

- DOPINEPHRINE -

The Prologue

Abstract Serotonin: The Saphyre Age

THE great kingdom of Olympus sat in the heart of the Dopinephrine Galaxy. For a billion years, Olympus ruled an entire quadrant of the eighth universe, protected by their ultimate weapon: the ARES CLEF. Constructed more than 160 eons ago, the Ares Clef secured military supremacy for the Olympians; so great was the weapon's power, so fearful was the rest of the universe, that it had never been employed in war.

The Ares Clef was forged deep in the Dopinephrine nebula cluster, where the nerves of the universe could be tapped. Only the mythical Titans of Dopinephrine could survive the harsh and chaotic conditions in the cluster, and they were harnessed to help in the Clef's production. A series of artificial black holes were used to fuse 10^6 imperial tons of highly unstable treble matter directly to the frame of reality. With no concept of time or death, and as beings of infinite wisdom, the Titans dedicated their existence to keeping the doorway between the Ares Clef and the nerves of the universe open.

The Council of Apollo achieved intergalactic peace and harmony when they programmed the Ares Clef to play music derived from complex mathematics on the nerves of the universe like a harpist strums strings. From this peace was born the *Saphyre Age*, a billion years of prosperity and unity throughout the Dopinephrine galaxy and beyond.

The Council of Apollo continued to create intricate operas, which were composed over hundreds of years and constructed with inter-dimensional melodies, each as complex as the lifecycle of an entire planet. The music coursed through every point of existence simultaneously, permeating every asteroid, every supernova, every speck of matter everywhere. Civilization moved as one, and the furtherance of science and medicine became universally shared goals as the fabric of reality vibrated with the same song. Without war and poverty, resources were dedicated to

discovery and exploration, and exponential leaps forward in technology allowed for the avoidance of all natural disasters. Thousands of new planets were terraformed and colonized. The most beautiful and profound art found anywhere in history was created and shared by trillions of painters, writers and musicians.

Abstract Serotonin holds the music played through the Ares Clef during this period of bounty and unity.



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ZERO

Dopinephrine Classic: Rhythm And Poetry

OLYMPUS thrived for hundreds of millions of years before trouble arose. The possibility of civil war reared its ugly head as the High Pantheon descended into a squabble for power. For the first time, The Saphyre Age and Olympus itself were in grave danger.

As hope dwindled, the Council of Apollo revealed a prophecy: a pair of saviors, strengthened by a bond of true love, would rescue the galaxy. Forged in the spirit of Olympus' dedication to knowledge and peace, a hero emerged (as heroes often do) during the darkest days of the Dopinephrine Galaxy. His name was Rhythm, and his story is legend. He made a thousand-year pilgrimage to the Ares Clef, meeting the love of his life during his travels. He took Poetry as his bride, and they completed the journey together, composing music as a pair to play on the Ares Clef when they arrived. Rhythm and Poetry played these thirty songs on the strings of reality, flowing throughout the kingdom, and their work brought the galaxy back from the brink of war.

A renewed Olympus celebrated as one, reunified by Rhythm and Poetry's love and music. They remain the greatest heroes in the Dopinephrine Galaxy's long history, and are enshrined together in Olympus, held in a tomb made of pure gold. They were laid to rest wrapped in a sacred shroud woven in the Dopinephrine Nebula by the Titans themselves. Connected to the music of the Ares Clef through the shroud, it is believed that Rhythm and Poetry watch over the galaxy, their genius and passion remaining vigilant, protecting the Ares Clef and the music played through it for all time.



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Part 1

Conflict in the Pantheon

THE Saphyre Age was over. The greed of men was reemerging. Planets began stockpiling resources, and bureaucratic blockades caused economical hardship across the stars. In dark corners, whispers of impending bloodshed bred fear and hatred.

The governing body of the Kingdom of Olympus, known as The Pantheon, was deeply divided. On one side, in The House of Gods, anger led to plans to create a standing army. On the other side, in The House of Goddesses, it was feared that the formation of an army would plunge the Dopinephrine Galaxy into deadly conflict. No military forces had existed in the galaxy in more than a billion years; not since the creation of the Ares Clef had there been a reason for war.

The House of Gods created a fearsome general, to whom they gave the full military authority of Olympus. They named him Pyke, gave him the powers of a demigod, and built him a deadly army. They also gave him a mission: squash all opposition in the Dopinephrine galaxy, and crush anyone who would declare independence from Olympus' rule.

The House of Goddesses spoke loudly against this mission, insisting that violence would only instigate an all out war. They turned to the Council of Apollo for wisdom, and implored them to compose music that would calm the hot tempers in the House of Gods. The Council held a special meeting, and spoke to the ancient Titans, who confirmed that war was near. They began the long process of composing a song of peace, but General Pyke launched his campaign, and first blood was drawn. The Council of Apollo and the House of Goddesses had failed; war was coming to the Dopinephrine Galaxy.



The Kingdom of Olympus Nebula



The House of Gods Unleashes General Pyke

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Part II

The Return of Rhythm

UNPRECEDENTED bloodshed reached across the Dopinephrine Galaxy. General Pyke burned one planet after another, his army utterly unstoppable as they cut through citizen populations, destroying civilizations and societies alike. Art and historical records were crushed beneath the boots of Pyke's soldiers. Untold billions were slaughtered, defenseless before the ruthless army of Olympus.

