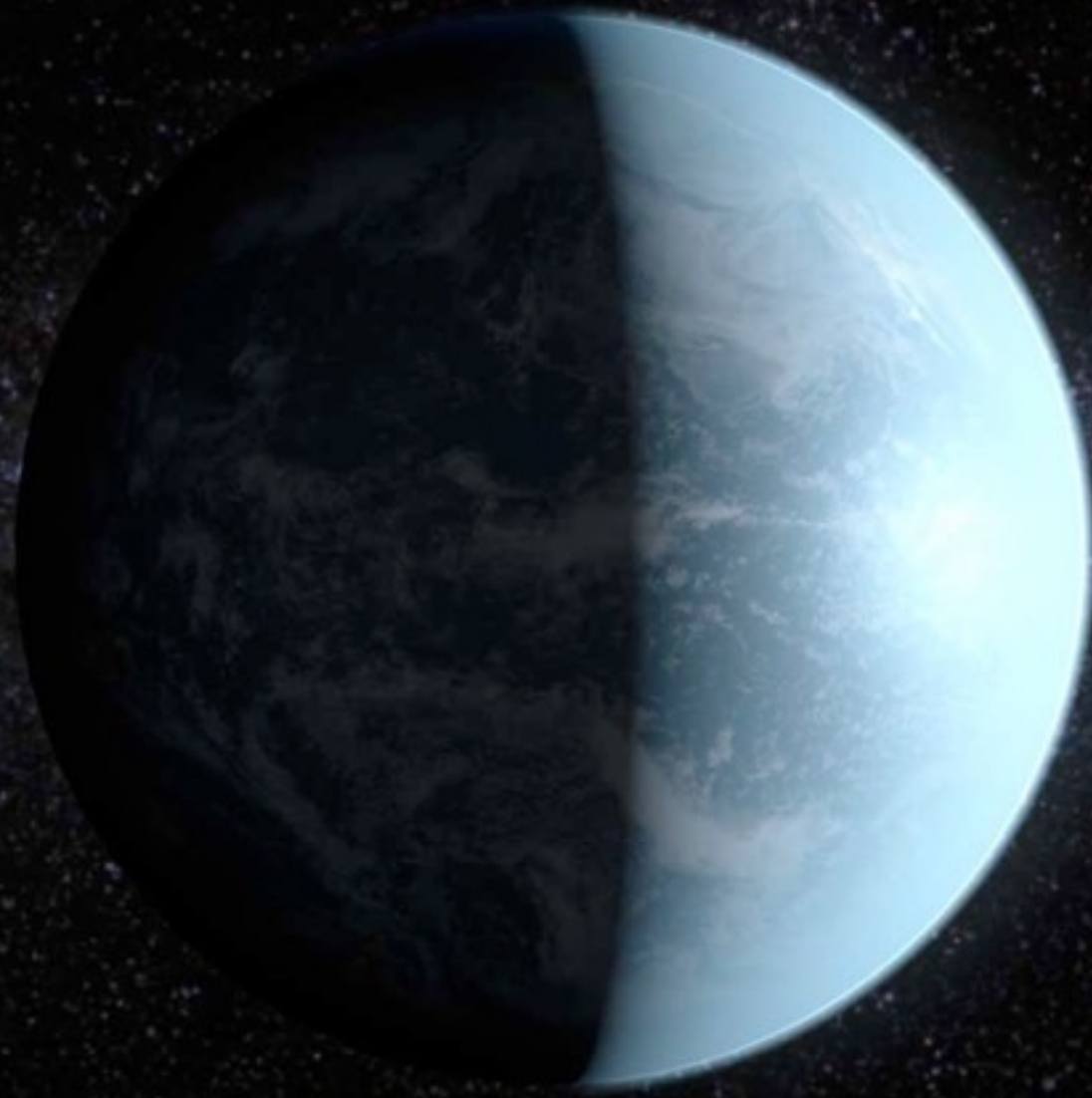


NIGHTMARE

I N H E A V E N

A R G A
S T T E



M I S S I O N O N E

THE FUTURE WAS BRIGHTER
THAN EVER IMAGINED



NIXRUN

Preface

Falling asleep might not be all that bad when the nightmare leads to something new. When passion and love collides in Heaven, then Hell breaks loose. Do all people not experience reality in a dream? Then they wake up wanting to step back inside the dream either seeing how it would end or somehow influence the dream. Good or bad. Evil or love was a dream so vast, it included The Vatican and part of the US intelligence force. So much for intelligence. They had Andrella and John to fix it and it would take more than 3 dimensions.

A nightmare was perhaps a key to start a roller-coaster towards the end to start something beyond any nightmare. NIGHTMARE takes you into space and back to Earth all in a dream so vast not even The Vatican knew exactly what leg to stand on. Love was a keyword. A dream might unlock Heaven & Hell known as love. Perhaps then departure was possible from the point of arrival.

Visit <http://nixrun.com> as the homepage of Novelist Sean Sing. Here you will find the latest updates related to his work.

Welcome to The Nightmare.

Short novel by Sean Sing - aka Niels Ulrik Reinwald (a.k.a. Sean Sing).

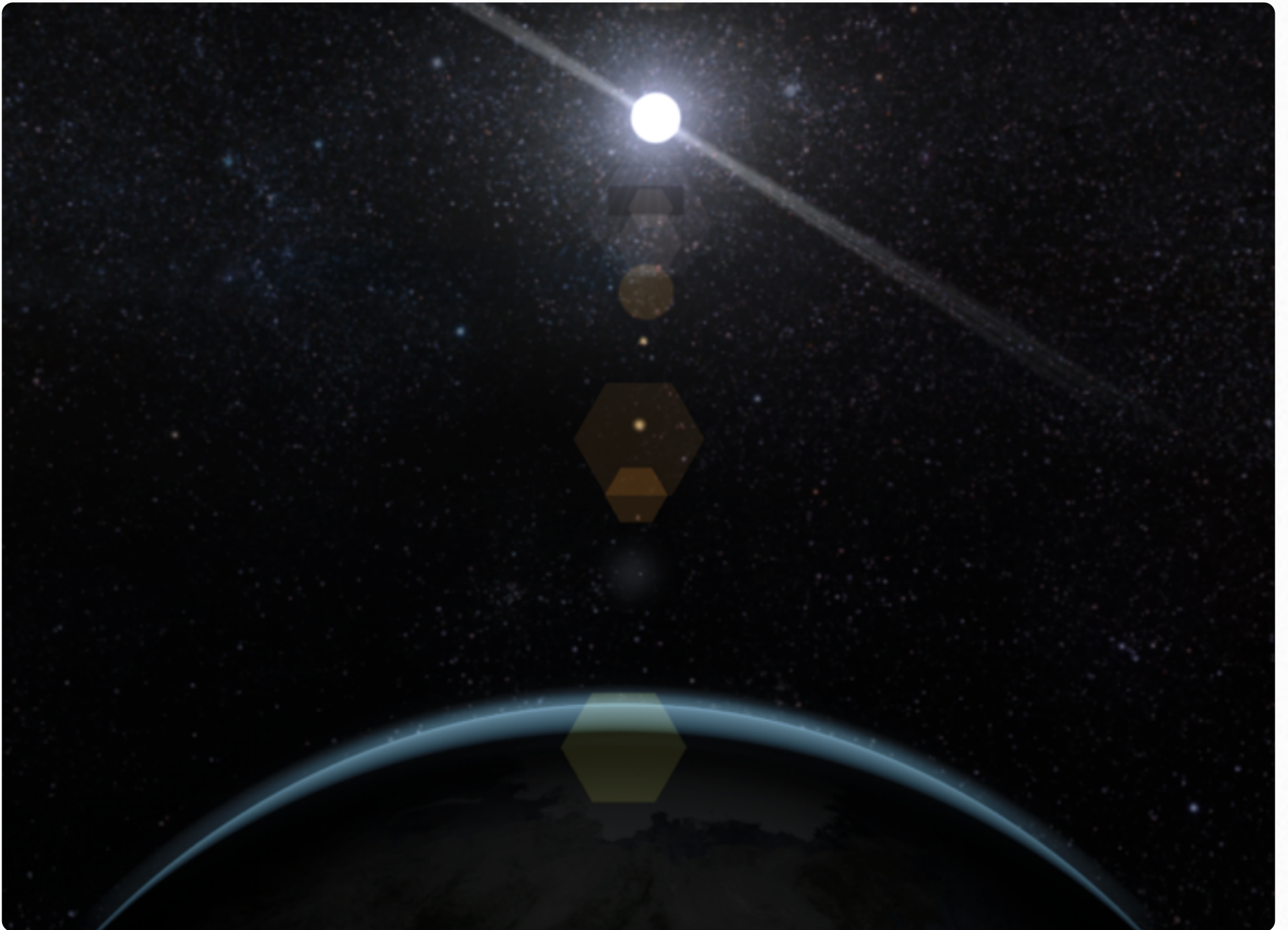
Version 1.0 Sun. August 21. 2016 (relaunched December 19. 2019.)

