

without remorse

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In a small town in Germany

1

Susanna carefully packs the chocolate beetles into her bag. This time she prevailed against her mother. Already at the last visit to the supermarket she insisted on getting these chocolate beetles.



"Susanna, if we go out now, please make sure that there is a bike path"! Five-year-old Susanna almost collided with one of these bike bullies the last time.



Susanna and her mother Helen leave the supermarket with their bags full. Something is wrong here: the people outside are looking up at the sky in surprise. It's a sunny day - just like the weather forecast predicted, and not a single cloud can be seen in the deep blue sky. When Helen looks up, she sees what apparently amazes everyone: There are about 20 grey-dark dots moving together in one direction. "Probably some kind of military exercise," Helen thinks as she loads the bags into the trunk.

"Mom, what are those dots in the sky?" asks Susanna. Helen looks at the celestial phenomenon. "They look a bit strange," Helen thinks. Something tells her something is wrong here. These flying objects are the topic of the day in all newspapers. Nevertheless, she would like to reassure her daughter: "These are new types of aircraft that fly so high that they can only be recognized as dots," she suggests as an interpretation.

Thunder-Strike-13

2

"Bravo Alpha at Patton Base: No Response to Pushing Maneuvers"

"Ok, wait for further orders!"

Jenkins is squad leader of the Thunder Strike 13 unit, a unit of 22 F-18s, the most modern fighter aircraft in the US Air Force. For 30 minutes they have been accompanying these grey-black "parts" which are gliding through the earth's atmosphere at an altitude of around 10,000 metres. That's 30,000 feet.

"We can't keep up their speed much longer, they're moving through the air at over 1350 mph (2500 km/h) - and some of these black giants have broken down at even higher speeds ..."

"Wait for further orders!" Came back from the base in a laconic reply.

Jenkins and his pilots were getting nervous, they had never seen anything like these "things" in the air before in their lives. They've been flying at full power - afterburners and all - for over half an hour now just to keep level with these "things" that they couldn't see propelling at all.

"Patton-Base to Bravo-Alpha: Permission for full attack!"

Jenkins yells into his microphone: "You heard it, men, now we're going to heat them up: Unlock all brute fires!"

The fire control pilots start the standard procedure in such a case. Each F-18 is equipped with 6 modern brute-fire rockets, usually designed for "heavy targets" on the ground. They have a combined hollow warhead and can penetrate all bunkers in the world.

"Okay, fire!"

An armada of missiles erupts from the F-18s in a burst of fire and flies toward the Black Giants. At the moment of impact, the entire sky is transformed into a fiery, colorful wild cloud – a breathtaking spectacle. The blast is so strong that the F-18 squadron was almost thrown off course. Of course, this cannot happen in supersonic flight.

The pilots are extremely tense, the adrenaline level has reached the highest possible level. What will happen now? Will the Black Giants return fire? Will at least one of us pilots return to base alive?

It takes several minutes for the fire color cloud to dissipate. The pilots can't believe their eyes: the "things", as they call the "Black Giants", are still flying through the atmosphere at exactly the same 1350 mph (2500 km/h)! They didn't change course or speed by a millimeter. Everything is exactly as before, and all pilots will return to base unharmed.

Crisis team in the White House

3

"I propose to act decisively and massively! We cannot put up with that!" Patrick's expression expresses courage and determination.

"General Patrick, I would like to point out that our actions so far have not had the slightest effect: we attacked these flying objects with the new brute-fire missiles – and after a colorful flare briefly flared up everything was as before. They don't even have the course changed it by one iota. We nuked them five strategic Titan Thor – and all five just fell in the water ... well I guess the military map doesn't hold up."

"We haven't tried everything yet," throws in Patrick loudly.

"Kalewskie, you are an astrophysicist dealing with extraterrestrial phenomena, what do you say to that?" asks the hitherto silent President.

Kalewskie sits quietly in there; in contrast to the other slightly choleric people in the crisis team. But Kalewskie's physiognomy expresses deep concern.

"There are about 100 of these flying objects in the airspace of the United States, each larger than a 747 - and none of them have reacted to us so far. Neither to radio messages, nor to evasion maneuvers, nor to tracer attacks, nor to our subsequent massive attacks. In the entire earth airspace, according to current information, there are around 1,000 flying objects, and there are 120 units of much larger vehicles in orbit," says Wolfson, adviser to the President, summarizing the situation. All look to Kalewskie.

"Well," says Kalewskie slowly, "the fact that they don't react at all is unfortunately the worst of all possibilities."

It's dead quiet in the room. "Because, in all likelihood, that means they don't see us as 'their kind.' We're just a species of mammals to these beings who're probably sitting in the spaceships – perhaps endowed with a little more intelligence, but not much more intelligence or consciousness than other mammals. That's why they ignore us completely."

"Those assholes, I'll show them," Patrick rumbles, his lametta on his chest bobbing up and down. "Calm down," Wolfson says. "We've already fired our mightiest missiles at them."

The President listens carefully but doesn't say a word. His face expresses a mixture of concern and incomprehension. Four hours ago, in a speech to the nation, he called for calm and serenity. "The situation will be clarified shortly - everything is fine," he said. He doesn't seem to be able to keep this promise.

No reaction from the Aliens

4

"Mr. President, we can make more strategic strikes, and we can ..."

"O.k. General Patrick, I might come back to your suggestions!" the President interrupts him harshly. "But first we should be clear about the situation."

The 17 men and women of the quickly convened crisis team in White Hall look at the President. Instead of an I-Pad or I-Pod, they are all equipped with simple notepads and the Pentagon's customary communication pads.

In a low, slightly strained voice, the President speaks: "Why are we just a kind of mammal for 'them'? Why don't they pay any attention to us at all – and don't react to any radio light – or any other signal? As our F-18 die attacked, and even then they didn't react at all! Explain that to me!"

Kalewskie clears his throat, Wolfson, the President's adviser, loosens his tie slightly, the beads of sweat on his forehead go unnoticed. "I have to go back a bit, Mr. President," begins Kalewskie, "we have often discussed this situation at the regulars' table. None of us ever expected it to actually happen!"

"Kalewskie, we don't know how much time we have and what we can do," Wolfson blurts out, "but the situation is serious! Tell us as concisely as possible what you know!"

A man in the back whispers something to the President. "I just heard that another 20 of these 'Black Giants' have been sighted over Mumbay in India." The "Black Giants", that's what the military of the US Army call the black flying objects that have been flying over all metropolitan regions of the world for about 12 hours now. Nobody knows what kind of objects they are and where they come from.

"Kalewskie ..." Wolfson begins again and is interrupted:

"If my assumption is correct, and that's the most likely scenario, then the time factor doesn't matter at all," Kalewskie pointed out snippy.

General Patrick begins to speak, but the President motions for him to remain calm.

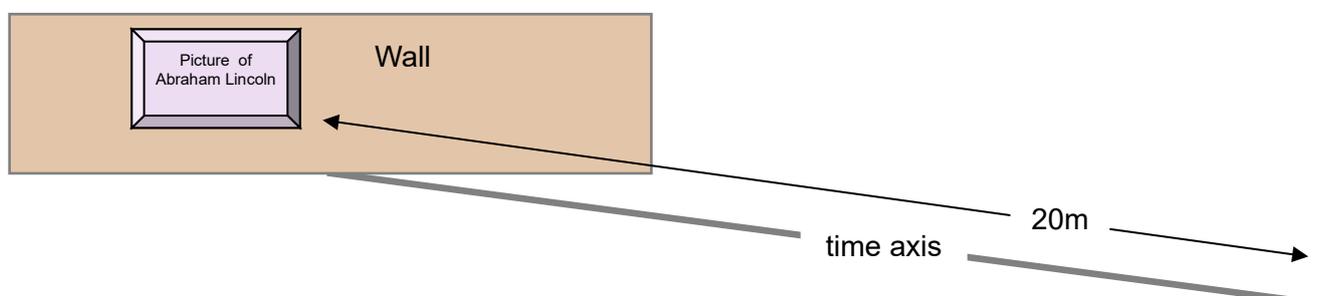
Kalewskie explains the situation ...

