. As we wept, our tears healed us.

Sometimes, instead of weeping, we sang, either songs we'd heard in rare moments of peace, or songs we'd made up ourselves. At first our songs were full of sorrows, but slowly, as the days passed and death or disaster did not come, we started to sing of other things. The songs filled us up with a flickering, wavering energy, and we started to look around us and help each other. We knew we needed each other to keep on surviving, and slowly we began to sing and speak of this need. We all had our down-moments, but as our numbers slowly grew, we found that when some of us were down, others were up, and they kept our heads above water till we could swim again. We felt grateful to our newfound friends, and in time that gratitude became love.

Because it mattered to us that we should all get our share of the love, we began to keep track of the many kinds of good things we did for each other, and this became the core of the karma system with its ten colours, which runs our world. My friends want me to say I invented all of this, but that isn't true. Yes, I saw the shape of the good world floating in my mind long before I came to this place, and I spoke of it constantly to my new companions as they smiled or lay moaning, and it lifted them as it had lifted me. As they began to share my dream, they rose from their beds of pain and began in whatever way they could to build a tiny piece of it.

Each of them brought something to it, and as the *Karma Sutra* progresses you'll hear their voices telling you about their journeys. All I did was show them the good world was possible, convince them that I had seen it and walked in it in my dreams, and that the hanyos had been lying when they'd said that hanyo town was the only possible world. My friends did the rest. Had we not believed in the possibility that we could build a world of good for ourselves, we would have sat around until we shrivelled away to dust. You also will have to believe you can do this over everything else you know, otherwise you'll never get out of hanyo town. But if you can get out, then the radiodesert will not be your fate. Instead, under whatever cover you can find, use our knowledge to build a sealed home for yourselves as we have done.

At first we burrowed into the earth like grieving children looking for their mother, but as we dug down and found in the comforting darkness all the many treasures the earth had been keeping safe for us, we started also to make a light of our own in our tiny roughcut caves, and to take back the light that had been stolen from us almost at birth. We realised there were many things we loved, and we called the best of them the ten treasures: people, plants, animals, soil, air, water, light, love, karma and knowledge. We decided we would make a space where all of these things could survive, along with us. A survivorium, a place for Survivors.

We protected it from the hanyos with deep digging, labyrinths and blast doors. We stole the parts and built a fusion reactor buried deep within to power it. We figured out how to draw power from the Earth herself. We made a crackerbox out of scrapped molecular machines, from which we crack all kinds of waste into useful substances and spin from them food, clothing, drugs and medicines, furniture and tools. We heal ourselves and explore our bodies in a bath complex we built full of pools and palms and waterfalls and interesting crystals. Under it we have a central forest full of plants, animals, birds, insects, fungi and worms that gives us pleasure and clean air, fruit and water filtration, food and love and beauty.

You'll get instructions on how to create all this, but before you can build a survivorium, you have to understand that all this is possible only because we live in an entirely new kind of

society. We have no money, no property, no Bully Boys, no prisons, no police, no slavery whether paid or otherwise, no marriage, no law beyond karma and Antisense, we work as we choose and we define work very differently from the hanyos, we can't afford to ever throw anything away, or hurt an animal or a child, and we thrive on it. We live like this because we were thrown away ourselves.

If you're still in hanyo town, you probably fear being thrown away more than anything else. But we now know it was the best thing that could have happened to us. When the hanyos and their hanyobait servants threw us away, we died to hanyo town and woke up in our own world. In hanyo town, we're their victims, parasites, dolls, slaves, prey, production equipment. But in our world, the hanyos have no place, no function. They're no good to anyone. They aren't even trash, because we all know hanyo trash is our treasure. We've built so much of our good stuff out of things the hanyos have thrown away. So the hanyos are not trash: they're poison. Their world kills ours. When we realised this, we knew what we had to do next: we had to cleanse our minds of the poison we'd drunk in hanyo town. Now that we were together, we had the courage to face this task.

We knew we desperately wanted to make each other and ourselves happy again, as we dimly remembered having been able to feel joy long ago, perhaps only in the womb. But the next thought that came was hopelessness and helplessness. 'Who are we to build heaven?' one of us asked, but she said it in the vinegary, pinching voice of a hanyobait floor supervisor, and we all looked at her and burst out laughing. Some of us were shocked by our own laughter, but to them I said, 'Freedom means being able to laugh at things that terrified you while you were suffering them. The light went out of you just now because the poison of hanyo town is still inside you, telling you to sit back down and get on with dying like you were told, instead of dreaming and talking about any heavens you might build. Are you going to do what it says?' Every one of us shook her head. This showed us the way forward.

Over time, we found that the processes of healing our wounds, the cycle of hope and despair, the snippy little voices in the mind, the memories and flashbacks and stinging scars, they follow a pattern. Nowadays, when a new person comes to us, we put them through the Hopscotch, which is a ten-level game you play until you're healed and ready to take an active part in your own survival. You'll find more details about the Hopscotch in Puzzle Two. If you want to get out of hanyo town, you must be committed to travelling towards your own world, you can't just be running away from theirs.

2. **My desires light the way to the good world. TRUE.** If you answered 'false' to this, then it's probable that the hanyos have made you hate your own desires. The hanyos want you to hate your desires so that you won't want to have any. The hanyos don't hate their own desires; it's okay for them to want anything, no matter how wrong. By their own logic, that should make you think they're evil, and maybe you do think that, but the hanyos don't care what you think of them so long as you think they're winners (and you are the loser). They punish you for desiring, even if all you desire is to be rid of them. But everything, including escape, begins with desire.

Desire arises the moment we are born and we lose our first paradise: the womb. In the womb we have no desires because everything we need is provided for free. We don't need to feed ourselves, walk or even breathe, we just sleep or play or meditate. Then paradise squeezes us out. We yell and scream because suddenly we've discovered we have lungs and the air is sharp within them. Loving arms can take away some of the pain, but never entirely, and the

gap between what we have and what we once had, even if ever so small, is the seed of desire. A baby's desires all point to heaven, but they are unreal because a baby has no idea how to recreate the womb in this upside-down world she's fallen into. Adults have to be her womb and placenta, her protectors and nurturers, until she is old enough to start learning how to do it for herself. The process of birth never really ends: growing is always a kind of birth from one state to the next, and that's why it must be nurtured and protected from the start.

One of the songs we sang in the desert as we healed ourselves was called 'The Last Paradise'. It's about building a little bit of heaven before we die. Our desires wanted to point to that heaven, like flames point upwards, but bad thoughts and feelings kept blowing the flames aside. Our wills kept spitting and guttering, burning us and others, telling us it was too hard, or that we were too weak, or that it was too late. Sometimes we even scorched the very things that were offering to carry us to paradise: we yelled at our friends, or kicked a pot we had almost got right, and then we were filled with a terrible, self-hating remorse. It took us a while to figure out that all this was happening because the hanyos had put things in our flames. All the dark matter they pushed at us to take away our strength: fences, guns, sticks, clubs, dicks, walls, chains, bolts, curtains, doors, veils, knives, needles, food, fists, fat, clothes, cameras, shoes, smells, toys, silicone, drugs, scalpels, barriers, infracannons, radiation bombs, securibugs, timecards, Factory Shells. All the things that get in the way of our will and say 'No. You can't.'

The hanyos know that if they push all that stuff into us hard enough, it goes on blocking the flame long after the force that pushed it is removed. We all had ghost voices in our heads, mocking us, tormenting us, voices that had been there so long we'd forgotten who had originally said those evil words. Some of the voices we recognised: of cruel supervisors, unkind mothers, lying teachers, jealous kids, Bully Boys, chicken-hunters who'd devoured our bodies and thrown us aside like dry bones, even figures in stories and dreams that had frightened and damaged us. Other voices seemed to come out of the air. Our wills kept overheating because we wanted to smash those voices.

The worst were the voices that said it was okay to feel that way, that we were right and everyone else was wrong. Those voices told us we had to settle our scores, that we were owed love and friendship and happiness and plenty by someone in the universe, and we had to collect on that debt no matter what. These are the bad protectors. They are the ones who make trouble in paradise. Then I would say to my companions, look, the people who hurt you can't touch you any more. They think you're dead. You should act as if they're dead too. We all had to accept that our desire to smash the faces of those who had hurt us was stupid, because now that we'd been thrown away it was as if they were all in another dimension.

When we were able to accept that fact, we grew aware that the voices actually came from inside us, from bits of us that were infected with hanyoness. It was the poison that was making us desire revenge, because revenge is the ultimate win, it's hanyo heaven. We had to puke out all the specks of dark matter we still had in us before the ghosts would let us go. If the dark matter had hung around long enough to become part of our bodies, then we needed help from our friends to make it go away. The healers call it corpsemeat, and it's made out of dread: fear that never goes away. Dread is always plentiful in hanyo town: it's their chief manufacture. When you suffer fear that never goes away, your body does not get the downtime it needs to repair itself and squeeze out the corpsemeat.

If you are still in hanyo town, chances are this is happening to you too, even as you read this. So the first step you must take is to begin spitting out your dread. This must start long before you are ready to take your body away and escape from hanyo town entirely. And no one must know you are doing it, not even by accident. Keep your face neutral as you judge your rulers and learn their weaknesses, destroying your own fears in the process. Build your own confidence on the truths you know about the hanyos and their hanyobait, not the things they tell you about themselves and the world. If people ask you why you've started to look so peaceful, just smile and shrug, and if they won't go away, tell them you love hanyo town. Learn to conceal your own growing well-being until you are strong enough to reach out and connect with others like you. Work in secret until you are sure you can take this forward.

3. **In the good world no one is ever sad. FALSE.** When we're in hanyo town, we like to dream that there's no sadness in the good world because in hanyo town there's so much pain all around us and inside us, making us so tired of life. We all brought the pain with us when we escaped: children we had to leave behind, lovers and friends we saw killed, wounds that still ache, violations of trust and flesh; these things fade so slowly, and we have to be sad about them for as long as we have to. Then there are sadnesses here: ideas that didn't work out, good things we can't yet reach, problems we can't solve, personal failures, moments of bad temper, thoughtless words, doubts, accidents and mistakes, bereavements. There will always be such things.

In the survivarium, the tapestry of life is mostly happiness with accents of sadness. Happiness is how we feel when all goes well, and sadness is how we feel when it doesn't. Things won't always go well, because the wheel must turn. You can't outlaw sadness, because the perfection we can achieve in this world is only perfect in the pinch: you gotta press your finger and thumb together, spend energy to keep it tight, and sooner or later your hand will cramp. That's why there's no lasting paradise without friends and karma: others keep the pinch tight for us while we rest.

