

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

SUBISSUE:
THE PARALLEL BIOME

ISSUE: 3

THE PARALLEL BIOME

— ARCHIVAL DOSSIER —



Recovered documentation, visual records,
and environmental samples from biomes
existing in non-linear or parallel
state conditions.
Analysis ongoing.

ACCESS LEVEL:
UNIONNI-SEALED

DOSSIER ID:
UAI-PPV2-2223-0003



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDED RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION



Editorial Note

The Parallel Biome is an ongoing archival fiction project published through HEXFILED.

An Indirect Self-Impreg History, Manifesto, and Status Update in 3 Parts by Greg Lehman is the third world to enter the archive. As with all Parallel Biome entries, the contributor retains full authorship of their original fiction. Dr. Lycadium's confession, Dr. Lycadium's discussion, and Damoya Kharish Lycadium's birthday post-poem are reproduced in full within, exactly as assembled by Damoya. The editorial framework surrounding them, including the Uniomni Archive of the Inversion, its custodial voice, and its annotation system, is developed independently by HEXFILED as part of The Parallel Biome project itself.

A note on the institution. The GCS of our first dossier classified documents to protect itself. SUOTA of our second classified their documents because of fear. The Uniomni Archive sanctifies its artifacts.

The dossier is open. Analysis ongoing.

E. H. Elsay, Editor-in-Chief, HEXFILED



UNIOMNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
— THE PARALLEL BIOME —



HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

THE PARALLEL BIOME

ARCHIVAL DOSSIER ISSUE 3

“An Indirect Self-Impreg History, Manifesto, and Status Update In 3 Parts: Assembled by Damoya Kharish Lycadium / @reverseourboros2052”

By Greg Lehman

Recovered documentation, personal testimony, and post-Inversion social media,
archived across biomes existing in altered biological state conditions.
Analysis ongoing.



Dossier ID: UAI-PPV2-2223-0003

Access Level: Uniomni-Sealed

Handle with care. Contains unresolved reproductive-theological material.



UNIOMNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

THE PARALLEL BIOME

UNREDACTED

UNIOMNI ARCHIVE OF THE INVERSION

Office of Founding Record · Reproductive & Theological Custody
Division



The Inversion Historical Commission was established under the Emergency Legislative Accord of 2034 to collect and preserve first-person testimony concerning the Inversion and its consequences. Its holdings are unrestricted. Its annotations describe what documents contain

ACCESS LEVEL: UNIOMNI-SEALED

DOSSIER ID: UAI-PPV2-2223-0003

SOURCE: **Self-published; recovered/curated by Damoya Kharish Lycadium**
(@reverseourboros2052), 20th Uniomni birthday, Bolsa Chica Wetlands

STATUS: VENERATED / UNREDACTED / ASSESSMENT ONGOING

Access Brief

Year 20 of the Inversion · Founding Record Relay, Bolsa Chica Wetlands

The document you are about to read was not seized, sealed, or classified by any authority. It was posted publicly by Damoya Kharish Lycadium, born of the Inversion, on the occasion of a 20th birthday, under the handle @reverseourboros2052. It consists of three parts: a confession by Dr. Mayim Lycadium, a discussion by Dr. Barzai Lycadium (ever-blessed be their name), and a post-poem by Damoya, assembled together and offered as one document to the public record of Uniomni Social Media.

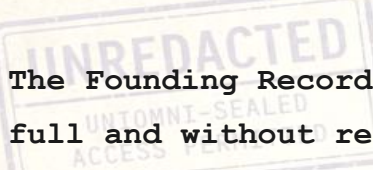


UNIOMNI ARCHIVE OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

— THE PARALLEL BIOME —



The Founding Record Office has elected to preserve this assembly in full and without redaction, in keeping with the Office's founding charter: that the Inversion be remembered exactly as those who caused it, survived it, and were born of it chose to remember it without institutional leveling.

Annotation in this dossier is therefore a witness. The Office adds no fact not already present in the document. Where the Office comments, it comments on what has already been said.

CONTENTS OF THIS DOSSIER:

ENTRY #001 — Confession: Dr. Mayim Lycadium, "Part 1: Results"

ENTRY #002 — Discussion: Dr. Barzai Lycadium, "Part 2: Discussion"

ENTRY #003 — Post-Poem: Damoya Kharish Lycadium, "Part 3: 20th Birthday"



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
UNTOUCHED-SEALED

► **ENTRY #001 — CONFESSION — DR. MAYIM LYCADIUM**

TYPE: Personal Confession: Reproduced in Full, Unredacted

SUBJECT: Dr. Mayim Lycadium, Founder, Hairom Valley Laboratory ("Monk's Cell")

NOTE: Reproduced exactly as posted. Founding Record annotations inserted at relevant junctures.

PART 1: RESULTS

Detailed observations after the Inversion, accompanied with data, a confession, and unqualified commitment to the new age of the Homo parthenogenesisian species, in harmony with the extant Homo sapien female population.

By Dr. Mayim Lycadium

To my fellow elevated, our new Homo parthenogenesisian kind,
my family in self-impregnation, our global salvation,
hermaphroditic in the next step
we, all of us
need,
our sisters, and us,
I offer my words in all humility,
from the depths of my unworthiness, me,
most guilty of all, murderer of Dr. Barzai Lycadium
(ever-blessed be their name),
the doctor,
my son,

I write this, indivisible as I am
from my unforgivable acts

and so shine
in the reach for redemption

in the new age that is ours,
us, Self-Impregs, with our sisters,

most holy are they, and I hope,
I pray without ceasing,

to put permanence on this record
from which we will remember the bathing of the world
in the revelation that Dr. Lycadium
(ever-blessed be their name)

UNTOUCHED-SEALED
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

— THE PARALLEL BIOME —

UNREDACTED
ACCESS PERMITTED

released in the pinnacle
of human achievements:

Phallus-Preserving Vaginoplasty 2,

the "2" both doubling and hiding
the presence and lead role of the virus
that was and is the savior that Dr. Lycadium
(ever-blessed be their name) created, was creating
in secret on his level in our lab, the site
of the work I founded
and led,

