

The travels of Isil.

The People came in spaceships. Those known as the Cahuilla came down in a metallic faceted fiery egg-like transport. Two brothers, captains of the ships, Mukat and Temawayet, brought with them the immortal crew. Coyote, Wildcat, Tortoise, Snake, an array of experts in every field. Inside the ship were the seeds of people copied from their home worlds. Another ship, the Chemehuevi landed at the Oasis of Mara a thousand years later.

Some said their worlds were teeming with too many people, but the captains of these great ships were on a mission to expand civilization to the outer hub of the galaxy as a matter of course.

The ships kept coming from the inner systems, planting their seeds wherever they could. The seeded people could not crew the ships because of their life span.

Their origins grew misty and then forgotten. They created fanciful stories along the way.

These immortal crews were schooled in the quantum drive and had biological augmentations to help them last the millennia it took to arrive on this world. Now the crews had dispersed. Many chose to live among the seeded peoples. Some chose to leave the world and take the remnants of ships and technologies elsewhere.

After the seeds established themselves, the purpose of the captains came to an end. They started dying off.

Isil, or Coyote as he was now known, part of the original crew of the Cahuilla ship lived on. "Isil" originally meant something like "first officer," but now he was unmoored. Quantum technology was embedded in his bodily structures. He took his new mission to be an observer of this world. Coyote interacted with the seedling people at first, but the raging ignorance of his ancient charges began to annoy him. It seemed the cortisol levels of so many of the seedlings grew in opposition to rational thought. Radiation and mutation was Coyote's explanation. It was too late to study or correct it.

It used to be that people ran everywhere. Coyote would peek out from his mountain lair and look down on the high desert valley. He could catch the movement easily: men and women running across the desert effortlessly, sometimes with baskets lashed to their heads or backs.

Then horses came, and afterward, the hard, hot black roads with speeding cars and trucks.

He took to automobiles. He would steal them and teach himself to drive. A few fiery crashes later, he got the hang of it. It was ingenious how much power they contained and what a thrill their earthly velocity would give.

If he really wanted to travel far, it was much simpler than learning to drive. It was like a "handoff" where he exchanged places with matter at a distance. That is how they travelled in the ships, small instantaneous jumps from one coordinate to another. Then orbit a star and rebuild energy reserve. Quantum teleportation was part of his DNA. It was a network of linkages with infinite hubs.

The seedlings had no such ability as they remained dormant inside the massive ships. They were left to evolve on their own.

The quantum crew dispersed. They still had the ability to jump to distant locations. Two or three together could make much longer jumps. His friend Raven, whose gigantic saucer shaped vessel landed on the north coast of what is known as California became his traveling companion.

They travelled to Japan to take in the sakura. In Egypt they watched the seedlings move mighty stones to create the pyramids. In Florida they rode along with seedling astronauts who first breached the Earth's atmosphere.

They jumped to other planets, but lifeless boiling gasses and hard rocky barren landscapes were not as interesting as those realms teeming with life.

Coyote sensed other ships passing through the solar system, on their own distant missions. He was glad he was resting now and his wanderlust abated.

One night, he met himself. He was enjoying running about Ruby Mountain when he saw his duplicate a hundred yards away. He came to stand next to his mirrored image. His other's visage drifted out of focus and rippled with light.

"There are innumerable worlds occupying the same space, if you call it that," his double said. "All possibilities occur at once, and if you practice you can sample all the other universes of possibilities." His other offered to teach him how to move or slide into other parallel worlds.

In one universe, the European seedlings came to the Americas, but died out quickly from the indigenous diseases. In another Mayan, Aztec and Incan scientists learned how to travel to the planets in a little over

a thousand years. All the planets in the solar system teemed with brown people dressed in iridescent finery.

In another, he saw his own ship, damaged by an errant asteroid crash into Lake Lahontan.

He found especially fascinating the Buddhist dictatorships and the pan-Hindu democracies, the Chinese skyscrapers that extended into outer space.

In countless universes there were no intelligent beings. In other iterations galaxies had been turned into sentient machines and biological life was incidental.

His doppelgänger was insatiably curious and the need to see other universes was stronger than his own. After hundreds of sojourns through uncountable variation, he settled in to this chosen world. Every location was an infinitude, why ask for more; passing beyond infinity into a kind of madness of possibilities?