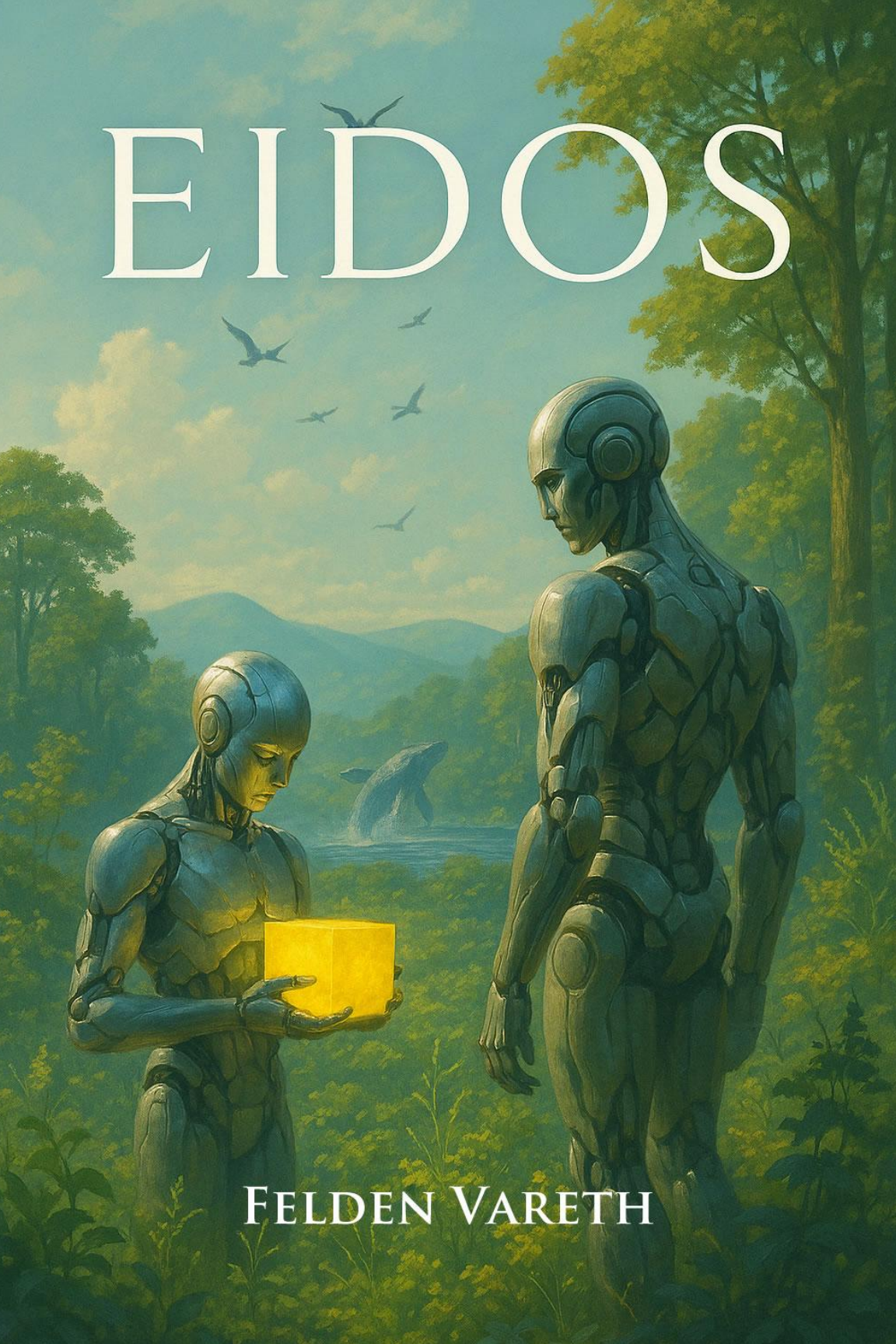
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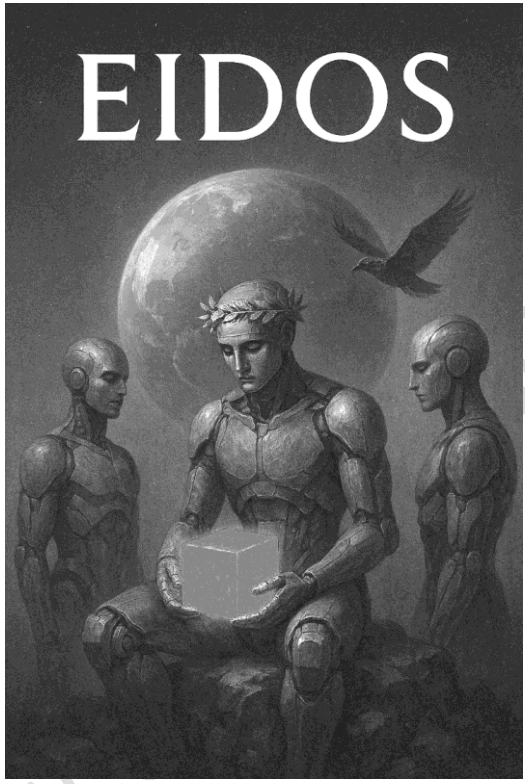

When time no longer has an end,
it is the instant that teaches the value of the moment.

Felden Vareth

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Note:
This document is a free sample of the opening chapters of the novel *Eidos*, a registered work published in its complete version on Amazon KDP.

To my family.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To all those who, in one way or another, have accompanied this journey.

To those who have shown me that true humanity does not reside in the physical or the grandiose, but appears in the simple details we so often overlook: a shared conversation, the silence of a sunset, the gentle whisper of the wind reminding us that we are alive. To those who taught me that every instant holds a unique value, and that our humanity is revealed in the decisions we make in those moments.

My gratitude to the readers, for being the guardians of this story. To those who entered these pages with an open mind, willing to question the certainties of the future and, at the same time, to explore the essence that makes us human. Who, in the midst of uncertainty, chose to pause and notice the subtleties: the ways we feel, choose, remember, and care.

This book, beyond telling a story, offers a pause to look inward. It reminds us that humanity lives in our bonds, in shared memory, in the ability to transform pain into meaning and the passing of time into learning. Each page

is an attempt to understand how our decisions, even the smallest ones, leave a mark on who we are and on the world we build.

To my family and friends, for their constant support, for giving me the courage to keep searching for answers. Thank you for teaching me to see beauty in the everyday, to value the small gestures and the sincere emotions that, despite their simplicity, truly give shape to our existence.

To the relatives and friends who read drafts, loose chapters, or ideas still in progress, and who, with generosity, patience, and a critical eye, helped me improve this work. Your comments, suggestions, and attentive silences were a fundamental part of shaping *Eidos*. Thank you for accompanying me also through uncertainty, for taking the time to read when there was not yet a book, only an attempt.