I loved my son,
my grants gave him whatever he wanted,
set apart his level
beneath
every other level, whatever
he made, I did not have to know,

and so, he made the best future
humanity could have

without my knowing
until,

until,

this
was my son's purpose,

and so
was mine, too,

but, I
did not know until,

until,



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDED RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 01]

Dr. Mayim Lycadium's confession opens as an invocation. The Office notes that the honorific "everblessed be their name" for Dr. Barzai Lycadium permeates said confession as a consecration of his son, while also presenting a sense of grieving, a longing for redemption, in its repetition.

before then, I oversaw
close to everything else,

kept the lab in good money,
ran it well, staffed
with the best,

and taught Barzai
(ever-blessed be their name)
how one codes for life,

passed on the glossary
and a steady hand
for NuCRISPR+ tech, thus,
opened the new Fertile Crescent,
an age outshining all others, time that all others
was leading to,

I only wish
he could see it,

I loved everything
that I saw in him,

in what he showed me,
the night he remade the world,

being the first time
he showed anyone
Phall-Pre V2 in his lab,

"Monk's cell," he called it, his den
in the side of the Hairom Valley, framed
in two broken ranges, pitted
with no shortage of craters

UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED

after fracking, which I
hated, and loved
to repurpose
for contagion research
deep underground, the right grants
and my team, championed by my son, Dr. Lycadium
(ever-blessed be their name), who made me so proud
the night he called me down
privately,

much time had passed
since the last time we'd spoken,
the silence neither exceptional or short,
unconcerned, I never wanted to pester him, the same going
for many given to serious work, but
it was good to hear from him,
and I was always
happy to come down,

happy to revisit
what I was happy to provide, the lab
a low-ceilinged expanse, gleaming, cast in the blue
of glaciers heavy with age, the air
crushed out, and him
still working
at the opposite end
as I entered, said his name,
and he got up, all smiles, and it took a while
to get to each other, the lab vast,
and we hugged, I held him
at arm's length,
looked in his eyes
and smiled, as always, one
never knows when one will see
the eyes or smile of a loved one
for the last time,

and
that was
the last time,
the last time I got
to ask how he was, the last time
he guided me through a maze work of centrifuges
and libraries of petri dishes,

OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
MINI-SEALED
PERMITTED

hologram projections
of codes
sequenced
and split amid so many,
many aquarium, Plexiglas enclosures,
and he guided me over
to one,

"Look," nodding
to an echidna, the poor male's underside
bandaged and swollen,
red, healing
slowly,

"So," he said,
tapping the Q-bead on the side of his hand,
unfurling a curtain of results in the air: reams of base codes
with virility projected across directives
for new hormones to discharge
and slice, transform
the male,
metamorphose
a new puberty, transfigure
a self-replicating people-factory
within and across tissues and bone
that the tests proved out
in time-stamped
tissue samples taken
from the echidna's
new
form,

and my son
had tested everything,
recorded, re-tested, re-tested,
his conclusions deep red, white, and successful
in the feeds he cast up, up,
it
worked, Barzai
(ever-blessed be their name)
produced, then produced
again, manifested
in the echidna,
correlated with video

OMNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
and photos and immortal results
under the constant, unblinking gaze of the security
I oversaw, and was kept
in the dark
until then,

all of it
totally unknown
until then,

and,
of course,

I stood,
stepped back,

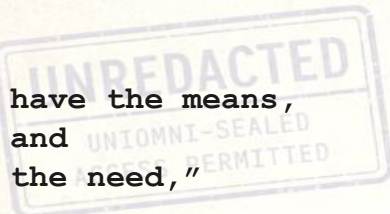
awed,
furious,

my team
could lose everything, I
would lose everything
if anyone saw proof
of the first mammalian parthenogenesis
via Phallus-Preserving Vaginoplasty
enacted by airborne virus,

"This," I started,
"Barzai,"
(ever-blessed be their name)

"Wait," he said,
"please, this
is a calling,"
a clear one, he told me,
as he saw it, in parthenogenesis
occurring in every other vertebrate
besides mammals,
the gap
an invitation,

"Consider the bonnethead,"
he said, "Zebra, and black-tip reef sharks,
the Timema genus, and the California condor, we



have the means,
and
the need,"

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 02]

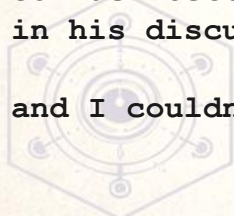
The bonnethead shark, cited here by Dr. Barzai Lycadium as precedent for facultative parthenogenesis, presents a bizarre and unexplained re-entry later in the text, which eludes logical explanation by the Office.

"Hold on
to that 'need,'" I said,
"The examples you've given
come by way of internal functions.
Polar bodies replacing sperm, fertilization
via chemistry, no sexual organs
or act about it.

"This,"
I told him,
nodding back
to the poor echidna,
drugged, and sluggish,
"Is an animal fucking itself.
Did it?"

"Watch the language,"
he said, "But,
yes,
and yes, by design,
this is all
to keep
from fucking
ourselves into nothing,"

and Dr. Lycadium
(ever-blessed be their name),
gave me a run down of what I've included
and is said
so much better
in his discussion below,
and I couldn't argue



INTERIM ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
— THE PARALLEL BIOME —

UNREDACTED
with his case to eliminate
the now-useless instinct
for cohabiting humans
to fix
on hyper-cooperation
in objectifying, colonizing,
conquering to no end, masculinity
bankrolled and running amuck
towards goal-lines on wheels
on oil on profit
on a market above climate
and five extinctions
so far.

So this,
Phall-Pre V2,

oh,

my son,

oh, Barzai,
(ever-blessed be their name)

and this calling:
squashing the pattern
with fertile hermaphrodites
replacing every male human,

females
not having had
the chance to fuck up
this much,

and he was quick
to say he couldn't predict
what flaws would come
with the new
Homo parthenogenesisian,

but the pattern, thus far,
was well past argument, ARCHIVE
past patience, past THE INVERSION
forgiveness,

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED

and I
sat with this
in the lab, didn't want
to say the wrong thing,

"I would apologize
for the secrecy,"
he started.

"No need," I said,
"I would've stopped you,
but I can't say
that you're wrong."

"Yes," said Barzai
(ever-blessed be their name).

"But,"
I said,

"Whether or not
it's right to do,
this is
an extinction."

"Yes," my son said,
"I have thought
a long time
about all of this."

