

A Little Friend

<Date: 8/2/29,729 Standard. Location: The Jung System where the Kefir people were actively occupying their planet's moon and a smaller planet in the next orbit out from their home world. They were leaving behind on their world the gelfs, known to them as chimeras, they had earlier developed to serve in numerous dangerous and/or unwanted jobs.>

It was a rather bright, sunny day with only a few puffy "popcorn" clouds floating lazily along the western edge of the horizon.

Yogh, a six-year-old humanlike Kefir boy, walked downhill towards his home with his newfound friend Bliss. He said proudly, "My daddy builds planes." He glanced overhead and pointed out several highflying airliners to her.

"My dad works at the plane factory, too. Maybe they know each other. He works at night after everyone else has gone home." Bliss smiled with a wide, and definitely bucktooth, grin. "He gets to wear a nifty uniform."

"Mm... I know my daddy likes to complain about wearing a tie. He says it's expected of him to wear one." Yogh pulled his jet black hair out of his eyes as he rolled them about. "When I grow up I'm not wearing a tie." He glanced down at his bare plantigrade feet. "Or shoes..."

Bliss raised her large digitigrade right foot up before her. "I hate shoes, too."

"I bet you can kick really great with feet like those."

"Can I ever...!" She kicked downwards with her right foot and she easily preformed a backwards flip. A second kick using both of her legs together easily hurled her body over three meters up in the air. She then touched down lightly on her nimble feet.

"Whoa...! No way can I do that!" He shook his head in dismay of her nonhuman feat.

"Of course not, silly. You don't have legs like mine." She laughed to the point where her ribs began to hurt.

Bliss was a genetically modified rabbit whose ancestors were designed to do jobs unwanted by the Kefir humans. Most of these jobs involved the military or very dangerous jobs where a human would be expected to lose his or her life. Since the loss of human life was unacceptable, genetically enhanced nonhumans were designed to take on these jobs and sacrifice themselves if need be. Of course, these genetically enhanced nonhumans were fully sentient and they were quick to see no reason in uselessly sacrificing themselves, either. This hailed in an era of forced mind control and absolute obedience, often through brutal training, by the Kefirs.

Yogh heard the familiar hum of his mother's limousine as it pulled up behind him and Bliss. Turning around and waving, he saw his mother's personal driver opening his door and stepping out. "Hi, Ren..." Yogh looked up at the chauffeur. "Is my mommy with you?"

The well dressed uniformed Doberman-like driver bowed. "She is, Master Yogh. Your mother wishes a word with you."

Yogh took Bliss by her hand and guided her back to the rear left door of the vehicle. Ren followed behind and then stepped forwards to open the rearward door so Yogh could speak with his mother.

As Yogh started to introduce Bliss when his mother leaned forwards towards the opened door and ordered, "Release that dirty animal's paw, Yogh!"

Yogh looked quite shocked for several seconds and then hesitantly pulled his hand back from Bliss' hand.

Bliss' large black eyes grew even larger as tears welled up within them. A look of great pain etched itself deeply into her face as she turned and ran away as fast as her legs could take her.

Yogh's mother winched. The genetic chimeras she dealt with everyday were trained to act emotionless, especially those who were her servants. Bliss was but a very young girl of six whose

emotions were untrained and unguided by Kefir law. She had long forgotten chimeras were intelligent and sentient beings created by the humanlike Kefirs to invisibly serve them. Chimeras were more often than not forced to act without emotions in their interactions with humans so they appeared less humanlike thus allowing the Kefirs in general to feel superior to them. Yet, many chimeras were just as—if not even more intelligent—than the general population of the Kefirs.

“*What have I done...?*” Looking at her crying son, she said, “Go tell your little friend I’m sorry. Mommy’s having a very bad day today, dear.” She rubbed her right temple with the fingertips of her hand. “Hurry, dear...”

"A Little Friend" is a section of text from the story *Panocide*.
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