5

Kalewskie is an astrophysicist and an expert for extraterrestrials. "Like I said," begins Kalewskie, "You have to step back a little and look at us all – the earth and the people – from a distance. Only then can you assess the current situation!"

"I do that every day!" General Patrick grunts mustily.

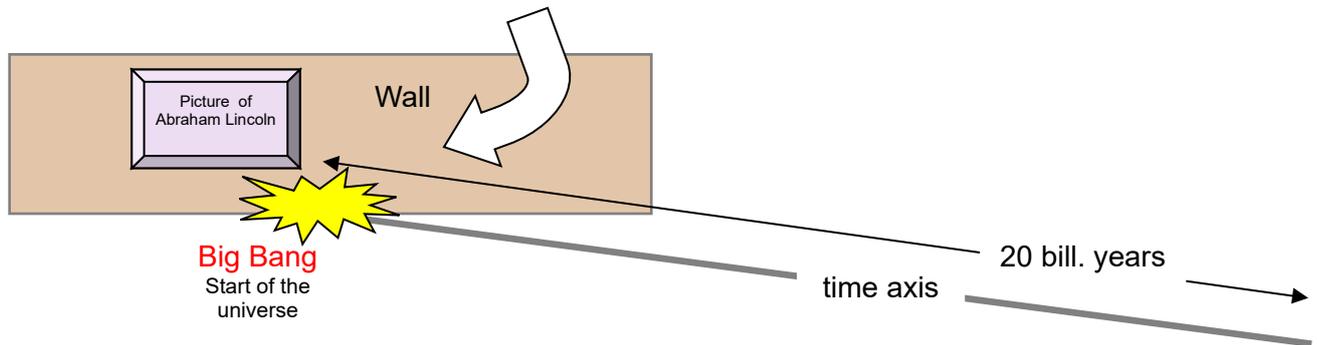
"Well ... I'll explain as briefly as I can." Everyone is staring spellbound at Kalewskie. "This room is about 20 meters wide. Think of this distance of about 20 meters as the *time axis*."



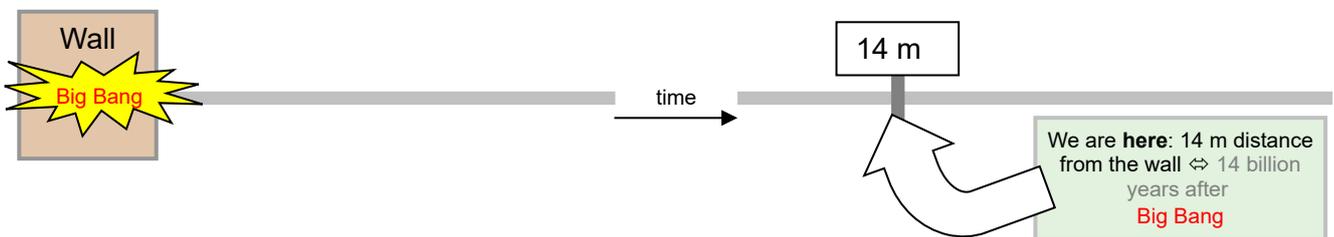
"As a *time axis*?" Wolfson asks incredulously in a high pitched voice.

"Exactly!"

Now imagine that each meter equals exactly one billion years. About 14 billion years ago - with the Big Bang – our universe began to exist. So that's over there (white arrow) — all the way up against the wall!"



All eyes wander to the wall. "If the universe began 14 billion years ago, then we are right here today (see white arrow) – 14 meters from the wall."



"Kalewskie, sandbox games with a meter don't get us anywhere ... what's the point of all this?" whispers the general. Most of the group looked amused.

"A little patience! We are right here on the time scale, 14 meters from the wall." He points to a point on the ground (see white arrow above).

"Our technical civilization – i.e. the civilization with means of communication, scientific activities, organization and state administration – this civilization has only existed for about 300 years. These 300 years are just 300 nanometers on our time axis!

If 14 billion years are 14 meters, then we have:					
14 billion years	= 14 10 ⁹ years	<==>	14 meter	=	14 m
1 million years	= 1 10 ⁶ years	<==>	1 millimeter	=	1 mm
1000 years	= 1 10 ³ years	<==>	1 mikrometer	=	1 μm
300 years	= 3 10 ² years	<==>	300 nanometer	=	300 nm (wavelength of UV-light)

This 300 nm is a section that is shorter than the wavelength of our light! That's thinner than a hair!"

"I can guess what the problem is," muses the President. "Go on, Kalewskie!"

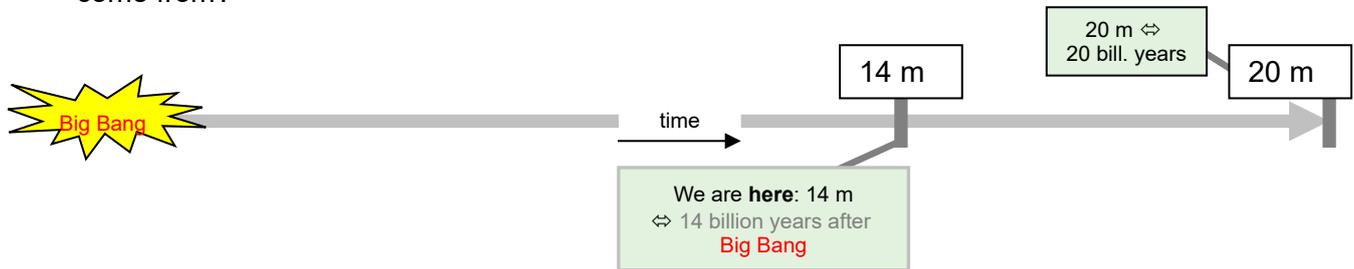
"Let us assume that the spacecraft in orbit around the earth and the flying objects in the atmosphere are the vehicles of an extraterrestrial intelligence that explores our solar system and our planet in particular."

The audience listens motionless, some pursing their lips.

"These extraterrestrials appeared here quite suddenly – without us being able to see them through our telescopes beforehand. This indicates that they came from afar with technology unknown to us, probably tens of light years across."

Kalewskie looks around. Everyone looks at him. He continues:

"From what point on this timeline that spans 20 meters of space do you think the aliens will come from?"



I should perhaps add: The extraterrestrials come – we are sure – from the same universe as us. That means: The same physical laws apply to them, they are subject to the same mathematics. We can therefore assume that they have gone through similar evolutionary steps as we have. Not the same evolution in the details, but the broad steps will be the same. Their evolution will also have invented "consciousness" at some point, they will have formed the first technical civilizations, religion, culture and all that ..."