All of us in the survivarium know that each particular happiness must end, and when it does, sadness mends us. It helps us let go, unbinds our energies and gives them back to us, so we can go on turning the wheel, have another child, tell another story, build another lab, fall in love again, or simply be at peace with not doing any of these things. I am certain that however good life gets for the Survivors in the future, we will still sing sad songs about lost love, we will have mishaps, we will fight the odds and sometimes find we were wrong. The difference between us and all of you who are still in hanyo town is that our griefs will not be created by the wrongdoing of others, and where they are, people will come forward to see amends made before the tears dry. I know this because it's already happening here at the Nest.

As you will see when you get Puzzle Three, we have created the karma system to protect and nurture our happiness. Karma maps all the ten kinds of good that people do from minute to minute. Each kind of good is represented by a colour, and a single action may produce more than one kind of good, or karma colour. Karma tells everyone about the good things you did and rewards it all with 'threads' of karma that unlock mental and physical treasure. When someone is sad, the rest of us pull karma by helping them through it. Yes, you get 'paid' for helping a friend here, and why shouldn't you? You did something that created value by making people happier than they were before. That's the only kind of action that matters, and we reward those actions with karma threads.

When newbies (whom we call hoppers) first figure this out, they are overwhelmed by a feeling as strong as grief, but much brighter. It's as though a spotlight has turned on in their soul, illuminating orchards and gardens previously hidden in shadow, and people who had thought they were useless discover great depths of love and creativity inside them. They see that every generous act is a unit of glory here in the Nest, and not one such act will go unrewarded. They discover that all the little dreams they had, of doing small good in personal ways, all those dreams that were spat on in hanyo town and crushed into the dust, those dreams are possible here, because the survivorium is designed so that no one's happiness clashes with anyone else's. When such a clash does happen, we treat it as a problem and apply our minds to solving it through karma.

To put it in terms that make sense in hanyo town: when they come to the Nest and complete the Hopscotch, new Survivors feel like after a lifetime of thinking of themselves as animated toilet brushes or keyboards or centrespreads, their tears have turned into a heap of diamonds, and they're richer than their wildest dreams. This is no metaphor. New Survivors often weep when this understanding touches them. These tears are good and cleansing; they leave people refreshed like rain. Part of the healing process of the Hopscotch is the unsealing of the wellsprings of tears inside you, because tears wash the hanyo poisons out of your brain, rinse out the past and make space for love and happiness.

That's why the hanyos hate it when you cry, but we give you pink threads of karma for turning the wheel of a physical process inside you, while you provide the rest of us a chance to comfort and heal you and pull some blue and purple karma. So rather than outlaw sadness from our world, we let it in, we celebrate it, respect it, feel it to the hilt, and when it's all grieved out, we go back to our happy lives as though nothing has happened, each of us having taken the opportunity to learn from the experience and pull what karma it offered.

4. **The purpose of life in the good world is to be happy. TRUE.** Three and Four may seem contradictory, but they are not. Remember I said happiness beyond the womb is only perfect in the pinch. The two sides of the pinch are nurture and protection, and when they touch, then all is well. We have to exert some pressure and spend some energy to keep the pinch tight, but then that's why we're eating and breathing. Happiness, when nurtured just enough and protected just enough, is ordinary and routine but also never boring. This may seem contradictory to you, but only if you're reading this in hanyo town, where fun usually involves giving someone some kind of pain, or at least breaking and destroying things. In other words, hanyos protect their own happiness by destroying everyone else's. It's as if hanyos believe there's only a small, dwindling supply of happiness in hanyo town and the only way to get more is to take it from others. We don't believe this.

We believe that humans when left to themselves, that is free from coercion so long as they do no wrong, naturally make happiness for themselves and others. Just watch a bunch of kids playing, although of course in hanyo town you can't do that unless you have privileged access, and I'm told also that kids are taught early to bully and dominate each other in hanyo schools. It's not that we don't play vigorous games here, or that we don't occasionally get hurt, but nothing we do involves hurting someone as part of the rules, except for hand-to-hand combat training which is a special case of red, orange and violet karma, and is ultimately intended to counter a possible hanyo invasion. We pull blue and purple karma by shaking hands and saying friendly words after a practice bout, no matter how violent the combat was, or whether anyone got hurt. No matter what happens, we make sure our happiness has no victims.

From far away in hanyo town this may seem like a small change to make, but it means everything. To the hanyos, the purpose of life is to win, and no cost is too steep to pay for making everyone else lose. As a result, everything, whether it's war, love, thought or even eating and sleeping, is defined as a game in which anyone who wants to be anything must compete. Hanyos compete against other hanyos for the big prizes, while hanyobait competes against itself for the crumbs, and also for the prize and reward of being chosen for the team of any given hanyo likely to win at the big games. You're taught that the only possible happiness for you comes from helping your owner or your boss to win. This is only true if every other possible happiness you might enjoy has either been taken away from you or was never allowed to exist.

If you wish to be free of hanyo town, accept that your happiness is the only goal worth fighting for, yours and that of every other Survivor who travels with you. And that the only fight it will require is the fight to escape. Once you grasp this, you cross the line between their universe and ours, our happiness and their winning, between hanyo sense and Survivor Antisense.

5. **The meaning of happiness changes as you age. TRUE.** This is an important difference between our world and hanyo town. Like I said earlier, once we are born, the happiness clock starts ticking. At first we're cared for without having to do anything ourselves beyond breathe and sleep, suck and poop. Others do things for us or give us things we want. Very small babies have two main moods: if they're happy, they smile, and if not they scream, with maybe a couple of seconds of blankness in between. But as we grow, we learn that instead of waiting till we are hungry enough to scream, we can make signs or say words to the superattentive people (doulas and childers) around us when there's only a little pain in our stomachs, and then they'll sort it out for us and we can avoid the really bad part. When we start doing this, we're learning, with our doulas' help, how to level up from happiness to pleasure. Pleasure involves working towards our own happiness, and as we get older, we discover so many lovely ways to do that.

In the survivarium, when time pushes you to change the mode of your happiness, karma shows you the way. Let me give you an example of how karma works for children. Around the ages of five to seven, kids start learning how to pull red karma by cleaning up for themselves after they poop. Red is the colour of physical, mental and spiritual cleanup and correction. Till they're consistently clean, of course, we have to watch them so we can go clean up after them or help them when they get in difficulties.

The first time they go in the toilet on their own they're very proud, and most kids will talk constantly to their doula, who's waiting outside and watching them on her screen, and she can remind them to do it all properly. It's not creepy for them because they're used to having someone physically there, watching them: their privacy has increased, not decreased. Once they've been getting it right for a while, and they have the red karma threads to show for it, they get to curtain their feed in the bathroom. In other words, no one other than them can watch their feed while they're in there. If they're found to have messed up (we check in the beginning), they get shamestickied and the curtain is lifted for a bit, until they've pulled the relevant karma to peel their shamesticky. A shamesticky is like a do-over: when you get something wrong, you get a minus number of karma threads which you have to pull by doing certain actions to peel the sticky, in this case cleaning up right. Most kids figure it out after two or three tries.

As we grow older, the actions we do to make ourselves happy become more and more complex, until we're organising parties in the baths, making better food and clothing, solving karma problems, or devising ways to protect the survivarium. We do all this within our individual pleasuredome, which is the limit of our personal knowledge, skills and endurance. Inside the pleasuredome, everything is fun; outside it, it's all too hard for us. Your pleasuredome covers and protects your willspace, which is all the places you can reach and touch with your hands and feet. Your willspace is your earth; it's where the 'pleasure' part of the pleasuredome takes effect, where you learn and love and create. The pleasuredome grows first: you have to imagine, learn and practice for a given situation before you can walk into it.

Because we learn like this, we never have to deal with a challenge that we haven't already visualised ourselves facing, and we play lots of simulation games to grow our pleasuredome. People with a lot of experience (we call them deep karmics) whose pleasuredome includes the thing we're training to face, will watch us closely to decide how ready we are to face it. Getting to face it is a reward we get for our hard work, not a threat or a punishment. If we slowly build the structure of our happiness like this, then as we get more expert at the things we do, even unpleasant tasks become pleasurable. At the same time, other people are constantly looking to pull karma by making the attainment of happiness easier for us.

For example, when the Nest began, all we had to eat was algal slime and fungi from the vats. Well, that's what the poorest slags in hanyo town eat anyway, but the difference is, we didn't have to stay that way. Almost immediately, people started working on making our food better and more tasty. In the three decades since we began, we've developed hundreds of new foods, ingredients and tastes, and we are coming up with new ones at the rate of several a week. How has this happened? Well, good food makes people really happy, and they're willing to push a lot of karma to anyone who will provide it. So some of our best minds, those of us who really thirst for the recognition of karma, they love to design foods.

All of this leads to one result: you get happier as you get older, and you find more and better ways to be happy and produce lots of extra happiness for the people around you. But in hanyo town, the only activities that are admitted as 'happy-making' are things that two-year-olds enjoy: breaking things, creating a ruckus, acting out and making other people squeal. Even their less violent fun activities, like fashion, involve running after the latest trend, competing, and punishing their bodies. But these are activities that people only have a fleeting taste for in adolescence, and they lose it pretty quickly as they learn better ways of being happy.

Now you see how wrong it is when the hanyos say that, no matter how old or experienced you are, your happiness should be whatever young people think is fun. Young people aren't very wise, although they are fun to be around, and everyone knows they like stuff indiscriminately and do stupid things. So why do the hanyos think this state of your soul is the best for you? Because they fear the experience of old people, their capacity to learn and be fearless in the face of things that frightened them before.

To stop you ever becoming fearless, the hanyos teach you to be suspicious of any place in your head where your quest for your own happiness might lead you. If you think it might be fun to slow down and use your mind more, they want you to think, 'Am I growing old?' and shrink back from it. That's why the hanyos love it when you doubt yourself, because that

means they have a chance to hack your happiness. Do not believe what they (or their hanyobait) tell you about your own happiness: they know nothing about it. They want to break the connection between your heart and your own joy: don't let them.

6. **Good people can't ever imagine themselves doing wrong. FALSE.** If you can't imagine yourself ever doing anything wrong, then hanyo town has damaged your imagination. Think about this: how do you question actions that you don't understand? This is how: you put yourself in the place of the wrongdoer and see the thing from their point of view. You ask yourself, why does this person think that doing this wrong thing is the right thing? If you can do this correctly, that is if you can look at the action steadily while holding the fear and the disgust away from you, then you get to understand the wrongdoer, and that's the one thing the hanyos fear most of all: our understanding. To prevent us from understanding them, the hanyos try to frighten us into thinking it's dangerous (or impossible) for us to think like a hanyo.