The logo for NIXRUN features a small, light blue sphere with a shadow above the letter 'I'. Below it, the word "NIXRUN" is written in a bold, golden, 3D-style serif font with a slight shadow beneath each letter.

1

Nightmare in Heaven

At the end was a void leading to a dream which gave peace to John. He entered the beginning of his odyssey.



Space was spinning violently as the casket containing John was shaking from side to side. Visibility was limited to a round hole from where John was unable to orient his vision except he was able to extend his mind outside the casket making him able to clearly see what was going on. He was under the control of his own mind and any attempt to jail-break this encapsulation was impossible. John was restrained to staying inside the casket

hoping his solitude in the vastness of space would break free from the sheer power of his mind.

Suddenly, the casket accelerated and within the instant of one-second, John was transported what seemed to be at least 6.000 light years in what seemed to be a straight path from his origin. His mind was able to envision the casket in space even John being inside the casket. He was without any way of moving inside the casket except for the movement of the casket itself. This gave John an idea; was he able to move to a location where help would be found using only the power of his mind. John tried waking up his mind to a half sleeping state in which he could consciously manipulate this dream. As he did so, the casket would spin around in random rotations set in motion by an initial force and John's limbs would disappear leaving him with only his torso and his head separated from his torso now located outside the casket. John suddenly realized this might be key to his escape, letting his mind go solo. John tried to separate the casket from his head making them into two entities leaving his body for dead and his head forming his new self outside the casket. That was when the casket imploded on itself only to tremendously explode in a huge white flash; no sound. The explosion was just so powerful, that his head started to sway in all kinds of directions being flung in a thrust in one direction.

John had no direct recollection of when all of this had started. It seemed to have lasted forever and an inner voice told John it was going to go on forever. John realized he had died and had woken up in the magnitude of space. His mind had woken only to produce his own prison in freedom in the Universe in space so huge all was possible except for leaving his head. Leaving his own mind which naturally was impossible by nature as implied. John wondered if it was possible to destroy his own mind and break free somehow, but that seemed impossible. A headless future was out of reach.

Unable to breath, John realized there was no oxygen and naturally he would now suffocate which would leave him dead escaping him. He thought. John did not even have to breath, naturally. He was without a body and therefore without the natural state to operate any breathing. Something was all wrong which redefined all laws. "Wait a minute" John thought. If John was now able somehow to think himself a way out of this, he might just do so and he would be able to escape this torturous state of mind. The easy way would be to dream something. That would at least produce a fantasy world or space in which his mind could escape this nightmare. John thought if this was a dream, that he would wake up and his worries would all be over and therefore there was no need to dream anything

new. He tried to shake his head. Not possible. The only thing he was able to do, was move his eyes. He tried moving his eyes fast to see if that influenced his head's direction. Nothing happened. The spinning was continuous as left by the soundless explosion. John closed his eyes trying to shut out all thoughts only to realize when he opened them, which was only a blink away, that multiple supernovas had happened and the birth of numerous black holes had taken place. He closed his eyes again. The same supernovas now reversed and the black holes too as his eyes opened. Each time he closed and opened his eyes, this would take place. A constant fluctuation of moving space and matter just through the sheer blink of an eyes.

This fluctuation of space and matter gave John what he thought was a great idea. He would think of matter being formed into a planet and he would hope for his dream to transport him onto the planet created provided by gravity by the control of his mind as a thoughtful exploding supernova.

What seemed to be one thousand explosions later woke John up. He was shivering and shaking violently from side to side and up and down. As he realized he was no longer dreaming, he settled down. In the darkness he tried to focus his eyes on something, but drops of water from his forehead was running into his eyes blurring any clear sight. All sensible orientation was from a voice:

“Malfunction. Please advise. Reconfigure or reset. Awaiting response.”

John wiped his eyes as his body was transported to a horizontal position. Suddenly he felt his weightlessness and something started spinning as he felt gravity slowly kick in. His feet became heavy as did his head and he tried to adjust himself as a small light turned increasingly bright making him able to see where he was. In those 30 seconds it took to get him to his new position, was just enough time to make him realize that he had been dreaming. He instantly recalled parts of the dream and that was when he saw it. Right in front of him approximately three meters away, was a small hole and what seemed to be outside of that hole was moving in a spinning motion. John looked around himself unable to have any recollection of how he got here nor of where he was. The voice returned:

“Awaiting response within one minute.”

An alarm came on and a blue light flashing. Suddenly John felt a pain in his neck. It was what seemed like an electrical current thrust into him. The pain was short and in five-seconds, John felt himself coming around to a state of mind in which memory seemed to return in flashes as they started to connect into his realization of where he was. He closed his eyes squinting them tightly. Whatever was injected, made him feel relaxed and collected. His upright position was being held in position by braces which now unlocked themselves and he was able to move and stand upright. It took him a few seconds to find his balance. The voice returned:

“Please provide your vocal command.”

John had no idea except:

“Where am I? What is the malfunction? Oh, please shut that flashing light off can you? Who are you?”

The blue light turned off as the voice spoke:

“I am you. Any command is welcome. Malfunctions relayed from Earth related to your awakening returning from this mission. Mission is a success. Extraterrestrial life may have been found. Your mission on Earth is to explore this further in cooperation. You will be transported to zone five. Await pre-mission-statement at arrival. Malfunctions are: A) dream-state entered B) hyperactive fantasies in violation with Earth’s regulations. Please call me DOREMI.”

John tried to get his head around the message. It somehow made sense, but surely the malfunction was to be found in the message all on its own. John tried this:

“Hello, DOREMI... Could you, me, say ... am I in space as I think I am, by looking outside and how long have I been here doing what?”

“Hi John. You are inside space inside a capsule provided so you can fulfill your five year long mission to STATION-8. You have been at STATION-8 for three Earth-years. DOREMI is a joint venture by all 300 million remaining people and you, John Slash. Mr. Slash provided vital programmatically algorithms.”

John was now getting truly curious:

“Why am I half awake and feeling dizzy and having what seems like memory-loss? You mean outside in space, right? DOREMI, please reset.”

“Thank you John. Space is literally inside and not an external feature. Space is inside itself and traveling far enough, brings you to the other end. That which is known as nothing has been found to be straight. Well, almost. Therefore moving in any direction brings you to where you originally started. Don't bother yourself too much about that for now. Your dream-state has made you feel like you do now. The electrical injection will provide relief. You should be fine once you arrive at zone five. All memory, vital, will be restored. If you need anything just say so. Arrival at Earth entering the atmosphere will happen in twenty minutes. Please return to the body-chair and prepare for landing.”

John shook his head as he tried to recall his dream. It was still very vivid. As he entered the capsule-chair, he was strapped in automatically and he closed his eyes as he saw the visions he had in his dream. It all came back to him like watching a movie. He would try to remember it in as much detail as he could in case the malfunction would be held against him.

As the capsule travelled through space and as DOREMI came on and off with her sensual voice, providing basic information such as speed, Earth-distance, etc., John tried to recollect anything from the past five years. Nothing. His mind was barren related to this period. He thought his memory in full might return once he was back on Earth.

Technology provided a smooth ride down to Earth as a spaceship met the capsule bringing John to Earth. As John looked out, he saw a large station that seemed to be one-hundred and fifty kilometers above Earth. John was barely able to see a handful of people

working at the station. There were no people onboard the ride back to Earth except for John himself, the capsule and DOREMI.

While the capsule was onboard the spaceship, DOREMI provided some intriguing information:

“Capsule is being reconfigured: Earth fly mode. Downloading data in progress starting now. Done in less than a second to the mainframe. Near infinite number of bits. John, follow commands until at pod-5 in zone five. Pod-5 is your new living- and mission-quarters this term. At arrival you will be granted a twenty-four hour pass of your choice of entertainment as bonus. Inside pod-5 please follow DOREMI’s command related to your mission on Earth. Expected arrival time is ten minutes.”

John was feeling rather good together with DOREMI and since DOREMI was the one who had programmed her, him, John felt DOREMI was a companion rather than a machine. He was trying to think of something to ask DOREMI, but was blank for the moment.