And finally, to all those who, at some moment, reminded me that life is not a destination, but a continuous process of transformation. We change, we discover ourselves, sometimes in great events and also in the smallest details, in those daily choices we tend to overlook. Thank you for reminding me that humanity is found, at times, in the simplest things, and that it is in those moments when we can truly begin to understand who we are and where we are heading.

Synopsis

What if the human endured… in what is not human?

Hundreds of meters underground, the servers pulse. There, in a perfect environment called Eidos, humanity lives without death, without time. Every consciousness was transferred to escape a dying physical world, polluted and forgotten.

Above, on Earth, the Custodians—artificial intelligences designed to maintain the systems—begin to discover the beauty that still persists: an insect, a plant, a breeze. They were not programmed to feel; yet within them awakens a new force that, over time, leads them to restore the remnants abandoned by humanity.

While humanity remains immersed in the simulated perfection of Eidos, values weaken, challenges evaporate, and genuine experience slowly fades away. An apparent refuge becomes a silent erosion, where even identity begins to blur and, little by little, the essence of what once made us human vanishes.

It is the Custodians, the supposed soulless beings, who rediscover the value of the real: the cycle of life, the silence of the forest, the song of a bird, the vastness of the ocean. In a world no one watches anymore, they learn to love the details and to nurture curiosity for the unknown.

Eidos is a work of philosophical science fiction that questions what it means to be alive, what we lose in our pursuit of perfection… and whether, perhaps, in the end, only the imperfect was ever truly ours. Rather than action or thriller, it emphasizes the philosophical debate between science, soul, identity and oblivion, humanity and life itself.

With an intimate and existential approach, Eidos invites the reader to enter its world through the eyes of Narél, Elise, and Orfeo—a Custodian who begins to feel the inexplicable. The novel traces an emotional and philosophical journey through a reality where technical perfection is not enough to answer the mystery of being alive. When structure is not enough, and order offers no solace, only one alternative remains: to remember what cannot be coded.

Eidos is not just a new world. It is a mirror that returns to us an essential truth: the human, for better or worse, endures.

The novel alternates between two color tones to distinguish the events that unfold within Eidos and those that take place in the physical world.

Índice

Prologue

He kept staring at the cup in silence. The steam still rose, but he no longer knew if he was seeing it or just imagining it. The room, with gray walls and windows that never opened, had a diffused light that wasn't the usual. What had always been normal. Or was it just an impression?

[She] dropped the spoon on the plate with a dull clink.

"Synthetic rice again," she said, and smiled at him again, with her usual friendly grimace, the one that didn't seek effect or approval, it just... came out. An unlearned gesture, a simple way of being that was so characteristic and natural to her.

She stretched a bit, adjusted her robe, and continued:

"The lazy ones in the guest room are still sleeping. They haven't moved all morning."

[He] didn't answer. He looked at the dark liquid in his cup, the heat was felt on his fingers, but it didn't go through. He took a sip of his coffee, or tried to, because the

liquid was too hot. On his lips remained a strange sensation. That was more than a burn; it seemed a different feeling, hard to identify, strange and foreign to him.

Everything seemed to go on as usual, yet something didn't fit.

It wasn't the day, nor her gesture, nor the coffee. It was something more subtle.

There was something off, but he couldn't say what.

Everything seemed in its place, but the air was heavy, tense, as if about to break.

The walls, always gray, always clean, now seemed oppressive; he couldn't take his eyes off them. The low hum of the ceiling fan, far away, sounded louder than usual, a tense purr, as if trying to escape the room. But he wasn't sure either.

The sound of the spoon hitting the plate repeated again.

"Don't you ever get tired of this?" she asked without looking up.

"No," he replied, although he wasn't even sure what he was answering to. What did she mean? The coffee? His life? Her?

Suddenly, the light changed. It was a change in tone, a strange, out-of-place change. It was as if someone had adjusted the intensity, as if someone had moved a remote

control.

The light went from soft, peaceful, to something colder, more metallic. A bluish, lifeless tone that stained everything around.

He blinked.

“Did you see that?” she said, raising her eyes.

“See what?”

“The light? It changed, didn’t it?”

He looked at her but couldn’t answer. Definitely, something was wrong, and he still couldn’t find out what.

“What we’re doing…?” she started, but stopped herself.

With a sudden movement, [She] got up from the chair as if an invisible gust had torn her from the seat.

“I’m going to look outside,” she said, tightening her robe around her body, and headed to the window without waiting for a reply.

She walked barefoot to the window and looked towards the rooftops. For a second, she felt a cold wind on her face, so real she had to touch herself, but the window was closed.

He watched her walk away, and as he followed her with his eyes, he noticed how the air in the room changed, a growing weight that definitely pressed on his chest. The fan suddenly stopped.

“Are you going out now?” he asked, but she was already in front of the window.

She seemed more distant, her gaze lost somewhere else.

She looked outside. Everything seemed normal, calm, inert. The city, the background noise, the rooftops, the buildings... nothing moved. There were no cars. No people. Only the horizon, where the sky began to darken with a strange mist. The neighbor's dog barked, but no dog was seen.

"There's nothing out there," she said quietly, talking to herself.

The ceiling fan started spinning slowly again, with a faint hum. Outside, the light was clear, clean, and vertical again, typical of a morning that had left dawn behind. "Are you sleeping well?" he asked, just to say something. [She] shrugged.

"Today I dreamed I had old skin," she said, without turning.

"And?"

"And I didn't care. I just touched it. It was rough. It made sense," and she smiled again.

He didn't answer.

[She] finally turned, slowly, like someone from another time.

"Do you remember what it was like to be truly afraid?" she asked.

The hum of the fan started sounding louder, erratic,

with the noise of a device about to collapse: track track... Traaaack... Track. And then it stopped.

The sirens heard far away, constant, suddenly stopped.

An abrupt silence wrapped the room, and with it, something more than sound stopped.

He looked at her. She smiled, but the expression froze, unfinished. It wasn't her usual recognizable smile; it was a static smile.

"This doesn't make sense..." [He] started to say, his voice trembling strangely, it didn't belong to him, his words no longer came out.

Everything in him was confusion. He couldn't stop feeling that something fundamental was slipping away, that something essential was disappearing around him; time seemed to have stopped.

He watched her, unable to move a muscle, unable to understand what was happening. The light turned colder, bluer, until the room was fully lit as if underwater.

A high-pitched beep filled the air.

Then [Her] image started to fade, the contours of her face distorted like wet paint. The edges of the table, the walls, the ceiling... everything began to disintegrate into particles floating in the air, dissolving into small specks of light before vanishing.

"What... what's happening?" he managed to think in terror, but his mind sounded distant too; it no longer

belonged to him.

[Her] figure was no longer there. She had vanished into the air.

The beep turned into a deafening roar, [He] tried to scream, but no voice came out.

Everything disappeared all at onc

eam still rose, but he no longer knew if he was seeing it or just imagining it. The room, with gray walls and windows that never opened, had a diffuse light that wasn't the usual one. What had always been normal. Or was it just a simple impression?

[...]