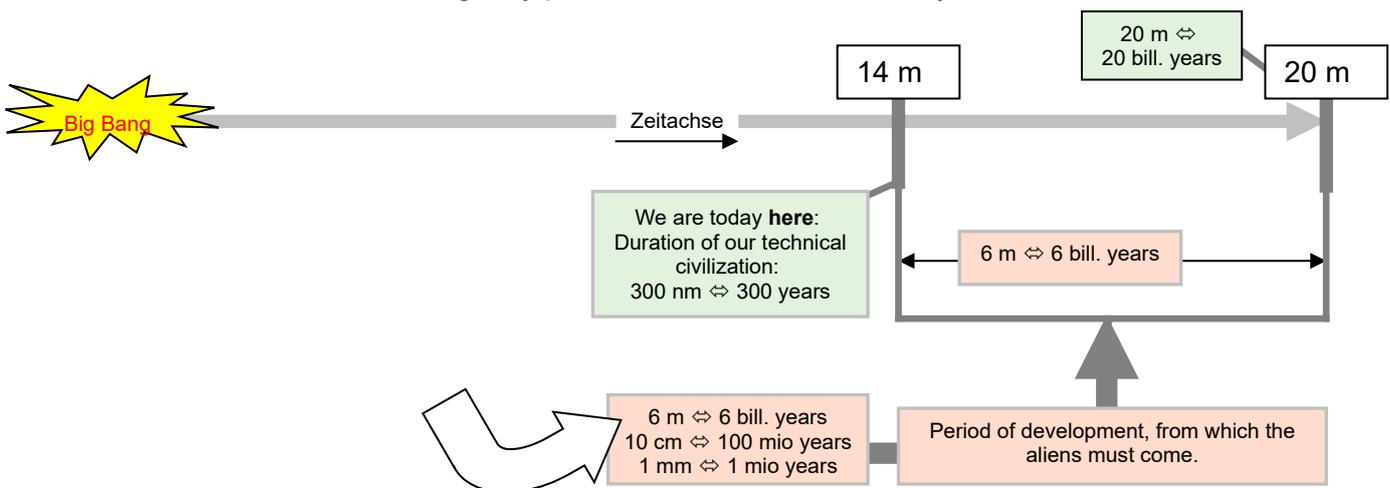
"Yes, yes, yes, that can be anything – but what are you getting at?" interjects General Patrick impatiently.

Kalewskie looks at him: "Where do you think the extraterrestrials will come from on this timeline that spans 20 meters in space?"

"Oh sooo oops". The general looks at the fictitious timeline on the floor of the room, turns pale-white-pale; it looks like he's going to fall out of his seat at any moment.

Kalewskie explains what almost everyone has already understood: "It is extremely unlikely that they come from exactly the evolutionary stage that we are currently occupying, from these 300 nm! Practically impossible!"

Kalewskie walks to the imaginary point on the floor that is exactly 14 meters from the wall:



"If they only come from here – 10 cm ahead of us – then their technical civilization is already 100 million (!) years old! Ours is just 300 years old!"

"Imagine how much technical and other development they have already gone through!" After a pause, Kalewskie continues: "But they could also be only 1 cm ahead of us, then their

civilization would be 'only' 10 million years old. They could but also be 100 cm in front of us, that would be 1 billion years!"

"So they're almost certainly coming from so far in the future – from a much more advanced civilization – that we must appear to them like primitive beings. That's why they don't contact us. We also don't engage in communication with monkeys, cows, pigs, squirrels or chickens ... we would consider that pointless. Likewise, they see no point in contacting us."

Embarrassed silence ...

General Patrick doesn't believe any of this ...

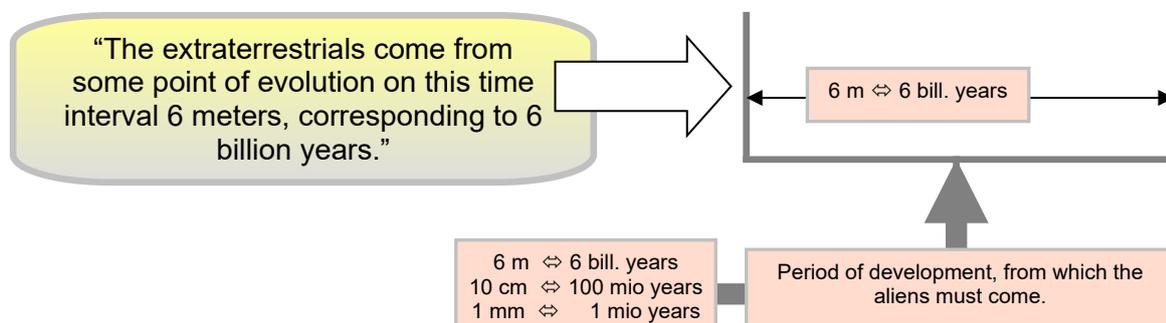
6

Kalewskie looks over at Patrick: "Your attacks on the 'Black Giants', so ... it's like using go-karts and squirt guns to fight an M1 Abrams tank. The Abrams crew simply won't take the kart drivers seriously – and ignore them completely. That's exactly what the extraterrestrials do: they ignore us completely!"



"But that's all just guesswork! You don't know anything!" Patrick shouts almost indignantly.

"Yes, we have no proof of this," counters Kalewskie, "but we scientists have often discussed this situation – as an entertaining science fiction topic. Just look again at the 20 meter timeline measuring this space:



It is out of the question that these extraterrestrials come from the 300 nanometers that we have documented. In terms of development time, they have to come from a point in the future, from a point of this 6 m to the other wall. Statistically, they will come from anywhere in that 6 m (that 20 feet). But since even one millimeter corresponds to 1 million years, they must come very far *from the future*. We can therefore assume with certainty that they are far superior to us technically and culturally – in fact, that they are so superior that they are not at all interested in an exchange with us, in communication with us."

"I'm longing for the days of the Cold War," whispers Patrick sheepishly.

"So what you're trying to convey to us," Wolfson sums up, "is that the probability that the extraterrestrials are exactly at our level of development is almost zero. That their level of development is lower than ours is out of the question. After all, they have traveled light years to get to us. So they have to get out of the evolutionary future."

"Exactly." Kalewskie agrees. And adds: "The crux of the matter is that – viewed purely in terms of time statistics – they must come from a very distant future, between 6 billion years and 1 million years!"

"So what do you suggest?" asks the President.

Kalewskie looks confused: "Nothing! We can't do anything!"

What could happen?

7

The mood is depressed; helplessness and powerlessness can be read on the faces of the 17 members of the crisis team.

"We have taken all measures according to plan procedures Phi to curb mass panic and to be able to intervene if necessary," said Nancy McCormick, Secretary of the Interior at the White House.

"Thank you Mrs. McCormick! Mr. Kalewskie, what would be the 'best case' now?"

"The best variant would be for the aliens to disappear again within a short time. Just as they came, they are suddenly gone – just as if nothing had happened at all."

"Hmm yes, I see. And what would be the 'worst case'?"

Kalewskie stops. "I don't know if it makes sense to discuss this variant – and to be honest: we don't know!"

"Before 'something like that' happens, I'd like to play all my cards," General Patrick raged. "It may be that they are from another time – but if they have hostile, oppressive intentions, then we can't put up with it without resistance! Whether they are superior or not!"

Kalewskie looks over at him: "It doesn't matter what you do, General Patrick! Even if you set off the greatest fireworks display of all time – that would only harm us here on earth."

Patrick wheezes.

"If I might say something else ..." Diana Brettelson answers. Diana is a sociobiologist specializing in extraterrestrial biology and cybernetics. She was appointed to the crisis management team at short notice – just two hours ago.

"Talk," encourages the President.

"The 'worst case' variant could have very different characteristics. 'Worst case' would mean that the extraterrestrials are either interested in the planet itself – let's call it variant A. Or they are interested in us humans – that would be variant B."

All eyes are on Mrs Brettelson.

"Variant A would mean: This class K planet in the habitable area of the solar system is to be used for another purpose that is beneficial to the extraterrestrials. This could be the cultivation of certain plants or beings – or the colonization or partial colonization by the extraterrestrials.

Variant B would mean: The extraterrestrials are either interested in the manpower and the abilities of the people. We ourselves domesticated horses and cattle about 10,000 years ago. The extraterrestrials could also have something like this in mind. That would be variant B1.

Or they would be interested in the utilization of humans themselves – as animal food. But that could only be possible if the extraterrestrials have also gone through an amino acid evolution – and if there is a biochemical affinity. That would be possible, let's call it variant B2."