He was looking outside through the small hole seeing Earth and he remembered the feel of Earth, but had forgotten exactly what it was like. It was not until the capsule was ejected midair about 2.000 meters above Earth, that he started to remember. He recalled something in a vision about being flow out into space.

The capsule jolted for a few seconds as it was catapulted out of the spaceship and descended steadily towards Earth. The capsule landed and came to a standstill. The capsule-door opened and the capsule-chair released John. Now he was able to stand up and walk outside on his own for the first time in five years. A gush of wind blew into his face and as he looked around, he spotted mountains in the distance to the left. He stepped forward a few steps, but was surprised to see he was located on top of a mountain and everything around him was covered in a blue haze. He had to be approximately two miles above what appeared to be deep valleys and on the right he could see an ocean. He tried to orient himself by looking around and as he turned, he saw what had to be his quarters. He walked near to the entrance. A small sign read:

ZONE-FIVE. POD-FIVE.

The pod was isolated located on the mountaintop overlooking the ocean. It was constructed of a lightweight material which looked like polystyrene covered in decor looking like cement or similar lookalike. Easy moveable.

Except for the wind, there was not much there except it looked very tranquil. At the same time the location had that enormous 360 degree view of the plateau and the horizon giving John a feeling of being in a tall tower being able to imagine the curvature of Earth beyond the blue horizon. Pod-5 was self-contained and was installed to maintain itself by solar-power as well as water-supply. The pod was built in such a way that remote drones were able to fly to the pod and repair and maintain the pod. Only in case something was needed that required humans, a team of such would be airlifted to the pod.

The pod was relatively small and could be airlifted out in sections and away in case it was no longer needed or needed elsewhere. Supplies to the pod and its habitants were supplied by drones. The drones were connected to the main network to the main-frame control-center. Everything was a full functioning unit self-contained working in unity with the drones delivering essentials. Much, not all, was fully automatic. Machines were running most and keeping an eye on Earth.

John stood a little while looking at the drone and the surrounding view when a drone flew over his head and landed on top of the pod dropping of something. The drone quickly and quietly seemed to survey pod-5 in circular motions and finally it flew directly in front of John and dropped a small package. John looked down and picked up the package which had something written on it:

TO JONH SLASH. OPEN. DEVICE INSIDE. KEEP. YOUR KEY.

John did as written and indeed inside was a small square item which looked like a personal device to carry as he seemed to recall them. He flipped on the device and pod-5 started up with a small hum, and electronic devices inside the pod booted up. It signaled to John to enter the pod and get himself acquainted.

The pod contained only the utmost needed items and nothing had been left to random selections nor was anything there which did not have a function. John was wondering:

“DOREMI? Could you brief me on where I have been exactly and my mission?”

DOREMI replied with a voice like silk:

“Welcome John. Good to have you back. You have been away for five years. One year getting to STATION-8 and one year getting back. STATION-8 is a remotely located space-station. From there we explore The Universe in the hope to find the meaning of it-self - The Universe. It is our hope in partnership, we can complete humans mission on Earth leading to goal two: seeding Earth-life into locations light years away. However the unknown factor remains: are there anyone else and if yes, are there any dangers associated by moving beyond.

You were at STATION-8 for three years and your mission was a success; you received confirmation that there is life beyond the Solar system in a region located sixteen light years away. Your mission here at pod-5 is to work on decoding the data received and finally interpret it in partnership. We must figure out if we are a threat, or it is. The source found seems to contain what we have classified as intelligent life.”

John stood by a window overlooking the ocean:

“Well, DOREMI, interesting. Why has part of my memory been turned off and will it return and why am I so isolated except for the drones? At least my memory seems distorted.”

“John, your memory will return on a need-to-know basis related to our findings from your three years at STATION-8. One mission is to blank out memory which is no longer needed which also almost destroyed all of humanity. We need to reset and we are now around three-hundred million people left on Earth as part of the project called: ER or Earth Reset. Our goal is to get down to a population of eighty-million. Small pod-cities exists as laboratories and many live remotely as your pod is located secluded. The main reason being not to disturb the eco system on a large scale as earlier. Humanity is still in the process of understanding the vastness of The Universe as well as understanding how small Earth is.

Every person has a specific goal. Some people are not needed until we get to the target population. Those not needed now work in the entertainment industry which you might soon know better. If you like.

In the five years you have been on your mission, Earth and technology has expanded immensely. Earth is swelling delightful evolving forward by humans also leaving it alone.

Now John. I suggest you take some time-out for your promised 24 hours leisure-time and enjoy yourself. In case you need more data from me just ask.

Your device is your control unit. Most is controlled by voice. The unit is a key as well as a monitor.”

John looked around the pod and noticed a monitor with a panel:

“DOREMI. Turn on the panel-unit.”

The panel flipped on in an instant displaying a control-board and a monitor welcoming John. The sound seemed to come from everywhere even from the chairs. He sat down and flipped on items and glided others into place and some out.

His key-device could be used as a control-unit and a chair had a swivel which contained a keyboard. Voice controlled most. The eyes of John could be used as a pointing device if it felt convenient.

“Earth. Blueprints. Introduction. Please!”

The monitor displayed Earth and a range of blueprints popped up ready to be glided into place. A video introduction played automatically as a female voice made an introduction:

“Status of ER is as follows: population: 291.887.534. Overall success-rate: 95%. Health: 92%. Small factions still trying to isolate themselves. Is however contained and controlled. Zone count: 111. Pod count: 23.008.258.”

As the voice presented the raw data a video was showing various locations such as small, mid and large-range cities. Each city was set a goal and had functions from teaching to excavating raw materials. Some worked on distribution. All cities and pods were connected through the ER-network and the monitoring of all units were done by a mainframe in Zone one which was the control-zone from where all other units were organized into one full unit known as ER including spaceships and space-pods of various sorts.

Eventually via exploring the data from STATION-8 it was wished to control machine using only thoughts. The mind. Machines would then assist humans circling into a symbiotic relationship. The data received seemed to indicate The Universe needed to secure itself beyond biology.

Some videos also showed historical locations where buildings were destroyed or in the process of being destroyed by drones. Large parts of countries, and even whole nations, were left alone to decay and helped in the process by entering cement and iron eating bacteria. Cleanup crews were working too and the whole cleanup process was expected to last 240 years. After that it would be a numerous number of years until lands were restored to a natural state. Nature did most of the work and was able to retake its possession relatively fast.

John was listening and watching intensely. The day was turning into evening and John was wondering about that promised entertainment. He glided all panels out to one side and pulled down a menu with the word: ENTERTAINMENT. A panel opened up. What seemed to look like a pair of twins faded in. They were extremely beautiful. They also had an intelligent look to their face. One that appealed to John anyway. The pod naturally had cameras and face recognition and had recognized John's face and had reconfigured the pod to suit his style while he was sitting watching the monitor. Even his preferred foods were known and pulled from the mainframe which resulted in a drone delivering John's dinner for the night. All delivered fully automatically through panels in the roof. Drones were fully automated and even refueled their batteries automatic. In case they were destroyed or broke down other drones would step in and repair or even return drones to main platforms for repairs by robots or if absolutely needed humans.

In the backdrop behind the two Asian looking women were what looked like a cinema-complex. The two women gave John one idea:

“Hello. My name is John. I guess you know this. I don’t want to sound stupid, but can you guide me because I am not sure what I can do in 24 hours.”

The woman on the left glided a few panels into place and what seemed to look like a city was overlaid with the same woman stepping into view:

“Hello. My name is Andrella. You have a goal for a period here at pod-5. If you wish me to assist you, I can. I suggest a visit by me, if you prefer. You may then investigate any features and abilities. I am specifically pleasurable at communication. My main training is entertainment, but on many levels. If you like chess so be it. That is however not my own preferred game and I will provide a good substitute for you to enjoy chess.

I am only thirty minutes away with my twin. We work at the central entertainment zone through our pod-7 located in the same zone as you, but we also have training providing you with almost any kind of data you wish to know about related to your investigative work at pod-5. We can also pull up preferences in case you want us to know you better.”

John looked a little overwhelmed. He was still recalling the basics of ER as well as any earlier life he had. If any. Any life John had had seemed like a distant shore and memorabilia from his earlier life seemed totally insignificant and he seemed not to even want to invoke any memory from the past. Everything he wanted was here presented through pod-5, DOREMI, the panel-display and the twins. Indeed five years was a short time, but it seemed to have been exactly enough and plenty to make any prior memories totally insignificant with the huge task ahead. Surely there had to be something which had importance, but watching the introduction-movie told John one thing: something had gone terribly wrong; the truth had been destroyed and was now in the process of self-imploding from hence it came. All good for John and the twins in view which now wanted a reply from John:

“Yes, I am a little isolated here. Chess? No. Five years is not too long. Strange I did not forget to speak. I forgot some things, but never a face. Have I seen you before? I forget if compliments are still allowed, but you look like the view outside pod-5 namely beyond amazing. Perhaps I might express it this way: you look like entertainment got it right.

