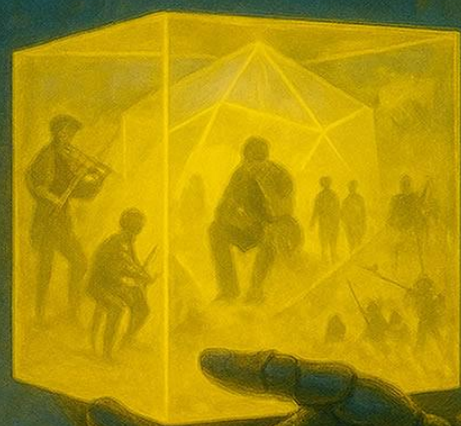


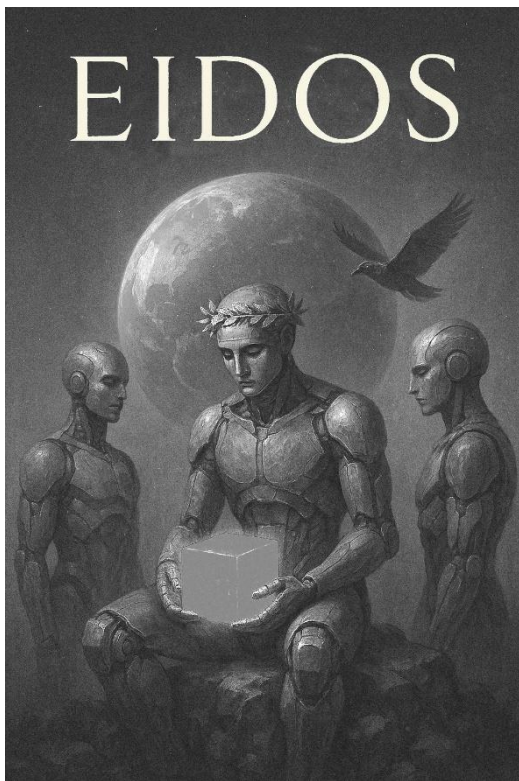
EIDOS

TALES



FELDEN VARETH

EIDOS



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

Felden Vareth

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To my family.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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

To those who have shown me that humanity does not reside in what is grand, but in the details we so often overlook: a conversation, the light of an afternoon, the wind that reminds us we are still here. To those who taught me that every instant holds a singular value, and that our decisions, even the smallest ones, reveal who we are.

My thanks to the readers, the silent guardians of this universe. To those who stepped into these pages willing to question, to feel, to think slowly. To those who chose to pause before the nuances and to recognize in them the trace of our own humanity.

This book is not merely a collection of stories. It is also a pause, an invitation to look inward, to remember that shared memory, human bonds, and the way we transform pain into meaning are an essential part of our existence, here or in any possible world.

To my family and friends, for their constant support, for their patience, for the encouragement to keep searching for answers. And for pushing me to write this second part. Thank you for teaching me to see beauty in the everyday, and strength in the simple gestures that

sustain a life.

To those who read fragments, scattered chapters, or ideas still taking shape. To those who offered time, attention, and a critical eye when there was not yet a complete story. Your companionship has also shaped these pages.

And finally, to all those who remind me that life is a continuous process of transformation. That we discover ourselves through small decisions, through doubts, through silences. Thank you for reminding me that humanity often appears where we least expect it, and that it is there where we begin to understand where we are going and who we are.

Synopsis

What remains of humanity?

After the Great Transfer, Eidos became both refuge and destination. Millions of consciousnesses live there, sustained by a perfection that promises continuity and the absence of pain. Natural death has faded away, yet the fractures remain, and no algorithm can seal them completely.

On Earth, the Custodians continue their silent work. They interpret signals, rebuild structures, observe and discover, with an unanticipated sensitivity, the value of what endures: the wind, the ruins, the life that persists within a condemned environment.

Eidos (Tales) brings together narratives that expand the original universe. Independent yet interwoven tales, in which scattered lives—a father divided between two bodies, priests who hesitate at the threshold of the soul, families who did not reach the Transfer in time, groups surviving in empty cities, Custodians exploring the world—reveal what remains of the human when the place to be born, to grow, and to die has been lost.

Each tale illuminates a different facet of collapse and reconstruction: the ethics of identity, memory as a boundary, the violence that emerges in the absence of law, the tenderness that endures even when everything is broken, the solitude of those who stayed behind, and that illusion of youth which does not fade with age, but wears away with time.