"I'm getting sick," sighs Wolfson, adviser to the president.

"How likely are these individual variants: A, B1 and B2?"

Mrs. Brettelson replies with rational coolness, "We don't know. We can't comment on that at this time -- there's no evidence of a variant at this time."

After a pause, she continues, "But it could also be a combination of the variants. That would mean that the aliens wanted to use both, the planet and us, the current inhabitants of the planet."

But aren't we humans thinking and feeling beings?

8

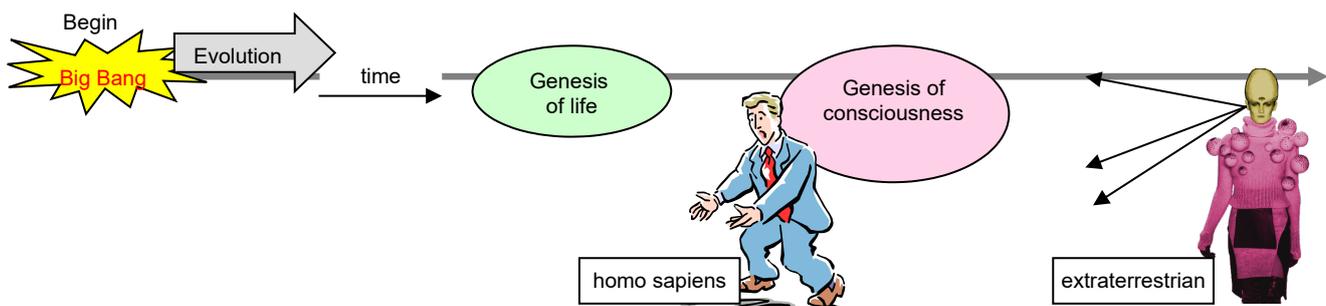
The crisis team has been advising for almost an hour now. Reports of sightings of these strangely large flying objects are arriving from all parts of the world. In individual countries, mass panic with looting and chaos cannot be prevented. The stock exchanges of the world have completely halted trading. Almost all armed forces in all countries are on alert. In all media – TV, print media, Internet – the flying objects are the only topic. Economic activity has completely frozen; no one goes about their normal business anymore.

"Mr. President, Air Force One is ready," echoes the room where the crisis management team is meeting.

"Later," says the President quietly.

"What I don't understand," says Wolfson, "is: we humans do have a civilization! We 'think', we have consciousness, we do science, we've been to the moon. They can't ignore all that! They have to recognize that we are 'important, higher beings'. And that that's why they can't just exploit us or subdue us or eat us!"

Kalewskie looks at him suffering: "Think of the timeline: These extraterrestrials have certainly had thousands of years more development – probably even a few million years – behind them. So they are unimaginably far superior to us. They look at us in much the same way we look at chimpanzees.



"That means, from their point of view, we are right on the threshold of the emergence of consciousness."

"But our technology, science, quantum physics ...?"

"Yes, they certainly see all that. But this is roughly comparable to the '*small branch*' tool that the chimpanzee uses to eat ants. The chimpanzee is so clever that it uses its own tools. It uses it from learned from his parents. It is therefore a cultural achievement passed down from generation to generation: The chimpanzee forms a small branch and sticks it into the anthill. When he pulls the branch out again, individual ants walk along this branch. The chimpanzee collects them then one and eat them up. And ..."

"And?"

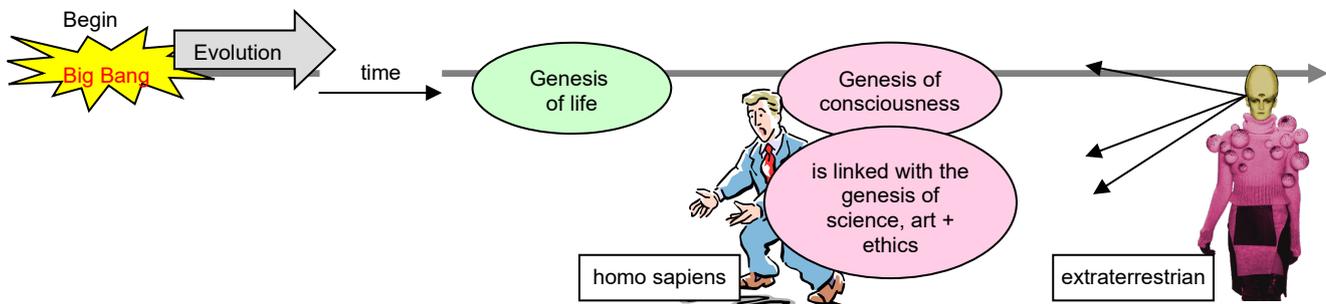
Kalewskie continues: "Our technologies -- that is, IT, quantum physics, cosmology, the sciences, etc. -- are all to the extraterrestrials what the 'ant-twig' of the chimps is to us."

"Urgh, yeah, mmhhh..."

Mrs Brettelson chimes in: "And, with all due respect, we mustn't forget that because our entire technological civilization is at '*ant-branch*' level for them, they will – most likely – focus more on the 'essence' of man, that means they will investigate: 'What kind of being is this homo sapiens here on earth?'"

"And that means?"

"That means they look at history: how does and did homo sapiens deal with those of their own kind? What ethics does homo sapiens have and live by?"



"And that means what?"

Mrs. Brettelson hesitates, "Well, look at history, look at the ethics of an average American: what conclusion do you come to yourself? That's the conclusion the aliens could come to as well."

Now the hitherto silent General Patrick growls: "Oh oh, that doesn't look good!"

"Yes, that looks bad," agrees Mrs. Brettelson. "Think of how we treated people from Africa just 200 years ago. Or how we treated our own Native Americans, the Indians, 100 years ago."

"But that was a long time ago!" Wolfson points out.

"Not for them," replies Kalewskie.

"But even if you think about today – here and now: what ethical standards do we live by? If we look from a distance – by which maxims is our society dominated? Do you think the extraterrestrials will place any value on the way we collectively 'act'?"

Everyone looks at each other, there is a murmur, questioning looks. "Ethical principles" - such a word is a strategic-rhetorical vehicle in the dispute between Republicans and Democrats – if it ever had any value at all.

But now, with these alien spaceships soaring silently through the sky, the phrase "ethics" suddenly takes on a weighty meaning. A slight smile even crosses the President's face, which, however, disappears immediately.

Do our ethics matter?

9

"Mr. President, the helicopter that will take you to Air Force One has been ready for take-off for an hour!"

"Cancel the readiness to start!" commands the President. "Apparently there is no acute danger. And – sigh – Mr. Wolfson, would you briefly summarize the state of our knowledge?"

"Gladly," Wolfson begins, "we can almost certainly assume that these extraterrestrials are thousands, if not millions, of years ahead of us in terms of evolution in all respects. In terms of their biological evolution, but even more so in terms of their technical civilization."

"We can therefore say that any military action will be ineffective. We currently do not know what the intentions of the extraterrestrials are. In the best case, they will disappear again soon and not return. In the worse case, it could be that they will put the earth or its inhabitants to their use. There are several scenarios for this type of use: A, B1 and B2 or combinations thereof.

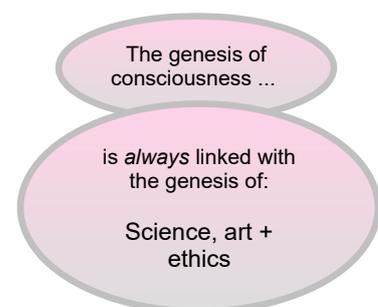
Carrying out such a use will – most likely – for all we can logically guess – depend on the ethical standards that we humans live in real life. It is not technical or scientific achievements that are decisive – that probably does not impress such extraterrestrials at all – but the treatment of one's own kind, i.e. the ethical standards, are decisive.