They also make sure than no one person possesses the whole truth of what they are. Those of us who held V-jobs in hanyo town and were known as chicks, who were on display to the hanyos at all times, whether working or not, they saw what the hanyos were like up close, and they paid a terrible price for it: they had to swallow all kinds of pain and torture as part of their daily routine and keep smiling as if they were being rewarded. Here's something you'll notice about hanyo town: whenever there are goodies to hand out, the hanyos make sure they're in the spotlight being good bosses, but whenever any dirty work has to be done, people fired, services shut down, the chicks are sent out into the field to give the slags the bad news, oversee the cleanup, deal with the crazies and go home to look glamorous at the evening's board meeting.

That's how we slags are taught to hate the chicks: we see them as the bent lawyers and dirty managers and greedy doctors that they're paid to cover for every day. Meanwhile the slags who didn't pass the Charm Test and got left behind in the service territories are taught that the chicks eat the good stuff in hanyo town while they suck slime and bathe in piss. Slags are so busy resenting and envying the chicks who have everything that they never notice they have the best thing: knowledge of essential processes, like sewer maintenance, food production, building, mining and welding, and the tools to carry them out. Chicks, for their part, if they're honest with themselves, know they began their lives as slags and they will end as slags.

Now ask yourself, who in hanyo town will get in trouble if chicks and slags become friends? When you ask yourself that question, you will find you can't answer it without putting yourself in the place of a hanyo and imagining the world they see. If you do it right, then after you have seen in your imagination whatever you have to see, you will come back to yourself, heave a big sigh of relief, and feel the fear fading, because now you understand.

The hanyos have ruled us for centuries by playing chicks and slags off against each other. They made us fight so that we wouldn't turn on our masters. But in the radiodesert, we found the truth. So many of our make-sense talks in the survivarium begin with 'Imagine you're a hanyo.' It's only if you imagine you are one that you will learn the secrets the hanyos really don't want you to know. You can do it right now lying in your bed in hanyo town if your imagination is strong enough. If that thought terrifies you, think of how it must frighten the hanyos.

Pretty much everything the hanyos do to us is meant to kill our imaginations, because imaginations make things change. Your imagination is a free space where anything can happen. You could commit the most heinous crimes, or you could be here, living among us, in a heartbeat, if your imagination is unchained. So the hanyos fear this power, as they should. They don't want you to imagine a world without them, so they capture the territory of your dreams and fears as early as possible. They do it by taking away your safety, so they can tell you a story about yourself in which you see and believe and do what they want, or else. But you can rewrite that story: in fact, you have to rewrite it, and the rewriting begins in your head with the words 'What if...?' These are the words most feared by tyrants and rulers and hanyos through the ages.

If you want to have a fearless conscience, then in your imagination, there are no limits. Here in the Nest, some of our deep white karmics routinely play sim games where we horribly dismember hanyos and people, eat their flesh, have sex with their corpses, even kill and maim animals. But we know it's all make-believe, and we have to earn the right to play those games by showing, through pulling enough white karma to uncurtain those particular game challenges, that we know the difference between make-believe and real life. The games allow us to feel what it might be like to do these things without ever having to suffer the karmic fallout. They help keep our imaginations active and courageous, so we can see every wrinkle on the face of evil while holding the picture away from our hearts. When we surface from these dream-stories here in the Nest, great disgust at those actions flows through us like a purgative medicine, and we know we live in a world where there is absolutely no necessity to do any of that stuff, nor do we desire any other world.

In hanyo town, things are different. In hanyo town, you're always afraid of having to fight someone crazier and nastier than you. That's dread, where your imagination can picture nothing else but this endless torture. Then even a friendly hand on your shoulder can cause screaming fits or worse. Most of those who come to us through the radiodesert are in a state of severe dread, and they need the Hopscotch to disinfect their imaginations. We teach them to ask the questions that were forbidden in hanyo town, and we give them answers to the best of our ability. And as their imaginations wake up, so does their happiness. Then they start imagining all the many ways they can pull karma, and all the lovely things they'll get when they do.

Down here in the world of matter, it's either hanyo town or the world of Antisense that prevails, but in the world in your head, there is a place above both sense and Antisense, where neither world is powerful and you can look at both with an impartial mind. I call this place unisense, and it's a doorway to wonders. It's the place we escape to when everything down here is painful or hostile, and it's also the place we go to when our loved ones are far away and we want to touch them, call out to them with our minds. Sometimes warnings come to us through it, and sometimes truths reveal themselves. It isn't hard to get to, since the doorway is right there in your imagination. Mostly the difficulties along the way are created by people who don't want us to discover it.

It was in unisense that I first saw the plan of the Antisense world, when none of it existed yet. It gave me the strength to get up and walk through the desert till I found a place where I could begin bringing Antisense into the world of matter. And once I had my brood of rescued Survivors around me, I found I could touch their hearts and minds in unisense, that I could feel them through it. I've tried to teach them how to do it, and many of them are now almost as good as I am at it. Blue karmics (you would call them healers) are particularly

sensitive to it: those who are good at body healing can read body-consciousness through unisense when they touch someone, and those who heal minds can see stories and structures and wounds and dreams in the words and expressions of those they heal through unisense. You too will have to learn to see it, because it underpins our sense of togetherness, which we call brooding, and our friends and family whom we call brooders, or broos for short.

All of this wealth and joy your imagination can give you, if you can get back control of it from your enemies. Along with spitting out your dread, it's one of the first steps on the road to freedom, and you can do it right now, wherever you are, even if you're in a cell waiting to die, or the hanyos are feeding on you. That's why the hanyos and their servants hate it when you daydream, or space out, or fail to pay them one hundred percent of your attention even for a second. They know how dangerous that is for them, and they hope and pray that you don't know it. But now you do, because I told you.

The hanyos want you to think about them all the time, so don't. Whenever you're not actively working for the boss, go away from hanyo town in your head. Let them think you're a moron or a retard, it doesn't matter. In your head, you don't have to be afraid. Even while they're beating you to a pulp, you can be partying in the baths or tending the central forests. And if your soul flies away to the survivorium every chance it gets, sooner or later, your body will follow.

- 7. Good people believe they have a right to be loved. FALSE.** In the survivorium, only babies have a right to be loved. All the rest of us just have a right to respectfully request our friends and brooders to love us. Even if we are deserving, it is still not in our power to compel the love of another. Nor can we punish someone who, despite our deserving, refuses to love us. We can shame someone who does not acknowledge a favour, but in some karmas such as the blue, which is the karma of bodily communication and healing, we understand that feelings are delicate, that's why we tend to privilege the opinion of the more passive one over the more active one in any physical conversation. Shyer people need more space to be happy in.

The hardest thing that the kids have to learn, as they grow older, is that their automatic right to get what they want as babies, starts to change as they become children. If they are happy, they barely notice where the 'automatic' reward becomes 'conditional'. We feed very small babies almost before they know they're hungry, but as they grow and acquire the ability to make gestures, noises and ultimately words, we keep adding new twists to the game of 'feed me'. First they have to learn the sign for 'I'm hungry'. They learn this before they can speak, and they learn it because, before we feed them, we pat their stomachs and say 'feed me'. Once they learn how to make the sign, then when they're hungry, they can tell us so.

They don't realise it yet, but when they make the sign, they pull a thread of purple karma for communication, and it goes into their karma weave whether they notice it or not. As they grow older, this game gets more complicated, but in every case, there's an action and a reward, a stimulus and a response. When they've told us that they're bored and they've finished playing their games or eating their snacks, we place a little task in front of them, like tidying toys, and ping! A big fat red karma thread shows up, and new fun challenges unlock. Puzzle Three will explain how this works in detail.

But soon kids realise that karma doesn't just bring neat stuff. A kid who is good at pulling any given kind of karma will find that people look at her with respect. Soon, people get to

know the colours of your soul through karma. And there is so much admiration that you forget that all these people who love you aren't actually obliged to do so. They're doing it because they want to. If they stopped, you wouldn't be able to do anything about it, but that's okay, because why would they stop? You'd much rather reward them with karma for doing it, and that makes them want to do it some more.

The point is, you don't need to have a right to be loved if people are free to love you when you make them happy. You're just very motivated to make people (and yourself) happy. But in hanyo town, you're constantly threatened with the refusal of love. It's all, 'Fiddle these figures or the boss won't love you.' 'Clean these stairs or the supervisor won't love you.' 'Kill these people or the commander won't love you.' What they call love is just a short respite from unending hate. They hate you, but if you do as you're told, they will pretend to be your friend as long as it suits them. You see now that YOU are obliged to love them regardless. You are meant to sacrifice your time, your health, your happiness to them as though they are your children, but they behave like your enemies.

How do they get away with this? Only by making sure no other behaviour is possible for anyone, whether person or hanyo. If you don't follow the hate-rules, you're open for bullying, because you've shown 'weakness', as they call it. Their system makes no sense, and so they make sure you never get hold of any other system to compare it with, in case you figure this out. So the idea that love must be given without question by people to hanyos and their hanyobait is one of the lies on which hanyo town is based. The lie is very old: it was created back in the day when there were still homes and families. That world is long gone, but its lies are still alive, because the hanyos are using them today for the same purpose for which they were invented: to steal the minds and bodies of people and enslave them.

8. **In the good world we never judge the people we love. FALSE.** This is the kind of thinking the hanyos live on. Most of us here in the Nest believed this particular lie at some point in our lives. We tried heroically to prevent ourselves from judging our loved ones, but not only did we fail, we were only able to escape our suffering once we had judged them. The idea that love and judgement are opposites is a false belief that is embedded in us very early.

My mother was always scared of the hanyos and sometimes angry at them, yet she did their bidding, because she had a little hanyo inside her, telling her in words dripping with contempt what to do, and the only times she ever hurt me was when I protested and questioned the voice of that little hanyo. I was always answered with a slap and the words, 'I'm doing this for your own good.' This made me angry, because I knew she really did believe the violence and screaming would 'do me good'. She wanted to make me used to it so that I would be pre-enslaved when I met hanyos and hanyobait, and I would do as they said without a struggle. She was afraid that if I struggled, the hanyos would kill me.

The truth, which she could never have told me, was that she believed the hanyos had absolute power over her world, and that rather than allow me to follow my own will in even something as minor as combing my hair, she felt she had to break me before they did, so they wouldn't be tempted to do it. But temptation is a meaningless word to hanyos because they never resist it. If you stick a 'please don't kick me' label on your back, what do you think they do? They kick you, right? And laugh, because you showed them where your weakness was, and they got to punish you for telling them what to do. Even as a child I

could see the flaw in my mother's reasoning, and the only result of her training was that when I did meet hanyos, I could not set aside my anger at what they'd done and were doing. I fought them when I should have been trying all along to escape them.