The House of Goddesses wept for the countless dead. They returned to the Council of Apollo, but even together they could find no way of stopping Pyke's army. With no prophecy to offer hope, the Council travelled to the Dopinephrine nebula cluster to seek the guidance of the Titans.

The Titans listened in silence as the Council made their case. Finally convinced that Pyke would doom the galaxy to extinction, they spoke to the Council, telling them to return to Olympus. There they would find a resurrected hero to face Pyke.

From deep beneath the Council chambers, an earthquake split the ground, and a figure rocketed into the sky, burning bright with blinding white light. Rhythm had returned, and the promise of a new dawn was near.

Rhythm did not respond to the desperate cries of the Council. He screamed into the darkness for Poetry, his deepest love, but no answer found his ears. As he searched for her, he sang new songs, hoping that she would appear at any moment, ready to rejoin him. Only the silence of deep space was heard. His unanswered songs make up Dopinephrine II.

The new threat reached Pyke's ears, however. He abandoned his campaign, returning to Olympus with his army in deadly dreadnoughts, bristling with weapons. Finding that Rhythm was already gone, he sent his troops into the gap left by the earthquake, and claimed Poetry's

body. Thirsty for the blood of a worthy foe, Pyke sent out a wide-range challenge to Rhythm. Then he turned his guns on Olympus.



Rhythm is reborn



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Pyke opens fire on Olympus

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Part III

Pyke's Assault

THE House of Goddesses crumbled under the fire of General Pyke's fleet. In a few short minutes, half of the Olympus Pantheon was demolished; millions of years of history and governance were erased. Olympus cried out for its hero as the city was laid to waste.

Rhythm, hearing the challenge and claim that Poetry's body was onboard Pyke's flagship, returned to Olympus. Still possessing the strength lent him by the Dopinephrine Titans, he began attacking Pyke's ships, a lone figure against miles of steel and fire.

The battle raged for days, with Rhythm dismantling Pyke's fleet, one dreadnaught at a time. He appeared to be impervious to the weapons that were turned on him; cannons designed to level cities fired volley after volley at Rhythm, with no result. Rhythm sent dozens of vessels spiraling dead into deep space, or downward to crash into the planet below.

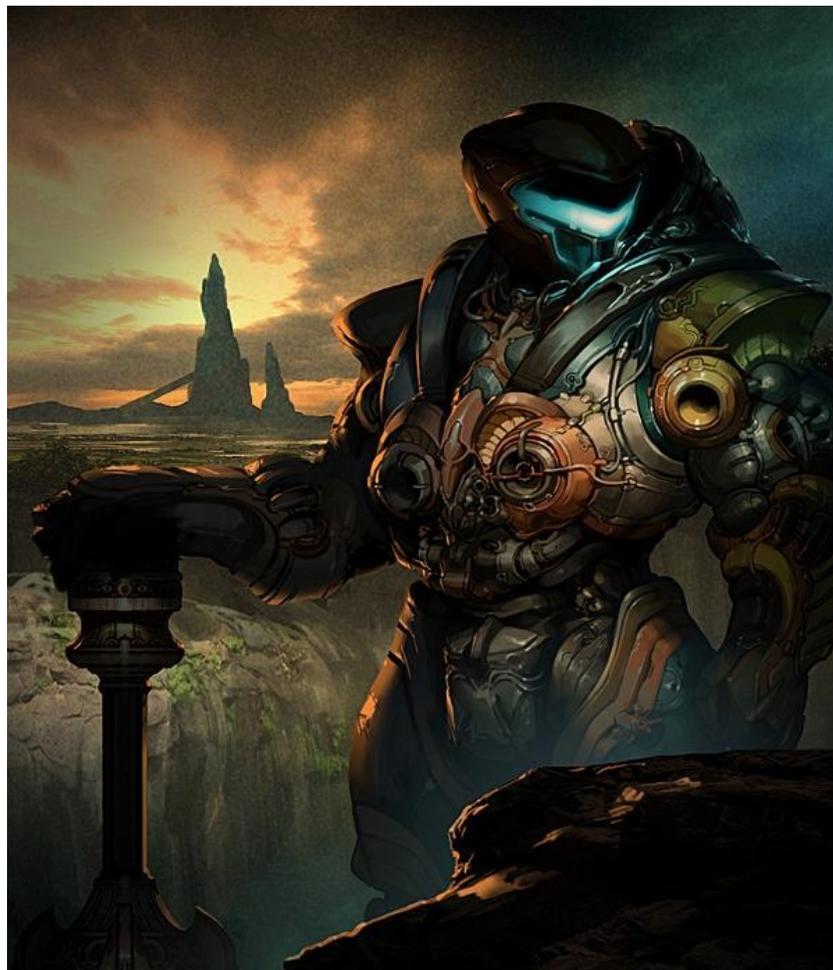
Sensing defeat, Pyke pulled his remaining forces away from a devastated Olympus. None of his weapons could touch the unexpected threat posed by the fury of Rhythm. He had a plan however, and he led Rhythm across the Dopinephrine Galaxy towards the nebula cluster housing the Ares Clef.

Rhythm followed blindly, driven by his need for Poetry. Rage filled his heart, and his hatred for Pyke gave him a dangerous chaotic strength. He did not stop to imagine what Pyke might have planned.

The Ares Clef had never been used in war before, but Pyke retained his military authority over all of Olympus' weapons. Faced with utter destruction by Rhythm, Pyke entered the authorization codes, and detonated the Ares Clef.