Totally. If you sold tickets to watch a movie, I would buy the ticket just to see you and not the movie. An excuse I guess.”

The twins smiled gently and looked at each other. Andrella entered some data and in the backdrop music flowed in gently. Andrella entered some data and a few panels glided in and out of view. Finally a panel without Andrella glided in with the twin:

“John, my name is Pido. My sister Andrella will be with you in thirty minutes. I will use twenty minutes to entertain you. I will show you the features of pod-5 as well as the mainframe from where you can draw information. Anything you do is uploaded in real time. All your activities and everything else is monitored including the visit by Andrella. You have little if any recollection of this, but you have been monitored for five years while going to, staying at and returning from STATION-8. The basic idea is, that all are monitored 24/7 because it provides us with the benefits of being online and connected to the mainframe any time any day. The main structure of ER is well on its way. However we need to explore your findings visiting STATION-8. If we have contact with an intelligent entity we want to communicate in such a way as to expand our knowledge of the purpose of life on Earth for all living things and to realize the meaning of why humans are that; humans.

It is believed, that the brain has capacities which will turn on in the future making humans able to enjoy one-hundred percent of their lives. The brain might be a computer on par with our machines however eons more powerful. Unlocking the brain might be key to many wonders.”

John glided a virtual representation of Andrella into view while rotating her face 360 degrees. He did so quickly and glided Pido back into view:

“Well, Pido. Many things are new to me. I have the large scale view and indeed I have some ideas. I guess this conversation is monitored and there is no need to keep notes. You are well informed. What do you know about dreaming?”

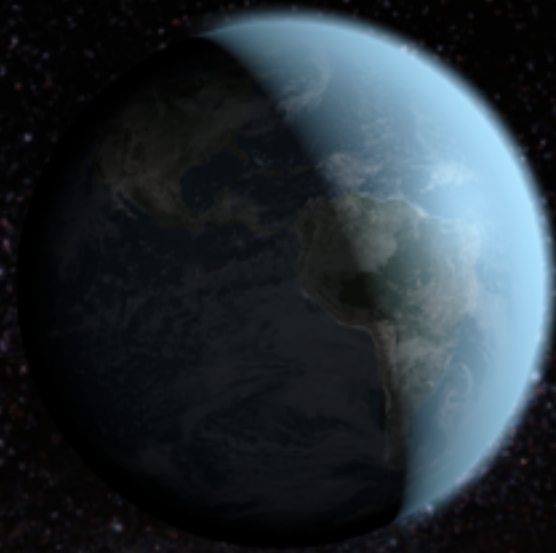
Pido opened her eyes wide:

“John - how can you! Listen, if there is something which is quite dangerous it is dreams. John, most people have dreams. Andrella have told me some of her dreams and I have some too. Do not confuse dreams with reality because they are interconnected in a very delicate net. The ER mainframe also explores dreams in real time and they are monitored too. However dreams sometimes overlap reality and visa versa. Dreams are still a large unexplored are. The dreams Andrella have told me, conquers any dreams I have had. It seems as dreams are connected to memories through DNA. Zone-18 is investigating this in detail and DNA is the foundation-code making people dream. That is why dreams are vital, but also extremely dangerous. They take on a life on their own as an internal feature of the brain like a life within life.

It is believed dreams might be connected by means of gateways in the space of The Universe. This also explains your dreams while you were approaching Earth not many hours ago. Weightlessness and the location of the brain in space seems to have connected with waves produced by gravitational forces which in term produces dreams far beyond earthly dreams.

I don't hope I am getting to scientific for you, John. My panel-view tells me you like this kind of entertainment. I don't want to distract you from one of your primary wishes, but it is important that my dreams do not enter your dreams at this point. Let Andrella do the dreaming when she visits your pod.

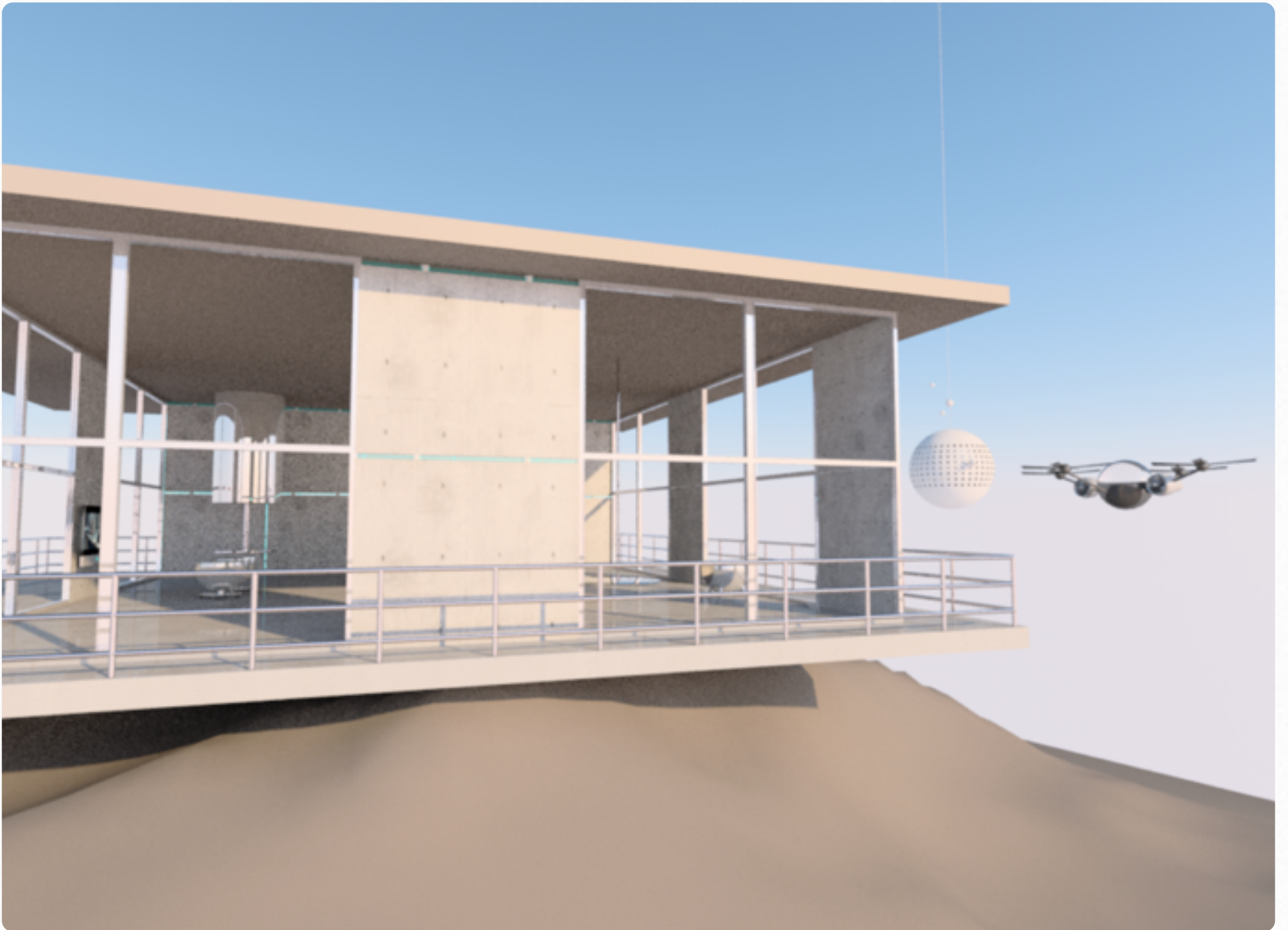
Now use a few minutes to freshen up. I will be here monitoring you together with the mainframe. Andrella should be at your pod in ten minutes. Enjoy the entertainment.”



2

Like Andrella

It was so real. The nightmare.



John walked around the pod making himself acquainted and continued out onto the balcony. The pod and the balcony were elevated high above on the mountain rock-ledge. The drop down to the ocean was very deep and the haze was mystically blue produced by the fading atmosphere. It faded into pink hues. The sky even had colors and hues which only some could see. John had freshened up and called for a few delicacies

he could enjoy with Andrella. Somewhat restless John walked out on the balcony to see if he could spot any large personal drone-carriers in the distance. John laid his palms on the rail and took a deep breath feeling how the air filled him up. Breathing fresh air for the first time in five years made air a commodity on par with a passionate kiss. As he exhaled, he heard a distant sound. A drone. It got nearer fast and it had to be Andrella arriving. He had gotten far on his return and wondered if his mission would be overshadowed by the visit by Andrella. How could she not be his vision of what it was all about? However he knew that this was allowed for 24 hours after which he had the main mission to attend to.