This volume explores existence, doubt, and our nature. It preserves the tone and aura of Eidos and offers no definitive answers. Instead, it proposes a reflection on contemporary society, an invitation to contemplate, from both within and without, the fractures of the world we inhabit and the human behaviors that sustain it.

Eidos (Stories) expands the universe of Eidos with narratives set before and after the Great Transfer. It is an incomplete map of what was lost and of all that may still be remembered.

As in Eidos, this edition alternates between two color tones to distinguish events that take place within Eidos from those occurring in the physical world.

Note: This book contains references to and revelations about events from the novel *Eidos*. **Reading *Eidos* prior to *Eidos (Tales)* is recommended.**

Índice

Synopsis

The Family at the Threshold

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EIDOS

TALES

The Family at the Threshold

Thomas set the glass down beside the sink. A ring of water marked the countertop; Maya wiped it away almost without thinking and turned off the kitchen light. The dishes were still piled in the sink. In the dining room, a chair left slightly out of place held Irene's coat over its back.

In the end, the house remained as it was.

A faint scent of lavender drifted from the bedroom. Maya closed the door without a word.

Evan tied his trainers in the hallway and, out of habit, counted softly, one, two, three... Irene looked for Nala's leash, stroked the pink collar, then clipped the metal ring, still warm. The little dog sat with her tongue out, alert, waiting.

They left the living room lamp on for one last look at that room so full of memories. One of Irene's socks, crumpled beside the sofa, was still on the floor. Evan looked at his hands, trembling, and shook them as he used

to before an exam. The balcony window was left ajar, the curtain moving with the warm morning air. Thomas, out of habit, closed the bathroom door so it would not bang.

Maya slipped her phone into the inner pocket of her jacket and adjusted the bracelet on her wrist. The screen showed a green code for a second.

“Let’s go,” Irene whispered. Nala obeyed, standing as soon as she felt the leash tighten, taking a short step until she was positioned at the apartment door.

Maya crouched to the girl’s height and pointed to the bracelet.

“We show it at the entrance and they register all four of us,” she told Irene, indicating her own bracelet, blinking blue.

The girl looked at her blue bracelet and nodded once.

They crossed the entryway slowly. Thomas took the keys and approached the door, then stopped and slipped them back into his pocket. He touched the wall beside the frame, where the plaster held a familiar crack, and his fingertips came away dusted white. He should have fixed it months ago, but it no longer seemed to matter.

The door was left just as it was, the lock unturned and the latch loose. Maya watched the gesture in silence.

They stepped out onto the landing, leaving the door ajar, and waited for the lift rising from the ground floor with a neighbour and a half-loaded shopping trolley.

“They’ve already called us,” Maya said by way of greeting, showing her illuminated bracelet. “I imagine you’ll be in the next group. We’ll leave the door open in case you need anything.”

The neighbour glanced at her own bracelet, still unlit, and thanked her with a faint smile.

The mirror of the lift reflected four figures and Nala, a yellow Labrador, sitting on the floor. Irene gripped the leash with both fists.

The building’s main door was left open behind them as well. Neighbours from the block formed a calm current, one after another. Green, orange and blue bracelets. Arrows painted on the ground pointing toward the avenue. A volunteer in a vest directed people toward the stadium. Many shop shutters were half-lowered to protect the interiors from the sun, and most doors stood open. The newsstand still displayed newspapers from the day before. Thomas glanced at them in passing and picked one up at random without stopping.

“For the wait,” he said. “There are bound to be crosswords.”

As they walked, a few cars and ambulances passed, carrying people who were ill or too weak for the walk, many showing clear signs of radiation poisoning, thinning hair and sunken eyes. Among those moving on foot, similar blotches were visible on some faces and arms, the

same that Maya already bore, and many showed a certain weakness in their stride.

There was no sound of dragging suitcases, no slamming doors or loaded engines. Just people walking in the same direction, in a tense calm, with a silence that allowed their own footsteps to be heard and, from time to time, a vehicle with sirens. Each family walked with only what they wore. Irene slowed for a few steps to wait for Nala, who had stopped to sniff the kerb. With two quick bounds she returned to her mother's side and adjusted her pace to the family again. Evan moved to walk parallel with his father. He was wearing headphones, which he removed and slipped into his pocket.

Thomas checked the time on his bracelet. The appointment icon filled the screen with large numbers.

The access queue was a slow river, joined by people from different side streets, some of them blocked off by volunteers. The closest entry point open to the main flow began at the end of their street. They merged without asking.

Among the families were a few pregnant women wearing double bracelets, an additional identifier that technicians checked more carefully.