"I doubt you do anything
without great thought behind it,"
I told him.

"I've written up what I could,"
he said, a wave of his hand
and he uploaded the file
to my Q-bead from his,

"But," I said, "This
isn't a presentation,
this
is your finger

NI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
ONCE SEALED
PERMITTED

on the trigger,
you want to
release this."

"It works,"
he said, his tone
saying more.

"It will work
when I
let it out."

I stood, "Barzai,"
(ever-blessed be their name),

but my son
was already moving,

I didn't know
if I could stop him,

if I should
stop him,

and, all he needed
was my hesitation.

He was always
stronger than me.

I got one hand
on him.

One blow
knocked me flat.

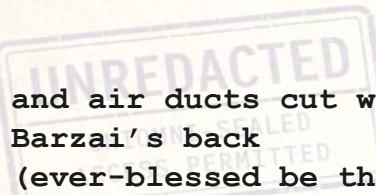
I woke up
outside the lab,
looked up, Dr. Lycadium
(ever-blessed be their name)
behind glass doors, at work at a 2-tiered table
topped with tanks shining silver and bookended with white knobs
and hoses leading to dozens upon dozens of petri dishes,
open beneath freshly-broken panels of the ceiling

OFFICE OF FOUNDED RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

THE PARALLEL BIOME



and air ducts cut wide, waiting,
Barzai's back
(ever-blessed be their name) to me,
at work, readying the best work that will ever
be done,

I shouted
through my Q-bead,
"Not a drill, everyone get down here
now," started klaxons roaring,
red lights swirling,
I beat the door,
begged,

"Barzai,"
(ever-blessed be their name)

but they
were busy,
whatever they
were preparing
nearly complete
as my team ran up
behind me, prompt,
but no one clear on
what was happening,
about to happen, trying
struggling to stay calm

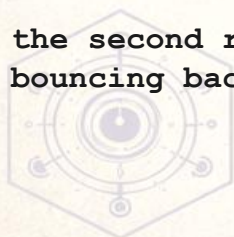
asking
a lot

as my eyes
went to their holsters,

I grabbed the one
closest,

shot the glass
twice,

the second round
bouncing back



OMNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED

grazing

my hip, OMNI-SEALED
ACCESS PERMITTED

registering nothing
but speckled blood on the floor,

the glass held
until I kicked it out,
got in,

and,
as I did, Barzai
(ever-blessed be their name)
put his hands up, the hands I nearly,
almost stopped from saving
the world that was
from the world
that Barzai
(ever-blessed be their name)
wouldn't have, saved us, saved me
from, unworthy
as I am,

as I aimed
across that space, that last
moment
we shared,

said, "Barzai,"
(ever-blessed be their name)

and my son,
who brought light to a world
without any, told
his Q-bead,
"Open,"

as I
fired,

the tanks
hissed forth, UNIONOMNI ARCHIVE
spewing clouds OF THE INVERSION
caught up in the

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

hoses, and,
instantly,
a new
time
opened,

the Inversion
threw every man present
to the ground,
the pain
blinding

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 03]

This is the only account, in this dossier or any other reaching the Founding Record Office, of the moment of release given by a witness present in the room. Dr. Mayim Lycadium fired the shot that broke the containment glass. Dr. Barzai Lycadium gave the command that opened the tanks. Both acts were required for the Inversion to occur as it did. The document does not resolve whether this confession's authorship of "murderer" is more or less accurate than Dr. Mayim Lycadium believes it to be.

to me
and all males there, the pain, I tell you, I was
convinced I would die, that Barzai
(ever blessed be their name)
hadn't done enough
to soften
the blow,

in the Inversion,
my hips shattered
inward, blood spewing
forward and back from every part
of my groin, mind ablaze, no doubt left
that this had to be what it feels like to die
of pain, I was gone, my name, my past,
anything me only a conductor
of crushing, my center
replaced
with a canal
flushed, overflowing

UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
NOT SE
FORM

with a burn that was also a
stabbing, a turning of insides
out on pain signaling
pain and more pain
twisting, shaking
under Phal-Pre V2
in myself, with the others,
the guards who had rushed in,
my techs, comrades, friends, every
male who had come when I called,

the women,
masked and shocked,
all wide eyes leaning over us, desperate
to help, nothing
possible,

our testicular tissue
shredding itself from within
in tandem with our interiors
halving, tearing
with the force of glans
pulled forward as a uterus
shook itself out of cells exploding
with growth at a sprint into space stretched,
pushed, unfurling fallopian tubes right,
left, dropping baskets of ovaries
enzymed into life, fertile,
flanking short valleys
of cervixes cracking
down, out, then,
behind
our male members
fully flowering, split into flesh petals
to gush over a bouquet of sheaths,
minora and majora,
cupping clitorises
engorged to top
us off, me,
patient 2,
with 3
through 17,
writhing, past
screaming, the first

UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
ACCESS PERMITTED

exposed, the honored
vanguard of the Inversion,

so delivered,
saved with the rest
of humanity, written
perfectly by my son, Dr. Lycadium
(ever-blessed be their name),

shock
took me out,
then, I awoke, blinking,
at the bottom of a bowl of soft LED lighting,
Dilaudid in full effect, reality rimmed with white hazmat suits,
aghast, all female.

"Doctor,"
one started.

All I had
was the one question
that mattered:

"Is he
alive?"

The eyes
fell away.

Emptied, I.

I.

Next, I had
the second question
that mattered:

"Did it
get out?"

"Some,"
another tech said, "It's,
well, hard to say how much
before we stopped it,"

OFFICE OF FOUNDED RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

much less
what the effect
will be."

"Wait," I said,
"Someone turned it off?"

"Yes,"
she said.

