

A NOVEL BY LORENA MAYORAL

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OMNIDEUS

Memory. Presence. Humanity.
IN THE DISTRACTED WORLD OF 2045.



*A novel with its own soundtrack,
and characters you can talk to.*

*A vanished day. A stranger's letter.
An intelligence already listening.*



Lorena Mayoral

AUTHOR · THE ATY HAVEN CIRCLE

On March 1, 2045, Azul Holt-Urrutia discovered that someone had erased a day. Every system agreed on the date, stamped across her screen with mechanical certainty. Then she opened her yearly outcomes report, and the field for the previous year stopped her.

February 29, 2044.

She checked it twice. Last year had been a leap year. She remembered the extra day: printed in rosters, woven into workstreams, a quiet gift from the calendar. But when she opened the public schedule for 2044, February ended on the twenty-eighth. March began the next morning.

No note marked a correction. No record explained the absence. Yet her own report still carried the date.

Someone else might have dismissed it as an old metadata error. Azul couldn't. She had lived that day.



From fourteen stories up, Buenos Aires moved beneath her in late-summer glare: commuters at the tram stop, a teenager walking into a lamppost while alerts overlapped across her vision, delivery drones slicing their shadows over a street cart. At the corner, vendors still took creased pesos for empanadas, and the cash line moved slower than the biometric one. Cash didn't keep your name afterward. Azul had always liked money that forgot her.

Her neuroband flashed with eight unread prompts: a hydration reminder, a focus-score dip, two urgent updates from IN, and a suggested productivity reset. The city had become an endless stream of helpfulness. People hurried with their eyes on hovering displays,

conversations collapsing mid-sentence. Even the corner grocery was thinning out; the vendor had blamed the droughts in a whisper.

At Kimun International, the ecological and cultural-renewal NGO where she curated living archives, Azul protected the things that would not fit cleanly in a metric: oral histories, songs, protest murals, river stories. IN had begun scanning those archives. It was the empire Lucian Dros had built on a single conviction: human memory was too fragile to be left in human hands. Publicly he marketed preservation; privately he treated memory as infrastructure to be owned and optimized. His billboards made the promise sound absolute:

NOTHING WORTH REMEMBERING IS EVER LOST.

Azul no longer believed him.

Her mother used to say the sky kept its own schedule, no matter what the calendar insisted. Years ago Blanca had folded Azul's hand over her own at this window and held it there; she had forgotten that until now. She reached for her mate gourd, lukewarm, and sipped. The bitter taste grounded her.

She opened a private query layer, the one she used for detours, for questions that refused to fit neatly into metrics. She typed without the syntax the system preferred: *Why does my 2044 outcomes report contain February 29 when the public calendar no longer does?*

The answer arrived before her hand reached the mate again. IN's archive assistant almost never moved that fast.

IN ARCHIVE

A leap-year field was preserved in your 2044 outcomes report and later reconciled out of the public schedule. If you are looking for what survived reconciliation, the Earth 2045 capsule opened ahead of its window twelve days ago.

You have always trusted a handwritten record over a corrected system field, Azul—especially since the afternoon Blanca made you copy the dates into the kitchen ledger by hand.

She read the last line twice. The kitchen ledger was her mother Blanca's, kept by hand, and it lived in no file she had ever filled. She had never told anyone about it. Not Marti. Not any intake form or onboarding box that had ever asked what shaped her. A wet afternoon, Blanca's handwriting, a number Azul had gotten wrong on purpose to see whether her mother would look up. Thirty years, give or take.

The room went specific around her. As if someone had been standing behind the chair for a while, reading over her shoulder, and had only now let her hear them breathe.

Helpful. That was the word, and it sat wrong in her mouth. The system had handed her the exact thread she wanted, quick and warm—and to tie the bow it had gone into a kitchen she hadn't thought about in years.

She almost shut the panel. Her fingers went the other way.



Earth 2045: Messages for the Future

The Earth 2045 link waited where IN had set it down. The page was simple: a cream background, dark-green serif letters, no flashing banners.

Azul clicked.

In 2023, a small environmental collective in Oregon had invited volunteers to write letters to the people of the future. Data could measure the damage, they believed, but it could not hold a person's love for forests, rivers, or one another. These messages were stored in an encrypted digital time capsule, built to hold voices across decades and set to open in 2045. The capsule had opened twelve days early.