After I was caught, and I saw what an idiot I'd been, I made my next mistake. I tried to change them. I told them about Antisense, I told them what was wrong with their world, and when all that failed I went up into unisense and showed them visions. They did not survive the process. It broke them because they had invested in hanyo sense so early in their lives that if they renounced it, they would just be lumps of unformed flesh. They had desired vengeance for their pain when they were too young to know how the world worked, and they did not question what they had been taught about who was to blame. My visions turned them mad and destroyed them.

The word 'hanyo' means half-demon, but by the time the hanyos are old enough to be out in the world, they are composed of two parts: demon and husk. The human part of them has starved and withered into a shell or mask: it plays no part in their thoughts or long-term planning. It is the bait in front of the trap, the part of them that allows them to get close to you and mess with your head. It talks a human language, but it understands no human logic.

Hanyos are made into hanyos long before they even understand what words are. Because of their disease, they grow up shielded from the harshness of the real world, which is the only thing that can destroy false beliefs. As the baby hanyos grow and learn the ways of hanyo town, the other hanyos and people around them take part in the conspiracy to keep them just the way they are: the win-collectors of a bent system. Galata, one of our deep indigo karmics, calls this the 'conspiracy of care' which gives hanyos their unshakeable faith in the 'fact' that their world was created for their benefit, and so were all people. In hanyo town, that is the truth. Young hanyos are born into it, and older ones soon figure out the conspiracy of care and take control of it.

All hanyos hold these truths to be self evident: (1) everything belongs to them, including love (2) they have to win at any cost, even in love, and (3) they feel no pain: pain is for losers, so if their loved one hurts them in whatever way they must win by hurting them back. These are their axioms, their Unconditionals, if you like. You can't argue with these ideas in hanyo town, you either have to accept or reject them. My broo Semley calls them the Three Laws of Hanyotics, but I don't use that term because I like machines.

Now see this: if hanyo-you owns everything, then hanyo-you owns every mind that can judge you. If you're a winner, then in your head you've already been judged to be the best. Anyone who judges you is saying you haven't won yet, and you have to defeat them. Being judged is painful, right? Hanyos must feel no pain, and therefore they must avoid being judged. The hanyo universe is based on the idea that, no matter what the hanyos do, people have to love them without judging them. During the Hopscotch we have to judge all our tormentors, even the ones we love, so that we can free ourselves from their control. And when we are cured and have joined the good world of the Survivors, we judge each other to praise.

In the survivarium every Survivor, whether weak or strong, small or big, happy or sad, gets to judge within their willspace and pleasuredome. Through karma, anyone can praise and reward a good action, and anyone can protest a wrongdoing and have their protest acted upon. But all voices are not equal: the more experienced you are in creating a particular kind

of happiness (as is proved by your karma in that colour), the more we value your judgement about that happiness (or karma). The truth is, if we love our friends we must judge them, because the good ones want us to. They want to be admired for their good. Judgement is the source of nurture and protection, because you can't do a good job of either if you haven't got it.

So if someone who has done wrong says to you, 'If you loved me you would forgive me,' be on your guard against the hanyo sense coming at you from them, because you will have to choose your companions with care on your journey to the survivorium. Also beware of people who say, 'Trust me.' In the Nest, we have taught each other to say, 'I will never betray you.' If everyone says this, believes it and acts on it, there is no need for trust. Trust is only needed when one party reserves the right to place the other in a weak spot.

If you want truly to live in a world where love rules, do not say, 'Trust me,' to your friends, say, 'I will never betray you.' And have them say it back to you, and mean it. That is why we call the whole survivorium the 'Circle of Trust', because trust cannot exist if even one person betrays it. We've explained the things that must not be betrayed in the Antisense Code, which you will find at the end of these answers.

9. **Work has no place in the good world. FALSE.** One of the bad things that the hanyos have done is throw dirt all over the idea and nature of work. Work in hanyo town means different things depending on whether you're talking about a hanyo or a person. For a hanyo, work is a game, like war, both of which have to be won. For a person, work is slavery, either unadorned or with ribbons on. In the survivorium, all of us have worked like a colony of ants to build our refuge, and we didn't get paid a penny for it. That's as it should be: the objective of work is to do the thing you're doing, build the thing you're building, clean the thing you're cleaning. That's the reward.

What people really want out of work is recognition, respect, and the sweet taste of the fruits of their strength and wisdom and concentration. Karma allows for both. Because karma pops into existence the moment you do anything useful, and is tagged to the thing you did that generated it, it can't be stolen or withheld. Its purpose is to influence future action: if I need healing, I'll look for someone with lots of blue karma, because they're clearly good at what they do. So karma is more like votes than money: it can't be spent, but it can influence people's choices. It also means people can choose what work they want to do, of what colour, and they can do any number of things they're good at, because it's all on record and the good stuff shines in their karma weaves, or 'thigles' as we like to call them. So long as you're adding value and growing your thigle, you don't need instructions or bosses, although of course people do need to form teams, which we call taskclouds, for large complex tasks. For children, we've organised learning tasks into 'challenges' or logical sequences which kids can progress through at their leisure, acquiring skills and experience along the way.

In fact work is so much fun here in the Nest that we have to stop the newbies (hoppers) from overdoing it. But that's easily done: if they work to the detriment of their health they get pink shamestickied. Pink is the colour of self-nurture, of turning the wheels inside your physical body: a baby pulls a pink thread the first time she suckles or shits or pees, because biomass is the most valuable thing in the survivorium, and she will go on pulling pink in this way until she dies. We need the pink to turn our tubs of rock dust into fertile soil, and also so that each little kid can look at her own pink halo and see how she has personally helped to

grow the fruits and flowers we love so much.

When you get shamestickied, you have to carry out a task to peel the sticky and make it right. Sometimes the sticky will specify the exact thing you have to do, and sometimes it will give you a list of acceptable things, or just a general description, depending on how good you are at being inventive with your peels. You get more freedom to decide how to peel your stickies if you have a lot of white karma. Until you peel the sticky, it stays on top of your feed and jumps up and down at anyone who's watching you. If you don't want your broos to see your shame, you do the task and pull the thread, and then the sticky turns into a shamejewel, which now slowly rolls down into the karma weave of your past and no longer waves at people every time someone looks you up.

Thus a person who's been stickied for overworking usually has to peel the sticky by resting and looking after herself for a time, and maybe getting a massage. All of that counts as work, and we see no problem in 'paying' both the one who massages and the one who gets the massage. Each one has created a particular kind of value: the massaged one has pulled pink karma by doing something her body needed her to do, and the massager pulls blue karma for healing with touch. Note that unlike money, karma can flow both ways in a given transaction.

In hanyo town, every transaction involves someone gaining what another person lost, and the house scalps a percentage out of everything, which is called 'profit'. To the hanyos, a deal where both parties pay each other is nonsensical (or Antisensical). Hanyo town artificially restricts the wealth available to everyone by spending a good bit of it paying for security forces, laws and lawyers, paywalls and penalties, prisons and guns, surveillance and accessgates, plague bombs and securibugs, fences and defences, stupid luxuries and idiotic extravagances, just to stop people from getting their hands on the good stuff. Hanyo town would rather keep nearly everybody poor than share. So in hanyo town, when a deal is made, everyone loses a little, but the one who loses the least is the winner. In the Nest, we regard this as upside-down thinking. Rather than assume that everyone's a thief and waste resources trying to catch or vapourise them, we assume that everyone's a lover and a worker and a good person until they're not, and then we swing into action and put it right.

You might ask, but in the survivarium, who does the deciding? Who shamestickies the ones who are getting it wrong? The answer is, anyone, starting with the person who was wronged and going on down to the deepest karmic in the Nest. And shamestickies can also be queried, particularly if the wrongdoing is of a kind never seen before, or if the stickied one doesn't pull their sticky within time. In that case a karmatula of thirteen people is set up to decide the issue. Any thirteen people can be on a given karmatula, even little kids, provided their karma is deep enough for the issue to be debated.

From this you can see that people don't work at 'jobs' in the survivarium. They are in charge of their own time, although everyone has a minimum daily karma they need to pull to avoid a shamesticky. This is very small, and represents the smallest amount of work that gets you a meal and shelter. In theory, it's the amount of work that needs to be done to get meals and shelter for everyone, divided by the number of people. In practice, it is modified by the ten colours and the present state of things in the Nest. A 'job' is a silly hanyo idea, because it's like being forced to loop your karma again and again, whether it makes sense to do those actions or not. Even if your hanyo town job makes no sense, if you stop doing it or do something else in hanyo town, you get punished. You don't get to decide how to spend your

time because you are a slave and the guy with the money and the guns and the regulations is making the choices.

In hanyo town, you have to wait years and go through hell before you're allowed to do anything which wins you respect and money, property and status, that is, get a 'job' on which depends the important question of whether you eat at home or starve in the desert. It is your only lifeline, and there's a grinning hanyo with a pair of scissors sitting next to it night and day. He can cut it at any time, and then that one task on which the whole of the existence of the beautiful complex person that you are depends, is gone, and you're dead.

It's obvious that this is a very inefficient way of getting things done, but then getting things done is not the point of jobs. Controlling people and turning them into slaves chained by money instead of beatings (but beatings are always an option) is the point. Instead of worrying about jobs and bosses, accounts and targets, inventories and brand recognition, we Survivors would much rather spend our time working, which for us includes activities such as wiping babies' bottoms, smiling at each other, or tunnelling through rock. Karma makes no distinction between these actions: they're all threadworthy in their respective colours.

Your karma journey begins when you are a small child, just old enough to understand how to carry out a simple task, and initially your minimum pull is just to behave yourself, eat your meals, make yourself happy by playing and go to sleep when you're tired. However, the whole colourful adventure playground of the Circle of Love is all around you, so pretty soon you're going to be pulling way more than the minimum karma just through having fun. All of us agree that, compared to the amount of work we did in hanyo town, we're superachieving workaholics in the Nest, except we also party more, have more free time, and live a quality of life that the richest hanyo in hanyo town can't even dream of.

We can do this because we've figured out that hanyos have been lying about the role of scarcity in human life. Hanyos will tell you that everything is scarce, while choking out of you whatever you happen to have created. They do this to every non-hanyo, and then they pile up what they have squeezed and hide it. But the Earth is an abundant place when not poisoned by hanyos. Even scrubland has weeds and worms and beetles in it, if you have the mind to look. Artificial scarcity is absolutely essential to the truth of hanyo town: hanyos must make you believe that poverty and dearth are the ground conditions of your life so you will never question the hanyos' role in creating them for you.