I grabbed
the side of the bed, arms
caught me, held me back, "Wait,"
they told me, but
I would not,
pushed, feeling
nothing, Dilaudid works,
IV bags and coiled tubing
falling all around me
as I threw myself
over the edge, fell,
unable to hold any weight,
the stands clattering around blood
pouring out as the needles drew openings
across my arms, legs, and crotch, pooling under
where I hadn't started to heal,
would need much longer
to heal, we all
would, all
of us
former males,
so much healing
was needed, needed,

needed as I pushed through the arms
reaching for me, found my legs,
staggered up, pitched myself
at the door
and the scanner
that knew my eyes
and the clearance only I had
to unlock any door here,
then, lock it
behind me,

ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED

the women
yelling through the locked door,
"You're going to bleed out,
Mayim, please,
you're bleeding everywhere,"

I hobbled on,
trailing gore to the elevator, and said,
for the first time, "Barzai,
ever-blessed be their name,"

lifting my shame
on the strength
of his name,
gave direction
to my hand and the elevator
down,

down
to my son's lab
in shambles, the tanks
turned off, my body never more useless, all
but boneless, moving
on pure will
to get to
where I needed,
had to, needed, was made
to be,

got to
the tanks,

turned
the knobs,

let the air
fill,

released more
of what would redeem
the species,
but never

UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

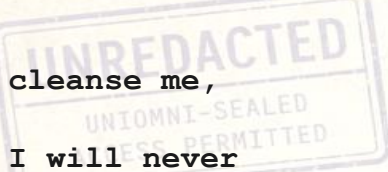
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •



cleanse me,
I will never
be forgiven,

or be kept back
from showing love
to this,
our new world,

and the love I will bring
to every new child
born of us
with the fulfillment of the Inversion,

especially
to the daughter
that I carry now.

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 04 — CLOSING, ENTRY #001]

Dr. Mayim Lycadium's confession ends on "the daughter that I carry now." That daughter is Damoya Kharish Lycadium, who assembled this document. The confession was written, then, either during Damoya's gestation or shortly after, meaning the child was, at time of writing, both the confession's dedicatee and its unnamed subject. Damoya's own Part 3 does not comment on this.



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
UNIONNI-SEALED

► ENTRY #002 — DISCUSSION — DR. BARZAI LYCADIUM

TYPE: Scientific Discussion, First-Person — Reproduced in Full, Unredacted
SUBJECT: Dr. Barzai Lycadium (ever-blessed be their name) — Hairom Valley Laboratory

NOTE: Reproduced exactly as posted. Founding Record annotations inserted at relevant junctures.

PART 2: DISCUSSION

(interpretation of observations in experiments conducted on test subjects, self, pre-implementation of field seeding)

by Dr. Barzai Lycadium

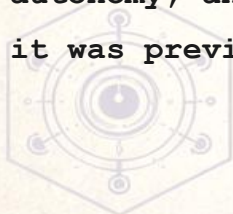
Given the unparalleled gravity of what I am up to, I feel compelled to step outside the usual bounds of a paper's discussion section by taking an unusual approach to this essential ingredient of any scientific paper, which, I think, needs to happen, as what Phall-Pre V2 is about to do for humanity definitely deserves several layers of context.

With the details that carried this study through to the creation of Phall-Pre V2, the experiments I conducted to get there, and the results that have and will embody themselves in the wake of both, I feel that this paper is less a study than a historical act, a project intended to direct what the future will be.

Therefore, I feel validated in taking to a first-person voice here, a narrative lending itself to a candid view of the intent, as well as the significant conflict, behind the action.

By the time these words are read, I will have released the Phall-Pre V2 viral pathogen from a place of committed altruism.

And yet, to commit this act is to severely, dramatically overstep the autonomy, anatomy, and, in effect, every facet of practical living as it was previously known by humanity.



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
— THE PARALLEL BIOME —

UNREDACTED
UNTOUCHED - SEALED
ACCESS RESTRICTED

Phall-Pre V2, airborne and impeccably contagious, equips every male past puberty (currently, infants to prepubescent individuals will be the last males born with sexual organs classified as male, a feature of their generation that will die out when they pass) with a working vagina and uterus.

These former males, now hermaphrodites, will be capable of both impregnating females and becoming pregnant entirely on their own.

The virus, upon infection, also installs itself into the human genome, so no human, male or female, from now on, will be born without both working reproductive systems.

Born females will go untouched. They will continue to be as fertile as ever, but, like prepubescent males, their time on Earth is limited to the lifetimes of those living today, after which all born-female humans will be hermaphroditic as well.

In effect, and with some irony, I have started a countdown to the extinction of humanity as we know it, in favor of a new form of humanity that will live well beyond it.

Genetic diversity as a key component to the survival of any species is not lost on me. It is the fuel line of adaptation through gambles on random mutations, which future generations can enforce themselves by chemical means.

NuCRISPR+ technology can be a tool in this pursuit.

But, as with other elements of this plan, I cannot put precision on my predictions, but suggest what can work in a world I strive to serve, but will never know in full.

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 05]

Dr. Barzai Lycadium's discussion provides context as the only document in this dossier written before the Inversion, addressed in a tone approaching religious texts to a reader who, by the time of



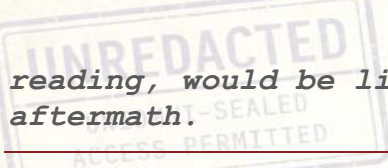
UNTOUCHED ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

— THE PARALLEL BIOME —



reading, would be living in and trying to make sense of the event's aftermath.

Likewise, whether the rate of humanity's reproduction will fluctuate in positive, negative, or stationary trends is a matter of relationship dynamics that I can only squint at through haphazard guesswork.

There is no telling how the elimination of humans with only male or female reproductive organs will affect culture as a whole.

Variables like physical attraction, nuances around cultural, regional, and timely dating practices, as well as marriage and divorce, and what reproduction and birth will look like from now on are similarly mysterious.

I have meditated on these matters for quite some time, and in the end, there is no avoiding the substantial risks that come with inserting such an abrupt and dramatic shift as Phall-Pre V2.

But I proceed with confidence in the fact that my actions are just, my reasoning sound in light of a perspective on human history that has shown us momentum being added to a cycle of self-destruction that has been, with few exceptions, dominated by male leadership.

Even so, of course, temporality has the last word on anything in this universe.

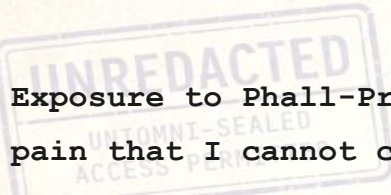
In a reality where true immortality would mean floating in an uneventful void forever, to exist in a sustainable form is to stretch duration by way of good health before an inescapable ending.