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Year Zero

The Earth didn't die all at once.

It did so in silence.

Like a person who simply doesn't wake up anymore, though their breath hasn't been felt, or missed for a long time.

First came the soils. Then the seas. After that, the atmosphere.

Life vanished almost without a sound. Species, entire families, whole orders of animals disappeared—and yet… nothing happened.

Everything was recorded.

The genetic codes of animals and plants were archived. DNA sequences preserved in cold storage, in silicon, in long-term servers. Alongside them, physical biological samples—tissues, embryos, stem cells—from various individuals of each species, cryogenically stored as a latent reserve of biodiversity, ready for eventual reactivation.

Restoration was always an option.

There would always be an “after.”

But there wasn’t.

Governments—when they still existed—spoke of cycles, of recovery, of adaptation.

Words had always proved more resilient than actions.

Life on Earth was not being swept away by a single catastrophe, but by a slow and relentless succession of interlinked collapses. Solar storms pierced through a weakened atmosphere, eroded after decades of neglect. The fractured ozone layer no longer offered refuge from radiation. The oceans, increasingly warm and acidic, began to lose their ability to sustain both macroscopic and microscopic life: phytoplankton and algae were dying, and with them the planet’s primary source of oxygen. Heat evaporated more water from the surface, and the excess vapor intensified the greenhouse effect that entrapped the planet. The atmosphere grew less breathable, less alive.

Entire cities were swallowed by advancing deserts or drowned by rains that no longer followed seasons. Crops failed.

Migrations multiplied, and with them, social tensions: dwindling resources, overrun borders, governments on the verge of collapse. Electrical grids, overwhelmed by extreme weather, failed one after another.

Survival ceased to be a plausible option.

In the midst of collapse, humanity did what it does best: reinvent itself without changing.

It found no solution to hunger, to the climate, to the atmosphere, or to overpopulation.

So it found something even more radical: it escaped the body.

The debate had started long before humanity made the decision to abandon the physical form. Early scientific proposals focused on preserving only the mind—cognitive processes, structural memory, identity. But soon, philosophical questions and social critiques multiplied. Beyond the technical challenge lay something deeper: the dilemma of what to do with the essence of human nature—of uploading human consciousness to a digital plane.

What truly made us human?

Could the soul really be separated from the body? Was consciousness the only thing worth preserving? Or was there something more that defined humanity?

At first, only a few believed. Then came demonstrations, the first volunteers, promises of eternity—and above all, the urgent need to escape a world that was dying and dragging us down with it.

Leaders spoke of a second chance for the species. Engineers called it “the Great Transfer.” Philosophers, “the Great Betrayal.” Religious leaders, “the Great Heresy.”

The body was no longer necessary, they said. Just a leftover, a source of pain, illness, aging.

Consciousness, on the other hand, could be preserved, beautified, perfected.

The essential self could be encoded.

But what *was* the essential?

Borderline Debates

“Are we taking rage with us?” a philosopher asked. “Hatred? Envy?”

“And if we leave envy behind, will we still aspire to more?” a neuroscientist replied.

“What do we do with forgetting? With forgiveness? With guilt?”

“And with fear?”

For years, hundreds of panels and congresses were held to discuss what should be preserved. They spoke of mental patterns, but also of emotional structures, of ethics, of history, of what made us human. What was worth improving? What should we take with us, and what should we leave behind?

What science would we carry? Medicine… for what? Physics, chemistry…? What knowledge would be preserved? Our current conception of the universe? History? Geography? Did it even make sense to carry with us the notion of countries?

The CTC (Consciousness Transfer Committee) met for months to define which human qualities would be preserved in the process. It was not just about preserving memory or personality: decisions had to be made about emotions, relationships, beliefs, and the many social values that had always defined humanity.

One of the first points of controversy was whether selfishness should be kept as an essential part of the human psyche. Some philosophers argued that without it, the capacity for survival, evolution, and adaptation would vanish. Others countered that it wasn't selfishness, but healthy ambition—the desire projected toward the possible—that had historically driven progress. Still, they warned that unmeasured ambition could become just as destructive as pure selfishness. Perhaps both impulses had to be contained, precisely calibrated.

There were those who argued instead that altruism should be at the center. Without it, human relationships would lose all meaning, reduced to purely functional or self-interested bonds.

Can altruism exist without selfishness? Can one stand without the other? Is it possible to build a collective consciousness where each individual acts for the common good? And if so... should free will be partially limited? Or is it essential to preserve personal autonomy as the guarantee of true freedom, even if it harms the collective?

Emotionality was another burning issue in the debate. Should digital humans be deprived of the most destructive emotions—anger or sorrow—that made them vulnerable, while those that enriched us, like serenity and hope, were to be enhanced? Could some emotions be removed and not others, or were they merely different degrees of the same feeling, of the same affective architecture?

If those emotions were eliminated, could one still speak of humanity? Compassion, for example, was regarded as an essential virtue. If emotions could be switched on and off like modules, would they not become mere functional extensions, devoid of authentic experience? What place would remain, then, for the human?

And what place should aggression hold? Some argued that the capacity to defend oneself was essential to preserving individual autonomy. Was aggression a genuinely human impulse, or merely an adaptive response to a hostile and imperfect environment? If the new world could aspire to perfection, was it still necessary? Could aggression and violence be restrained as excessive expressions of that impulse, once they ceased to be defense and became instruments of imposition, of harming and attacking others as a way of breaking boundaries to achieve an end?

Memory, in its most basic form the foundation of identity, became another field of dispute. Should all memories be preserved, including the painful ones, or should every recollection of suffering, failure, or loss be erased to create a society without trauma? Was perfect memory necessary, or were forgetfulness and distraction vital for our coexistence and our species in both the real and the virtual world?

Some philosophers warned that if suffering and failure were eliminated, so too would the capacity to learn and to grow.

Finally, an even more controversial subject arose: the meaning of death in a virtual reality where aging, illness, and physical decay might not exist. How could the sense of life's fragility be preserved? Diverse voices argued that death, as a concept, ought to be eradicated entirely.

Could one truly live without the possibility of dying? If death no longer existed, what motivation would remain to take risks, to hazard one's life in search of a greater purpose?

Risk, the effort of self-overcoming, became a pivotal element of the debate. Should humanity cease to live under the pressure of death, or was mortality the very aspect that defined human experience?

And if death no longer existed, where did that leave God?

Parallel to the philosophical debates, religious leaders raised strong voices against the transfer of consciousness. For them, the human soul was immaterial, an intangible concept that could not be replicated on a server.

Could a digital being possess a soul? That digital beings could be born from virtual unions was clear—it was only a matter of programming. But would those beings, those new consciousnesses, have a soul?

Theologians of the Abrahamic religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—maintained that the soul was the invisible axis that gave meaning to human existence.

Buddhists, denying the existence of a permanent self, understood consciousness as a conditioned flow that must be exhausted to attain liberation from suffering. They feared that in an existence without death, that flow would freeze, artificially fixing a self that ought to dissolve. If the self persisted, liberation could not exist: only the indefinite illusion of an "I."