That's what I've taken from Mrs Brettelson's words so far," Wolfson elaborates.

"But our ethical standards are ok. What's the problem?" interjects Major Stanmeyer. "We have a fare well system, we spend a lot of money on development aid, we have a health system – ok, not for everyone, and we cooperate with business partners ..."

"Well," Diana Brettelson begins slowly, "there are two points I would like to consider:

First, look at a representative sample of an average American. What motivates his day-to-day behavior: Is he driven by the day-to-day making money, worrying about paying his loan and rent no matter how he finds the dollars? Just like the wolf or the bear is driven by the search for food every day? Or does he have another, 'higher', perhaps consciously ethical motivation? That's the question the extraterrestrials will ask themselves, and what conclusion do you think they will come to?"



"Ok, got it," nods the President, kneading a note with his hands, "so our visitors from space want to determine if humans are conscious. And what is the second point?"

Brettelson: "Second: For the extraterrestrials at least all primates, probably all mammals and birds are 'like us.' We homo sapiens are not very different from them, at least from their very advanced perspective. And from that perspective, the way we deal with higher animals is exactly the way we deal with 'our own kind'. Our ethics show up – most likely for the extraterrestrials – in this way of dealing."

"I treat my dog excellently, he gets schnitzel every day!" wheezes Major Stanmeyer, "So what's the problem?"

"Well ..." Brettelson continues, "The aliens won't look at all or just look at individual humans and how they interact with mammals. Instead, they will look at our collective approach to mammals: How does the US treat mammals? How do companies and institutions deal with them? What rights do they have?"

"And then they look at the cattle farms, slaughterhouses, animal testing facilities, etc.?"

"Exactly, and from this they derive the state of ethics that we have and that we have given ourselves. They will check out one of the many slaughter facilities! And yes, that is a dilemma!"

"Why a dilemma?" Wolfson asks impatiently.

"Quite simply: Let's assume that the extraterrestrials themselves have the highest ethical standards – that is, they grant themselves and those like them all sorts of freedom rights and personal rights. Then ... yes, then they would realize that we don't belong in the category of beings who have similar ethical standards. To a certain extent we are "*outside*" for them – so we are not among the beings worthy of protection! And they would do with us what they liked and what would be economically advantageous for them: exploit, eat or liquidate.

Or: They don't have such high ethical standards themselves, and are possibly warlike. Then they would have no scruples about doing whatever they wanted with us. So again: exploit, eat or liquidate."

Wolfson sighs, "So if the aliens have any vested interest in Earth or us inhabitants, then things are looking bad for us?"

Brettelson and Kalewskie nod silently.

What can we do?

10

"What can we do? What do you propose?" asks the President.

The people at the Pentagon are missing their otherwise self-confident upright posture. "If what has just been said here is true," General Patrick chokes out, "then ..."

"Then all your military measures and actions are completely pointless!" Wolfson finishes the sentence. "We have no choice but to gather information about the aliens. Anything we can get our hands on, any piece of information, any image could be important in finding out who they are and what they want."

"The good news is" comforts Mrs. Brettelson "regardless of how the extraterrestrials will decide, we ourselves cannot influence what happens, we can only wait and see."

Silence in the room. Then the President raises his voice: "Gentlemen, as long as we don't know anything, let's assume the 'best case' and do everything we can to prevent mass panic and chaos! The next meeting will – if nothing else is announced in the meantime – take place at Eighteen zero zero!"

In Earth Orbit

11

Nab-dabiha bends over the 3D panel and takes off the virtual controller helmet again. He looks over at Ens-ka'me self-satisfied: "I knew this trip was worth it!"

Ens-ka'me replies skeptically: "Have you checked their consistency and protein content?"

Nab-dabiha: "Yes, the data is coming in now, see here: Carbon-based evolution, standard amino acids – just right for us!"

Ens-ka'me: "And how is the distribution?"

Nab-dabiha: "A dominant species with a whopping 6.8 billion individuals, average mass 60 kg, protein content approx. 25% – a taste test coming in shortly ..."

Ens-ka'me: "Well, congratulations, maybe the search was worth it – we've been looking for a really long time – explored so many star systems, and now we finally found what we were looking for – fantastic!"

Nab-dabiha: "Yes, here comes the first sample check. The "Ren-a-vio" (one of the spaceships) has taken a first taste sample."

Ens-ka'me: "So what? Don't tease me – what does your responder say?"

Nab-dabiha first mimics a poker face, but then says: "Yes, hit! They taste superb!"

Ens-ka'me: "Heyyy-jaaaaa-ooohhh, great! Almost 7 billion individuals, that'll be enough for us for a while."

The previously tense facial features around the 3 eyes relax. Ens-ka'me and Nab-dabiha hug* each other (*emotional gesture, most closely corresponds to a hug), their mood is much more relaxed – they look down at the blue-white planet they have been orbiting for just a few hours, visibly satisfied .



Solar-3

Planet: „Earth“,
Inhabitant: „Homo Sapiens“
Quantity: 6.8 billion
Type: C-Evolution, O2-Breather

They've been looking for new food for almost half a year – and finally they've found it. After a while, Ens-ka'me asks, slightly hesitantly: "Tell me, what kind of individuals are they down there on the planet?"

Nab-dabiha: "They? They're nothing special! They call themselves "human" or "Homo Sapiens", arose through standard carbon evolution, 2 legs, live on solid surfaces, breathe nitrogen-oxygen atmosphere, stage of development "Epsilon Two Minus!."

Ens-ka'me: "What means?"

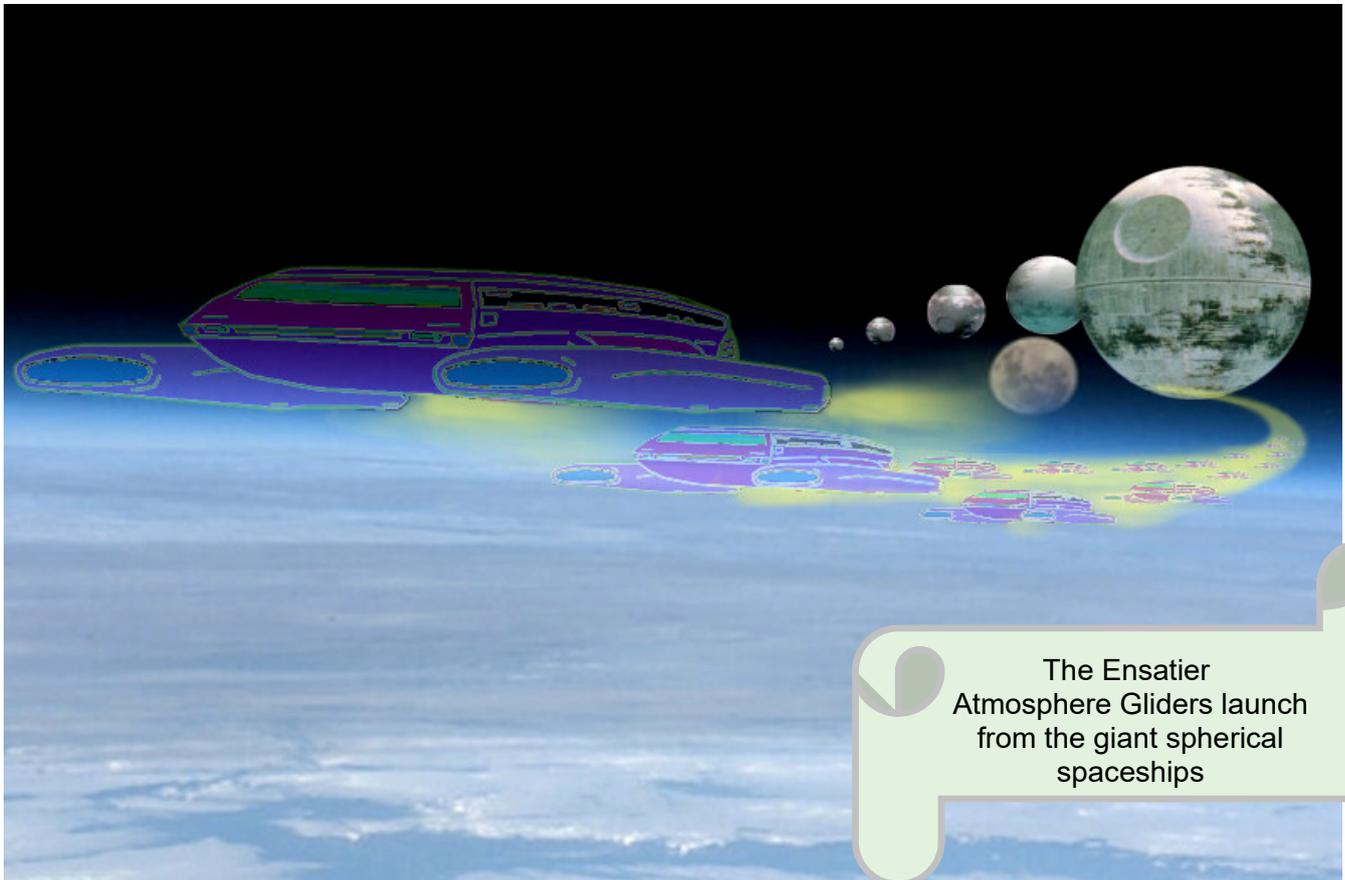
Nab-dabiha: "... that we can eat them without remorse or any concerns! '*Epsilon Two Minus*' means that they have only recently been doing primitive science and created the simplest state structures. It means that they purely as individuals still vegetate at the lowest level of consciousness. They don't really notice anything!"