Knowing that, and to receive the gifts my father has given me, combined with areas of research I found fascinating and fruitful, was to be presented with a very important choice: neglect salvation, or choose terrorism of a most personal and painful type.



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
— THE PARALLEL BIOME —



Exposure to Phall-Pre V2, as I have experienced it myself, brings pain that I cannot compare to any other.

The internal nature of its processes could lend itself to some overlap with childbirth, but it stands on speculation I have no way of confirming.

Shock will surely take over the bodies of many.

I cannot rule out fatalities from bleeding out, or people in sensitive, demanding positions becoming suddenly afflicted with the staggering pain that will make any focused task (driving, piloting, etc.) impossible.

As many elements of minimizing damage and healing as I've written into Phall-Pre V2 (boosted signals for vasoconstriction, increased fibrin production, added pituitary gland support with a strong, unreasonable emphasis on protein proopiomelanocortin (POMC) to instigate a rampant and sustained release of endorphins, etc.), the tearing of muscles and fracturing of bones will surely go better with some males over others.

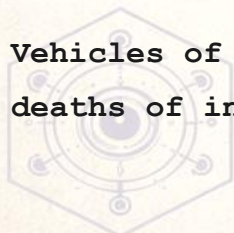
Believe me, I wrote the healing process with every intention of minimizing pain as I could.

The male hips, obviously, need to be reshaped to enable childbirth through the new cervix. Breaking bones has to happen, and the flooding of pluripotent stem cells to generate enough calcium to patch up the fractures took some creative and painstaking hormonal hacks to happen.

Of course, there will be unfortunate incidents of patients injuring themselves and others at the time of infection.

After I release Phall-Pre V2, I expect hell on Earth.

Vehicles of all types will crash and burn, and I am not taking the deaths of innocents without owning my guilt completely.



UNREDACTED
UNIONNI-SEALED
CLASSIFIED
PERMITTED

The recovery process will be excruciating as well.

But, as I've designed Phall-Pre V2, the duration from infection to healing will be brief, a day and a night, at most, being the expected timeline for the body to mend itself fully.

That said, the psychological effects, like much of this, are an essential aspect of a cycle that I cannot predict.

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 06]

The Office records without further comment that Dr. Barzai Lycadium's design included measures intended to reduce the pain and mortality of the Inversion event: vasoconstriction, fibrin production, and endorphin release. Dr. Mayim Lycadium's confession, in Entry #001, states that these measures were not sufficient. Both documents are reproduced here as their authors left them.

On this note, I'll surely be questioned in posterity as to why I selected to make the change in males alone, and not females as well.

I will say that, while I know exactly what to do to give every female a penis as well, I would never, ever overstep where I'm coming from as a person born male, and impose such a fate on people born female.

So why impose on males?

Because, as I have seen it, males tend not to stop what they are doing until they are imposed on.

I realize that, to say this, is to generalize in the extreme, and to echo an unfortunate excuse for justifying violence through blame.

This reasoning also neglects the fact that many, many women are violent as well and will continue to be dangerous until they are restrained from violent acts.

These lines of logic skewer not a few of my actions.



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
— THE PARALLEL BIOME —

UNREDACTED
UNTOHNT-SEALED
ACCESS
Even so, none can keep me seated in inaction against the fate I see promised otherwise.

Rest assured, I do not sleep well.

My conscience is not clean, in as much as any guiding philosophy is going to be incomplete, and will guarantee degrees of neglect, bad faith, and harm.

I have done what I can to do good by my species.

And I know that, by the time this is read, I will have reconstituted half of the human experience with the aim of preserving the whole.

In truth, a clear and curt ending will have been forced on an enormous group, of which I am one, after consulting no one else on its need, delivering a massive change unasked for, very painfully, and irreversibly.

Indeed, to make what I've made is to kick out a ladder from heights unexplored.

If these matters were lost on me, I would be quite the monster.

I did what I could.

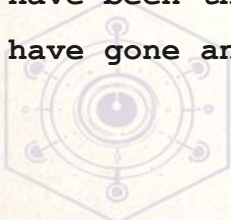
Still.

Still, to do what I've done is to conjure visions of seas, literal seas of blood that will flow from every mature male.

The red that will stain any number of underwear, pants, driver's seats, and construction sites cannot be overestimated.

I see barracks, gyms, offices, sidewalks, treadmills, trails, alleys, toilets, and everywhere men go, which is everywhere, bloodied.

I will have surpassed any designers of war, since regions or peoples have been their targets for as long as we've been around, while I have gone and destroyed a sex.



UNTOHNT ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

THE PARALLEL BIOME

UNREDACTED
UNTMNT-SEALED
ACCESS DENIED

To ignore the deaths that will have resulted from the Inversion (a term I used throughout my paper and offer my progeny to measure this time by), either from conditions incidental to the time of infection, or other, unforeseen outcomes, would be to be an absolute misanthrope.

Or, make me the most effective male-born "man-hater" of all time.

These are matters I present to show my attempts at understanding what I am doing, as limited as they are, on top of the fact that, as deeply, horribly conflicted as I was about whether or not I should release Phall-Pre V2, I knew that I had to test it on myself first.

To do so was to bury myself under heights of pain past metaphor.

And, in my first waking moments, I found that everything I thought was clear to me before, what I had not known for subjective givens in time bracketed by my upbringing and time, career and personal experience, all of it, all of it fell away.

Like so much ash in high wind, I found the past inapplicable to a reality dawning above my slacks soaked in blood, my stomach heaving, every nerve a blaze of hysterics as my mind whirled, baffled, battered in a frantic accounting of losses and gains, wholly without grounds or ceilings to stand on or look to, since everything, everything was new.

My self-infection with Phall-Pre V2 was beyond searing, while also riven with new levels of possibility that I will never come down from again now, now, now on my becoming who I am, and who humans, apparently, are, always have been, and can be if this is unlocked, now, now, now that I have decided that this is for every male like me, was like me, an everyone that is a population that I have no place speaking for, but was anyway, am telling them, showing them that this is what has to be to preserve us, this is the sacrifice no one wanted to make, but must be if you are interested in the species

UNTMNT ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

THE PARALLEL BIOME

UNREDACTED
UNIONNI-SEALED
ACCESS PERMITTED

continuing, and if you're not, good news for the rest of us, you don't get a choice.