The drone landed and out walked Andrella. She walked slender towards the pod and John said:

“DOREMI, please open the main door. Stop the music. Please monitor my moves with Andrella and flip on in case I am getting too inquisitive, okay?”

“Yes, John. All ready and I am online 24/7.”

John walked to the entrance. The door opened and Andrella walked in. She walked slowly to the balcony and stood near the rail where John stood just a moment ago. John followed her.

“John, you realize it is all a dream? However your task is to ignore this fact and make the dream come through whatever it is. John, I know I am only an imagination inside your brain. I am not real. Nor are you, but I guess you knew this. I am here to entertain you, but I really personally enjoy silence and if possible, we can explore silence if you like. However I have plenty of ideas just in case you wish to enter into a more philosophical relationship. We can also connect to the entertainment zone and be amused the usual way.

I am merely a digital idea inside your brain. I would love me to be truly real because I think I would be able to extend our relationship into reality applying all the power of ER and storing our common experience to the benefit of humans which is referred to as Earth Reset, ER.”

John walked near Andrella and looked into her deep dark eyes and laid his hands on her shoulders. She looked more beautiful than the mist on lips dripping to lick an ice-

cream for the first time. How could she not be real? She was standing right in front of him and he could even touch and feel her shoulders. Her fragrance also real. It was a delightful smell. Fresh and not perfumed. Natural with a hint of sweetness from the wind.

“What do you mean, Andrella? You are right here. I can see and feel you. I have been on a tour so vast. Lost my memory. Lost feelings of the past. Gotten this far only to be told you are not real. Please. Please!”

Andrella took John’s hand and laid them restfully down his side and she walked a few meters away looking across the ocean.

“Well, John. Reality is usually made on the go and we do what we do up to a certain point. Reality is not what it seems. It might be a little difficult to explain. I have known you for ten minutes and already we are talking reality versus dreams. Surely we are here but only as long as you continue to write. Whatever you write can be real, but it can also not be real. I am just electrical signals inside your brain. I can set up a few rules. I am just the factor you don’t have, which you create, to compensate for the trivialities most humans experience. That could be a rhetorical question, John. Tell me; what do you see?”

Quickly John replied while he pointed in these directions:

“I see you. The pod. The ocean.”

“Really?” said Andrella.

John continued: “You mean ... someone wrote this story dreaming it all up. What might the motive be and where do you and I fit in, if we are not real?”

“Good question and rightly observed, John. You are getting the idea. Reality is produced mostly by way of that which is not truly real. You are reading this book now as someone else who knows you wrote it for them, who is you, so they would be entertained or feel something or spend some time reading what you wrote, which then makes them you. It is philosophy if you like. Most people do not consider reality neither inside nor out-

side the realm of their brains nor others and most never begin to comprehend how extremely limited the World is. If The World was so perfect would a lion eat a zebra? Perhaps the meaning of life is to a be an eaten zebra. Allegorically anyway. That is why I am here and that is why we have chosen you, John, to expand the dream into some kind of reality which goes far beyond trivial pursuits.

Your exposition and final report related to the data found while you were at STATION-8, might doubtlessly be the trigger which could expand the dreams into true realities beyond ancient castles and Union Jacks. Imagine there is something we don't yet know which is far superior? If it exists, then why not seek it? Can you help?"

John looked mindfully unzipped but cautiously said: "Andrella, you mean to say ... no. This gives me a great idea. Why did I not think of this earlier? You are a genius." John walked to the panel where his key-device lay and he picked it up typing his idea which somehow had to be programmatically implemented into the mainframe. It would provide some valuable data besides trivial matters such as height, eye-color, etc. Dreams noted. John walked towards Andrella:

"Do you think we could create a device which would ever satisfy humans? Rather be the tool which would bring satisfaction? You have to expand this beyond the trivial sexual satisfaction, Andrella. If you like. Perhaps you are purely the entertaining person only pretending to be philosophical when you might rather enjoy making love. Am I right in any of this, Andrella?"

Andrella looked a little surprised at the way John was getting interested, because her mission was not exactly to do much more than to entertain. She followed up:

"A device? We have a device now which you too should have received. The key-device. It unlocks your whole life also being connected to the mainframe. DOREMI is part of the equation. Works perfectly. Even operates using AI code which gives it the characteristics we are so familiar with. Human. Eerie but AI. Early mornings just before waking fully, did you ever see things as if they were real? Did you ever live your dream?"

John was trying to tune into Andrella's way of thinking and said:

“If I give you a new name such as Like ... would you accept that? If I tell you, you are going to levitate and spin upside down 360 degrees three times, you are going to do that...”

Andrella levitated. Not one word spoken. She spun slowly around three times head down and feet up, Then feet down and head up and then as she slowly descended she said:

“My name is not Andrella. Where did you get that from? My name is Like. I liked that spin. How did you come up with that, John? Can you spin me again and do it a little faster? Please!”

John was merely thinking to please her as she demanded: Like then again levitated and spun around what had to be fifty times lasting no more than twenty-seconds. Like slowed down and landed again, but this time she was truly dizzy and tried to compose herself. Unable to find her balance, John supported her and in ten-seconds she found her feet again. Like looked at John while her eyes were still trying to focus:

“Can you do it again, please? John, more, more!”

John helped Like to the couch and landed her gently while she tried to compose her amazing slender posture and body. She swung her legs up and fell backwards in a reclining composition. John tried not to look at her because her face made his brain fry and she curvatures of her body reminded him of the drone that delivered her. Her odor when John was too near her also set his neurons into full action and made his dendrites spit out their chemical compounds igniting desire beyond the lion wanting to eat a zebra. He walked to the panel and glided in the ENTERTAINMENT menu. He found the item saying CONFIGURE. The submenu popped up with a list of options of one was UNDO ONE HOUR. He touched it and suddenly John was alone in the pod. He looked around and Like was gone.

John walked to the entry where refreshments had been delivered and scored himself a Gin & Tonic. He walked out on the balcony and looked out across the ocean. Dark-

ness had settled in and in the far distance he could see what looked like minor islands with small cities. Above his pod and above the valleys the odd drone flew by. DOREMI returned a few times with updates and status messages. Nothing out of the ordinary. He grabbed his key-device and glided it online and said:

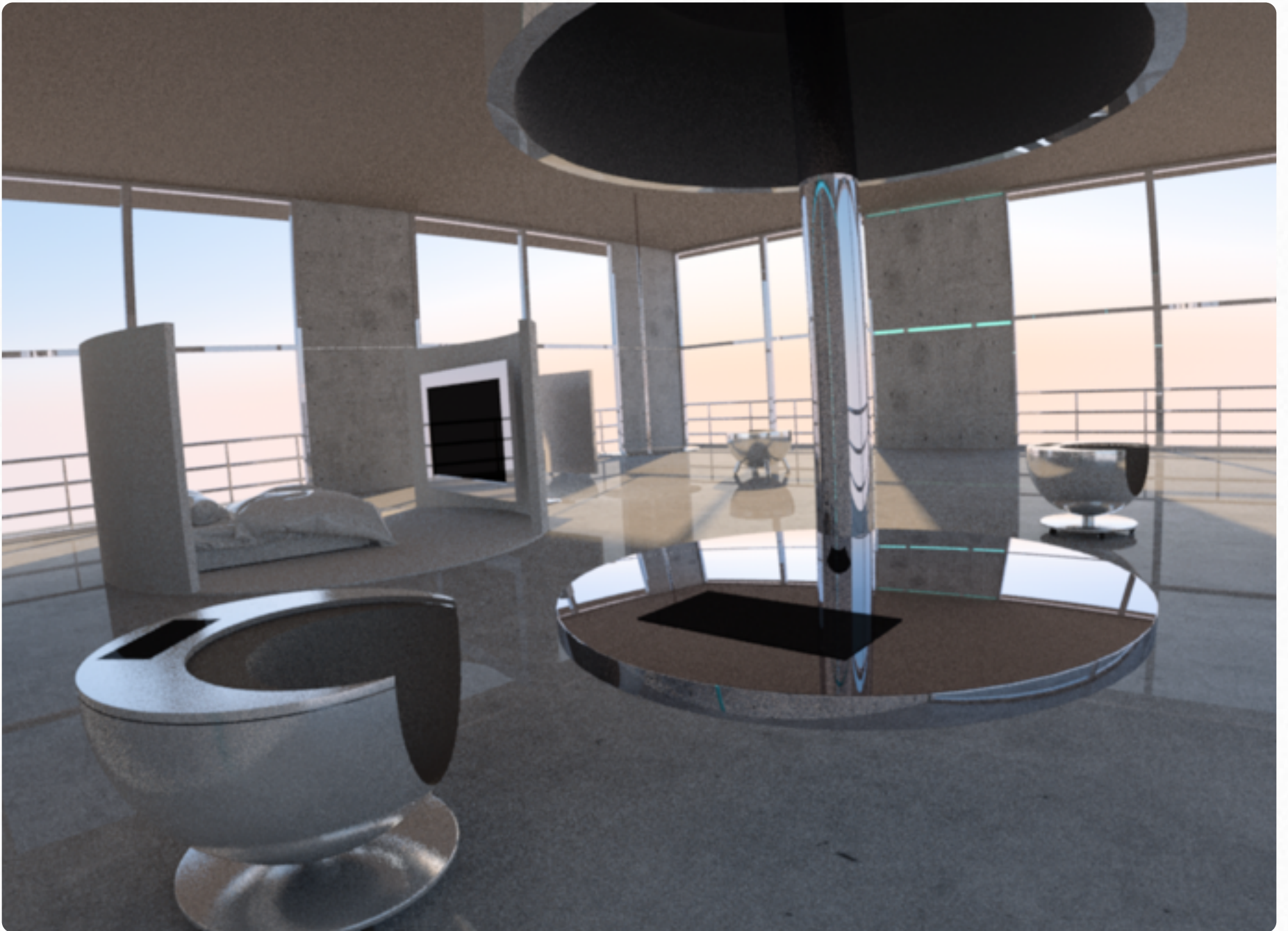
“DOREMI: I would like that Like return tomorrow. I want her to assist me. Possible?”