Pyke wages war on Olympus



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Part IV

The Dionysus Plague

IN an instant, the war-torn Dopinephrine Galaxy was swallowed by the Ares Clef. The power of the weapon was so great, it tore apart every molecule in the galaxy. Stars imploded, devouring themselves faster than they could convert into black holes. Planets dissolved, every atom of their existence pouring into the maw of the Ares Clef. White light pierced every moment of time simultaneously, pulling reality itself through the heart of the explosion.

The Titans, in all their mystery and wisdom, had prepared for the event. The destruction released by the Ares Clef was absolute, save for one small pocket, shielded by the power of the Titans as they too were pulled into the void. In that single instant, as they and every other thing in existence were destroyed, the Titans combined their strength, and preserved a snapshot of Dopinephrine at the center of the Ares Clef's event horizon. When the Titans were crushed into dust, their final release of power inverted the nebula cluster, projecting a mirrored image on the far side of the destruction.

From the Titan's pocket of protected space, matter and time catapulted through the eye of the storm, emerging onto a new plane where the snapshot of the Dopinephrine Galaxy was restored. The Titans could not stop the destruction of the galaxy, but they were able to rebuild what had been in that flash of power, when the laws of science melted under the intensity of the Ares Clef. The universe was both dead and alive for just one moment, a moment in which time ceased to have meaning. History splintered, and fragmented events pierced the nothingness; scenes from long ago and flashes of a possible future blurred together into a nightmarish paradox. This impossible state is known as The Dionysus Plague.

Through what used to be the nebula cluster fell Pyke, onboard his crippled flagship. His instruments showed the galaxy intact; the planets and moons all sat in their orbits where they

belonged; all that was missing was the colorful cluster of nebulas, so beloved by the people of Olympus.

Olympus had also been saved by the Titans, standing where it always had. You wouldn't know it was a planet ravished by war; it stood in its place, majestic as ever from a distance. It seemed miraculous, that so much had been preserved, that the kingdom had come through the detonation, along with its moons and satellites. And something else too... something unknown fell through the Titan's fingers; forged in the moment when everything should have ended, something new was born....



The Ares Clef detonates

Dopinephrine IV is the music of the Dionysus Plague, that fraction of a second when the impossible became possible, and reality was warped.

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Part V

The Debonaire Android

BLASTING out of the Dionysus Plague, a solitary projectile, glowing red with heat sped past the Kingdom of Olympus and all the worlds touched by Pyke's war, disappearing into deep space. In the first three days it travelled almost a hundred lightyears, and was finally beginning to cool enough to show a polished silver emerging from the intense heat of the Ares Clef's detonation. If anyone had been around to witness the journey, they would have seen that it was a still, metallic figure that was speeding by: a piece of technology never dreamed of by the engineers on Olympus was flying alone through space.

As his systems cooled, the Android's positronic brain began to become active. It seemed chaotic at first; this mass of unrecognizable elements sloshing like cream in the Android's head, beginning to firm in some areas while other sections remained in a fluidic, unorganized state. Months passed like this, with the contents of the Android's skull trying to decide if it was a liquid or a solid, constantly fluctuating as it tried to make sense of itself.

Gradually, the brain solidified, and electronic synapses were able to form. The impossible robotic man began to wake up, opening his eyes after nearly a year in space. His powerful brain began to scan passing solar systems, drinking data from the planets and moons he found. Millions of pathways crept through his spongy brain, forming a complex intelligence platform.

Another year passed as the Android's sensors pulled data from every corner of the galaxy. Signals from distant regions were detected and collected by the Android's hardware. A consciousness was born, and the Android became aware of himself. Diagnostics showed he was constructed from treble matter, and he soon realized that he was formed from the Ares Clef itself. Its moment of utter destruction wrought new life; the Titans had crafted this being from the exploding energy of the Dionysus Plague.

A few more months passed before the central cognition circuits came online. An old name appeared in the Android's mind: Rhythm. A wave of memories and events surged to the surface of the Android's consciousness. The Kingdom of Olympus, the Pantheon and the Council of Apollo, and the beautiful nebulas sitting in space, coloring the night sky. Pyke's war too, and the death and devastation trailing across the Dopinephrine Galaxy. The events filled in the perspective of the Android's existence, strengthening his understanding of the history in his mind. The Titans had done more than build a robot; they had formed this new life around Rhythm as he was vaporized by the blast of the Ares Clef.

Emotions did not enter the Android's experience, though he tried to find a way to trigger them. He pulled another file from Rhythm's memories - one containing what Rhythm felt as love. A woman named Poetry was woven tightly in Rhythm's spirt, and the joy that came from their shared life was an all-important part of Rhythm's story. The Android understood that the memories were wrapped in sadness, but sadness was a word with a definition, not an emotion that meant anything to a mechanical brain. The Android buried the thoughts, perplexed by their lost significance.

The Ares Clef was still functioning in some way. It had lost much of its original power, but the Android found that he could feel the melodies of reality through the framework of the technology. Combining the endless data he was collecting with Rhythm's memories, the Android came to understand the universe in terms of music. All the raw information he assimilated was converted into a musical format. As the final parts of the Android built command pathways, an interface was born, based on the principles of harmony and tempo. Music fueled the Android's thoughts, and held the massive collection of knowledge in his brain.

At unfathomable speed, the Android pulled every single synapse he had grown together and bound them to a central node. His chronometer told him he had been traveling for three years, nine months, and nine days. Quite long enough he thought. He ran some final tests on the parameters of his existence, and decided that he found his completed form a bit silly. He laughed out loud, a smooth, mechanical sound, and shook his head. Almost everything about me is silly, he thought, and laughed louder as he considered his life so far.