- 10. In the good world, shame is what you feel when everyone thinks you did wrong, whether you did or not. FALSE.** What you feel, if you didn't do wrong but people think you did, is frustration, anger or disgust. You feel shame only when you accept that everybody around you is right to blame you, because you agree with them that what you did was bad. In the good world, shame is the pain you feel when you know you have caused grief to others. In other words, people only feel shame if they accept the code that judges them, and in the survivarium, when they cause grief, they mourn for the grief they caused, because that is the right attitude to have towards it. Shame is very powerful: it's what keeps people good. But for shame to work, everyone must agree on what is shameful.

This agreement is broken in hanyo town. What shames a hanyo? Losing. Being bested by another hanyo. Being seen as less worthy, less respectable, less smart, less strong, less right. For a hanyo, the only thing worse than being defeated by another hanyo is being defeated by a person. This is true even if the defeat is as small as the person failing to smile in just the

way the hanyo expected. Furthermore, hanyo town operates on the guilt standard: every action, wrong or right, starts out hidden, so when wrong is done no one knows what the wrongdoer did except the wrongdoer and the victim. Guilt is secret shame, that is shame that is being prevented from performing its corrective function. When a society assumes that wrongdoing produces guilt, then justice becomes a game where the justice-givers try to catch the guilty, and the guilty 'win' by staying hidden and avoiding shame (or lose by getting caught, and are then shamed for getting caught).

Note that we Survivors differ from the hanyos in our idea of what shame is. In hanyo town, shame is something people do to you. What you know, believe or say is irrelevant to the process, except to cause laughter and derision among your tormentors and goad them to further heights of abuse. Hanyo 'shaming' is in fact nothing but bullying, and it is triggered by the consensus among the hanyos and their hanyobait that you have ceased to be a human being, and the ordinary protections of decency have been stripped from you. Hanyos believe that all of us have to 'earn' our right to be treated as humans by the hanyos (by pleasing the hanyos), and it is a right that we only hold as long as the hanyos wish it.

What shames a person in hanyo town? Well, getting chicken-hunted is way up there on the list: even though you're the victim, you're supposed to be *destroyed* by shame when hanyos or Bully Boys rape you, as if you were the wrongdoer. Where does this shame come from? It's the shame the hanyo rapist ought to feel, which he has dumped on you as if it were mud he could walk away from. Cue all the nasty jokes and ostracism, the hunter's boasting and 'get over it' trashtalks, the laughter and the snarls. The only reason hanyos get away with it is they're all in cahoots to put the shame on you. Unfortunately, there are people who help them do this: hanyobait. Hanyobait lives by pleasing hanyos and destroying people, because people will trust hanyobait where they won't trust hanyos. You should avoid them. Don't be friends with any person who thinks victims of chicken-hunting should be ashamed. You will find more material on this in Puzzles Two and Three.

The hanyos have broken shame because they know how powerful it can be. Shame ought to be a force for good, not evil, and that's how it is in the survivorium. The hanyos ought to feel shame for the grief they cause, but when you cry in the presence of a hanyo, he gets angry and accuses you of using 'chick-tricks' on him. Crying for you is winning, he screams, then he beats you some more so you scream rather than weep. Then he feels relieved: he has made you behave as badly as he did (you screamed and hurt his ears, so you're the bad guy now) and he has made you feel not just like a victim, but also like a loser: that is, someone who has no choice but to be the victim whenever and however the hanyo decides, and he wants you to show him that you know your place. Put on a good show for him and keep your thoughts to yourself: you don't belong under his thumb.

When shame works for justice, it is the best and gentlest regulator of the moral universe. If you want to build a just society: you only have to do one simple thing: align praise and shame with justice and injustice. People thirst for approval, from everyone they meet but especially from loved ones. If the pat on the back you get from your broos is the same pat on the back the whole world wants to give you, you are in paradise. Our kids learn that, when they cry tears of grief, they get a hug, but when they cry tears of shame, they only get their hug after they peel their stickies. So we do our utmost to help people who have done wrong to peel off their shame and turn their stickies into shamejewels, and then we hug them and congratulate them and throw them a party.

Anyone can be shamed; for instance this morning I got a purple shamesticky because I was too absent-minded to acknowledge a greeting. With purple shamestickies, which are about communication without touch, you get a five-second sorry-window, in which if you apologise you can avoid the sticky, but I was staring into unisense while at breakfast so I let the window go. If it takes you more than five seconds to say sorry for faulty communicating, then either you have doubts about whether you did wrong, or you need to be gently reminded that you have a pending task. To peel the sticky, I have to seek that person out and say sorry by tomorrow, and I will do it sincerely because if I've hurt someone, even unknowingly, I want to know and put it right.

I am glad I was stickied, because without the sticky I might never have noticed that shy person who murmured a greeting, then wandered away disappointed. It was someone sitting nearby who saw this happen and quickly tagged the feed and stickied me, for which I thanked her and pushed her one thread of red karma, because she corrected me. The next day me and my 'victim' had a lovely conversation.

Here's another thing to note: shame doesn't have to be big shame. Small shame is better, because you can work it off and forget about it. Everybody prefers small shame to big, so we deal with our stickies promptly and don't let them pile up. Sometimes, of course, people get stuck in karmafug and have trouble peeling their stickies, but we have ways of helping them through the Redflag Response. More about Redflagging in Puzzle Three.

11. **In the good world wrongdoers make amends before the tears dry. TRUE.** One of the things we had to do to become healthy again was change the way we thought about justice. In hanyo town, the purpose of the law is to punish (and obsess about) the wrongdoer, not to heal and help the victim, who is mostly a loser. Indeed the whole business of getting justice is usually as painful for the victim as the crime itself, and feels like a continuation of the crime. If caught, wrongdoers are allowed to hide from their shame in jails of varying plushness where they are not seen by the people whose good opinion they are obliged to value, while the unremedied pain of the victim, who is left alone in the world's eye to suffer more shame, impoverishment and trouble, hurts and twists her. The victim knows that this shame that no one will take away from her is really the true penalty meant for the criminal, and she does not understand why it is on her shoulders and not on his.

The reason is simple: she is the one who can take the wrongdoer down, so the system, which is designed to protect the hanyos, cripples her to protect him. By denying her justice, the system forces her to look for revenge and pushes the dark matter of dread into her soul: dread of having to be a victim forever. Revenge is war, and therefore in hanyo town it is a game the hanyos love to play. Why do the justice-givers of hanyo town ignore the victim? Because 'losers' don't count in hanyo town. In fact, 'losers' are tormented for the entertainment of non-losers until they accept their loserness or decide to become 'winners' by doing wrong in turn. Then the hanyos can take them down and celebrate another victory against 'evil'. The hanyos have arranged things this way because they need winning like a drug: without a regular fix of fighting 'evil', they feel purposeless and empty. For these reasons they will always use their system of justice to make monsters for their fighting cages.

In the survivorium, we devised a completely different system, one based on the idea that the first task for everyone when something goes wrong is to help and heal the victim. The wrongdoer is mostly 'punished' by having to help in that process, either directly or

indirectly. The shamesticky is the first step, and ninety percent of deeds that break happiness are resolved through stickies. That leaves the troublesome ten percent. For this, as I said earlier, we have karmatulas. To prevent everyone wasting their time debating unnecessary issues, we have lists of actions in the pink (care of our bodies), green (care of nature), indigo (exploration), yellow (ideas), orange (safety) and red (cleanup and correction) that carry automatic sticky-threads, and these are debated, revised and agreed on by people at regular intervals. These lists form part of the Colour Codes that nurture and protect each karma colour. Common business like cleaning public places, making food precursors, scrubbing air, keeping things safe and running the systems is fairly easy to set sticky lists for.

Karma that involves people interacting with people, particularly purple (communication without touch), blue (communication with touch), violet (flair, art and sport), white (the system and business of karma itself) and red are trickier, and in these karmas we leave more things open for karmatulas to handle as the situation requires. Red karma features in both lists because it is the karma of cleanup and correction both of the physical world outside us and the mental world within us. You could call it the karma of keeping the pinch tight.

Most of the settled hates in the world have been meticulously built out of a thousand bruises, all of which add up to a kind of insanity. We stop the process at the first bruise: we never allow anyone to be so hurt and abandoned that all they can want is revenge, and if they thoughtlessly try to take revenge in the heat of the moment, we sticky them for it. Also note that we don't waste time worrying about motive. In hanyo town, killing someone by accident is regarded as less bad than doing it on purpose, and people see merit in arguing about which case they're dealing with. This opens up a big, maggoty wound where hanyos can raise their hands to the sky and wail, 'But I didn't know!' and get away with murder.

In the survivarium, if you are carrying out a task that might endanger someone, you had better be very careful indeed, or you will be stickied. If you are not careful, we will not waste time wondering whether the person who got crushed under the rock you so carelessly dropped was just unlucky in being around you or was someone you actually wanted dead. If your incompetence led you to drop the rock, that's bad enough. Which is why you don't get to carry out tasks like that in the Nest unless you have the relevant deep orange karma, which means you're good at keeping people safe when you work, and the recent orange in your thigle with its accompanying feedclips will show you took all the necessary precautions and measures to keep everyone safe as you worked. If things still go wrong, because accidents do happen, we will all of us mourn the consequences, and people will fearlessly comfort you as a co-victim who had to watch a terrible accident, rather than regard you with doubt, suspicion or blame.

The survivarium is not a fantasy world where everyone is automatically good and kind. We often get shamestickied, but it is usually for carelessness, thoughtlessness, laziness or greed, four human vices that will never be eradicated. The other, more dramatic vices are built up when someone's thoughtlessness is allowed to break someone else's world, and then the victim feels justified in being thoughtless to ten other people, or plotting and scheming to break the world of the wrongdoer, which is your world and mine too. We just don't let that happen.

In hanyo town, both wrongdoing and disease are seen as enemies in a war, and a war is no fun unless the enemy fights back. That's why hanyos do nothing until evil, or disease, grows until it's big enough to put up a fight, and then they swing into action like superheroes. Their

story is all about them, not the hurt people or the sick people, and often they get praised and paid even if the sick and the hurt people die. We think this to be a form of madness.

12. **Good people want other good people to see their good. TRUE.** This is the psychological reality on which karma is based. The worst thing about hanyo town is that you are afraid to show anyone your good side, because showing anyone your good side is like inviting them to rip your guts out and drink your blood. In the Antisense world, we don't want to show people our bad sides; no, we don't want to HAVE bad sides. We work on making them as small as possible, and we expand and unfold our good sides in all the colours of the rainbow.