“Yes, John. However try not to spin Like because she will either want more, be too dizzy to assist you or simply get the wrong idea.”

3

Mission One

Breaking dawn. A day in space was as a whole life on Earth. John had arrived and Mission One was about to begin.



“Good morning John. Hope you had a good nights sleep. You needed it. Sorry for your dream imposed on your mind in space pre-Earth entry. If you feel at unease dreaming your dreams, let me know. Like will be here at 11:00 AM. Enjoy your day. I am here 24/7.”

The day was waking up as was John. He started his first day on Earth after five years absence. He felt alone. He felt connected at the same time to a whole network which was just a spoken word away as “DOREMI.” His mind was totally isolated and seemed to seek some kind of sense and meaning in the room of space he had been placed in. A huge void called life. John on the other hand was a bit more simplistic as such and only saw visions as nightmares as pure love which were isolated inside his own mind. He could build many Worlds inside his mind, but the idea of moving beyond pure imagination was perhaps what his mind was pursuing which would ultimately free John. He walked, still undressed, to the panel and flipped on the entertainment panel. He glided in Like and turned her face 360 degrees. He toyed with her as he was able to spin her around a few times recalling yesterday. He glided her to the top-right corner and entered the main panel with a spectacle of Earth. He saw a small blue light flashing and he zoomed in. It was pod-5. His Pod. He zoomed around and closed in on the pod and could now see himself inside the pod. It was like a 3D mirror. He noted two keywords; stage + improvisation. He then had an idea:

“DOREMI, make John at pod-5 walk out on the balcony.”

DOREMI did not reply. Suddenly he stood up and walked out on the balcony where he would place his hands on the rail and looked across the mountains and ocean. John stood a while and said quietly:

“I guess, DOREMI, you will want to brief me on my mission?”

DOREMI faded herself in: “Sure John. Would you like a status report on ER first? Don’t misunderstand me, but you have a submission at your hand. I have displayed the word *sub* on your key-device. You have a major mission, but there are minor missions and the first is, it seems, to team up with a mate such as Like. I suggest you use most of today to connect with Like and perhaps get a brief of ER. At the end of today, file a minimal status report by orally briefing me.”

John returned inside pod-5: “I would like to get a status report. I noticed the status-panel-board. It seems a little too filtered to some people. I was wondering if your

panel is the same all over across Earth? Would an entertainment show be of value? Cold facts can be rather tedious. Perhaps the panel could appeal to a good many when it comes to news and cold hard facts if entertainment was dropped in as bait.

I will enjoy my first day and thank you for your submission. I'd love to submit. Ha! I didn't think ER had humor. I guess you even thought of that. I am sure Like will like today's submission too. Haha."

DOREMI tried somewhat embarrassed to laugh:

"Haha! It is not easy to make people laugh when they just woke from a nightmare. Weather: Ten kilometers radius around pod-5 will be sunny with scattered clouds. Pod-48 is controlling the weather in most places trying to make it comfortable for ER and their teams. Small faction near zone-106 are trying to reverse to older systems. We need your report and briefing tonight related to this also. Perhaps Like and John can figure a way to upgrade factions. Further status can be received through your device on a need-to-know basis."

John had dressed and walked to his drone-capsule standing outside which he arrived in and inspected it recalling how it had been part of him for five years. A small machine in which his life had been flipped 360 degrees multiple times until returning to point one. A small green light was flashing and he wondered:

"DOREMI: Prepare for flight. Cancel Like coming here at 11:00 AM and tell her I will arrive at her location."

The capsule seemed to adjust itself and a hatch opened and a voice spoke to John:

"Are you ready? Enter. Just give me your commands and coordinates. All is automatic unless you prefer manual. Just ask for it. A red button on the top-right in case of last resort. Like got your message."

John entered the capsule:

“Fly around pod-5 a few times. Then take me to Like.”

The drone-capsule spun up and levitated and flew John around pod-5 three times so he was able to survey the surroundings. There were no other pods nearby. On the HUD he could see distant capsules and drones marked. Cities were mapped too. Pod-5 was marked as a larger blue dot.

The capsule spun around towards south and accelerated with the HUD displaying Like's position as a light-green dot and a display saying MINUS 25:08 MIN. John saw the ocean flyby under him:

“DOREMI? How about factions in zone-106? Is the problem under control? What is the problem?”

DOREMI: “All is relatively under control. The problem is, that ER-unity is not implemented in all zones. Some live pre-ER, but some have upgraded to present preferred ER-level. The indifference seems to be infiltrating some small factions who are still trying with difficulty to adjust. Some simply can't comprehend the benefits of merging to ER. Look at the entertainment-systems we have. Once you enter pod-7, the entertainment-pod, you will at least know it can be so fun. Real too. Why are some still dancing Baroque? Well, there might be a perfect explanation. Agreeing about the fundamentals has been so difficult in the factions.”

John: “Why are all zones not up-to-date? Why would some people want to stay in zones the old way and what are the old ways exactly?”

DOREMI: “Some zones were left as-is to test and see how they performed being left alone at their past state letting the old systems run uncontrolled. At the time zones were implemented, there were large factions who wanted the old ways. Some of those ways were named FOOTBALL, CINEMA, HIGHWAYS, CARS, MALLS, DISSOCIATED SYSTEMS, CASTLES, DEMOCRACY, TORNADOS, etc. A rather long tedious list of things people could not live without. Some people still stay in those zones either because they have been paid to stay there as an experiment seeing how they develop or to investigate the ex-

act implication of some people fragmented living in castles, townhouses, condos and living outside the virtual law. If someone breaks the law, their key-devices simply disallow them the use of certain things depending on the severity of their crimes. Not a pleasant thing to try. You might want to try it, John, to get a full sight of ER.”

John was now very perplexed: “Could you display a few of those zones for me? I don’t know exactly what you are talking about; what is football, malls, cars, democracy?”

DOREMI: “I suggest Like fill you in on those items. Rather complicated to explain. It is still being deciphered exactly what football was. I will display a location in a zone which was known as ENGLAND. I will display for you a place called WINSOR. You have to make up your opinion on these matters because we want you to keep a fresh clear head. WINSOR and systems like it are like Our Lady of Lourdes and similar. Hope. People hope. You must however make up your mind on such issues. Try pod-7 and visit Like and you will make a choice.

You will arrive at Like’s pod-7 in zone five in 31 seconds. Please follow your instructions on your key-device.”

The capsule made a sharp turn and landed perfectly on a small platform high above the level of Earth. The platform was extruded from a building which seemed to be suspended from a very long half a meter diameter cable hanging from far above disappearing into the void of space. John noticed this strange architecture suspended midair seeming to defy gravity, but shook his head because his key-device displayed Like on the screen and she looked even more brilliant than he remembered. He spun her face around a few times and held the device up to his nose as to smell her as he whispered: “They did not implement smell.”

