

The Five Constant Factors  
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A Novel in the world of CHN  
<http://chn.sourceforge.net>

## **Book I: Ryuji Shunan**

The Moral Law causes the people to be in complete accord with their ruler, so that they will follow him regardless of their lives, undismayed by any.

—Sun Tzu, "The Art of War"

## Chapter I

An electric shock, a simple microwatt shock specifically targeted for the reticular activating system inside the midbrain region of the brain stem can have stunning effects on a sleeping person, so much that upon insertion into a sleeping tube at any of the worlds business hostels an electrode is positioned for those who do not have the headwear to be jacked into a hibernation timer system, unfortunately, due to a damaged receptor port during a quick escape from a mission for the Yakuza gone wrong, I had to submit to an electrode positioned by the expert hands of the 20 year old late-night tube attendant. Now, for those who have had the money or the necessity to have a jack installed, hibernation timers are well worth the cost, the stress that an alarm, or an electrode causes are completely null and void, due to the regulation of your sleep pattern by the attached computer so that

you awake naturally, at the given time. An electrode is not that gracious. You could be in the middle of the Elysium fields living the a life of leisure and luxury when the entire room is filled with a blinding light and a noise so sharp and artificial, you would think the final atomic sleep had finally rained down on the decaying cities of the world. But then it all goes away and you are lying in a shaking, rocking, tube totally confused in your surroundings. Now the first thing one thinks is usually is the heaven or hell, depending on your spiritual bent, then you think, "Who am I?", and what was that noise. Then the answers come: I am a sleeping tube, that noise was Ryuji Shunan, and I am in an electrode. Another burst as you realize that no, I am Ryuji Shunan, that noise was the electrode waking me up, and I am in a sleeping tube. Of course, you wouldn't say that you are Ryuji Shunan; I say that because I am Ryuji Shunan, a Yakuza data-assassin. Now I know what you

think when you hear "assassin," you think high-powered rifles, poisons, piano wire, and all that gory mess. But this is a new era, with new needs, and new subjects for elimination. Today men like me don't kill other men; we kill AIs, Data Havens, and Server Farms. In the previous century the term hacker was in vogue, but hackers were the highwaymen of the crime world, cheap thugs, or at best a Robin Hood. We however, are the refined. We are organized electronic criminals. We are backed by the Yakuza, the Mafia, or the Slavic Business Group (formerly known as the Russian Mob). That is we are data-assassins. Now, as I was saying, my jack was damaged during an attempt by the Yakuza to steal an off-net research AI, stored in an isolated farm deep inside Sealand. I was smuggled on to the Island and I successfully made my way into an adjacent farm where me and one of my Yakuza associates proceeded to using a plasma cutter to gain access to the restricted farm that housed Buryan, an AI

designed to operate the SBG (Slavic Business Group) designed weather control picosats that were being sold for a high ticket to the North American Alliance. The problem was that the SBG using its connections inside the Neo-Soviet government was able to vastly undercut Sony-Matsushita's competing bid. This angered many prominent stockholders in Sony-Matsushita, including the Oyabun of a particularly powerful Yakuza clan. This Oyabun, asked his Saiko-komon, to hire a data-assassin for the job, and I having, done many jobs hiding and stealing money from other Oyabuns for this Saiko-komon, was offered the job. So there I was jacked into an AI trying to unlatch it from the farm for download into a high-capacity crystal. When a lab technician from the farm that we gained entry through came whistling by with a replacement router to install, as he strolled by the cut hole he caught a glimpse of me jacked in and my associates keeping the coast clear. With a short burst of

silenced gun fire the tech fell against a rack-mount. As he fell to the floor I saw sparks coming from the rack he hit after being shot. A bullet passed through him and hit the power controller for the rack. I knew we had to abort because a damage control team would be on their way to find out why an entire rack went dead. But the Yakuza had different orders, they pulled on gas masks shoved one to me which I quickly pulled on. Next, they shot out a Halon sprayer in the roof. The gas began to pour out of the shot away sprayer and the evacuation alarm went off for that farm. The Yakuza went to the main door and waited for the two SBG guards to enter with AK-2023 assault rifles and Neo-Soviet made gasmasks. My accomplices took the Slavs out soon after they came in to the room, but one of the Slavs got off a single shot that after ricocheting hit the neuroterm that I was jacked in to. The resulting surge fried my jack and I was forced to disconnect. Fortunately the download just completed. So I

pulled the data crystal from my writer, shoved the crystal into an audio player and began my separate retreat from my associates. I used the forged security card to go into a service crawlway that took me out to a maintenance shed near the docks. I changed back into the business suit I had stowed in a locker and then nonchalantly walked out of the shed and walked to the hovercraft that was preparing to depart for London. The pain from the jack still was burning in the back of my head as I boarded the hovercraft. Fortunately, the ship store had lovely pain killers that reduced my pain while I carefully deactivated the damaged interface in one of the lavatories. With the interface deactivated I went to my seat and sat down. The steward came up and asked if I would care for a drink, I almost asked for Sake, when I remembered that my cover was that I was a British banker of Hong Kong stock. I was forced to order something more appropriate, a gin and tonic. A noxious mixture, like all British

tastes, but my cover must be upheld. The steward returned with my drink and said to him "Here's to business," downed the cup, and went to sleep.