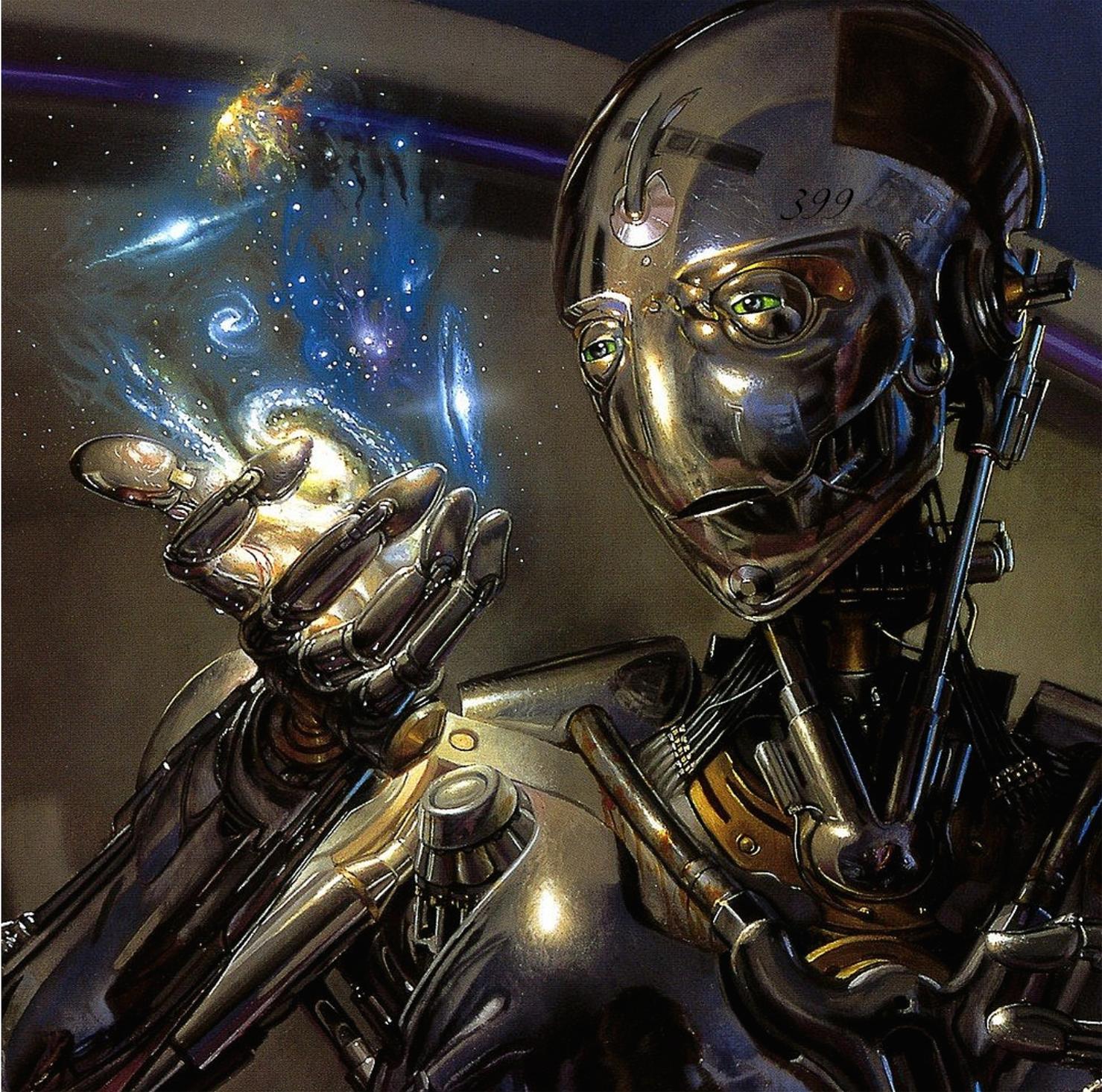
Emotions remained elusive, but the Android laughed anyway, trying to associate the reaction with silliness. In those last few moments, he built algorithms surrounding all he had learned, and matched them to Rhythm's understanding of biological life. He determined that he was a

being of consciousness, and decided that the universe was a fascinating place, full of questions and places to explore. He sang a few songs in celebration, hoping to glean some insight into why anyone would celebrate in the first place. He chuckled at himself, did a few somersaults in space, and then came to a complete stop. It was time to be proactive about his exploration of the universe, and it made sense to start with Olympus. If Pyke was still alive, his behavior patterns suggested he might attack Olympus again, and the Android knew that whatever else was in his brain, his primary reason for existence was to protect the people that Rhythm had protected.

The Debonaire Android cleared his mind for the first time, focused on the locomotion elements of his construction, and left a streak of white light behind him as he sped back towards the Kingdom he had died - and been born - protecting.



Dopinephrine V is the music of the Android's consciousness and style as he became self-aware, and how these ideas formed in the music-based construct of his brain. It illustrates the spectrum of his knowledge and attitudes during his earliest growth, as well as his quirky sense of humor.



Album Notes

The Android thinks the idea of using his spotty understanding of civilization to teach others about life is hilarious.

Twice during his development, the Android overheated and shut down. Upon rebooting the first time, the Android accidentally thought he was French for a few minutes. After his second reboot, he spent a short period believing he was a hipster-frat partier.