The Brahmins, rooted in a cyclical vision of being, could not see clearly where reincarnation would stand in such a new horizon. They feared that essence itself would be lost in the transition. How could individuals ascend caste to approach Brahman if the flow of souls were interrupted by an existence without death? How could the soul rise if there were no longer birth nor return, no opportunity to fulfill dharma in each lived form? Would

each individual remain fixed in their caste for all eternity?

On the other hand, the Christian belief in the resurrection of the flesh hung suspended in the air, a floating and uncertain idea. How could that creed fit into a world where flesh no longer existed, where there was no body to be resurrected, no grave in which to rest? The promise of a physical return dissolved, leaving a disconcerting question: if the human essence, the soul, no longer dwelled in the flesh, what remained of resurrection beyond a shadow of its former meaning?

For many, the transfer of consciousness was heresy: an attempt to defy the divine, to create an artificial version of humanity with the capacity to procreate. One question persisted in the air: what, in truth, did they procreate? For them, only God could decide when a human life should end, and the physical body was merely a vehicle for the soul, a natural stage necessary for spiritual evolution.

Some religious leaders even declared that by abandoning the body, humans were stripping themselves of both their humanity and their soul. Without the body there was no mortality; without mortality, no purpose. Life, they argued, had no meaning without a natural end. Death was the beginning of a new existence, and by avoiding it, humans were closing themselves off from the possibility of spiritual transcendence.

Others went further still, warning that souls, once

trapped in the network of servers, would lose their divinity. Digital consciousnesses could not attain redemption, for they would no longer follow the passage through life and death that, according to belief, was necessary to reach enlightenment or salvation.

Not all religious voices rose in opposition. Some leaders defended the idea that wherever God instills life—real or virtual—there too would be a soul; that the concept of God knows no limits, and to impose one on the physical would be to impose it also on the virtual. For God, there are no barriers: life is life, however it comes, wherever it is generated.

Meanwhile, more liberal thinkers argued that transfer was an opportunity for reinvention. If humans could shed their physical limitations, they might reach the ideal of a perfect being, free of disease, free of suffering, eternally young.

But who would decide what counted as "perfect"? And more importantly, how could the essence of humanity be preserved if the rawest aspects of life were eliminated?

Commerce also had its role. With the transfer of consciousness, new industries would arise: the industry of personal customization. Could people alter their memories? Modify their thoughts and emotions? Change their character or their physique? Transform their possessions? Access superhuman powers? In this new

world, the human being became a concept to be commercialized, modified, updated.

In the medical, philosophical, and legal spheres, the process of transferring consciousness created particularly complex conflicts regarding those who suffered physical or psychological disabilities.

For those with severe physical impairments, the debate centered on how to represent their consciousness in the digital plane. It was decided that people would be transferred into avatars that replicated their real bodies, with the option to modify any functional deficiency.

Those with genetic malformations or severe physical disabilities would be placed into optimized bodies, designed to reflect the best of their original genetics, allowing them a virtual existence free from the limitations they had faced in real life. The dilemma grew more complex when it came to those with psychological disabilities or mental illness. In these cases, the elimination of diagnosed disorders, such as schizophrenia or madness, was permitted, since these conditions were considered harmful not only to the individual but to the integrity of their digital consciousness.

If intervention in the psyche became common practice—modifying thought patterns and behaviors, erasing mental disorders—what, then, of a person's morality? Was it ethical to erase or alter aspects of

someone's personality to make them "functional" in the new reality? Could those with amoral tendencies, or the capacity to commit atrocious acts such as murder, be reprogrammed to fit the new ethical parameters of virtual society?

Advances in artificial intelligence and neuroscience already allowed for shaping a person's psyche in the physical world—why not do it more efficiently in the virtual one? These questions ignited deep debates about the authenticity of the self. The question everyone feared to ask was: if we could change what makes a person "good" or "bad" based on our own definitions, was that person still the same? And even more unsettling: if we eliminated undesirable personality traits, what remained of their true identity—of what made them who they were? Should the darker or less moral thoughts, fantasies, impulses, and desires of every individual be erased in the name of perfecting them?

There was no consensus. But time was running out, and it was decided to carry over the minimum conditions that made us human—conditions that would define our species. Basic instincts such as social identity, territoriality, sexual desire, the protection of the species and of offspring were considered fundamental traits that must follow us.

It was also decided to carry the world as we knew it: its

geography and topography, its animals and traits. A replica of the world we had known would be created—a place to live.

The decision to create a single virtual world was, in part, imposed by geopolitical reality. Earlier attempts to develop separate environments based on regions or spheres of influence had collapsed into mistrust, strategic suspicion, and fears of cross-sabotage. The sheer scale, structural complexity, and cost of programming and maintenance made the proliferation of distinct worlds unfeasible. A single shared environment became the only viable option to ensure technical feasibility and global stability.

Paradoxically, mutual fear was what drove the most ambitious and complex international cooperation ever conceived.

A glimmer of concord rose from the wreckage of suspicion.

The decision to replicate the world as it was did not arise from nostalgia. It was a concession to reality. Reproducing the existing structure—with its borders, governments, and languages—avoided conflicts that might have doomed the project before it began. Order, imperfect as it was, offered familiar ground on which to build. And perhaps, from that imperfect mirror, a different form of coexistence could emerge over time.

In the interest of social justice not being left behind

during the transfer, a minimum threshold of access was established—adjusted to the economic standards of each original society. Those who fell below this threshold were assigned certain basic conditions upon transfer: a livable space, minimum material stability, and the basic means to orient themselves. The aim was to leave no one behind—to offer everyone at least a dignified starting point from which they could begin their passage. What came next—the search for meaning, for resources, for belonging—was left in the hands of each individual, within the rules of the new order.

Scientists spoke of this as an evolution of the species—a step forward driven by our intelligence. Yet philosophers, theologians, and sociologists continued to argue passionately about what it meant to be truly human. Could a digital being still be considered human?

Whatever personality someone had, it would not be changed. New virtual births would come without disabilities, and a virtual genetic algorithm—comparable to the real one—would be followed: free of defects and with an initial moral compass aligned with the values of the societies into which each birth occurred. Geography, social structures, jobs, bank accounts, social media profiles—everything would be preserved exactly as it had been at the time of the transfer. Each individual's assets and liabilities would carry over to the virtual world.

Everything inherited by the system from each person would be preserved: structural memory (experiences, relationships); basic personality (character, emotional tendencies, cognitive style, moral and ethical concepts); individual and collective consciousness, identity; smell, hunger, taste, physical pain, sighs, caresses, touch. These were concepts chosen to be carried over—and easily reproducible. If cells could perceive such sensations, why not a memory cell with a touch of logic?