The line advanced a metre and stopped. A sign displayed bracelets by colour and age. Maya searched in the distance for the registration area. Thomas bent toward

Irene.

“Nala comes with us as far as the white door. Then a technician takes her so she can arrive earlier.”

Irene clenched her jaw and nodded.

The neighbour from the third floor was ahead of them with her husband. He carried a mobile phone in his jacket pocket, tuned to a radio broadcast. Recommendations came through the speaker. She leaned closer to listen and he raised the volume slightly.

The avenue's surface bore fresh markings and paint, arrows, numbers and letters. Evan followed a white line with his eyes.

“From here to there in about three hours,” he said.

Volunteers and coordinators handed out parasols and bottles of water to those who asked. At intervals, diffusers released fine sprays of water to lower the temperature.

At the entrance arch, three technicians checked bracelets. One line for verification, another for metal objects, and a final security control similar to those at airports. The light fell from above, flat, reflecting off suspended particles and giving that yellowish tone they had already grown used to. The air was hot. Irene stroked Nala's neck and leaned close to her ear to say something only the dog could hear.

Through a side access, a constant flow of buses arrived from nearby districts and towns. They entered slowly, one

after another, unloading entire families who advanced in silence toward the different access points. Once empty, the buses turned toward the exit ramp and disappeared to collect new passengers. The movement was continuous, almost mechanical. The entire city and surrounding towns were being relocated in coordinated waves.

The line wound forward toward the stadium arch. The bracelets flashed intermittently: green on adults' wrists, blue on children's, orange on the elderly. One volunteer marked sections with tape on the ground. Another, tasked with checking that codes were visible, passed Thomas holding a list and pointed to his wrist.

"Code visible, please."

Thomas raised his arm. The green blinked and went dark. Maya took Evan's hand. Irene showed hers without letting go of the leash. Nala looked at Irene, sensing the tension.

The automatic door opened and closed with a soft sound.

On the other side of the hall, a white tunnel marked the exit. Before that threshold stood the table for companion animals. A technician in a coat waited seated, a notebook on his knees, gloves folded in his pocket. Nala's leash tightened again. Thomas looked at Maya, then at the girl. Three families still stood ahead of them. The day went on, and so did they.

“Document and bracelet,” a technician asked as they reached the last control table.

Thomas presented his. A reader chimed briefly. Maya brought her wrist closer and repeated the gesture. Evan copied the movement stiffly. Irene raised her arm with the leash tangled in her other hand. The reader accepted all four. The bracelets stopped blinking and held their colour steady, showing the time and a black code.

“You need to go to the pets table, please,” the technician said kindly upon noticing Nala. “Instructions to the left.”

On the signs to the left, large lettering displayed those instructions: “Do not stop.” “Hands visible.” “Place phones and other electronic devices in the trays. They are not permitted in the next section.” “Pregnant women, wait for medical verification. The process will continue with the pregnancy ongoing.” “Entry by family units.” “Pet owners proceed to the next table.”

In the background came the sobbing of children and parents’ murmured lullabies, an irregular music of comforting words, whispered promises, long breaths.

“There won’t be hospitals,” a father behind them told his children. “Where we’re going, nothing hurts.”

Ahead of them, a woman placed a hand on her belly as she listened to a technician’s instructions.

“The baby will continue developing in Eidos,” he

assured her. "It will be born in the new environment."

She nodded, never removing her hand from her stomach.

"Always together," a mother whispered to the girl she held by the hand.

A woman cradled a boy of about four; the child was crying, sores visible on his forearm.

"Where we're going, the marks on your little arm will disappear," she promised.

Irene looked at her mother. That kind of phrase struck her as meant for younger children.

"Will Nala be there too?" she asked, lifting her chin with a seriousness that made the question feel important.

"Yes," Maya said. "She'll go in earlier and wait for us at home."

The rubber flooring throughout the installation muffled the sound of footsteps. In the distance, technicians gestured for no one to run and not to stop. Families advanced slowly and continuously, wearing the same restrained expression.

Before the scanning tunnels, one final table with animal pictograms bore a sign: "Hand over your companion here." Behind it stood a technician in a light coat, a name stitched on the pocket: Nils Brenner.

"Is she yours?" he asked Irene gently.

"Yes. Her name is Nala."

“Very good. I’ll keep her for a moment. As soon as you cross, she’ll already be inside. She’ll be waiting at home. Can you let go?”

Irene hesitated for a second, looked at her mother, who nodded, and loosened her grip. Nala stood still, looking at the girl. Nils accepted the leash with a patient gesture.