Inside pod-7 John followed the directions on his device. Various people were sitting at console-panels but other than that, everything looked vacuumed from any clutter. Some seemed amused and some chatted lively while others had HUD displays on. In strategic locations large panels were hung on the walls and they displayed what were status-updates. Panels glided in and out displaying information, but in a very orderly manner again with no clutter.

The architecture inside was as amazing as it looked outside. It was designed to promote a tranquil feeling. People were dressed similarly with small variations which somehow seemed related to their function. There were living quarters onboard pod-7 and around the pod, drones were seen delivering various items which John expected had to be catering and other necessities to keep the pod-7 running. Small groups of people were also seen chatting pleasantly and enjoyably. It seemed like a hub more than a stationary pod. Somehow this pod was more like a small city and in this case related to entertainment.

John was walking down a corridor as he spotted Like approaching him. She smiled. He smiled. It was almost as seeing an old friend. They stood still for a few seconds looking at each other as Like started:

“John. Good to see you. Happy you are onboard the entertainment-team and onboard the pod where I am currently living with my team-members. Great place to be if you have nothing better to do. Let me take you to my station, so you can see what we do.”

Like pointed signaling John to follow her. He did. They walked a few corridors and finally came to a section which contained Like’s station.

“John, I want you to see some of our entertainment-venues. Perhaps you want to try one. Consider most of our venues as games. All is monitored because in some cases the games are for real. A game, but you loose or win for real. People can play for upgrades if they produce something project ER sees to be of high grade values. Naturally one can also loose benefits through the gamers key-device. Down to a limit.”

John looked at a panel in front of Like: “Sure would like to see it in action. What can I play, Like?”

Like responded while she entered some data: “John, I have now supplied your device with means to play and your device can any time enter any game. Yesterday we never got as far as this. I suggest a game for you, John, where I place you in the zone which was earlier known as England. This time it will just be a game for fun. If you like, I can order you transported there to play a game for real if you like.”

John was looking around at the people working. He was not exactly sure what was going to come next and he turned to look at Like. She responded by looking back at him and in a distant moment lasting a fraction of a second, John could see infinity as the largest number of them all namely zero. He recalled his dream on his mission to STATION-8. He looked at Like and was wondering if what she said last night before John hit the undo menu, truly had any meaning. He lowered his eyes and asked Like:

“Besides this entertainment, are there other types of pods or cities? I am wondering about what you said last night before I somehow made you vanish. Do you recall this?”

Like looked at the panel and flipped in a few menus and rearranged them:

“Sure, John, each pod has its task and mission just like you have it. Your mission, I am told, lasted five years so you got a change to play around for 24 hours which DOREMI extended starting this day probably to get a full day. There are technology-pods of all types. Science, mathematics and a whole range of topics which is needed to calculate why and what The Universe is. While you were away, it has been found, that The Universe is a pod on its own which has been classified as a living entity with a mathematical formula which produced life down to the ground elements of life we call chromosomes, RNA, DNA, etc. I am not sure if this is what you wish me to talk about on this special day where you can entertain yourself. How about an old game of football at the city of WINSOR or similar. Nothing too complicated? What do you say, John? Did you make me vanish? I have no idea what you are talking about, John.”

John stood up and walked a few steps away from the panel. He looked at Like and walked slowly towards a large window-panel from where he could see far away. The view was truly spectacular seeing drones fly by and the blue horizon, the blue sky, clouds passing by. It reminded him of a summers day when he was a young boy lying in the grass near his family's pod. He would do that and just wonder what was beyond. He would think why anything existed. He would never talk to anyone about such things.

It was as if John had memories which extended to a far distant future and he felt he had lived in another World which was only a memory that had never really existed. He

felt time was started yesterday extending into today at which point time was the same as yesterday. Time never grew old, never moved. Clouds moved. People moved. Who cared then and now. John was somehow totally void from any ideas about what would happen next and he recalled how he yesterday had made Like vanish. This gave him an idea.

“Like, could you, no, I guess not. Anyway, I have an idea for a game we can play. I read something when I was young which made most people wonder. I would like to return to ancient Egypt and hang out there with you. I want to see what they did. I always loved the architecture and design of ancient Egypt with the art they had which seemed to have no purpose other than to tell a story of the future, perhaps. Would you like to travel there in a game if it is possible? This could be my submission and after that, I guess I’ll have to start work with the main mission.”

Like popped in a few panels. She typed a few commands:

“Sure John. Take a seat. Our HUD will be delivered in a jiffy, so we can enter a virtual tour of the pyramids and their surrounding cities and sites. Anything specific you had in mind?”

A woman came across the room and handed Like and John a pair of virtual glasses. John picked his up and looked at Like who took hers and in a sight of agreement they both lowered the glasses onto their heads. John replied:

“I guess start at the pyramids. The three major ones at Giza.”

Like entered data into the panel and told John to sit back and be emerged in the story which was about to unfold. John did so. Slowly the HUD started up first with an introduction of ER with its logo introducing the entertainment-zone as one of many important features of ER. An advertising emerged from the science zone announcing that a breakthrough was expected soon related to connecting directly to the brain displaying images, videos including added sound, taste, smell and feeling of being in a dream, which would then be as real as reality. Shortly after the advertising, a presentation of Earth was displayed with a virtual flyover which finally ended up flying across what had to be ancient

Egypt. John could see farmers. He saw the River Nile. After a short flyover, John was transported to the pyramids at Giza. John noticed the three major pyramids:

“Like, they look like they are aligned but somehow broken as an alignment as a line broken into two pieces. They are known to be a mirror of Orion. Have you got any data on this? While in space I noticed Orion clearly and all the stars and my knowledge were sufficient to understand the magnitude of patterns known in ancient times as well as present astronomy.”

Like was far away. She had flipped on a secondary view inside her HUD and was intensely looking at John. Her eyes were fixed. Her lips had small water-pellets and her hands had locked on to the virtual gloves working in unity with the HUD and the virtual world. John turned towards Like lifting his HUD and saw she was like in a dream drifting away. He asked her gently a few times if all was okay. Like then lifted her HUD:

“Yes, I have plenty of data on The Universe, stars, Orion specifically and the pyramids. It is known to be an enigma. The raw data only tells of many mysteries. The pyramids are still located at Giza. A project was created a few years back which is reconstructing and raising new buildings resembling ancient Egypt and the Nile plateau. It was done in old Las Vegas in North America. All fake and never reached the beauty of the original. Pyramids are everywhere once you know what to look for.”

Like and John exchanged ideas on the topic of ancient Egypt and both liked the art and the tranquil atmosphere of the sites near and around the Nile. The virtual tour travelled to ancient times depicting how it was believed to have looked and overlaid present day to show the differences and the impact of decay and humans affect.

At one point, they entered what looked like a temple and depictions of cryptic symbols pointed in one direction namely the fertility gods. Like turned on the virtual tour to depict ancient times when time stood still and people had little to worry about except to live. The creators of the virtual tour had implemented bathing people enjoying themselves inside the lush temple and indeed some were in the act of lovemaking. Others were serving and entertaining with music, song and dance. Like started the interactive tour so John and Like both were able to enter the tour as two people participating. By looking around and

virtually moving their control unit, they were both able to interactively be inside the tour and were now two persons dressed lightly and the HUD had scanned Like and John. The scanned models were inside the game and looked very realistic with skin-hues and tones a perfect match. Those of Like vibrantly lit up opaquely revealing her inner tissue like pink silk. Like told John, that the development in graphics had become extremely realistic and told John if he wanted to exit, he could do so any time following the instructions through the HUD. John replied hesitantly while he emerged himself in the game. He looked at Like making sure not to lose her out of sight.

They were both walking towards an inner chamber. They got near a large door. A man and woman presented themselves asking if John and Like would like to enter Heaven. With nothing to lose, John nodded as did Like. The door opened slowly and revealed inside a pool and above an opening allowing light to flow down. The decoration was rich, but not excessively. Earth tones with various blue hues. The pool was richly decorated in a light green-blue hue which made it light up like an ocean with caustic reflections on the walls and pool-sides and randomly light-beams caressed the thighs of Like and John.

The Sun was just about to strike zenith and Like seemed really playful in her moves. The blue sky seemed to vanish into darkness. John felt it was a great way to be entertained, because his enclosure in space for five years had truly been in solitude beyond imagination.

