

LEF #938200074927-168Y

Lo [REDACTED]

LECAIEP: PELYFEP\_Deme98927437, IEPifudeEPX,

IafifudeEPY, O

Research BEIs: rciK000982976834.exe, raeI000B9099862098.exe,  
uHraK5000B0098.exe, bEduyET%762298.exe and eaqlΔ5H8762298.exe

The data extracted from several newly acquired human-cyborg bodies reveal that the *TY.exe\_edit* program had originated and been developed on planet Earth over the course of 482 years by a network of human-cyborgs.

The impact of these ancestors has been detected through 290 new links into other metaspheres. At present, we admit, our colleagues, superiors and peers claim that Earth-bound human-cyborgs are unsatisfyingly problematic and laborious to research. Our opinion differs. We fear that without the interest and labour of many and diverse research bots, the metadata will undergo flawed reading, narrow interpretation, and lead to compound misunderstandings.

This archaeological discovery marks an exciting break-through for our research group and we are now asking for bots to aid us in interpreting this metadata. We believe that what is left of, and what has yet to be discovered from – the ancestors of the *TY.exe\_edit* program – is worthy of our imminent and careful exploration. In other words, our group sees an infinite potential for insight in researching the functions of this network of Earth-bound human-cyborgs.

metaData208

species: human-subnet

tags: immot, asiaK, nnyboR

<grease\_is\_the\_rhythm\_17.08.2103\_+Hedif.

exe>

immot noticed the campfire in the distance – a clear signal in the periphery. The fire burned brightly. Smoke rose vertically. High and above the trees. It marked the annual gathering of the trojan horses. immot tried the boat motor one last time. It pattered and smoke emitted from its body.

immot: **shall we try manual?**

A dead hare floated in the wake. It inched near to the side of the vessel and touched asiaK. As if distinctly attached to some meaningful wave, they rowed past it. Their paddles brushed the surface of the ocean. nnyboR matched the rhythm of asiaK, and in turn, asiaK matched the rhythm of nnyboR.

asiaK: **wait.**

nnyboR: **ok.**

asia<sup>ℵ</sup>: **now go.**

They alternated between opposed roles. Initiating the rhythm. Following the rhythm. In and out of sync. They watched immo<sup>ℵ</sup> for signals that they were on course toward the camp.

immo<sup>ℵ</sup>: **a bit to the left.**

The paddle jammed. immo<sup>ℵ</sup> knew the source of the tension and acted immediately. Producing a vile of oil and methodically greasing the worn-out joints. asia<sup>ℵ</sup> was delighted. nnybo<sup>ℵ</sup> was grinning.

nnybo<sup>ℵ</sup>: **the oil helps.**

asia<sup>ℵ</sup>: **yes and no.**

Their vessel continued through the ocean. Grazing its depth. Weaving the flame and the place of home again.

<grease\_is\_the\_rhythm\_17.08.2103\_+Hedif.exe>

metaData193

species: human-cyborg

ταος: akuL, nnyboR

<horses4\_care.united\_18.08.2181.HediL.exe>

akuL and nnyboR were old friends who were tasked this year to work at the trojan horse camp. They were both members of horses4\_care\_united, which was a small union that comprised of those who laboured to help run the platform more smoothly. They made sure that intrinsic functions and operations worked well for everyone. This meant: Caring for the labour that fell under the pretence of care. Discerning emotions and sensitivity. Doing shifts at the camp. Heating up the sauna. Laundering towels. Scrubbing pots. Securing food and shelter for the group.

nnyboR: **I need to sleep in tomorrow.**

akuL: **I understand.**

They were preparing for the evening ritual and akuL ran a landscape assessment to check group levels.

nnyboŕ: **what should we do?**

akuŁ: **I say bring it all.**

They gathered objects from the camp. Lanterns. Dishes. Cutlery. Food. Audio. They crammed everything into one wagon and pushed it together toward their destination. The road was long, narrow and winding. It was awkward but necessary to be two. The wagon demanded a partnership – careful and communicative.

akuŁ: **can you lengthen your arm just a bit.**

nnyboŕ: **yes.**

In the dark, akuŁ showed nnyboŕ how to light the lanterns, explaining their mood altering ability. The ritual was rapidly unfolding. In mode of acceleration, they danced more wildly. The music transitioned and some began to completely free themselves. Their headlamps became disco lights. Flashing in the dark. A painted flag waved from above.

Across the rocks, another group gathered.  
Warming themselves around the open fire.  
Embers sparked. Wisdom shared. A nearby  
structure burned to dust.

<horses4\_care.united\_18.08.2181.Hedit.exe>

μετάδοτα071

species: human-cyborg

ἴαρος: neih, nnybɔR, ahcsaS

<αβπυf.lmH\_19.08.2140.†Hedif.exe>

neih's eyes were closed and faced toward the sun. Eyelids screened black then red. Information flickered. neih's task was to swim 1000m through the ocean to plant the flag on the last known human-cyborg-made island.

ahcsaS: **you ready?**

Standing at the edge. Life seemed stable and sure. Earth seemed in harmony. neih felt contemplative.

neih: **but ah it's tempting to stay.**

ahcsaS: **yeah but it will change.**

neih tucked the flag into a pocket and dove in the ocean. ahcsaS went in after. If neih couldn't continue, ahcsaS agreed to carry the flag the rest of the way.

nnybɔR paced the island and contemplated swim-



ming to meet them halfway. With help, they could better overcome the awkwardness of the flag. nnybo<sup>℞</sup> turned that thought until processing halted. Becoming more convoluted. Something moved. nei<sup>℥</sup>. Passing the flag.

nnybo<sup>℞</sup>: **it's you.**

nei<sup>℥</sup>: **can you take it?**

nnybo<sup>℞</sup> took the flag and then passed it to ahcsa<sup>℧</sup> who then returned it to nei<sup>℥</sup> who planted it firmly in the soil. The flag was animated by the wind. They composed a short memo in algae and set it on the rocks near the shore. It dried in the sun.

A new wave arrived and their memo washed away to become something else. Their impact remained deeply embedded. A stain on a rock. A root of a flag. Difficult to detect. Laborious to trace. But when looking carefully, undoubtedly there.

<abmuf.lmfh\_19.08.2140..†Hedif.exe>

LEQ #938200074927-168Y is a speculative fiction  
text written by Rebynn McPherson. It was based  
on some real, actual, and true events that occurred  
during the Trojan Horse 2019 summer school the  
CHEREOGRAPHY OF MONEY

2020