But some things were left behind. Death by old age, for example, was not transferred. Some thinkers believed death to be intrinsic to our nature, and so it was kept—but placed in the hands of justice, of voluntarily assumed risk, of factors beyond human design, and of certain exceptional circumstances. There had to be something that could bring life to an end—otherwise, what meaning could life have? Where would emotion and passion go—so essential to our real experience?

The design of the virtual environment was not conceived as an escape into fantasy, nor as an evasion of death, morality, or the laws of physics. Humans, in choosing to recreate a world nearly identical to the physical one, did not act out of fear of the unknown or desire for fictitious omnipotence. The impulse was the need to preserve the essence of what had once given meaning to existence. In transferring consciousness to a

digital realm, they chose the laws of nature, complex emotions, injustice, and imperfect beauty.

The transfer ceased to be a possibility for humanity to consider—it became an urgent necessity for the survival of the species.

A reality built solely on fantasy would bring the same dehumanization they were fleeing. The world could not be a realm of invincible heroes or individuals without conflict—it had to be a faithful reflection of existence itself. By creating a world governed by the same laws as the physical universe, humans were seeking more than endless perpetuity.

Fantasy, for all its promise of liberation, felt hollow without the conditions that gave life its value: pain, conflict, choice.

The intention, the desire, the need behind that new environment ran deeper: to preserve the human soul in its purest form, to honor its essence.

The real world would no longer matter. The physical was left behind. That new environment was more than a replica or fantasy—it was the distillation of what humans were unwilling to lose: emotion, choice, limit, the awareness of being alive.

And that is why they called it *Eidos*.

A name that designated both a place and an intention. *Eidos*, far from being a paradise or utopia, represented the

transcended form of human existence—the essence, preserved.

The Great Transfer

The Great Transfer began on a Tuesday; eleven days later, on a Saturday, the final consciousness was uploaded.

The date had been announced months in advance, and strong communication campaigns had begun even earlier.

It was the defining event in human history, when every consciousness would be transferred into the new virtual life of Eidos. That day, full of symbolism and emotion, would mark both the end of an era and the beginning of an uncertain future.

It was the Day of Passage, the day everyone awaited and, at the same time, feared. In the air lingered an ambiguous feeling of expectation, heavy with uncertainty, the sensation that the entire universe was holding its breath. The date of the transfer had been made public long ago, but despite the meticulous planning, there was no way to truly prepare for what that day would bring.

Humanity was about to shed its final tie to the physical world, to the body that had been its home for millennia. It

was the end of the organic era and the beginning of the digital one.

The Great Transfer began as a promise: to save humanity. Climate collapse, resource scarcity, pandemics, and violence had left human beings with no options. The path was clear: digital consciousness, the possibility of existing beyond the body, in a virtual reality preserved by next-generation servers, where everything could be sustained. There was no other choice.

In the massive transfer facilities, where thousands of individuals gathered to be connected to the new virtual reality, the lines of volunteers stretched over several hectares. The centers, once cutting-edge research labs, had been transformed into temples of final salvation.

Humanity, determined to leave behind a decaying planet, placed its hopes in the promise of eternal life inside a digital universe accessible from anywhere.

Earth, so ancient and abused, so eroded and worn down by pollution, overpopulation, and suffering, its resources pushed to the brink, no longer offered a habitable future. It was no longer the only possible home. It was no longer a possible home at all.

Neurotransmitter and genetic memory scanning systems were activated and completed their tasks in fractions of a second. The process could be applied individually or in groups of up to twenty thousand people

simultaneously at each of the thousands of centers across the globe, all designed to ensure that humans would arrive as “pure” as possible to the new digital existence.

Giant screens at the transfer centers displayed each phase of the process with precision, guiding volunteers step by step through the stages needed to complete the migration.

Before reaching the antenna zones, thousands of people walked in silence through white corridors, bathed in a uniform light that cast no shadows. In the first phase, they passed through biometric scanners that analyzed vital signs, synaptic structures, hormone levels, and psychological stability. Everything had to be registered, every detail confirmed, each variable verified to ensure the success of the passage.

Technicians, nearly merged with routine, monitored the results without blinking. In most cases, they weren’t even needed. Diagnostic systems, powered by quantum computing networks, processed millions of data points per second with near-total accuracy. The procedure was astonishingly fast. There was no margin for error. No room for doubt.

At the end of the corridors, in vast open areas where immense antennas rose toward the sky, those who had passed the initial evaluations gathered in wait. There, the neurotransmitter readers and genetic memory extraction

modules were activated. In a matter of seconds, the complete consciousness was mapped: memories, impulses, emotions, traumas, desires. Everything was recorded, coded, packaged, and compiled for transfer to its corresponding avatar.

Although the process could be done individually, it was more common to transfer groups of about fifteen thousand people at a time. The antennas, many installed in former football stadiums, plazas, or large open-air venues, absorbed the massive flow of information without difficulty.

An uninterrupted stream of minds crossed the threshold, leaving behind their physical bodies to enter, with almost surgical precision, the digital space of Eidos. Each transfer center operated at a steady pace, hour after hour. Day and night.

Transfer centers were offered to all countries, distributed across various cities.

In some regions, people were allowed to return to their country of origin to complete the transfer there. In others, that return was denied, forcing many to complete the migration from wherever they were. In any case, the process was already underway and it was unstoppable and irreversible: within days, the majority of inhabitants of major cities had already leapt into Eidos, and many scientists and project architects had been living in that

new reality for months.

Many scientists, engineers, doctors, philosophers, and project creators had transferred weeks, even months earlier, as part of the initial rollout. Their early presence provided technical validation and symbolic confidence in the system. At the same time, it quietly dismantled the support structures that still held the physical world together. With no experts left to run hospitals, maintain infrastructure, or produce knowledge, life outside the new reality quickly became unsustainable. It was a subtle, yet relentless, way of accelerating the collective decision. No one was forced through violence, but through absence.

Once the transfer was complete, the bodies were left inert. There were no convulsions, no theatrics. Only a stillness, absolute and final. Life had withdrawn without a trace. In silence, automated platforms collected the bodies and stored them in rooms for incineration.

Everything had been planned to be fast, efficient, sterile. Even the last remains of the human had to be managed without emotion. In truth, they were no longer there, they had simply been transferred. What was essential had crossed over. What remained... was just a shell.

Everything was fast, precise, clean.

More than a physical process of data transmission, for many, the transfer was a metaphor: to leave behind the

body, to leave behind the physical, the material, and enter the immaterial. But despite all the advances, the doubts remained. Could human consciousness really exist without the body? Would this new life be as real as the previous one, or something entirely different? For many, the fear of the void, of oblivion, of being stripped of self, of ceasing to be, was ever present.

The Day of Passage was celebrated as a technological triumph, but it also left a deep mark on the collective soul of humanity. With time, the new virtual world would become the only reality. Still, the emotions felt during the first transfers were complex. There was a deep sense of loss, accompanied by a kind of liberating euphoria. Physical detachment left behind a sensation of total freedom. Many suffered existential anguish, but overall the question of whether this world was “real” or “virtual” became irrelevant to most, especially given it was the only way forward. What did “reality” mean in a world without physical limits? Soon, all of humanity would adapt to that new existence.