Ens-ka'me: "Well, then let's get started. Suddenly I'm really hungry for fresh meat! Hooray!"

Ens-ka'me still has concerns ...

12

For half a day, the approximately 120 spaceships of the Ensatiens – a people from NGC-11382, 1439 light-years away – have been circling the earth.



The Ensatier Atmosphere Gliders launch from the giant spherical spaceships

The Ensatiens roam the room to satisfy their curiosity and to find new sources of food on occasion. Now they have found the earth. This planet offers them a plentiful food source in the form of animal-based amino acids.

The table is brilliantly set, because the sensors show almost 7 billion individuals – that's a joy! Only Ens-ka'me still has doubts. Frowning, he turns to his colleague Nab-dabiha on board of the "Wan' ko-231". "Wan' ko-231" is one of the 120 spacecraft in Earth orbit.

Ens-ka'me: "Mmmh, we now have these new beings 'Homo ... uhhh'."

Nab-dabiha: "They're called 'Homo Sapiens'."

Ens-ka'me: "So we discovered these 'Homo Sapiens'. But can we just eat them?"

Nab-dabiha: "They are based on carbon chemistry – like us. And they are made of compatible, nutritious amino acids. They have exactly what we need. And on top of that, they taste good too. At least that's what the samples department of the "Ren-a-vio" says. But soon we will be able to check that for ourselves."

Ens-ka'me: "I don't mean that. I ask: *can* we just eat them?"

Nab-dabiha: "Huh?" Nab-dabiha raises the eyebrow of the middle eye: "I don't understand what you mean."

Ens-ka'me: "Well, I mean that they are beings too. Similar to us."

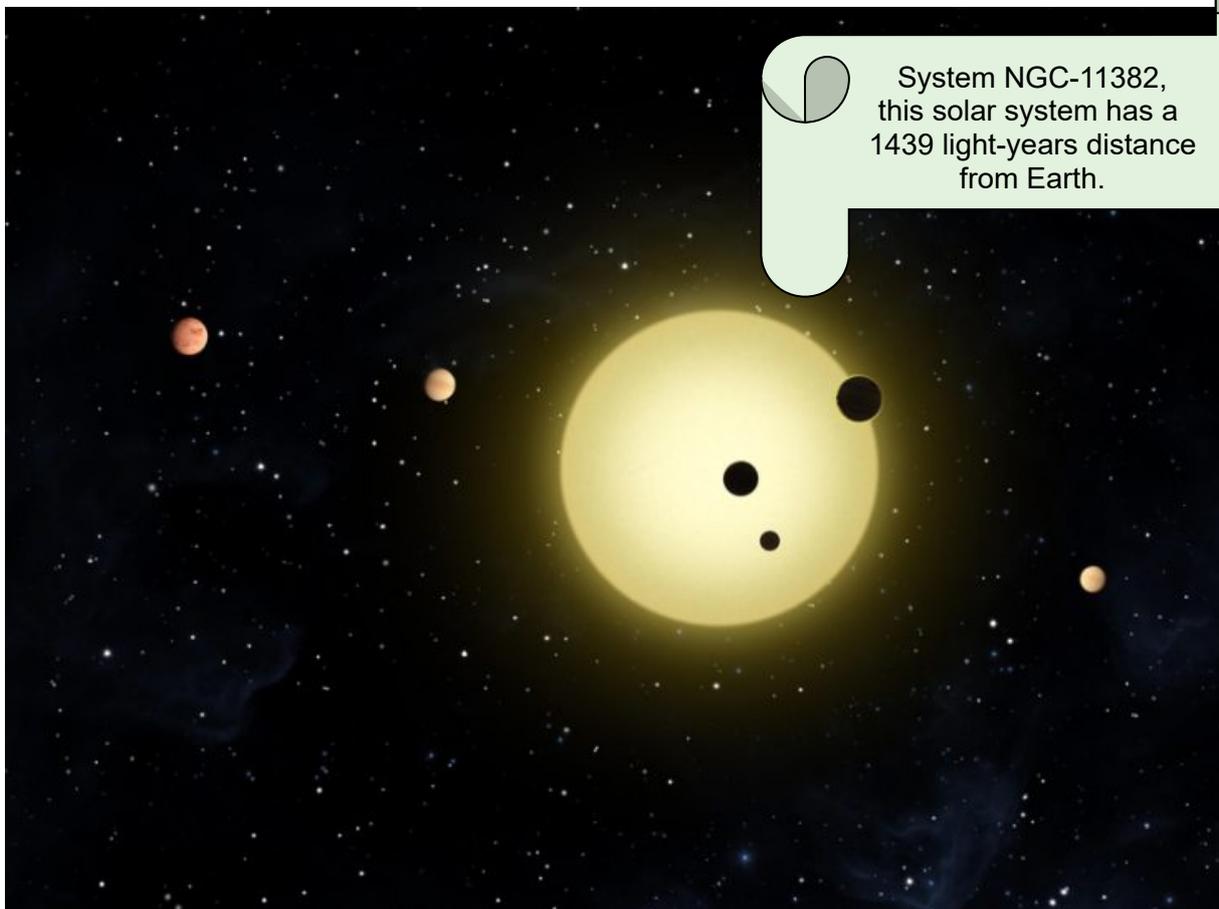
Nab-dabiha smiles broadly: "Creatures yes. But they are not comparable – completely different species! Since when do you have concerns about that? Better relax!"

Ens-ka'me is reassured. They are a completely different species! It's correct. He puts his virtual controller helmet back on and resumes surface scanning.

Incident on Solar-3

13

"Solar 3" – that's what the Ensati call our earth. The Ensatiers come from another solar system – NGC-11382, which is 1439 light-years away.



Their spaceships have recently been orbiting the earth. They found that the almost 7 billion people who live on earth taste very good to them.