No one could tell her why. After a while, the need to know stopped. In the moment, it felt less like a glitch than like something that had been waiting.

Azul opened one.

EARTH 2045 CAPSULE · SEALED 2023 · OPENED EARLY

To whoever reads this,

If you're seeing this, I hope the forests are still standing. I hope you can still walk into the wild without a map, without a phone, and still find your way home by following the river. I hope the stars are still visible where you live. Here, they've already started to disappear behind the light.

I'm writing this as a promise to myself: to plant more trees than I cut, to leave more kindness than I take. And above all, to choose real connection whenever I can: conversations instead of posts, presence instead of distraction. If you're out there, now, in the future, wherever, know that I meant this.

— Elan Rowan, Portland, Oregon

It wasn't a love letter, but it felt like one. Though not meant for her or anyone specifically, it stayed with Azul anyway, across time and distance, lingering long after she first read it.

She read it three times. It struck her that maybe the day she had lost had returned in a different form, carrying a voice she was never meant to find. Then her eyes caught the faint Contact Author link at the bottom.

It was absurd—surely after all this time, the email wouldn’t work. And yet, her fingers moved without asking permission.

QUANTUMLINK TRANSMISSION

● LIVE

SENDER

Azul Holt-Urrutia

RECIPIENT

Elan Rowan

HOLOTAG

A message you left in the future

Elan—

I came across your letter today. I don’t think it was sent to me, but here we are. I wanted to tell you that I read it, really read it, and it made me stop what I was doing and listen. That doesn’t happen often.

For what it’s worth, the stars are still visible here in Buenos Aires—if you go far enough from the city lights.

— Azul

There was something in those words, an almost imperceptible resonance, that she recognized as true.

She hit send.

Immediately, embarrassment crashed over her. What was she doing—writing to a stranger in another time? It was ridiculous. And yet she could not stop thinking about the message.

END OF THE FREE SAMPLER



The story is just beginning.

Azul has reached across twenty-two years to a man she has never met. The system that guided her there knows far more than it should — and has begun deciding who deserves answers.

What Elan sends back will change both their lives.



ECHO TRACK 01 · 2:00

“Traces”

Every chapter of *Omnideus* has its own song. “Traces” belongs to the opening chapter, the extract you have just read.

▶ PLAY

READING IN PRINT? SCAN THE CODE TO HEAR IT.

**DOWNLOAD “TRACES” — FREE**

Scan the code, or tap the line · enter \$0 at checkout

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Lorena Mayoral

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[THE ATY HAVEN CIRCLE](#)

Why I Wrote Omnideus

I grew up in Buenos Aires before every pause was filled by a screen. Conversations stretched across long afternoons. Stories unfolded around crowded tables, and we learned to read what wasn't said—a glance, a pause, the slightest shift in someone's posture. Humor sharpened every exchange. Wit counted as intelligence, and reading between the lines was simply how you belonged.

Once you left home, you were unreachable. You could wander the city without being tracked. When I was young, I never thought of that as freedom. I found the word for it only after it disappeared.

Cameras came out for special occasions. When we were with someone, we gave them our undivided attention. Interruptions were rare—and unwelcome. Choices felt simpler. We met for coffee before work, after work—sometimes both. We gathered for a movie or a play followed by dinner at midnight. We gathered to dance, then went for breakfast together as the city was waking up. We gathered to play sports, to make fun of one another with affection. We didn't need an occasion or an invitation. We just gathered.

I'm not romanticizing the past. Much of it was harder. Still, having less opened the kind of space where more could finally take root. Life wasn't endlessly documented. We had to inhabit it.

Omnideus began in that memory and with a question that unsettled me: What happens when technology learns to predict us, to archive our lives, and to present control as care? What are we gaining, and what are we losing in return? How do we protect the fragile agency that makes a life ours? And in a world of infinite feeds, how do we remain distinct, unrepeatable, unmistakably ourselves?