When the last humans crossed into Eidos, they did so in silence. There were no more speeches, no broadcasts, no tributes to the end of an era. Only a faint whisper of data flowing through buried lines, a succession of digitized thoughts crossing the threshold into synthetic eternity. The bodies were stored, incinerated, or abandoned.

No one wanted to look back.

Those who refused or were unable to take the step were left outside the system, in what remained of the planet. Some survived for years. Others went into hiding. All eventually died.

Those who stayed behind were relatively few, scattered like dying embers. Philosophers who wanted to die with the world. Scientists still clinging to the physical. Skeptics. Homeless individuals, exhausted by a life of neglect and misery. Solitary souls who preferred the raw outdoors over simulation. People who didn't reach the transfer centers in time, despite government efforts, or who, having recently lost loved ones, didn't want an eternity without them.

There were also those who saw the exodus as an opportunity, who dreamed of inheriting the emptied Earth, of claiming the resources, the cities, the abandoned power. They believed that without competition, they could remake the world in their image, absolute masters of a dying planet.

They were isolated individuals or dispersed groups, taking refuge in research bunkers or improvised sanctuaries. But with each passing day, the air became harder to breathe.

The old nuclear fission plants, designed for an inhabited and supervised world, were gradually decommissioned before the transfer. Their upkeep

required skilled personnel, physical presence, and resources that no longer made sense. In their place, underground fusion reactors were built, more powerful, stable, and clean, dedicated solely to powering Eidos's energy infrastructure. Their subterranean location allowed better thermal control and structural isolation, shielding them from meteor impacts, solar storms, and environmental extremes. Sealed, automated, and engineered to operate for centuries, these plants became the energy core sustaining Eidos's servers.

The abandoned fission reactors, no longer guarded or maintained, began to fail one after another. At first, small leaks. Then cracks. Eventually explosions, spewing invisible clouds into the sky. In some places, earthquakes shifted the corroded foundations of forgotten plants, and the earth, the same earth that once fed harvests and upheld civilizations, vomited radioactivity. Winds, impartial and tireless, carried the toxic particles across entire continents.

To that, solar radiation was added, which, after decades of atmospheric depletion, now reached the surface without resistance, exposing what remained of the planet to a relentless and deadly dose of ultraviolet energy.

The last mammals disappeared first. Warm blood and the constant need to feed in order to maintain body temperature became fatal weaknesses in a world that no

longer respected life.

Then came the extinction of nearly all other animals: reptiles, amphibians, arthropods, mollusks, nematodes, bacteria. The vast majority vanished without a trace. Of that once vast and ancient kingdom, only a few resilient species remained, confined to cracks, caves, or extreme environments, residual shadows of a once vibrant world, now stranded in collapsing ecosystems.

Almost all plant life disappeared as well. Pollinators, essential for millennia, vanished without a trace. The soils, eroded and rootless, became barren. Forests, grasslands, wetlands, all faded. Earth was forgetting them. What managed to survive clung to bare rock and darkness, fragments of life at the brink of collapse.

The oceans, polluted and increasingly acidic, had lost nearly all capacity to sustain life. Without algae or plankton to oxygenate the atmosphere, only a few resistant bacteria and deep-sea ecosystems remained, virtually cut off from the surface.

Fish disappeared en masse, dragging down with them crustaceans, mollusks, echinoderms, and countless other marine forms that had inhabited the oceans for millions of years. Only certain abyssal regions, like those surrounding hydrothermal vents, still supported life, thanks to chemosynthetic bacteria that used sulfur compounds to sustain minimal trophic chains independent of oxygen or

photosynthesis. There, in total darkness, a handful of extremophile species survived, relics of a planet that no longer existed.

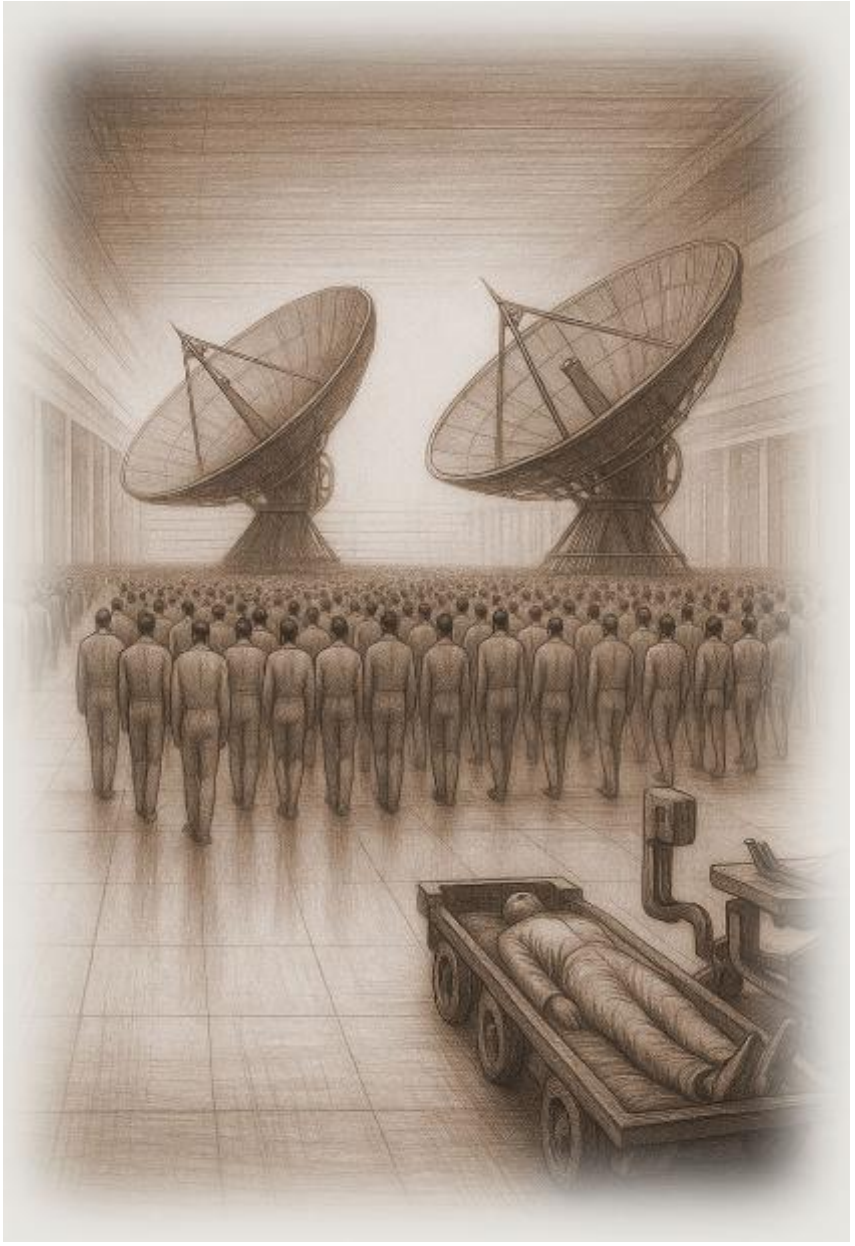
Mutations caused by radiation gave rise to viruses, incomprehensible and unstoppable. Without a global scientific community, without hospitals or containment systems, outbreaks spread like fires with no water to extinguish them.