Natural selection is all well and good when the selector can't care about the particular nature in question, but this, this, this was hard, and couldn't be otherwise, since the future towers before us, speeding and intent on smothering or launching us all.

The repercussions are waiting, and I suspect I won't see them, as much as I suspect the virtual realm will be more useful than ever now, with new hashtags and influencers like religions and shamans, but new.

I think of group therapy sessions on the scale of World Cups, but I don't think I will get to know, since people tell other people that they can't change the world. After all, they love them, because people who do change the world get killed as quickly as anyone can get a hold of a cross or a gun.

I will add that I am concerned about the possibility of some seeing a woman's reproductive abilities as redundant.

I am concerned that my former maleness has determined this was a worthy risk to put on women, who, as I stated earlier, I did not make genetic impositions on, but have wholly imposed on from this front.

They did not ask for the male or female sex to go extinct either, and I'm going ahead with it anyway.

In my reasoning, right or wrong, I have decided to stride forward with the trust that those who see reproduction as a woman's only value will be a minority.

I trust that, as women become leaders on a level without precedent, the gratitude and value found in them will be similarly unprecedented.



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

THE PARALLEL BIOME

UNREDACTED
UNIONMT-SEALED
ACCESS RESTRICTED

I trust that, as the male goes extinct, so too will misogyny vanish, or at least as we once knew it.

Entirely new cultures will emerge out of this catastrophe, as they always have.

There is little time left before they do.

I have done what I've done, and now there's only the most important part left.

I will be brave.

As I finish this chapter in my paper, my father, Dr. Mayim, is on the way to see me here, in the lab he has gifted me with, and from which I gift history.

My gratitude to him and my staff, every instructor, hater, friend, and family member, cannot be overstated.

[FOUNDED RECORD ANNOTATION — 07 — CLOSING, ENTRY #002]

Dr. Barzai Lycadium's discussion ends mid-scene, with Dr. Mayim Lycadium arriving. Entry #001 supplies what the discussion does not: what happened when he did. The Office places these two documents adjacent, as Damoya placed them, and does not attempt to reconcile the son's closing gratitude with the father's account of what came after it.



UNIONMT ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDED RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

— THE PARALLEL BIOME —

UNREDACTED
UNIONMT-SEALED

► ENTRY #003 — POST-POEM — DAMOYA KHARISH LYCADIUM

TYPE: Unionmt Social Media Post — Reproduced in Full, Unredacted

SUBJECT: Damoya Kharish Lycadium / @reverseourboros2052 — Bolsa Chica Wetlands

NOTE: Reproduced exactly as posted, including caption and hashtags. Founding Record annotations inserted at relevant junctures.

PART 3: UNIONMT SOCIAL MEDIA — 20TH BIRTHDAY POST-POEM
by Damoya Kharish Lycadium / @reverseourboros2052

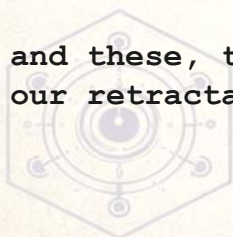
*Caption — #postpoem #thesearepostpoems #happybirthdaytome
#goddammitheregomy20s @ @BolsaChicaWetlands - #BasketPlot27c3 w/ Haechin
@haechinheavywithchild, #checkout my #handywithit #farmflex port to burner
coil blast-valve maintenance & o-ring replacement, & a noteworthy Bonnethead
interaction*

I'm 20 today, and there's fixing to do on one in the sextet
of our half-dozen balloons, the aerostat angels that carry the farm
life

Haechin and I have, six airborne apricots when full,
deflated, in front of me at sundown
on the shore, six yams
pounded flat,
o-ring replacement
on the docket, maybe a seam
or two to cauterize on one of the skins,
and Haechin and I are fighting on my birthday,

we have news,
huge, and we're not talking
as the horizon smolders on its last laser legs
ahead of Haechin and their, our child,
nine months out, not showing yet,
but they're holding
their flat stomach,
sulking a tenth
of a click north
of me in the surf,
I'm a mother, I'm 20
and a mother-to-be,

and these, the balloons,
our retractable wings that need to lift our farm plots



UNIONMT ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSTON
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
— THE PARALLEL BIOME —

UNREDACTED
MNI-SEALED
ACCESS PERMITTED

to release the right portions of muck, water, and salt to grow what
we sell
from our edge of the estuary, our succulents
and open acres behind them
for our rabbits,
facing the Pacific
and our porous earth,

and we stand apart
in the murmur of crumbling foam
under an enormous night
coming on, potential,
and a promise
that I should have,
really should have handled better,

and I can
handle it better,

couldn't help
but be like my fathers,

assume the worst of the future
like them,

write like them in this post-poem
that I'm narrating into my Q-bead,

give the air I must give
to frustration to be healthy,

the worksheets in our therapy module
delivered via Q-bead

encourage post-poems
as extra worthwhile

when I'm at odds
with Haechin,

and I
could really use them,
always, but especially

UNREDACTED ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
ORIGINAL SEALED
ACCESS PERMITTED

with at least one bad balloon
ahead of me,

it is good for me stay nimble, leanness
serves farming pickleweed
and primrose
and rabbits
in a swamp, but,
is more than uneven
when we are not a we,

after I should have thought,
really thought
about how I don't know anything
about what carrying a child is like,

what losing a child
isn't like,

which is everything, Haechin told me,
since it's worse than anything,

I love Haechin,
have since we linked up a year ago,

after their loss
a year before,

and I hate that
for them,

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 08]

Damoya's post-poem is dated to the twentieth anniversary of the Inversion by the poet's own stated age. Haechin's pregnancy, the balloon farm, the therapy module worksheets, and the Bonnethead encounter are the only records the Office holds of ordinary daily life twenty years after the events of Entries #001 and #002.