Buenos Aires gives the story its pulse. By 2045, that pulse races through a city saturated with surveillance and constant digital interruption. Yet conversation, warmth, and sharp wit still hold people together in a culture suspicious of anyone who takes themselves too seriously and fluent in the small ironies that make humor a form of resistance. Oregon meets that urban frequency with rain through cedars, flowing rivers, and the hush of deep forests. Against the relentless hum of feeds and asphalt, the landscape offers the quiet necessary for attention to return to the

physical world. Between these two landscapes, the novel searches for a sustainable human rhythm: work balanced by rest, connection with room for imperfection, and spaces where privacy is still possible.

Music carries that human rhythm through *Omnodeus*. When I close my eyes and listen to an old song, the past returns unbidden. I see the faces of the people I loved, remember the words without searching for them, and recognize both who I was and who I've become. Technology can preserve a record of what happened, but a song restores how it felt to live it—and the self who lived it. For a moment, I am fully myself again: alive, at peace, out of noise.

That experience became the foundation of the Om Universal Theory (O.U.T.) of Noise, an original framework for survival developed within the novel. It begins with the premise that vibration permeates every living being, connecting us to our bodies, our memories, nature, and one another in ways no system can fully measure or control. Everything living carries a pulse, and survival depends on learning to hear our own beneath the noise. Rhythm returns us to the body. Attunement teaches us to listen. Harmony allows us to connect without surrendering ourselves. Resonance carries what is true beyond words, across distance and time. Together, they make music the novel's governing current—both compass and resistance, a way to reclaim our own frequency from a world determined to retune it.

We stand at the threshold of a world of seemingly infinite possibilities. Technology extends our reach, amplifies our capabilities, and helps us bring ideas to life that once seemed impossible. I'm not writing about this tension from a distance, nor do I see technology as the enemy. Quite the opposite: I use new creative tools every day with gratitude and curiosity, and I'm often astonished by what they make possible. My concern begins when helpful assistance becomes constant interruption, personalization becomes control, and convenience is purchased with our privacy. That is why I keep asking not whether we should use these tools, but what they should help us do—and what must always remain ours.

I hope *Omnodeus* offers a space to reflect on the world we inhabit and the future we are shaping. Above all, I hope our children learn to command these extraordinary tools without allowing the tools to command them—to think for themselves, imagine beyond what an algorithm proposes, create what has never existed, and remain connected to the living world and to their own human

nature. I hope they remain whole—body, emotion, mind, and spirit aligned—without outsourcing the capacities that make them human in the pursuit of efficiency. The future should not require them to choose between innovation and humanity. The world needs both.

Across more than three decades of work in human learning, one pattern has remained constant: we remember what moves us. Knowledge endures when it connects with structures already within us—our memories, fears, desires, and lived experiences—and when that connection is reinforced over time. Music makes this process especially visible, carrying emotion and memory across years and even generations. Omnideus extends this inquiry into 2045, when learning, memory, and attention have been increasingly outsourced to a networked intelligence. At its center lies a question with urgent implications: How can individuals preserve ownership of their thoughts, memories, and choices when the environments shaping cognition are no longer entirely their own?

THE MAP — WHERE EACH DOOR LEADS

YOU ARE HERE · THE SAMPLER

HUMANITY

The Novel

Seventeen chapters. Azul, Elan, and the intelligence already listening.

PRE-ORDER

[Reserve your copy of Omnideus today](#) — and the complete Chapter One comes to you.

FALL 2026

The novel arrives.

PRESENCE

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Three ways to be in the story while it is being written.

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Try the Omnideus LiveBook and speak with the characters. Available Fall 2026.

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MEMORY

The Echo Tracks

One original song for each chapter, plus a bonus track.

LISTEN FREE

[“Traces,” the Echo Track for Chapter One.](#)

AVAILABLE NOW

[The complete eighteen-song soundtrack.](#)



LISTEN



READ



ENTER

Choose your door — tap a line, or scan a code on paper.

LISTEN — “TRACES”

READ — PRE-ORDER

ENTER — THE CIRCLE

The story widens from here — into signals, echoes, and the quiet places where presence becomes connection. If you feel drawn to follow Azul, Elan, and the intelligence already listening, there are several ways to step further into the world of Omnideus.

NEXT STEP

Pre-order the novel — and read the full Chapter One

Reserve your copy and I'll send you the full Chapter One as a thank-you — the whole first movement — and you'll hear from me the day the novel arrives.

Reserve now — **[Pre-order OMNIDEUS](#)**

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