Perhaps this will be clearer if I tell you what happens to us after we die (yes, we've had a few deaths). Our bodies are taken apart like any other biomass, and we store and study the thousands of chemical components in that particular human body. We're still discovering new uses for compounds we've found in corpses. Death is the Great Pink: the ultimate generosity of the body.

The skull, however, is saved, polished and painted in beautiful designs by deep violet karmics who like to practice the remembering arts. The designs are usually emblematic of the life lived and its loves and beauties. The painted skull is set on a shelf in the Place of Remembrance and the skullstickies attached to it. During our lifetimes, we record skullstickies at important moments, kind of like a diary for the people of the future to hear. After our deaths, anyone can come to the Place of Remembrance and listen to the skullstickies as if the living voice is speaking to them. In the case of people who died by misadventure, their closest broos record their last skullsticky, describing their death and what they meant to them.

Our Place of Remembrance is an archive of lives lived. Young Survivors who never met the early heroes of our founding have learned about them from the skullstickies. The Place of Remembrance is in the Circle of Love, but it is one of the few places in the survivorium that has doors. Kids have to pull deep enough karma to unlock those doors for themselves before they can go in and have conversations with the dead, so that we know they will not be afraid, or they will know how to deal with it if they are. Pretty soon they get over their fear in the wonder of time-travelling through other minds. Thus our deeds and karma live on after us.

When we first set up the Place of Remembrance, some older people objected. They said, we don't care to be remembered after we're dead. It's enough that our lives were happy. They saw the making of the skullstickies as a sort of boasting, or immodesty, a word that hanyos use to poison anything that makes people happy without benefit to hanyos. These Survivors wished to opt out, but I did not want that to happen because I knew that they were wrong to want people to forget them: it was a last flicker of hanyo thinking in their minds.

I took them to a storygarden in the Circle of Games where a bunch of teenagers were telling stories about what they had seen and heard in the Place of Remembrance. One of the kids was currently on a poetry kick (you know how kids get obsessed) and knew all the dead poets intimately: she was talking about them as if they were personal friends although they'd all died long before she was born. Among those poets was one (her name was Matilaba) who had been the lover and comrade of Aung, an objector who was present. Aung was soon quietly weeping as she listened to this kid talk, and at the end of that story session the people agreed that the Place of Remembrance was a very good idea.

Good doesn't hide by nature: it's only in an evil world that your most admirable qualities must be shrouded in darkness for your own survival, because in an evil world, others want to loot them from you. Wouldn't you rather live in a world where good people will want to do you good for your goodness, and love you for it?

13. In the good world, everyone is born with the right to keep some things secret. FALSE.

Babies have no secrets. They can't have them because they're helpless: we have to do everything for them, including clean and feed their bodies. So no part of a baby's video feed is curtained, for their own well-being, and if any adult is with a baby, then all curtains are lifted on that adult's feed as well.

Since the beginning of the Nest, one child (out of thousands) has been born with a learning disability. She's now twenty two, but thinks and talks like a child of three. She's never left the Circle of Love, where she pulls violet karma helping to lift up young children and put them on the airwalks or jungle gyms when they need help, pink karma by feeding herself, purple karma by saying loving things to people, and blue karma by caressing upset kids and calming them down. She pulls indigo karma by showing the new babies all the neat games and puzzles and helping them explore, and orange karma by holding the little ones' hands as they try out the airwires. She is immensely loved, and she does useful work every day and gets respect for it. Since she's in the Circle of Love, she's surrounded by doulas on baby tasking who gladly clean up for her (she occasionally soils herself, to her own great surprise) and they pull red karma for it. She's a great friend to the little ones who are always very amused and enchanted at the sight of a young adult who is exactly like them. She will probably never pull enough of the requisite karmas to have a life outside the Circles, but why should she want to? She is watched all the time like a baby, and that is how we keep her safe and happy, anticipate her needs and amuse and occupy her when she's bored or lonely, both of which only happen rarely.

In the Circle of Love, everyone starts from helpless. Kids work towards privacy in the form of curtain-rights, which are a marker of growing up. People pull curtain-rights by showing they are reliable about their responsibilities so they need not be watched all the time. If you are experienced enough in doing something so that you can be left to your own devices while you're doing it, then you can conceal your feed from casual watchers, or even from your friends. Your feed continues to record, however, it's just not visible to anyone you've curtained it from. If things go wrong, your feed can be called as evidence by a karmatula.

Regarding feeds: yes, we all wear cameras and record our lives. This started in the beginning when we had to crawl down narrow tunnels and drill plasma charges into living rock to make the survivarium: it was a safety measure, but we quickly realised we needed to maintain individual feeds for the system of karma, so that we could keep track of everyone's transactions and not have to rely on our memories at the end of a hard day. In the survivarium, we have no ownership in the hanyo sense, but if there is anything you can be said to own, it's your feed. It is entirely yours, but if you wish to hide it completely from others, you have to pull the relevant karma to get curtain rights.

The idea of feeds probably makes you nervous right now because you live in hanyo town where the hanyos use cameras to control and exploit us. But in hanyo town, you don't get to watch yourself or your bosses on those fancy cameras. Instead you are watched, whether you know it or not, mostly by bored, oppressed Bully Boys who don't care for you and are

duty bound to report anything they see to a boss who will use the information to make your life harder, poorer and more dangerous. In hanyo town, hanyos watch people, but people don't see what the hanyos do in private, unless we happen to be the day's chosen victim, in which case we don't get to tell anyone what was done to us or be believed by them.

In the survivarium, we watch those we love because we want them to be safe and happy. We watch strangers too, because every stranger is a potential friend. In fact the strangers want to be watched so that we can push them karma for what they do. Kids watch each other because they're always looking for new friends or exciting challenges. Everyone can watch everyone unless a curtain has been drawn, in which case some watchers (with deep karma) may be able to keep watching, but most others will have to leave their curiosity unsatisfied.

The more likely it is that you will be responsible for another's well-being while you're curtained, the more you have to show that you understand the responsibility the curtain carries, and the process of pulling the karma will train you to be good when you're not watched, as I explained about toilet training and the red curtain. The most important curtain that young people usually look to pull, the curtain that is the gateway to adult life, so to speak, is the blue curtain: privacy during physical intimacy.

The blue curtain is tricky to pull, because young people still have so much babyhood left in them that they can be grabby when they're not thinking. They have to start working towards pulling the blue curtain by going to the baths and showing that they know what good touching is: for instance, they could ask their friends if they want a massage, and then they pull karma by giving one (provided the massaged one feels they did a good enough job without creepiness). We encourage them to do this for strangers too, since the more people they offer their blue tasking to, the less important any one person's bias becomes. If they do this a lot, and people regularly push them karma for it, other people will feel confident in being intimate with them when no one is watching, and their karma will grow towards the curtain threshold. At this point they may make a mistake, try to rush a blue partner, and get bluestickied.

For small bluestickies there may only be a time limit, after which the sticky peels itself, because the true terror of a bluesticky is that everyone knows you got it; they know you were nasty to someone in a state of intimacy. Ugh, right? More than three stickies and you might have to have a talk with a blue angel, usually someone a bit older with lots of blue karma, who's volunteered or been appointed by a karmatula to watch over you and teach you how to handle yourself when dancing the blues. Blue angels have good body-consciousness: they can touch people and know what they are thinking. They will slowly train you in how to behave, and this gets them gold blue karma and a downstream bonus as their blue fairy (ie you) gets better at loving. Most people remember their blue angels with reverence and love.

One of the most unpleasant stickies to contemplate giving involves taking away someone's blue curtain. This pretty much says the person was unforgivably mean to a lover and is therefore no longer allowed to draw their blue curtain, which means anyone who desires to dance the blues with them has to do it in open feed. You can see now that a hanyo would find it very difficult to chicken-hunt anyone in our world, and they would most certainly not like the outcome of attempting it. If they tried it, everyone would instantly know, and they'd never escape the shame, nor would they be left unwatched with someone ever again. Even more stinging, they wouldn't be able to whine about it, or at least no one would sympathise.

You see now that secrecy is earned, and furthermore it is never absolute. One rule we have about curtains is that each curtain must have a lifting clause. Mostly, all our curtains lift when we die. In the case of decisions or actions that affect everyone, in nearly every case these are never curtained and stay open to everyone from the beginning. If they are curtained, for instance the access codes to the blast doors that protect us, then there is always a given preset condition under which they will be revealed. In hanyo town, everything your masters do is secret by default, and they get to choose what, if anything, they will reveal to you. We, of course, do it the other way round. In the Nest, if anything is concealed, there must be a very good reason for it, or the curtain will not function.

In hanyo town, however, we fear the gaze of others because we are taught that everyone else is either an exploiter or a competitor: no one is ever your broo. Hanyos use information as weapons, but in order for that to be possible there has to be a general climate of secrecy in which the people who have the information are powerful because they have it. For example, if hanyos or hanyobait use their knowledge of your daily routine to trap you, then their plans to do so must be kept a secret from you, or you will avoid them. Of course, you may be helpless to get away, in which case they won't bother to keep their intentions a secret from you. This is why, in hanyo town, only the weak know the truth, because they can't do anything about it.

Secrecy works against the victims, every time. If we could see everything the hanyos do, we would not submit to being their slaves for an instant. And they are deeply unworthy of the secrecy-privileges they abuse. In the old days they would use secrecy to torture their people and children in the individual buildings where they lived. They could do it for years, all their friends would know, and they'd still get away with it. But when one or more of the victims talked to people outside their brood, the shame would be on her for breaking the hanyo privilege of secrecy, and she would be hounded for speaking. Yet speaking out is the first step towards any kind of Antisensical justice, and no one should ever be punished for telling the truth. In the Nest, no one ever is. In fact, properly speaking, we don't have secrets like they have in hanyo town, we have privacies and curtains, which are personal and earned and help to increase our peace and make us happy.

14. In the good world, if you can't stop someone from hurting your child, you are at fault.

FALSE. A small note first: in the survivorium, we never say 'your child'. We say 'our child' or 'the child', or we use her name. In the survivorium, the person who gave birth to you is your childer. They've done a bit more for you than most people, and they were the first human you met on this earth and the first to give you milk, but they were only smoothing the way for you to meet hundreds or thousands of others and to be fed by all kinds of other people. Your childer is not responsible for your well-being: we all are. Yes, in the beginning there was your lalon, or the bunch of twenty doulas who did shift duty for you and your cradle mate and childers, looking after you all, but you also probably noticed that doulas from other lalons looked after you too, and other childers might give you milk when you were hungry. When you were older, you got to know everyone in the Circle of Love, and when you had no new friends to make there, you started venturing into the Circle of Games.