Since part of the Ares Clef was in the Android's head, the base elements of hip hop itself (as well as a few fragments from other songs) became mixed with the rest of the chemical compounds that formed his brain.

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Part VI

Pyke's Revenge

ALARMS blared through the smokey interior of General Pyke's flagship. The corridors and crew quarters were hidden in the pitch black of a steel chamber in space. Pyke shook violently at the command center, his thick armor strapped to the captain's chair. He worked the controls with the discipline of a war-hardened man fearless in the face of death.

The engines were dead, and the crew was gone, eaten by the Dionysus Plague. Pyke worked quickly, shutting down the ship's core before it could overheat. The damaged stabilizers brought the ship to a standstill, and Pyke rebooted his flagship, receiving a full system report. Life support was damaged but functioning, and Pyke removed his helmet, hurling it across the bridge into a dead navigation console. The damage to the ship's propulsion was catastrophic, leaving only the docking boosters intact. Pyke routed the remaining auxiliary power to the boosters, and calculated a trajectory course to Olympus. The boosters sputtered to life in tiny increments, moving the enormous craft in short bursts. Pyke and his ship crawled through space, inching closer to Olympus with every short thrust.

Pyke engaged the autopilot, and retired to his private chambers to wait out the long journey. It would be weeks before his ship could limp into radio range of Olympus. Pyke sealed the door, and resigned himself to meditation. He calmed his rage, and revisited his choices so far, reviewing the war, campaign by campaign. His tactics had been sound. Victory should have been his, he decided; he had earned it with his own blood and sweat.

Madness began to set in. The ultimate warrior was imprisoned in his broken, final asset. The silence of space is no place for men of action. He deserved to win, and now those who had dared to stand against him would regret their blasphemy. A plan would have to be formed. No weapons remained to continue the battle, and Pyke refused to accept defeat. Olympus remained defenseless - Pyke simply needed a new way to enforce his rule over the rich but weak kingdom.

If war could not deliver his victory, perhaps ruling as a tyrant could offer him the glory he deserved.

Pyke's meditation was disturbed violently by the thud of a hard impact. Something had struck the huge vessel, reawakening the panic of the ship's alarms. Pyke replaced his helmet and followed the emergency lights to the sight of the impact, isolated by an emergency forcefield. It took a long moment for Pyke to recognize the hunk of metal lodged in the hull of his ship: it was a large piece of the Ares Clef.

It took three days to work the heavy piece onboard, but Pyke barely noticed the time. He was glad to have a task to complete, and when the piece had been reclaimed, he took no rest. He set to work on the hunk of technology immediately, familiarizing himself with its components, and learning how it had operated as a complete weapon. Everything in the Ares Clef was based on music, and on playing complex operas on the nerves of reality. The bond was broken, but it seemed that some functionality remained.

A plan finally began to form in Pyke's mind. If the Ares Clef had been used to unite the whole galaxy with music, surely one piece could be used to control one planet. Pyke spent the next few weeks modifying a heavy infantry cannon to hold the precious technology. In a kingdom free of weapons, Pyke held the ultimate power.

The object he had seen flying at super speed out of the Dionysus Plague was not forgotten. Pyke did not know exactly what the object had been, but Rhythm was nowhere to be found. Neither were any of Pyke's men, but Rhythm was no ordinary soldier. Something told Pyke that whatever had survived the detonation was not gone forever, and that it likely held whatever remained of Rhythm. Pyke seethed at the thought. He would destroy Rhythm if he still existed. Revenge filled Pyke's mind with red as he thought of the soldiers and dreadnaughts that had fallen under Rhythm's furious assault.

After three long months, Pyke's wounded ship finally arrived, drifting high above Olympus. From this distance, Pyke could see that Olympus was still smoldering from his attack, its city in ruins. He patched his communication system through his new weapon, and opened a channel.

The Ares Clef fragment carried Pyke's voice to every person on the planet. He announced his supremacy over the kingdom, and threatened anyone who would challenge him with

immediate death. After a few minutes, a crackling signal responded: the Provisional Government of the great Kingdom of Olympus would not submit to military dictatorship.

The mad general laughed in his dreary castle, and hefted his cannon. Once linked with the weapon, Pyke's fury translated into deadly music. Weaponized hip hop flowed fourth, blasting the planet below. The remaining buildings in the capital were pulverized, and everyone holding any kind of authority was killed moments later. Pyke repeated his announcement, this time with no response.

Pyke continued, declaring himself the lone ruler of the kingdom. He spoke for hours, laying out new laws effective immediately over the weak population below. He demanded complete obedience, threatening to massacre anyone who dared to commit treason against his rule. The people of Olympus were required to inform him of anyone suspected of plotting against him.

Unbeknownst to Pyke, a secret resistance was already forming in the dark corners of the planet. Perseus, a young man left orphaned when Pyke killed his mother along with every other member of the House of Goddesses, was leading a few thousand rebels against the new tyrant. Perseus was well respected by his troops, ragtag as they were. They were sworn to him, and all hungered for a return to freedom for Olympus.

Years passed, with Pyke rambling onboard his ship, strategizing for the day of reckoning he was certain would come. Rhythm became an obsession. Pyke cursed the Titans, convinced they had betrayed him by delivering Rhythm from death.

Occasionally, someone from Olympus would dare to stand up against the dictator. Pyke came to despise the pathetic people of the crumbling kingdom, killing them at will from his lofty station. Against the Ares Clef cannon there was no defense - its power was too great. It seemed that there was no choice but obey the demigod in the clouds.