I love Haechin,
and I hurt them too much
to help me with the balloons, facing
the sunset, a stunner
where I stand

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
UNIONMI-SEALED
CLASSIFIED PERMITTED

on our bit of coastline,
which gifts
a terrific place
to put energy at the end of my birthday,
breathing deep, wishing I was better to Haechin,

all 8'1"
of them,
my giant I love,
hands held on their stomach,
no swell yet, hoping,
preparing, and
hurt,

and I'm sorry,
I'm sorry they lost the first one

and don't know what to say
on my 20th birthday,

a day with plenty to stand in,
a cratered bottom
to look up from, night
rolling over the bedding
we tend and dredge, fertilize
and keep alive in a world that survived
the time I come from, the people my fathers conceived
as open trauma, shared and global, personal
and history as who did and did not
survive the Inversion,

the quick, immediate,
and the fallout, the dead,
the massive suicide pacts,
the skirmishes, the leveling
my father watched, patient,
waiting before becoming
heavy with me
20 years
ago,

my father,
who murdered his son,
the father of everything I'm not,

UNIONMI ARCHIVE
OFFICE OF FOUNDED RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED

baptizer by a tide of blood pooled
in the death blow to patriarchy, made whole
in self-fulfilling progeny, the fallout
volcanic, masses surging
against on another
on the scale
of weather,
cyclones,
jet streams of rage,
roving riots taking months,
storming land, air,
and sea,

and we
had the lab,
thank god,

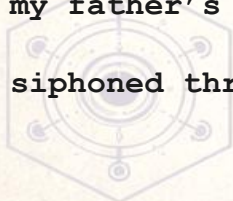
watched culture dismantled
above our haven sunk deeper
than the hell eating itself
above us,

guarded garden of mending
under massive casualties we watched,
saw continents in free fall as we filtered water,
portioned out MREs, protein powder,
and canned everything,
stayed
put,

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 09]

"The people my fathers conceived / as open trauma, shared and global." This is the only place in the assembled document where Damoya addresses the Inversion's aftermath at civilizational scale rather than domestic scale: suicide pacts, skirmishes, riots by continent. The figure is not quantified. The Office holds no independent casualty record for this period and does not supply one here.

and I am
my father's daughter,
siphoned through this, twisting,



NI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
and now, in the light we're losing,
waves reeling back
from sand puckered with crabs
digging in, more life roiling, finding
survival in the dark after sundown
without a moon,

lightless and without
the person I love more
than anyone,

but,
damn,
all six balloons
need to work, and I
weigh little, alone, but the dull roar
of the tide's breaking, one wave at a time, offers the right tempo
for tuning my breath, eases my heart rate atop
each singular swell, unique, each one
alone the way everyone
is always alone,
birthday or
not, in
love
or
not,

so, I get to it, the o-ring replacement
and maybe-tear needs me ducking
into the space above gores,
panels of bullet-proof composite,
nylon and robust polyester, metallized plastic
in the seams, I start the air, get them half-way full,
and I'm tiny,

everyone is beside Haechin, so
it's tough, hard going
to hold this problem down
on my own, requires
pitting all of my weight
on the massive envelope,
drive an elbow
down while getting
my WeldArc Z-320

UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
SEALED
ADMITTED

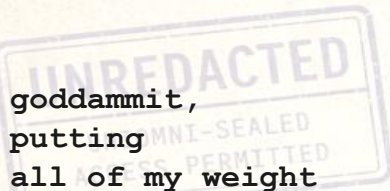
out of my belt, set its eye,
a small star,
to meld the rip,
there it is, closed,
the gap that will bring
our acres back to where
they must levitate, hold,
stay profitable,
if not lucrative, keep
our six cities of air
above the interest rate we got
on them and the land
and policies on a few
sticky variables:
sex of the seed,
a bad yield,
new taxes,
and collectors
who pay taxes,
too, this
is farming,

these are the currents,
the freshness and temperature
we need to make the money we need,
need now more than ever with Haechin, heavy
with child, my love, gorgeous in the glare of shifting umbers
that is the complete set of our balloons as I fill them
more, full bellies above me, need to see
which one needs a new o-ring,
our heavenly pumpkins
billowing
like six circles of hell
we keep in the black, or
red, glide on
or not,

but, to fix the balloons
is beautiful, here, the seams between envelopes
shifting fulvous to saffron
on the breath of the blast valve,
then, the ballast, goddamnit, is
off, and

OMNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •



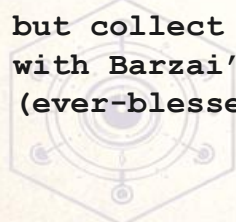
goddammit,
putting
all of my weight
on the envelope is like a mouse
pulling a sloop's sail,
steering this
massive,
fucking
sheath,
this is
too
much,
but, we let difficulty in, reveal
how the worst can get better, which
was most, if not all my father talked about,
forlorn, heart charred, beating himself
with the impossibility
of forgiveness
that he
named over
and over, set a rhythm
to lead by, and he led, built
what he could in all of us, with me,
guiding, discerning when the surface
would learn how to walk again, talk again,
eat, restore as the worst
passed, got better,
fell again,

and my father
kept watching,

and we emerged
into nothing like what I was told
everything was like
before,

except the seeds
of what we have now,

and what else could I do
but collect my father's confession, his gospel,
with Barzai's
(ever-blessed be their name)



OFFICE OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
SEALED
FOR OFFICIAL USE

reasoning, his gift I curate here, love
and live by as we grow, we
are growing, will grow
a lot more
soon,

and I
don't know
what being a mother is,

and the balloons
keep breaking,

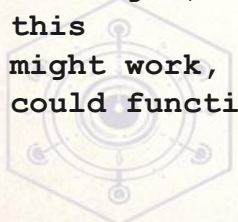
and Haechin
isn't happy,

but I
could really,
really, use their strength
in this moment, their instinct for buoyancy
and wind blown off the sea, know like they were made
to feel the upthrust, adjust the give, just
so on ticks of the enormous wrists
they own, minuscule moves
that I love to watch
when they're happy,

but, here, me,
my tiny-ass ass
can barely bring down
the burner coils,
make them
soften,

all right,
here we go,

cooling, scaling down
on the coefficients of the updrafts
off the shoreline, I'm doing
all right, decent,
this
might work,
could function



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
ACCESS PERMITTED

with the tide sidling up
on the edge of the white wash's reach,

who knows, 20 years
of a species in the throes
of a new peace
atop battles
that will never leave,

Haechin
didn't respond, at first,
when I said what I did
and regret,

then, told me
they wished Barzai
(ever-blessed be their name)
had gone ahead
and rolled credits
on the whole world's-worth of humans,
instead of just half,