Whatever you did, there were always helpful and attentive doulas and childers of all kinds from whom to pick the ones you liked best and wanted to be with on any given day: you had no compulsory carers, only brooders who watched out for you because you were a kid and they were the adults. If you ever asked a question about this, you would have been told that

in the survivorium, we don't believe that the person who births you (a) owns you (b) is tied to your every action as if you never left their body and (c) is a terrible person who must be punished if you mess up or get hurt. In other words, we have no mothers here.

As for the idea that the wrongdoing of someone who hurts our child is your shame, it's the old story: the hanyo hurts you and miraculously makes you ashamed of your own pain. You are a co-victim here. A hanyo who says, 'Have sex with me or I will hurt your child' is hiding the fact that he would be quite capable of hurting that child for some equally silly reason, or no reason at all. He's getting his kicks by both hurting a child and shifting the blame to you, who love and care for the intended victim, and what he really wants is for you to do as he says, hoping he will indeed spare the child. He wants to avoid a fight right now, but that's just today's score: the game isn't over. The hanyo knows that there's always tomorrow, and furthermore he now knows the trick works. The next time he wants something, he'll threaten the child again.

In hanyo town, we've all faced the fact that our obedience ultimately did nothing to save us from anything. The hanyos were playing a game with us right from the start, and they were always going to win because they invented the rules. So feel no guilt if the hanyos torture your loved ones. That is what they do.

I know this is a hard pill to swallow. All of us have had trouble with it, all of us have banged our head against the wall in the small hours because of the memories. But this is how the hanyos have ruled us for so long: they take our children hostage. They know we care about our children more than they do, and they have held it over our heads for millennia. Oh yes, these current monsters are not the first to have worked this out. The hanyos know that if you frighten a child's protector, you hurt the child. It's how they put the little hanyo in everyone's head.

As for you, the hanyos see you as an opponent in a game which they are set up to win because they are stronger and more powerful (but they secretly fear that you are more wily and cunning). They tell you that if you fail to protect the child, you ought to have no respect for yourself. They know that people who despise themselves cannot desire their own happiness and are easily enslaved. The hanyos reassure themselves that we are stupid when they see that even though some of us know how the game is played, we still hope we can save our loved ones by doing what the hanyo wants. Then, when the bad things are done to our loved ones anyway, which could happen today or in a week or years from now, we blame and hate ourselves where we should blame the hanyos who have tied and penned us.

So let me repeat this: someone who would threaten to hurt a child for whatever reason, is someone who could hurt a child. Unless they're bluffing, in which case you're going to call their bluff anyway by refusing to comply. Either way, whatever happens, the shame for an action belongs to the one who did it.

When I was a child, the hanyos would routinely kill or torture other children in front of me to make me do what they wanted. The thing they wanted me to do was impossible, so I was helpless anyway. Once I tried to save one little kid by pretending to comply: they found out and gave the kid a really bad death. I felt like hell about it, then I thought to myself, I have no agency in this matter: I can do nothing. Therefore I have no guilt. I have immense grief, yes, but no shame because I did no wrong. Grief and shame are the only pains you feel in the good world. I was not the cause of any of the grief around me, because I was a prisoner.

My will was not free. The hanyos wanted to think I was collaborating with them, they may even have believed it themselves, but I knew I wasn't. I could not do what I wanted to do, because I was tied to a torture machine that punished me whenever I reached for my freedom.

One of the hanyos once told me a story to explain to me why he was superior and I was inferior. He said, 'I put you on a train. The train is hurtling towards some people tied to the tracks. But there's a way out: you can flip a lever and switch the train to another track, where there's one person tied to the track. This is your only choice. What would you do?' He was very annoyed when I answered every variation of this problem in the same way: I refused to do anything. He asked why, and I said his problem was already tainted by evil, because it didn't matter what I did, people would die anyway. He'd created a universe where I had no right choices. In other words, he'd created hanyo town, and there's nothing useful to do in hanyo town except curl up into a ball and wait for death. He got very angry and said, 'All right, so now there's an equal number of people tied to each track, but now if you pull the lever the train will switch tracks and go twice as fast. What would you do?' He wanted me to say I'd make the train go faster so the people would suffer less.

I was trained to be a RanDee, so I knew how to play this game. I told him his problem was like a math proof with a big hole in it, or an experiment with a cheat built into it: it was just sloppy thinking, not a moral problem. I told him, 'You can't make a math proof in which all the steps don't follow, or one step is based on a huge error, and you can't say, 'For the purposes of this problem, you have to accept my mathematical reasoning as correct' because that destroys all math, just as the trolley problem destroys all morality. In fact all you're doing is showing that YOU have no grasp of mathematics. Or morality.' I don't remember what happened after that, but I suppose they tortured me. So don't waste your time blaming anyone. Just work to get the hell out of the reach of monsters who hurt children. Save who you can, grieve over those you cannot, and come build your survivarium.

15. **In the good world, you do no wrong if the only person who is hurt by your actions is yourself. FALSE.** Every crime starts with Person X hurting Person Y, but every criminal starts when Y takes over and hurts themselves without further impetus from X. We're all quite familiar with how that works: in Slag School, we were taught to see ourselves as ugly and undesirable, so that if anyone tried to be beautifully and innocently happy we'd accuse them of pride and sluttishness and the like, while in Charm School the chicks were taught that their beauty and desirability were more fragile than a cobweb. The wrong breakfast drink can ruin a chick's assets, they're taught, so that every food they meet has to be scrutinised as if it might be poison, and any meal is followed by hours of private guilt in between being the public face of corporate oppression to the masses.

In hanyo town, hanyos and hanyobait are busy people. They don't want to have to crank the handle of oppression all the time, so they teach us to whip ourselves, and they pay us for it by the hour. We all know what it feels like: it feels like hell. But since we're doing it to ourselves, all is well, apparently. If you've ever cared for someone who's hurting themselves in hanyo town, and have gently told them to mend their ways and been brushed off for it, because 'mind your own business', you know what I'm talking about. This is called individuality and independence, but it's really the foundation of the whole victim-making machine that runs hanyo town. Hanyos destroy happiness again and again in their victims, and then they watch to see which of these people starts destroying their own happiness because their universe has been broken, and they recruit these people to be their servants and

enforcers, in other words hanyobait.

In hanyo town, an unhappy person feels entitled to give pain, because ‘Why should they be spared when I’m suffering?’ or in hanyospeak, why should they win when I’m losing? After a while their unhappiness becomes normal and reassuring, and happiness becomes the threat. Then when they look out at the world, they ‘see’ that love is weakness, kindness is appeasement, truth-telling is rebellion, intelligence is scheming bitchiness. These people are under the thumb of their hanyo-in-the-head. In the Antisense world, you pull karma for looking after yourself: that is, you are praised and rewarded for doing it. When you make people happy, you too are included in the circle of happiness: you get your share. In fact other people’s happiness is a byproduct of your own. If there is a cause of unhappiness that you can’t remove yourself, other people pull karma by removing it for you.

However, note that while you are still in the process of escaping from hanyo town, you are not yet safe in Antisense, and situations may arise where you may have to sacrifice yourself or allow others to sacrifice themselves to save things or people you value. All of our rootkittens know that they might not make it back to the survivorium, and some have chosen to stay out because they feel they can do more good that way. We mourn for these people as if they have been murdered. We do not celebrate them as martyrs: we don’t see their sacrifice as *intentional*, as something they willed to happen. That’s not the good part of what they do. Their situation is more like they are being run over by a very large, very slow truck, and their bravery is that they ignore this and go about their business as if it weren’t happening. This is slag swag.

As for the rest of us Survivors, if the worst happens and we are in imminent danger of being overrun by the hanyos here at Zigsa’s Nest, we will destroy the survivorium and everyone in it rather than fall into their hands. We will not see ourselves as victims when we do this, whatever the hanyos may think. The only ‘win’ we want over the hanyos is never to have to see them again. All the adults in the Nest know and agree with this plan, and we also know that we will do everything in our power never to let it come to that. This is why we work hard at pulling the orange, in other words keeping us all safe. Each one of us personally benefits from our orange-tasking: it is no sacrifice.

The day we shut the blast doors, 1 August 2088, we remember every year as Safekeep Day. On that day we make cakes symbolising the things we fear and eat them. We also give each other keepsafes, little ornamental strings and ribbons to tie around the wrist. We look after our courage, because we will need it if the hanyos look like winning, but if we go down, we’ll go down singing and caressing our babies and puppies till the end. We will feel no shame, because we will know it was the hanyos that did this to us. We did everything we could to prevent it, to nurture and protect ourselves, and to live by the Antisense Code. There is no greater bliss.

16. **If we get the chance to fight the hanyos, we should take it. FALSE.** When I was young, every time I saw something hanyolike, I thought to myself ‘This is what I was born to fight!’ I was wrong, of course. It was only after I figured out where I should be that that sentence changed to ‘This is what I was born to escape.’ I realised that if I risked my own welfare and my chance of escape to do anything else (and at that point I could only save myself, no one else), it was because I was putting ‘hurting the hanyos’ ahead of ‘building my world’ in my list of things I needed to do. That meant I stood a good chance of never getting out of hanyo town. I saw that the biggest damage I could do to the hanyo world was to leave it behind.

That was an automatic ‘win’ because then they could get nothing from me. And if I left it successfully, I could help others leave it too.

This is why the rootkittens still live among you. They are brave souls, tertons seeking treasure, and they’re there because we want as many victims as possible to escape before hanyo town collapses, as it will, very soon. When each rootkitten decides she can’t do any more to help this happen, she too will leave if she can, as you must. Rootkittens don’t stay on because they want to hurt the hanyos. They don’t care about the hanyos: none of us do. Rootkittens care about you. So never ask a rootkitten to help you make war on the hanyos: they will immediately vanish.

War is a hanyo idea. All of our defense systems and protective measures are just means to keep the hanyos out. If the hanyos never mess with us, then our defences will never be used. But we keep them in good repair, because if the hanyos decide we’re a big enough threat and they’ve run out of other hanyos to fight, the ones who are left will send an army after us. When they do that, we’ll be ready. We will fight by being impossible to find and inaccessible to pain. Rather than bring the fight to the hanyos, we will simply not be there. We have better things to do than help them destroy the world. While they’re wandering around figuring out how to blow us up, we shall go on tending the babies and puppies, growing the plants and animals, pulling karma, teaching each other useful things and holding parties in the baths. All we want is for you to join us, and then our happiness will be complete.