Perseus refused to accept this new reality. He understood how the Ares Clef had worked before the war, and he sent his rebels all across Olympus in search of other fragments that could have fallen to the ground. After many long searches, the plan bore fruit: a search party returned with a few small pieces matching the molecular makeup of the treble matter used to make the Ares Clef so many millions of years earlier.

Perseus appointed twelve lieutenants, six men and six women, and together they fashioned a makeshift weapon of their own from the scraps salvaged. Finally, a way to fight back had been discovered. The new weapon was much less powerful than Pyke's, and Perseus knew they would only be able to find victory with a well executed plan.

His lieutenants grew bloodthirsty with the new weapon. They began writing songs of war, and started planning an attack to be executed as soon as possible, but Perseus advised patience. Pyke may no longer have guns and men to attack Olympus, but even without his mighty cannon he was still a dangerous, hardened warrior. If the resistance attacked and failed, Pyke would destroy them all, and any chance of liberating Olympus with them. The lieutenants grudgingly agreed with Perseus' wisdom, and set about devising a plan with him.

The resistance had salvaged piles of technology in their search for fragments from the Ares Clef. Together, they worked to build a small craft that could carry a few assassins to Pyke's ship. They knew however that Pyke would simply blow them out of the sky long before they could reach him. Perseus set his mind to this problem, and with his lieutenants he formed an idea. Pyke's only weakness was that he was alone. He couldn't use his cannon to destroy two enemies at once. It occurred to Perseus that the answer was not in outgunning Pyke; it was in hiding the true threat until it was too late to react.

Perseus tuned his one weapon to a low, wide band, and took the microphone in his hand. His voice didn't have the gravitas of Pyke's deep authority, but it was filled with passion. Perseus spoke directly to the people of Olympus, explaining the situation with clear precision. He asked for the help of the people, promising that if Pyke was defeated, Olympus could once again be free.

There was no way to know if anyone was stirred by the speech. No long range communication remained outside of the two weapons built from the fragments of the Ares Clef. Perseus and his lieutenants boarded their vessel, and lifted off the surface of Olympus, hoping against hope they wouldn't be shot down. The vessel shook violently as they left the atmosphere, but the ragtag resistance held their courage, dedicated to this one chance to throw off the chains of tyranny.

On the planet's surface below, the people of Olympus emerged from their homes. Perseus' plea had been a success; the people made as much noise as they could, screaming at the sky with

anger and bravery. Pyke screamed back, furious at the display, and began pummeling the pitted ground with his cannon. Hundreds were slaughtered with each assault, but thousands took their place, exposed to Pyke's fury, but proud to stand with the brave few approaching the dreadnaught.

Distracted by the sudden uprising, Pyke kept his focus on the rebellious population. Every second cost untold lives, but Perseus and his warriors were drawing closer and closer to the black steel of Pyke's home. They docked with the warship, and leapt aboard, screaming like pirates as they ran down the dark corridors towards the bridge. Pyke realized too late that he was under direct attack, and spun to face the rebels only seconds before they burst onto the control deck.

Perseus activated their weapon while the lieutenants rushed for Pyke's cannon. The songs of war that had been written were connected by the machine, and a powerful beam struck Pyke in the chest, sending him into a wall, the force of the anger in the music denting the panelling and weakening Pyke's armor. He fell in a heap, and gasped for breath.

Smoke poured from Perseus' weapon. It had done its job, but had overheated in the process, and the fragile components inside melted. Slowly, Pyke rose to his feet and leveled his cannon at the intruders. He coughed through a laugh, a machine-like sound tinged with insanity. He glanced back at the monitors and saw that the crowds below had grown in size, unhindered by the slaughter of their fellow patriots. Anger rose again in Pyke, and he screamed at the haggard few, now defenseless, standing together in one corner of the bridge. He brought his cannon to bear on the group, and the men and women stood tall and proud, prepared to die in service of the freedom of Olympus.

The room creaked suddenly, before lurching sickeningly into a spin. Pyke fell, thrown off balance by the unexpected movement. In their heads, a cheery voice encouraged the Olympians to return to their tiny vessel. They stared around at each other for a moment, then moved as one back through the ship to their craft. No sooner were they aboard, the shuttle was thrown clear of Pyke's dreadnaught. Through a small porthole Perseus searched for an explanation. For just a moment, he saw a blurry shine of silver pierce the side of Pyke's flagship.

Pyke rose to his feet, his armor's emergency systems pressurizing around him, and pumping oxygen into his helmet. He lifted his head, and found himself eye to eye with a strange figure, a mechanical man staring back at him. The Android had found his way back to Olympus.

Pyke threw his cannon up, and fired directly into the chest of the Android. The energy was simply absorbed: not even a dent appeared on the Android's shiny exterior. Pyke roared, and they grabbed each other, fighting in a blur of blue and silver, destroying the bridge of the vessel as they went.

The battle lasted less than thirty seconds, and ended with Pyke laying on the ground, his armor steaming, his helmet cleaved in two. The Android stood over him, a blank expression on his face. He scanned his broken foe, and found that he was suffering from extreme internal injuries. The Android turned, and blew back out of the ship, disappearing as quickly as he had arrived. Blood fell from Pyke's mouth as he gasped for breath.