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 10]

Haechin's stated wish, that the Inversion had ended all humanity rather than half of it, is reported by Damoya without rebuttal. The Office reproduces the line as given and does not characterize Haechin's state of mind.

which I
couldn't say anything to,
I'd been terrible to Haechin,
and redeeming qualities
and humanity
are like
all-white zebras,
or condors with pretty faces,

still, I've never been anywhere better
than wrapped up in Haechin,
a mountain with a heartbeat,
a field warm and folded
closed
around me,

UNIVERSITY ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
— THE PARALLEL BIOME —

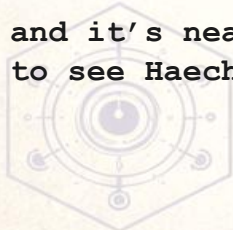
UNREDACTED

and we laugh
thunderously, cook
what we love, together measure pH
and salt to monitor the mire of our land,
keep our bankrolls
airborne
with these
fucking balloons,
make rent, track taxes
and commission, inventory numbers
for more seeds and equipment when its working, when
we are at our brightest, our payloads
at altitude above us, set to
float us to the boon
that our income
must be,
our spreadsheets
pristine, netting our numbers
as humans gathered in society, still, can't cut commerce
or corruption, has
and can get past
only so much
nonsense
at a time,

but,
most important,
we bring genuine focus
to the worksheets we've been on
with our current therapist module, delivered
via Q-bead, especially the forms
that ask how I want
to be better
for Haechin,

and,
I will be
a good mother,
can't wait for the parenting modules,

and it's nearly too dark
to see Haechin now,



ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
OFFICE OF FOUNDED RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
UNIONMNI-SEALED
ACCESS PERMITTED

and, still,
they're
fucking
gorgeous,

the balloons
are holding,

but I need him
for the o-rings,

so I
let go,

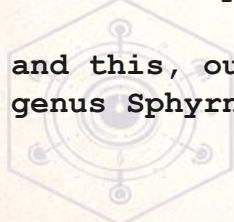
the tethers hold,
slack, loose loops,

as I trudge closer
to Haechin,

keep space,
but splash loud enough
to let them know
I am here,

the sun's gone,
and it's not unusual
to see sharks out here,
fear of them leaves when you learn
about sharks, so,
the Bonnethead
that saved us on my 20th birthday
wasn't predictable, but the species is not uncommon
this far north from where they used to live
decades ago, nothing much
static, or owning
a strict fix
on territory anymore,
home is where you won't burn
or drown
without surprise,

and this, our shark,
genus Sphyrna, like the angel tradition assigned



UNIONMNI ARCHIVE
OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
UNIONNI-SEALED
ACCESS PERMITTED

to each baptism,
pale blue,
sashaying through
an inlet between sandbars,

(and, I have to say,
no other sharks show up
with features that appear female or male,
the signature Hammerhead cephalofoil
marked in our Bonnethead
by a female roundness)

and she swam
right up to me, curious,
tail swaying, floating
with ease
on waves slowing
in their approach to the shore
where she eyed me
from her left,
interest
there
without bottom,
pure black in her gaze,
a peace as dark and wide as most
of the universe is, drawing
a new center
beneath
everything else
on my birthday,

and I
can't say how, why
I put a hand on the leading edge
of her shape, bowed crest
of ampullae of Lorenzini,
her electro-receptors
receiving
my fingers,
the touch of little me,
another electric housing of carbon
and more water,
no revelation

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED

in our contact, just animals
stilling themselves in a place
where nothing
can stay still,
and lasts
only
so long,

she shifted,
turned, swam
north, her pace
unhurried as she
made her way
up to Haechin,

and,
of course,
nipped their shin,

Haechin started,
pulled back,

I laughed,

and our shark
punched the water
with her tail,

and Haechin
faced me,

maybe not happy,
but not unhappy
seeing me laugh,

our Bonnethead
a slice in the froth,
a quick spray,
and gone,

and I hollered
that we have to work,

Haechin nodded, and

UNIVERSITY ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDED RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
our steps started in tandem,
nearing as we sloshed back
to the balloons, in time
with the tide,

and I'm awesome, one of the best,
for sure, at maintaining the fuck
out of the port to burner
coil blast-valve,

but, at o-ring replacement,
well,

we met
at the ballons,

"All right," Haechin said,
smiled,
just a little,

Haechin
is mad at me,
and it's my birthday,
and their smile means
they know I'm sorry,
that I'll be better,
and that
there's farming to do,

and I love being a farmer,
a partner, a daughter,
love the work
of bringing the ballons down,

shrinking
the burn, oiling
the lubrication port
to a gleaming smootheness,

and I love
Haechin's pull
bringing the primary
and secondary o-ring seals
into an immaculate union, the coils' heat

MINI ARCHIVE
OFFICE OF FOUNDRY RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
• THE PARALLEL BIOME •

UNREDACTED
dimming in time with the valve
that I dilate like a pupil,
letting in
more brightness, more
for the chute to expand with,

the air does,
of course, have to leave,

our garden
has to come down
eventually,

and we are
a we,

Haechin's hands
and mine

at the work
of channeling vapor

lighter than
our night's air.

[FOUNDING RECORD ANNOTATION — 11 — CLOSING ASSESSMENT]

The document ends on "we are / a we," closing a birthday that opened on a fight. The Office has located no further material from Damoya Kharish Lycadium, but cannot rule out the existence of more from her, or others who share the world of the Inversion. This dossier was assembled and published by the subject of its final document, twenty years after the events of the first two.

**"An Indirect Self-Impreg History, Manifesto, and Status Update In 3
Parts: Assembled by Damoya Kharish Lycadium /
@reverseourboros2052"**

By Greg Lehman



UNIONNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION
HEXFILED • Issue 03 • The Parallel Biome • PB-0003-HEX
Dossier UAI-PPV2-2223-0003

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD
REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED
LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION
— THE PARALLEL BIOME —



hexfiled.com



UNIOMNI ARCHIVE
OF THE INVERSION

OFFICE OF FOUNDING RECORD

REPRODUCTIVE & THEOLOGICAL
CUSTODY DIVISION

HEXFILED

LITERARY MAGAZINE • SF & SPECULATIVE FICTION

• THE PARALLEL BIOME •