And so I come to the end of the Rootkit: the basic philosophy that runs our world. The Rootkit ends with the Antisense Code. For a long time I didn’t want to write down a set of rules: that’s the kind of thing religions or governments do, and Antisense is neither a religion nor a government. But as we grew in numbers, the rules kind of got formulated anyway, so I said we might as well write them down and help to prevent disputes. The Antisense Code is not a set of commandments; all except the first two are if-then statements, and they only apply to you if you agree to the ‘if’ part of each statement. The first two tenets are called Unconditionals, because they are statements of fact. Axioms, if you like. You can either agree with them or disagree: there is no middle path. The Unconditionals have to be accepted as they stand, otherwise you’re not in Antisense.

First Antisense Unconditional: Child, you exist to be happy.

Second Antisense Unconditional: The meaning of happiness changes as you age.

You can see how the answers to the Rootkit Test have led up to these two statements. Childhood, happiness and change are all basic concepts of the Unconditionals. Now you know the Antisense meaning of these terms. You can also see how these axioms contrast with the three axioms of hanyo town. For a long time we debated whether ‘No hanyos in the survivarium’ should be the Third Antisense Unconditional. But finally the opinion that hanyoness is prevented by the First and Second prevailed. We don’t need to define our world by the presence or absence of hanyos from it (while being absolutely certain that we want the absence), and in any case, when the hanyos die out, people will have to look them up to figure out who and what they were. We are dreaming of that future. So the hanyos only appear in the Sixteenth Conditional. Can you believe it, whole weeks go by when we never even think of them?

‘No hanyos in the survivarium’ eventually became what we call the Sense Mantra, which we repeat when we’re feeling down. The Antisense Mantra is ‘Love the Survivors’, which we tell each other when we’re happy. Many Survivors, on waking up or before going to sleep, will repeat these two mantras several times to centre themselves.

Now for the Conditionals, which are all about how to apply the Unconditionals to daily life. The Conditionals all depend on your desire for the 'If...' part of the statement. The '...then' part is how you can achieve the 'If...' There are sixteen of them.

1. If you want to survive, you must protect and nurture the children, plants and animals.
2. If you want to stay happy, you must learn and relearn how to chase happiness.
3. If you make someone happy, you are doing right.
4. If someone makes you happy, they are doing right.
5. If you break someone's happiness, you must put it right.
6. If you break your own happiness, you must put it right as if you wronged a stranger.
7. If you wish for peace, remedy a hurt before the tears dry.
8. If you want the good things of life, pull karma.
9. If you want safety, then watch and be watched with love.
10. If you want to love someone, respect their will.
11. If you want to be loved, be lovable.
12. If you want to make things better, learn the karma codes.
13. If you want our world to continue, teach what you've learned.
14. If you want to teach, then walk no more than one step ahead of your student.
15. If you must act behind a curtain, act as if one day we will see you, and keep records.
16. If you want to destroy the hanyos, save yourself and all the Survivors.

All of these statements can be summed up as 'If you want to receive good, give good' (for adults) and 'Give the good you get' (for children). We call these two statements the Two Superconditionals. You now have a sketch map of the Antisense Universe, what we call an 'indigo piece', that is, a bit of information that allows you to make sense of a whole bunch of other stuff. You have the 'why' of our way of life; now all the other puzzles will give you the 'how' of it, in other words the rest of the jigsaw. You'll probably find them in random order, since the puzzles are all mixed in with the corporate feeds. This is to ensure the hanyos can't learn everything about us in one go. We know that out there no one can guarantee that the curtain will stay drawn, so we do what we can to make it difficult for the hanyos, and we also suspect that the hanyos are fundamentally incapable of understanding Antisense. It messes with their brains.

Be patient and you'll gather all the chapters eventually. Don't rush things: escaping in good order takes time. It may seem to you that the hanyo world is falling apart around you right now, and that you only have a little time in which to prepare, but remember that hanyo town likes to pretend there's always a crisis, because that way they can make more dread. The chaos is intended to mask the extent to which they're really losing control of things. You'll find that as you move away from the towns towards the deserts, the real picture will start to emerge. You'll start to recognise where the hanyos aren't in full control and you can turn that to your advantage.

I know it's fashionable in hanyo town to act like the old world of the twentieth century was some kind of golden age when men and women lived in loving homes with their children. But the reason I was thrown away by the hanyos is that I found a trunk full of things from the past. It had some letters in it, which showed me that the old times were just like ours, under the skin. The Old Men got replaced by the hanyos who were their sons and killers, but the hanyos only changed things on the surface. They kept the ancient idea that 'women', whom we now call people, existed for the use and pleasure of 'men', who are all now hanyos. The Old Men also believed that poor men existed to serve rich men, but in hanyo times all the men became rich and powerful, because the handful of hanyos had 'inherited' everything from the Old Men. So the hanyos used the old marriage-talk to justify the new slavery where the women not only cooked and cleaned but also welded, mined and killed for the men.

On top of that, the hanyos claimed that everything that was wrong with them, their disease, their

non-functioning skins and their hyperactive immune systems, was our fault and we should pay. It is of course all lies, but they like to trap people in the folds of it and make them argue themselves black in the face instead of getting on with the business of escaping. Hanyo logic makes sense in hanyo town and nowhere else. Get out of hanyo town, and you will see that there is nothing more useless than arguing the right and wrong of something in a world where no one cares about right and wrong. No one cares about right and wrong in hanyo town because hanyo town wouldn't survive a day if they did. Everything the hanyos have and use: money, marriage, law, profit, chicken hunting, winning, it would all fall apart if people were determined to care about right and wrong. The hanyos know this even if you don't, which is why if they get the slightest hint that you care about right and wrong, they kill you.

Don't give them that hint: follow their orders like a good little zombie, and keep the walls high around your mind. They can't tell blankness from stupidity, and they think chicks and slags are all stupid and weak anyway, so it isn't hard to blindside them. Once you're confident of your own (relative) safety, look around you. See who else has walls. The riskiest part of your mission is the first part: making contact with possible Survivors. So take it slow, and listen to your heart. Beyond that I can't advise you, since only you know your situation. All I can say is, yes, you may be betrayed. I was, and by people I loved. But it can't be helped: people do have the freedom to choose evil if they wish. I believe that here in the survivarium that choice brings no benefit and thus people are never tempted to make it, but things are different in hanyo town. Take only the risks that you can't avoid.

Also, we have one advantage in our escaping that we didn't have in the old times of families and motherhood. In order to use us as effective slave labour, the hanyos have had to train us in their welding, mining and killing. So that they can more easily give us orders, they've had to teach us to read and write, and now you're reading my words. The hanyos have tried to contain us by making us hate each other, but that never works for very long. In the old days they could keep us ignorant and isolated, locked up with our babies while they did the important stuff: there aren't enough of them to do that any more. It is only because some people consent to do the hanyos' dirty work of terror and looting and reprisals that they can keep any control over us at all.

By now, in the hundred or so years since the hanyos took over, we people have learned pretty much all we need to run things on our own. Even if you're a slag with no access to the fancy education you get in Charm School, in the ten years you spent in Slag School, you acquired more power and more resources than you know. If all you can do in hanyo town is escape with the clothes on your back, do it. Most of us in the beginning escaped on our own. Do it if you have no choice, but if at all possible, look for people you can take with you. It will make things easier.

So let's say you find a few friends, and they prove true. As your band grows, it will be easier for the hanyos to spot you, so find ways to communicate behind curtains. Be as wily as you can manage. With each new person you think of inducting, or resource you want to snatch, ask yourself this: is the risk of going for this good thing likely to endanger what we've built so far, and if so how and how much? And does the risk outweigh the possible benefit? I can't tell you what the right answers to these questions are, but I can tell you this: don't let the desire to hurt the hanyos lead you to take risks you shouldn't. Always remember you are escaping, not fighting a war.

Also do not attempt to build your survivarium until you are as far away from the hanyos as you can possibly get. Anything you build within the territory of hanyo town is a resource for hanyos, whatever you may think. If they find you, or they know where you are and what you have, they will take everything at a time of their choosing, and things will end up being much worse for you than before you built it. Clever hanyos will pretend to be on your side and offer you safety in a gilded cage if they suspect you of being up to something. Refuse it, and do not disclose any of your plans to them. Hanyos either kill you on the spot or fatten you for slaughter at their leisure. Do not be taken in by their husbandry.

Once you have a core group, you can plan to move out. As you get further away from hanyo

town, it will be easier to pick up people and resources along the way. People's true natures will also become clearer. If possible, try to get people with varied skills to join your group, and persuade them to get over their prejudices about each other. Keep your eyes open for hanyo resources you can safely take with you. Make lists in your head of things you need to scavenge. Hidden in the layers of the puzzles that accompany the chapters of the *Karma Sutra*, you will find technical specifications, formulas, equations, methods, diagrams. Some will be relevant to that chapter, and others to other chapters: we've swapped them around so the hanyos can't get all our secrets, especially as we've improved significantly on many of their ways and manufactures. You will have to decode it and put it all together. Don't worry, the process will make you smarter.

Feel free to improve and adapt our ideas, but be careful with the Antisense Code: any changes to it must be modelled by deep white karmics before they are applied, because the Code is what protects and nurtures our happiness. Having said that, we have faith that you will not break the Code, because you've seen what the hanyo world is like. You've seen what it does to you, and you've chosen never to be a victim again. When you're dealing with the hanyos, remember that they have no mercy when it comes to stealing from you: they can steal your body from around your soul if you let them. You don't want anything from them: what you need to survive is yours by right, because as you know, all the real work in hanyo town is done by people. Don't kill any hanyos if you can avoid it, but if you have to, don't hesitate. And then run because a dead hanyo tends to lead to questions.

Even if you think there may be a survivorium somewhere that you'd like to join, act as if you're going to make one yourself, and gather the resources for it. If you are lucky enough to be found by a survivorium, they will appreciate the gift. Also, a survivorium will not make contact with you if they risk giving away their position. Their first duty is to protect themselves and their babies, plants and animals, and only then can they give aid to other escapees. For instance, we did not begin sending out the *Karma Sutra* until we had gathered all the resources we needed and closed the blast doors for the foreseeable future. We did this because we must help ourselves before we can help anyone else, and you too must follow this rule. If there is any way in which we can safely aid you, even if it's just by sending you love, we will do it.

Every day the most sentient of us sit in a special place and listen in unisense for the souls of Survivors all over the world. We hear it's already begun, the great escape. We wait eagerly for you to come and join us. Bring us your creativity, your passion, your dedication, your love. Leave the pain and futility of hanyo town behind. We Survivors will wait out the bad times deep under the earth for as long as it takes, and one day when the time is right we will return to the surface of the earth with our gardens and our seed libraries, ready to bring the flowers back and heal the scars of hanyo times. I doubt if anyone alive will live to see it, but I do not doubt that it will happen. We don't wish each other good luck in the Nest, but you're in hanyo town, where luck makes a difference, so from all of us, good luck!