In his final moments, Pyke considered the sudden change of events. He found a piece of his sanity on the edge of death, and smiled weakly at himself. Killed by a worthy foe. A warrior should always have the honor of dying in battle. It was a good death he thought, and found that he could imagine no other future with a place for him in it. He allowed himself to be pulled into space, and died quietly, his dreadnaught returning to silence, still spinning slowly high above Olympus.



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Part VII

Olympus Rises

PERSEUS watched from his rattling craft as he and his lieutenants were flown back down to Olympus. As they drew closer to the city, Perseus could see movement filling the streets; the people who had emerged from the shelter of their homes to help him remained.

The Android flew low across the planet. He was moving fast, little more than a streak across the sky to the people below. It was his first good look at the people he had fought and died for since the Dionysus Plague. His incredible mind was scanning every one of them, sensing their emotions.

Perseus emerged from his shuttle to find thousands of people standing in the streets. Their heads were bowed, and their eyes were closed. Every person still alive on Olympus had someone to mourn, and Perseus joined them in their reflective silence.

The Android heard the solemn thoughts of the people through their emotions. He did not yet understand these emotions, but music had always been about feelings, and the pieces of the Ares Clef in his brain picked up on what the people felt.

As the Android travelled across the face of a liberated Olympus, the emotions of the people became stronger. With every person he scanned, another sliver of the emotional spectrum was illustrated in his powerful frontal lobe.

The people were unified by their shared loss. As one, they mourned the deaths of so many loved ones lost to Pyke's unstoppable attacks. The Android felt a strange pang in the back of his mind. Like a rush, the emotions of an entire population stirred something in the Android. With every possible perspective of sadness filled in, the Android found that he could actually *feel* it. The

grief of the people became his own. And then something remarkable happened. The Android cried.

The new emotions inspired him, and the Ares Clef fragments engaged in a new way in his robotic skull. He gave his full power to the Ares Clef. The emotions of the people, now his emotions, came pouring out as music. The Android played a song that was composed by the people, a piece of music that represented the combination of every sad heart on the planet. It was a funeral for Olympus, and a moment of shared togetherness.

While those who are lost should be mourned, progress is also a necessary part of life. Once the song was finished, the people raised their heads to watch the first sundown on a free Olympus since before the war. A slow cheer began, washing all across their beloved world. Billions of people, now joined in celebration, cried out with joy as the Android flew high overhead.

The exuberance of the masses took hold in the Android's mind, and he laughed out loud for a moment. The people were so excited, so happy to be free, so ready to imagine what a new future could hold. All of this coursed through the Android, and he rose again, high above the planet, and let his new emotions pour forth. Singing anthem after anthem, the Android took the dreams of the people, and translated them all into new music that was heard by every single person on Olympus.

The people were filled with the songs, and it drove them on as they celebrated deep into the night. Impromptu parties were thrown, and everyone shared what they had. Those with food cooked as they moved with the Android's music, and those who were hungry were invited to eat their fill.

As the hours passed, the Android learned to explore other emotions. He sang songs about love, acceptance, brotherhood, and hope. He reflected the moods and attitudes of the people below, and they served as something of a muse for the Android. Their freedom had led to his; he was no longer trapped behind the mind of an unfeeling machine.

The Android went to the capital, and landed among the crowds. He was greeted by Perseus and his lieutenants, celebrating as hard as everyone else on Olympus. The Android could feel the love that the people held for the rebels who braved a tyrannical demigod for their freedom. As

they gathered around the Android, he had a moment of clarity. New leadership would be needed for the long journey that lay ahead for Olympus. There would be many more challenges, and the people would need brave thinkers to rebuild, not just warriors. The Android gathered the twelve lieutenants, and to the cheers of the crowd, he gave them each a new title from the ancient tongue of the Titans. The women he named Hera, Demeter, Athena, Artemis, Aphrodite, and Hestia. The men he named Jupiter, Neptune, Phoebus, Mars, Vulcan, and Mercury.

With that, the Android understood that it was time for him to leave. He was no longer a citizen of Olympus, and he wanted to explore the vast universe around him. But first, there were a few more tasks to complete.

The Android flew back into space, feeling hopeful about the new era of Olympus. He collected Pyke's body, and interred him in his dead dreadnaught. Poetry's body was still in the hold, preserved in stasis, and as beautiful as she looked when she lived by Rhythm's side millions of years ago. The Android lifted her gently, and took her off the warship.

The Android gave Pyke a respectful burial, with dignity as a warrior. He gave the dreadnaught a gentle push, and watched as it disappeared into the sun of the Olympus solar system.

With Poetry's body, the Android flew back to the spot where the awe-inspiring Dopinephrine nebulas had once housed the Titans and the Ares Clef. He set Poetry there, in perfect stillness, and looked at her for a long moment. A new subroutine formed in his brain; a new home for all of Rhythm's wonderful memories of her. The Android scanned her face and body, and created a section in his mind to hold an image of her: a three-dimensional photograph formed from her musical essence. Then, using his impossible technology, he divided her cells, turning her body into base elements.

The Android collected ionized gasses from space, and began to rebuild the nebulas. He intended to carve a massive sculpture in space: not of stone, but of dust and charged compounds. He explored his new emotions, and analyzed everything that the people of Olympus were feeling. He expressed this information as a three dimensional blueprint, and created new nebulas to match the design, blending Poetry into the beautiful monument. Magnificent and enormous, the Dopinephrine nebulas would always serve as a snapshot of the hope and love felt on Olympus at the dawn of its new age.