An incident occurred when one of the atmospheric fighter gliders "picked up" a group of homo sapiens. The fighter gliders are small atmosphere-capable spaceship units about 50 meters long. They approach the surface of a planet, select a group of hunting objects using sensors and paralyze them with a neuro-inhibitor. The hunted objects are then "recorded" mechanically. All that takes place extremely quickly.

A small incident occurred with the "Ax-2-Delta" fighter glider: Some of the Homo-sapiens individuals were still conscious, although they had already been transferred to the fighter glider's accumulation space.

Ens-ka'me hesitantly activates the hologram recording of the incident. You see people lying on top of each other in a chamber, all unconscious except for two. The two look around confused and panicked.

Nab-dabiha gives Ens-ka'me a bored look: "Yes, that happens from time to time. We have to fine-tune the neuro-inhibitors, then it won't happen again."

Meanwhile, Ens-ka'me lets the hologram recording continue. The two awake human specimens appear very disturbed.

"Haha, how strange they look! I wonder anyway how the ones with only 2 eyes could survive at all" Nab-dabiha points out.

Next, the unconscious bodies are fixed on a conveyor belt by some sort of mechanical robotic gripper and transported to the execution room. One homo sapiens body after the other glides – as if pushed invisibly – into this room and is first lethally treated there with quick, skilful laser cuts and then dismembered.

When the two people who are still awake are caught by the gripper, they scream loudly and twitch wildly. Their eyes pop out, they defend themselves with all their physical strength. All of this is of course pointless. The automatic gripper fixes them on the conveyor belt - and both slide over to the execution chamber.

As if they knew what was in store for them, they reared up on the conveyor belt – foaming at the mouth, their screams echoed through the imposing hull of the fighter glider. They don't want to die!

They scream in panic ...

14

Ens-ka'me: "Look how they scream!"

Ens-ka'me can't really hear the shrill, panicked screams because the Ensatiens don't even hear this frequency range. He can, however, see what a dramatic spectacle the two individuals put on – and he can imagine that they must be emitting quite intense sound waves.

Nab-dabiha: "Well, I'm bored! Why are you watching this recording?"

Ens-ka'me continues to follow the holorecording of the incident. Shortly before the laser is about to start the fatal cut, the people twitch again – with the last of their strength. Their faces are contorted in panic, their eyeballs protrude ghostly.

Ens-ka'me: "Well ... I don't know ..."

His navigation colleague Nab-dabiha on board the spaceship "Wan'ko-231" replied calmly: "That's the normal survival instinct developed by evolution. That's why they panic and scream. Quite normal. Purely genetic – like with any animal."

Ens-ka'me is silent, as if Nab-dabiha's words fail to convince him. His gaze wanders somewhat lost over the diagrams and displays.

Nab-dabiha lectures again: "Look, they have the development status "Epsilon Two Minus", that means they are stupid as toast. The scenario what you see here are only genetically determined reflexes – like a dull automaton – that means nothing!"

Ens-ka'me: "Yes, but look at the surface: they have built great structures."

Nab-dabiha: "The Xynutaten* on Ensat have that too." (*Note: Xynutates are termite-like insects found on the Ensartians' planet of origin. Just like termites, they build huge dwellings).



Ens-ka'me: "But can we rule out the possibility that they have no (comparable to our own) consciousness?"

Nab-dabiha: "Yes, we can. Just like insects and animals on Ensat, they only follow their largely genetically determined survival program. They go about their daily activities reflexively - without any awareness, without any reflection. They are really stupid! Our exobiologists and exosociologists can prove all of that."

Ens-ka'me: "If that's so ..."

Nab-dabiha: "Yes! They basically work like poorly programmed, primitive children's software. Because their nervous system is exactly comparable in its complexity. So calm down, dear Ens-ka'me. Better look forward to the new, fresh meat!"

Aren't these homo sapiens suffering?

15

Ens-ka'me and Nab-dabiha conduct various geological experiments on board the spaceship "Wan' ko-231". Although the geo-checks would run completely automatically, they still want to carry out and monitor some processes manually.

"Ferro-Core, diameter 7000 km, 5500 Kelvin, shell with plate tectonics, formation 4.5 giga years ago" ticks across the display (note: the Ensatiers of course have completely different measurement units. Here they are translated in such a way that we understand them).

"Average density 2.8 g/cm³ – planetary class M4C

Ens-ka'me suddenly calls out: "There's a hypercom connection being established. It's for you, Nab-dabiha!"

Nab-dabiha activates the hypercom switch: "Oh, it's my daughter!"

"No ... yes ... you hurt yourself? Oh dear ... when daddy comes back I'll take care of it, don't worry! ... Yes, ... mhhmm – yes, see you then !"

Nab-dabiha looks over at Ens-ka'me: "Ha, that's the way it works: My daughter Se' taba has rehired the virtual trainer – and now she has 'virtually injured' herself in a new exo-stellar adventure. This shouldn't be happening, I'm a little worried ..."

On one of the displays you can see the armada of spaceships hovering over the blue planet. The spaceships appear to stand still as the large white and blue sphere rotates beneath

them. Various sonorous humming and machine noises can be heard softly in the background.

After a while, Ens-ka'me asks, "Are you sure these homo sapiens won't suffer if we catch and kill them?"

Nab-dabiha gives a short laugh: "Yes, of course!" He was about to put on the "virtual helmet", but lets it slide back up:

"If we kill them properly, then they won't even notice. If the neuro-inhibitor works properly, then they won't suffer at all!"

Ens-ka'me: "And since they don't suffer at all, aren't there the slightest ethical concerns about killing?"

Nab-dabiha: "Yes, exactly! They don't notice anything! We have now adjusted the neuro-inhibitors so exactly and precisely that the initial paralysis works 100%. The homo sapiens are not aware of their capture and subsequent execution. So calm down, dear Ens-ka'me. Better look forward to the new, fresh human flesh!"

Do these "people" agree?