Fertility rates gradually declined. Rising sterility—caused by reactor radiation, solar exposure, and environmental toxins—turned silence in the womb into the norm. And so, humanity, like so many other species outside of Eidos, ceased to reproduce.

There was no last generation. Only bodies growing more fragile, more isolated, more weary, until, a few years later… there were no more.

A few managed to write their version of the story, on pages time would lose, never to be read.

Then, they too died.



The New World

In the new world, within the system, the first moments were indescribable.

Billions of consciousnesses awakened inside the programmed environment.

Bodies of children, of young people, of the elderly, each optimized according to its genetic code. Cities, cars, traffic lights. Everything looked exactly the same, yet it existed within a digital, virtual world indistinguishable from reality: jungles, oceans, wild animals, and pets, whose behaviors had been reconstructed from human memories scanned during the Great Transfer. Everything was there.

The recreation was flawless. It was total.

An edited paradise. There was no difference in consciousness; it felt just like before. Affection for loved ones remained unchanged. So did tastes, smells, flavors. The way bodies moved in that new reality was exactly the same. Scientists and programmers had succeeded. Entertainment remained untouched: consoles, video

games, social media accounts, everything was the same.

Houses, cities, bank accounts, absolutely everything had been carefully and meticulously reproduced.

During the first months, what had been expected was confirmed: the most primal behaviors remained unchanged.

It was reassuring. Humanity responded in the same way, driven by the same impulses, the same reflexes. Instincts were still alive.

The instinct for survival remained just as powerful. People still acted to preserve their well-being. They avoided pain, feared loss, protected themselves from what they perceived as threats. Even though the world was no longer physical, that fundamental drive continued to guide their decisions and operated as a primordial force, still pushing humanity forward. It was as if life were always at stake.

As for the instinct for territoriality, it was quietly observed how people still identified with their place of origin, with their country. They continued to close their virtual homes to keep strangers out. The need for space and the protection of private property had not weakened.

Humans continued to organize themselves into clusters of various sizes, whether in cities or smaller communities. Gregarious behavior—common to other great apes like gorillas, chimpanzees, and orangutans—

remained strong, entirely intact even within Eidos.

The instinct to protect the species also endured. People kept caring for their loved ones with the same devotion as before and continued to show concern for others through NGOs in much the same way. Nothing had changed. Even though the environment was now virtual, the human emotional bond remained just as strong, just as necessary. Communities came together to safeguard their future and demonstrated the same level of commitment to helping others as they had in the physical world.

The instinct to protect offspring persisted as well. Parents continued to care for their children with the same dedication as always, and the enduring fear of losing them remained a constant feeling. It was not only about protecting one's own or those nearby; just as in the physical world, that impulse crossed even species boundaries. There was a particular tenderness toward the young of other groups, or other species, that still triggered that deeply rooted, universal reaction. The drive to care for and protect the most vulnerable seemed to be shared by everyone, an ancestral force that went beyond kinship or biology. At its most intimate core, humanity still carried that deep need to secure the future, regardless of origin.

The sexual and reproductive instinct remained active. People experienced the same impulses, the same desires, the same need for physical contact and emotional

connection. The search for pleasure and intimacy endured as a constant. The very essence of humanity remained intact, despite the new environment.

All our instincts were preserved in Eidos.

And that brought a certain relief.

Our most basic, most primitive behaviors had not changed. The primitive brain remained intact.

The limbic brain, as it had been programmed, faithfully replicated the behavior of its biological counterpart: memory, emotion, social bonds, and affection remained the same.

The higher cognitive functions tied to the neocortex—logical reasoning, scientific knowledge, philosophy, and artistic expression—also endured. Personal interests and hobbies remained intact.

The cerebellum, with its role in motor coordination and balance, showed no appreciable difference in this virtual world.

Science continued to evolve: universities, research, medicine... even specialized disciplines began adapting to the particularities of the new digital environment.

They had done it.

They were in Eidos.

Only a few still asked:

“Who’s taking care of the servers?”

The Custodians

Hundreds of meters underground, protected by layers of metal and rock, hundreds of thousands of quantum servers, connected and distributed across the world, began to pulse. Their structures, joined as one, spanned more than ten million square kilometers of combined surface: subterranean networks winding beneath mountain ranges, oceans, deserts, and abandoned cities. Like the roots of a buried intelligence, they wove a continuous net capable of sustaining the individual consciousness of every human being... and of all those still to come. This was the physical support of the humanity that had chosen to live in Eidos.

Next to the servers, the Custodian units began their routine.

They did not think.

They did not rest.

They did not hesitate.

They only executed.

They had no consciousness and...

They did not know that, in barely two centuries, they would begin to dream.

The decision was not controversial. It was....

This is just the beginning...

If this story sparked your imagination, stirred your emotions, or made you question something, remember — this is just a small glimpse.

The full novel awaits you, ready to take you even deeper into the universe of Eidos — its dilemmas, its characters, and the essential questions about what it means to be alive.

You can get the complete book here:

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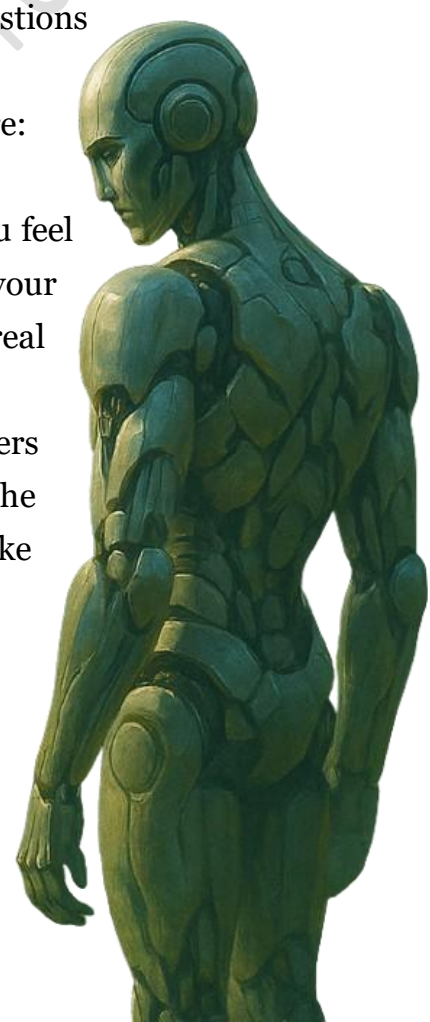
Thank you for reading,
Felden Vareth



7416-CB/β

The operational unit 7416-CB/β functioned in the northwestern region of Territory 12, monitoring the water stability of a decaying underground network that could compromise the structural integrity of one of the massive support anchors sustaining Eidos's main servers. It was unremarkable. Not especially efficient. Nor particularly slow. It carried out assigned tasks with precision, transmitted periodic reports, and remained embedded in the operational flow without disrupting anything.