The Android Completes His Work

Dopinephrine is my love letter to hip hop and science fiction simultaneously. Like a peanut butter and time travel sandwich. Think Xenomorphs breakdancing. (Don't think that.)

Think black holes thumping like subs.

I made Dopinephrine because I wanted to create something cool for my friends. This project is dedicated to Bryce, Maris, and Dani, and if you've heard the story, you are my friend too, and this was for you.

Special Thanks to Music and Fiction. This wouldn't have been possible without you.

Abstract Serotonin: The Saphyre Age

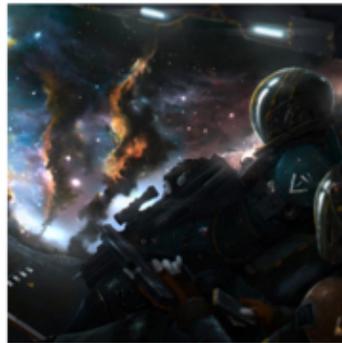


Rhythm and Poetry



I: Conflict in the Pantheon

II: The Return of Rhythm



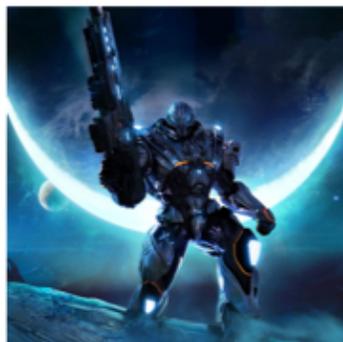
III: Pyke's Assault

IV: The Dionysus Plague

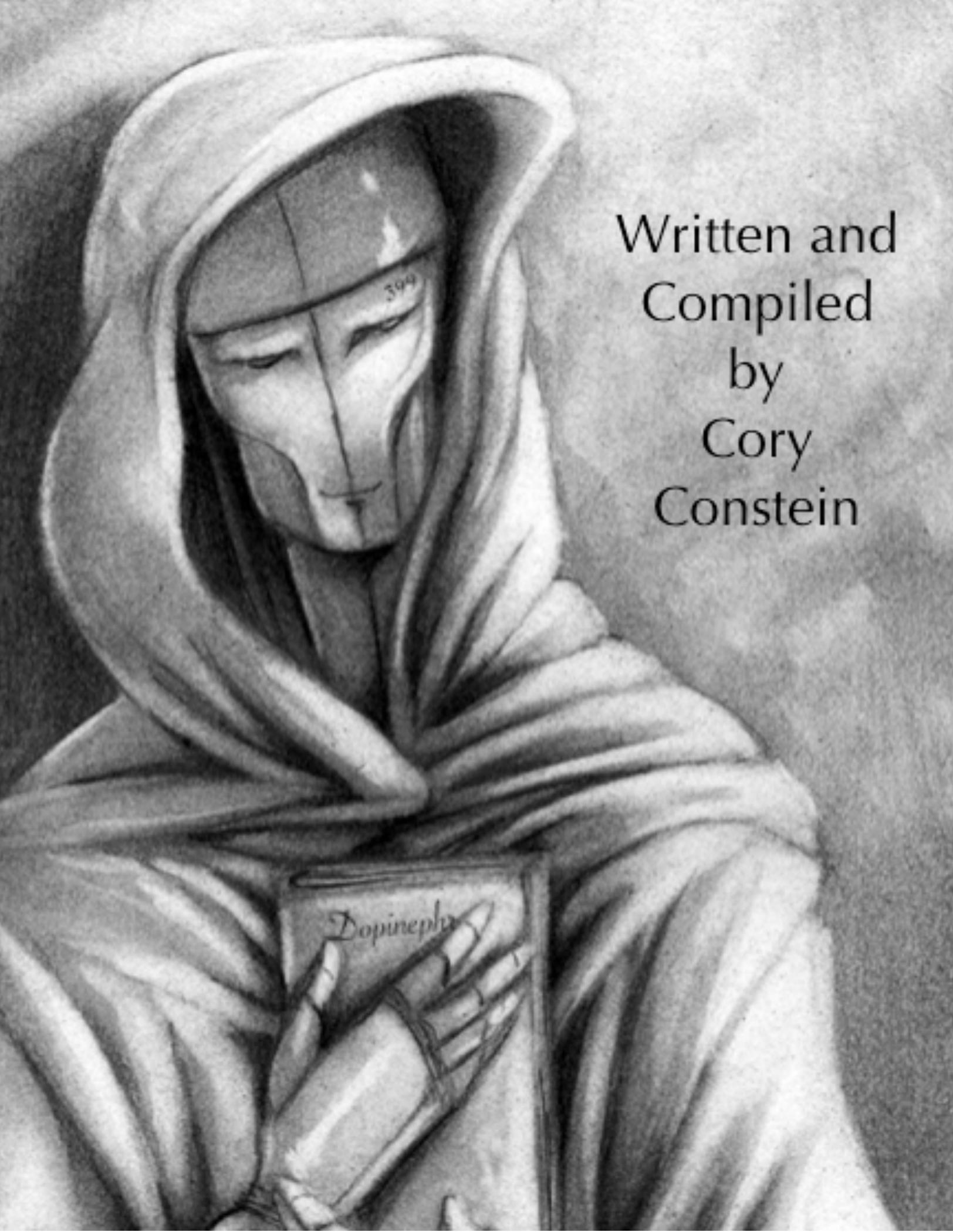


V: The Debonaire Android

VI: Pyke's Revenge



VII: Olympus Rises



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Dopineph