“Will she be scared?” Irene asked.

“No,” Nils replied. “She goes through another access, a shorter one. You’ll see her as soon as you arrive.”

Irene nodded. Maya, Thomas and Evan all knew Nala’s true future. At six years old, Irene was too young to understand. This would be the end of Nala.

Maya turned her gaze toward the instruction sign. Thomas breathed deeply through his nose twice. Evan watched Nala and his little sister: the dog, trusting, waiting calmly; his sister happy because she would see her again soon. Irene did not know that only her memories would rebuild Nala in Eidos. In the physical world, Nala was condemned.

“A quick kiss?” Nils asked.

Thomas thanked Nils with a look for the care and humanity he was showing in that moment. Nils responded with a subtle, brief glance, half complicit, half procedural.

Irene wrapped her arms around the dog’s neck and rested her forehead there. She murmured more words that remained between them. Then she stepped back half a

pace. With a gentle movement, Nils guided Nala behind the side curtain. The dog followed, trusting.

In the vestibule, activity continued. Behind the curtain, Nala vanished from sight. The protocol did not contemplate animal transfer. Records of scents, sounds and images were preserved: memories of walks, the texture of her back, the collar, the clink of the tag against the bowl. With that material, gathered from the family's memories, the system would reconstruct a faithful presence. The merciful lie sustained the procession.

"When you reach the tunnel belt," a supervisor announced, "take a deep breath. It lasts a few seconds. If anyone feels dizzy, you may sit on the floor."

Thomas squeezed his son's hand. Maya adjusted Irene's posture. The line stopped again. A cold, odourless breath flowed from the tunnel. On the wall, a clock showed the time in sync with the bracelets. Access barriers opened and closed with a soft murmur.

"To the line, please," the supervisor indicated.

The line moved forward again. A volunteer raised a hand and pointed them toward the white tunnel on the right.

Thomas and Maya acknowledged with a nod.

Only the final scanner remained, a ten-metre corridor before the last arch. The tunnel exhaled an almost imperceptible breeze as they entered. The floor, a conveyor

belt, carried them through that corridor of white light that cast no shadows.

On exiting, a sensor activated and opened access to the football pitch.

The stadium was dominated by two imposing satellite dishes aimed at the field, and a screen that once would have shown the score, replays or advertisements now displayed a countdown: 07:05... 07:04.

Thousands of people waited there. Relief was visible on some faces, sadness on others, and on almost all, concern. Some were sitting, others lying down, many standing.

They found space for the four of them near the goal closest to their entry point. As they passed the final arch, the clocks on their bracelets changed to show the same countdown as the monitor: 05:31... 05:30... 05:29... 05:28, advancing second by second toward 00:00.

Thomas stepped forward and embraced Maya. She returned the embrace and placed Irene between them. Evan took his father's hand and looked one last time toward the white tunnel they had just left. The other nine white access tunnels were also releasing a constant flow of people onto the pitch, who silently sought a comfortable place, the location hardly mattering.

When the countdown reached 02:00, the white access doors to the field closed.

"When you hear the signal, stay calm, close your eyes.

Breathe deeply. Silence is best. If anyone feels dizzy and wishes to sit or lie down, you may do so. One minute until the transfer,” the loudspeaker announced.

Thomas squeezed his son’s hand. Maya covered Irene’s eyes with her palm. The girl held her mother’s fingers. All four bracelets displayed, in perfect synchrony, the countdown: 00:19... 00:18... 00:17...

Breathing could be heard; broken sobs; whispers of reassurance, parents trying to calm the crying of the youngest.

A deep hum from the antennas filled the air and the bracelets vibrated. Thomas counted without sound. One... Two... Three... Four... Five...

There was no longer any sound from the antennas.

Thomas opened his eyes first.

He checked that his family was safe, gathered beside him. All four were in the same position they had adopted in the stadium, but now in front of their home. The door ajar, the living room lamp on, the coat on its usual chair, the sock on the floor. Irene cried out and ran down the hallway. Nala waited in the hall beside the chair, alert, her tail beating the air in a rhythm of joy.

Maya looked at Thomas, they kissed and smiled. Evan glanced at his father and raised his eyebrows as if to say, it worked. Thomas called Nala. The air carried the scent of lavender, just as it had that morning. Through the window,

the afternoon breeze moved the curtains, revealing a white light and a blue sky Irene had never seen before.

They were in Eidos. Everything had worked.

... Four... Fi...