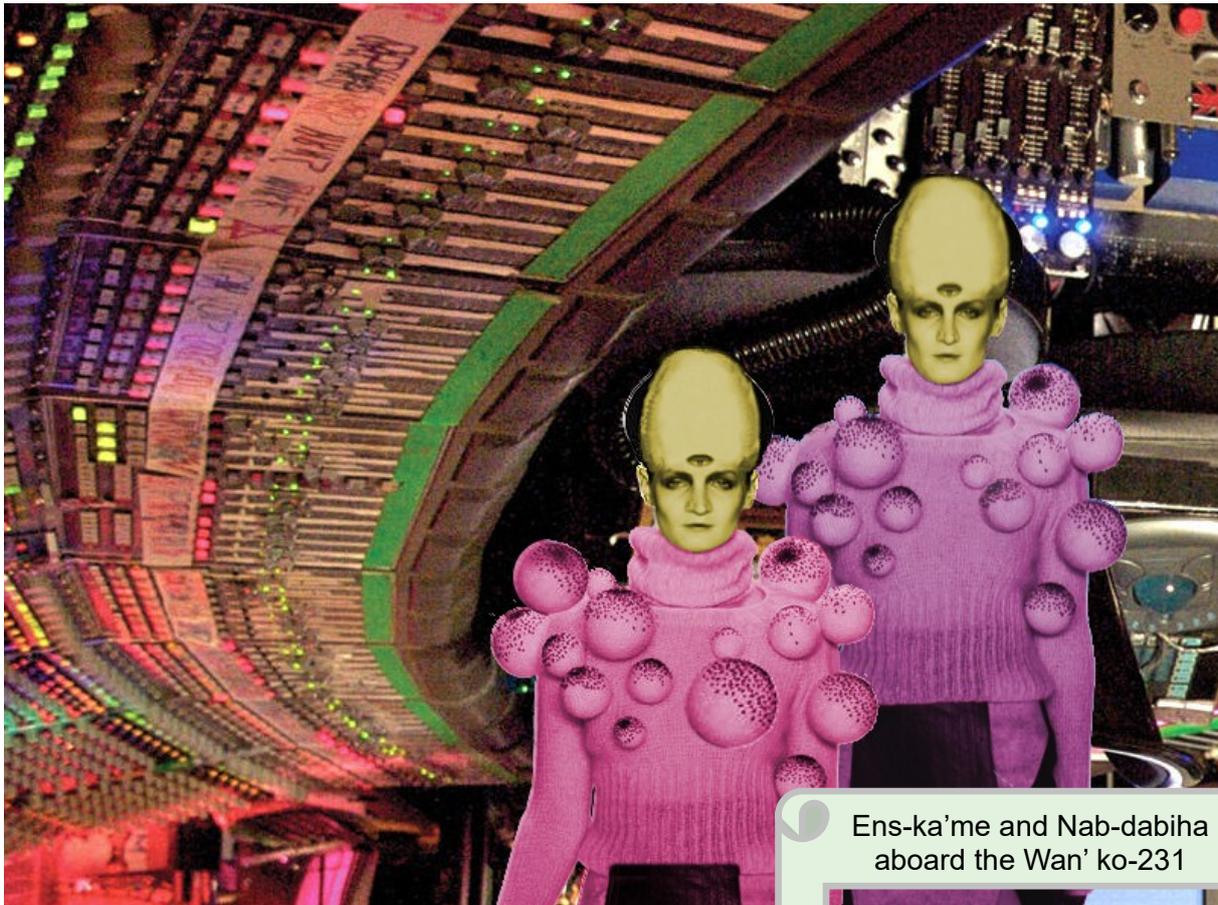
16

Nab-dabiha strolls down the aisle, a little bored. "Well, I find this solar system pretty dull – I feel like I've seen it a thousand times."

Ens-ka'me: "Well, the two gas giants are quite unique."

Nab-dabiha: "Not really. The only rare thing about this system is that there are exactly *two* gas giants."

Ens-ka'me and Nab-dabiha are Ensati scientists who conduct experiments aboard the starship "Wan' ko-231" and monitor its functions.



Ens-ka'me and Nab-dabiha
aboard the Wan' ko-231

The "Wan' ko-231" is in orbit with 120 Ensati spaceships. The Ensatians have devoted themselves to this planet longer than other planets because, thanks to its inhabitants, it will serve as a source of carnal food.

Ens-ka'me: "Say, are you sure these 'humans' are okay with us eating them?"

Nab-dabiha, visibly annoyed: "Ens-ka'me, they're animals! Barbarians! They can't 'agree' or 'disagree' – they don't even know this decision category! Ask them ... then you would see it: They can't articulate anything – there's *nothing!*"

Ens-ka'me: "Yes, I know that they have little consciousness. But they are at least capable of 'primitive thinking'?"

Nab-dabiha: "Capable of 'primitive thinking'? About the level of the Poatyken (note: animal species on Ensart-3); our babies have already surpassed this level after 2 weeks."

Ens-ka'me: "We used to be like them too!"

Nab-dabiha: "We? If comparable at all, then that was at a phylogenetic evolutionary stage of 10 million years ago!"

Ens-ka'me: "Yes, but ..."

Nab-dabiha: "But 10 million years! Think about it: They are dumb-ass automatons, controlled by their genetic program and conditioned reflexes. Their share of culture and cognitive reflection in their lives is in the per thousand range, slightly above that of insects!"

Ens-ka'me: "Mmmh, yes ..."

Nab-dabiha: "And if you want to know more about it: Take a look at how they deal with the creatures that are really closely related to them: They slaughter them most horribly in masses and then eat them up. That shows very clear what primitive level of consciousness they are on."

Ens-ka'me: "Oh yeah ..."

Nab-dabiha: "So barbaric and primitive! And that's why I don't have the slightest doubt that we can eat them – technically correctly killed – with pleasure! So calm down, dear Ens-ka'me. Better look forward to the new one, fresh human flesh!"

Harvesting meat

17

Nab-dabiha looks at the large outdoor monitor: the large white and blue planet is slowly rotating beneath her spaceship. It is our earth that the Ensatiens only discovered about 12 hours ago.



"I have forwarded the data and our report to the administration node Gamma-62, and they have already reacted. So we will be on our way soon." states Nab-dabiha laconically.

Ens-ka'me: "There have been a few incidents on this planet!"

Nab-dabiha: "I didn't notice. The neuro-inhibitors are working correctly now. Any other incidents?"

Ens-ka'me: "Two Stel-ho-109 atmosphere gliders were attacked by strange metal Homo Sapien craft. And over the small continent, the Homo Sapiens even directed one of their chemical missile vehicles at one of our spacecraft."

Nab-dabiha: "Well, and you call that an incident? All beings of the epsilon level handle such tools and devices, so it's always the same!"

Ens-ka'me: "Yes for us. But for them it's extremely exciting – they may be fighting for their freedom and their lives with the last effort. And they have no idea who we are."

Nab-dabiha: "Of course they have no idea who we are. But hey, they wouldn't understand anything either, we can't even communicate with them."

Ens-ka'me: "But they saw us – in the sky. And they hurl their weapons at us."

Nab-dabiha rolls his 3 eyes: "Sigh!"

Ens-ka'me indignant: "Yes, but they react!"

Nab-dabiha: "If you approach a Poatyken (note: animal species on Ensart-3) with yelling, then he reacts too, draws his metal weapons etc. It's the same here with the Homo Sapiens! But try something very simple to explain – like the law of entropy or ethics or something. He doesn't understand anything – there's nothing!"

Ens-ka'me: "Have you already tried that?"

Nab-dabiha: "Dear Ens-ka'me, our exobiologists and our cyberneticists have carried out extensive tests – we are quite sure of that. There is, for example, the standardized Gamma-2 test, whose probability of error is 0.002% – but what can I say, you know all that yourself."

Ens-ka'me zooms a camera closer to the earth's surface and directs it to one of the cities on the American continent.

Nab-dabiha: "And it's even worse: Their ethical standards are practically 'non-existent'! Such a category of thought, which is actually the starting point for all civilized living beings, is completely missing! That's just development stage 'Epsilon Two Minus', up where these 'humans' reside – and that's almost below the level of our Poatyks (note: animal species on Ensart-3)!"

Ens-ka'me: "Ok, I'm starting to get it."

In the view of the city you can see the individual vehicles and individuals, it is teeming like an anthill.

Ens-ka'me: "What did the administration node Gamma-62 decide?"

Nab-dabiha: "Yes, eeeeh, here: The usual: The planet 'Earth' is released for the meat harvest and the rights are left to the companies 'Intergalactic Food' and 'Fresh Meat'. They are allowed to reduce the number of individuals from 7 billion to 50 million. Since homo

sapiens has an extreme proliferation, these 50 million are enough to then harvest 7 billion individuals again after about 300 years."

Ens-ka'me: "Did your daughter get in touch again?"

Nab-dabiha: "No – but come on: she has 'virtually' injured herself a bit – these are important experiences, and I'll comfort her the day after tomorrow."

Ens-ka'me: "When do we leave orbit?"

Nab-dabiha: "Well, I guess we'll continue in 2 hours, the hyperjump generators are already in phase S-7... they're already starting!"

Ens-ka'me: "Well then, goodbye, homo sapiens! What is our next destination?"

Nab-dabiha: "A star cluster in the Orion system, Betelgeuse-D-Alpha-2, very interesting: 22 planets, 2 civilizations ... only one thing is missing: meat!"

Ens-ka'me: "Waaaouuu!"