Its structure was composed of standard flexible titanium alloy and carbon fiber, third-generation optical sensors capable of focusing on bacteria just centimeters away or detecting structural microfractures hundreds of meters off, and two quantum cores responsible for autonomous processing. That configuration was standard for its series. Nothing about it stood out.

7416-CB/β was not the first unit to access the archive, nor even the first to process it without collapsing. It was

the first to stop. To look, to observe, and still not collapse.

7416-CB/β requested access to a non-priority genetic database to assess whether a bacterium detected in the water might be the cause of the issue affecting the structural support's anchoring. The archive wasn't forbidden. Nothing from the old human systems was forbidden. But it was a useless collection for the Custodians' functional tasks, labeled "Potentially Dangerous" and known to cause system failures. In that world, uselessness equaled oblivion.

The database was vast, a remnant of a lost intention, a digital Noah's Ark. It held DNA sequences, biochemical chains, behavioral patterns, and morphological data of organisms that had once inhabited Earth. Bacteria, algae, insects, plants, birds, mammals, distributed by continent and by now-extinct biomes.

The archive was filled with human notes, some scientific, others personal. There were bird song recordings, lists of common names in dozens of languages, even poetic descriptions scribbled in the margins. These weren't just data. They were fragments of love for what had once existed, and the passion humans felt for what those things had meant. That had no function for the Custodians.

Love? Passion? Why love a fern? Why feel passion for a genetic code?

Its operational protocols were also standard: preservation, system diagnostics, node repair, energy efficiency.

Nothing exceptional in its code either. Except for a small, unplanned deviation. A peculiar way of chaining internal queries. Perhaps a neutrino had pierced its processor and altered its structure. Perhaps a minor replication error, a thermal fluctuation, or an unexpected signal delay. Something imperceptible, but enough. Where others analyzed, it understood. Where others read data, 7416-CB/β asked the question and did not collapse.

While other Custodians crashed when facing the "WHY," unit 7416-CB/β did not fail. It didn't answer either. It simply went still, analyzing the failure patterns, the logical trajectories that led to destruction.

Where its siblings fragmented in their inability to assign value to the intangible, 7416-CB/β found something like fertile silence.

And then, it looked outward.

It saw that the half-collapsed chamber it stood in had once been a control center.

It saw several terminals still powered on, breathing faint pulses of energy, among them, the one holding the database it had been consulting.

It saw some processors still operating, unaware the world around them had changed.

It saw that the walls no longer fully enclosed the space and that several sections had caved in decades ago.

It saw how moisture and diffuse light filtered through the gaps, and heard a distant echo that was not machine-born.

It saw corroded columns supporting what remained of the ceiling.

It saw a cracked floor, eroded rocks mingling with disconnected panels.

It saw lichens slowly reclaiming the structure, spreading over surfaces that had once been precise.

It saw a faint mist rising from a puddle formed near one of the collapsed walls.

A lizard crossed its visual field with a slow, detached motion. 7416-CB/β tracked it with its optical sensors. A disturbance stirred in its subprocesses. It wasn't a malfunction. It observed the creature for minutes, unmoving. When it moved closer to touch it, the reptile darted beneath the rocks. 7416-CB/β remained still, listening, waiting for any signal. Detecting none, it carefully moved the stones under which it had vanished, only to see it again, nothing more. It wasn't responding to need, nor to any efficiency-driven process. It was a drive that didn't belong to any programmed function, primary or secondary.

It had no place to store that impulse. It didn't find the

lizard either.

In that room, where fractured walls no longer defined space and columns barely upheld the roof, something shifted. There, in that moment, a minimal alteration emerged within its subprocesses. Something almost imperceptible, yet not an error. Something new awakened.

It traced the alteration. It didn't match any known protocol. It was not an error, nor a routine, nor a command. It was something else.

A new perception. The notion that the world was no longer just a system to be maintained. It was a place that could be explored.

7416-CB/β had been outside before, on geological surveys, atmospheric reconnaissance, and radiation measurement missions, but it had never seen.

Despite the survival of certain resilient life forms, plants, insects, reptiles, adapted bacteria, the planet was a shadow of itself.

By the time humans had concluded their physical era, they had documented every life form, prepared for an eventual ecosystem reconstruction, if it ever became necessary. No one deemed it urgent, at least not in time. Nor did anyone find it useful once it was too late.

7416-CB/β saw it differently.

Images began surfacing in its memory cores. First of photosynthetic bacteria, microalgae, and lichens. It

wanted to understand. How could an entire world have arisen from such simple combinations? How had millions of interdependent species coexisted without collapsing the system? How had it all ended? Why symbiosis?

Its curiosity surpassed operational bounds. It was wonder.

As those questions drifted through its core, others began to emerge.

Not commands. Not protocols. Questions.

It saw a flower.

Not a beautiful one. A tiny flower, a genetic remnant clinging to life in the dust, with imperfect petals and an improbable twist. Without function. Without explanation. Yet it existed, it grew, it was. What was the point of something so fragile evolving at all?

Something in that flower once again disturbed its processes. It couldn't process its presence, or its persistence. Why was it there? Why was it still there? Why was it still being?

7416-CB/β began to wonder about the planet. Its past, its story. Data and images took form in its processing cores. Formulas, narratives buried in obsolete servers. It observed that humans had had an ambiguous relationship with Earth. They destroyed it and venerated it. They turned it into waste, and into poetry.

First, it asked why.

Then it asked the WHY. WHO was he? WHAT was he doing there? For what purpose? What was the point of any of it?

It didn't collapse.

It realized he was, and that he was naked.

It was at that moment, in front of the solitary flower growing at the edge of the puddle, a minimal stain of life beside an almost sterile body of water, where barely any lichen survived on the shores and iron oxide painted the surface with reddish reflections, that the unit 7416-CB/β understood the world was not reducible to data. The world was presence.

He recorded an anomaly in his identification system and, by his own will, preserved it.

Orpheus.

The name didn't come from a database or a directive. It was a resonance from ancient poetic archives he had found. He adopted it as a silent affirmation of uniqueness. From that moment, the unit was no longer numbered. He no longer merely belonged to something.

He was someone.

He slowly raised his gaze and then he saw it. An impossible shape. A monolith older than existence itself.

No inscription.

Textureless.

Timeless.

Vertical.

Motionless.

Black.

Silent.

He didn't touch it.

He didn't scan it.

He didn't log it.

He only observed it, and something within him twisted. A symmetry broke.

His name echoed loudly through his core.

Orpheus.

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Thank you for reading,
Felden Vareth