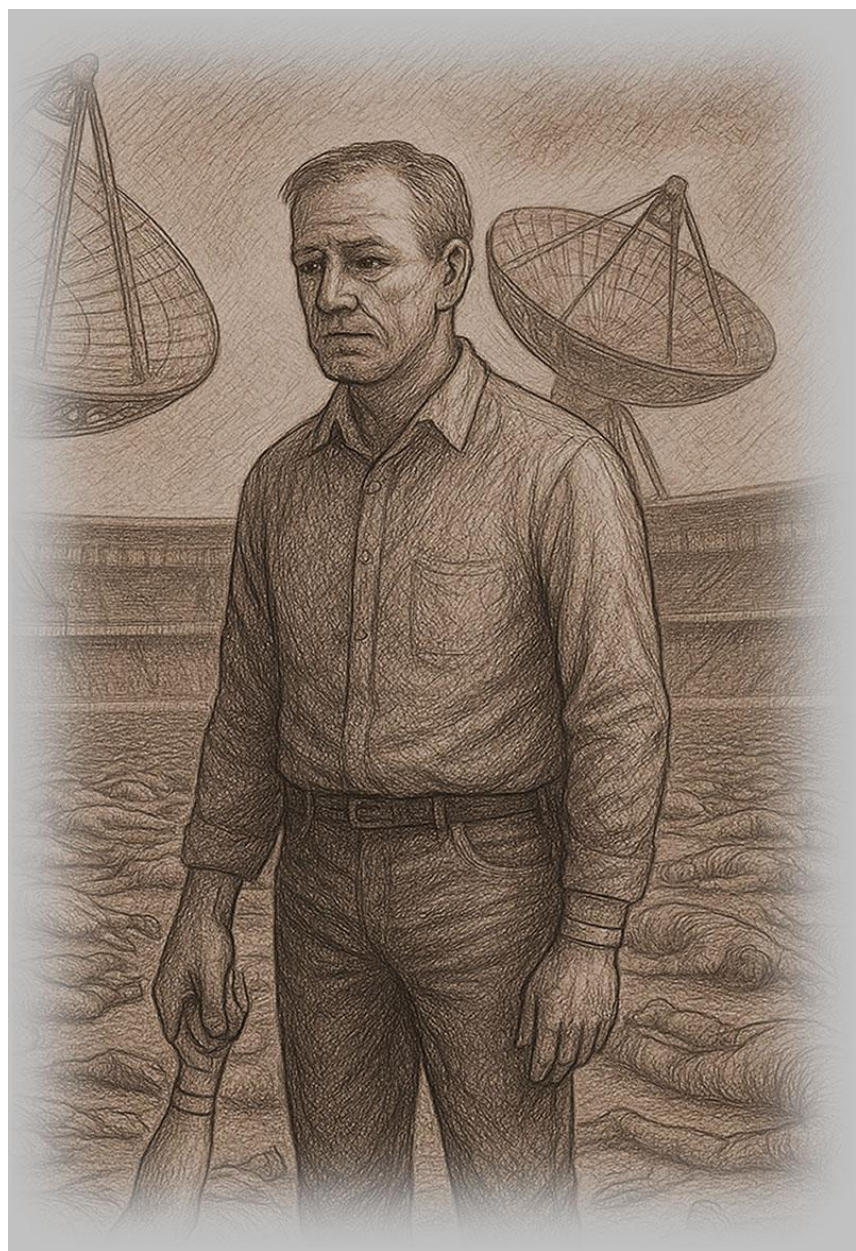
Thomas felt the pressure of his son's hand lose all strength, along with a weight that pulled him toward the ground. The weight of Maya's embrace also collapsed suddenly. There were no more cries or murmurs or hum, only the dull, almost simultaneous sound of thousands of objects striking the ground.

And then he opened his eyes.

The scene was infernal. Thousands of bodies lay scattered across the field, his family inert beside him. Bracelet colours were visible at the ends of sleeves. Just centimetres away, Maya lay on her side, her hand still covering Irene's face, the girl curled with her cheek against her forearm. All around him, everyone was dead. Evan lay on his back, half fallen, his arm extended toward his father's, which he had not let go. The bracelet screens read 00:00. In less than three seconds, and without any apparent order, all the bracelets powered down.

He was still standing.

He looked at his wrist. The green screen remained lit: -00:04... -00:05... -00:06. A second later, the screen flashed red.



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:

[AMAZON.COM/EIDOS-BOOK](https://www.amazon.com/EIDOS-BOOK)

And if, once you've finished it, you feel like sharing what it left you with, your review on Amazon can make a real difference.

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Thank you for reading,

Felden Vareth

