

and Lagrange is celebrating centuries of relative peace. Life has been, by and large, good for those who chose to upload their consciousnesses. They mark milestones, fall in and out of love, dwell in peace. They fork, copying themselves for specific tasks or to go separate lives. Memories pile up as they carry on.

And then everything grinds to a halt.

One year, one month and eleven days have gone missing... and so has one percent of the population of Lagrange.

23 billion souls lost.

Reed and the rest of his cocladists, fellow instances forked from the original uploaded mind of *Marsh*, strive to discover what has happened and where Marsh has gone, rendering them unmoored: five unconnected instances with *no root to connect them*.