A man dressed in a robe entered from the darkness inside the temple-room seeming to emerge from the stones of the wall. Light music played on harp with tones alluring the senses and the six sense. Chilling goosebumps oozing the erogenous zones. The man presented himself and pointed towards the pool inviting Like and John to undress and enter. The man started to help Like undress. John was a little nervous for a second believing the entertainment had taken a turn. After Like was undressed, she finally turned towards John and helped him undress. They both entered the pool which was being warmed by the above Sun shining down. The Sun was intensely hot and just about to hit zenith. John looked at Like and he wondered if the virtual creators had implemented a true virtualization of Like's slender body. If so, even half a Like would entertain him. John had been stuck in a capsule and been to STATION-8 for three years, so he thought his body might need some trimming. Like looked at John and she told him, in a pleasant way, that she was surprised to see John still looking fine. She smiled lowering her eyes in a flirtatious

way. John saw she was a professional from her heart to her mind. A true wonder. A spirit beyond any reality. John should feel embarrassed, but Like was the perfect entertainer.

Just as John was about to make his move, he realized the Sun was in zenith. The music got more intense. The man who had guided them was gone. In a flash of a moment Like and John were transported high above the pyramids floating midair. A drone came to pick them up and they levitated into space. They were now above North Africa able to see the ancient World in all its glory. A virtual flyover of Earth was initiated which flew both down near Earth just hovering above ground-level and in moments thereafter flew both high above. A rollercoaster indeed so vast, that the butterfly effect made Like giggle with careful lust making her bellybutton reverberate the line of John.

They reached the Pacific Ocean. Were flown into the deepness of the ocean displaying the waters interior in all the blue hues seen at the pyramids. They would be flown as dolphins up and down, but very fast to penetrate the abundances. Near Australia they were presented with the coral reefs and the wildlife of the depth of the ocean. Halong Bay in Vietnam were flown bypass like a 3D game indeed. New Zealand's vast spaces and mountain ranges were entered and departed. Large sandcastles build by the ancients were displayed. Seen falling as Like and John past them leaving no trails. South America's jungle was captured by the Amazon River. All continent visited seen as the past.

Volcanos were seen erupting. Earthquakes moved mountains. Some continents visited short and some long. Finally they were again above the pyramids and North Africa. Seeing the swamps of The Nile's steam heated by The Golden Sun. Taken into deep space seeing Earth vanish while The Milky-Way was explored and was finally departed only to fly among millions of galaxies. Some galaxies were visited to fly near supernovas and near black holes.

The tour of Heaven lasted for about twenty minutes. At that point they were both transported back to Giza and slowly descended into the room into the pool from where they came. Now presented with themselves standing opposite each other, Like looked at John and walked near to him. He laid his hands on her shoulders. Like asked John to look her in her eyes lasting as long as it was possible.

After ten minutes, Like signaled John on the HUD, that the tour was over. She gestured to follow her, and as they walked, she explained the first generation of implementing

dreams directly into the brain would be far superior anything he, and she, had ever tried and that this virtual tour would feel antiquated.

She walked John to the departure gate. John was unsure but tried:

“Can I see you soon and will you assist me in my mission? I want to explore some issues with you.”

Like looked across the room. On her device she entered data which waved a drone to pick John up.

“Yes, John, I will be your assistant. I am already.”

The gate opened and Like and John walked out onto the drone-pad. John entered the drone and flew away. As he looked back, he saw drone-pod-vessels slide up the cable disappearing into small dots and beyond into space. While onboard heading home, he recalled Like’s smile, but he was on a mission and he was determined not to let absolute static love come in his way. He dialed in some data which prepared his pod-5 for his return.

John flew over his pod-5 and tried to feel at comfort with his new home. Naturally all pods were relatively temporary depending on what people were assigned to do. Many lived alone, but some dwelled with teammates in smaller groupings. Some pods could be expanded to accommodate more people all depending on their task. Pods were not static dwellings. Pods were your protection. Your comport providing pleasure too, so work was a joy even if it was hard. Some also solely worked in the entertainment unit. He was the dreaming type who would probably work in the entertainment unit had it not been for his ability to program the mainframe of ER. The mix of dreaming up worlds was one of the talents he had used in earlier missions; adding some code to games to the key-devices all humans now had to have to live within ER. The key-device was an item which followed all people and any key-device was opened to a person using DNA-code, iris-scan, fingerprint, face-recognition. An old device could freely be swapped for a new model. Ownership did not exist of any devices. This way any device could be swapped or loaded from any person either because one had lost the device or simply were in a situation where bor-

rowing was more convenient. A device could remotely control any network apparatus, a whole pod-unit, items inside pods. A true key to unlock and operate almost everything.

Zone one, and the executive branch, gave away free devices just as most pods were free. The production and products released from each pod and each human were the exchange. Extra bonus was naturally added besides the basic allowance when extra work was done. One case was that of John returning from five years in space. A full day out in his case with Like. John landed at the pod:

“DOREMI, any ideas? I want to write a story. I am not sure exactly where I am going with it. It might be useful in the entertainment unit. Any use for stories?”

Response from DOREMI was without wavering as his pod started up which gave John a feeling of belonging again. The pod would go on standby when he was away locked to John until his mission was over or some other mission was presented to him. He so wanted to complete the mission however he had no idea what it was. He knew he had to deliver a verbal status-report to DOREMI at the end of today. He had enjoyed the rather short time with Like at the pyramids. It was only just past noon getting close to 02:00PM, so he had a whole afternoon to entertain himself.

“John, we have plenty of writers in the entertainment unit. No need to write.”

John recalled how Like, or rather Andrella at the time, had told him about reality and writing fictitious, so his curiosity was awoken. How was he able to influence anything. Really. If he was able to influence things like undoing one hour with Like, Andrella, then anyone might be able to do so. Suddenly John got goosebumps. Fantasize if all could do that. It would be attempting to overheat the mainframe. If anyone anytime could undo what happened or perhaps even step into the future, as he had done with Like at the pyramids, then what the hell ... hell would break loose.

The next nightmare might start when brains could dream influenced from an external source. He decided to ask DOREMI:

“Like told me about a project here at ER related to dreams and brains and how brains could be influenced externally to see and feel anything just like in a dream. When might this happen?”

“John, it is usually not something we discuss; dreams. They have been the horror of many battles for many centuries. You have clearance related to your next mission which I can’t speak of just now. Listen careful, it will be within a very short time it will be possible to truly influence peoples brains beyond simply using HUDs, media, entertainment and work. Please continue as you have done so far. You are doing fine. I will let you know once Mission One is initiated and started.”

It was getting a little weary for John after all the information he had received and he also knew nothing about what Mission One would bring. Through the panel, he glided in a virtual version of Like and decided to exchange thoughts asking her about the past five years on Earth. She explained that technology was moving so fast, that it was a serious problem because the ideas possible to implement, were only limited soon to what the brain could dream. With the brain dreaming and making up reality, it would be beyond imagination what might happen. Like explained, that her own dreams sometimes surprised her. Her dreams were used in the entertainment unit and the unit was satisfied with the dreams she provided. So were the clients around Earth.

During the afternoon John would play a few games with Like and move across a virtual representation of Earth exploring the current standing. They both travelled to the ancient World and wondered around in the past wondering truly why. John got a really good feeling now, knowing better what he seemed to have forgotten. The past. The future was unlimited. Like showed him why some people wanted to stay in the ancient World. Some people were stuck in a closed loop where old values made no progress whatsoever. It was like eating the same cake repeatedly until the cake was both gone and totally exploited into the marrow and bones until the very soul of any truths were forgotten. The simplicity of one single basic rule had been baked so many time, it was burned and charred. With one single rule, following one single law, it would have been possible to have the cake and eat it too. Many infiltrations later had made what was rather beautiful into fire and brimstone beyond nightmares. A nightmare was good compared to what had happened to the single truth. So be it. Like was here to boost John and she had done so plentiful. Now she

was the perfect choice for John to realize part of the depth of the deceit, the depth of the bamboozlement and Shakespearean allure.

Like explained that people in some zones were still wading waters, such as old England. People were beginning to see the benefits of not being locked to a United anything. United Kingdoms had exploited anything united into utter disassociation, divorce and separation from a perfect World beyond any single rule. Moving beyond love might be a goal. Forget the obvious choices. Those who dared stepping one foot in to a whole new experience, trying the key-device, understood the benefits of joining a network full of choices and people of many varieties. The spectacles and cabarets of yesteryear needed more than an upgrade. It had been a total reset. Technology could be the final solution if people understood the strength technology possessed truly deploying the key-device. The small unit so addictive. Why? Probably because people were seeking friends, unity, understanding, bonding, truths, simplicity, one law still maintaining diversity. However people were somehow frozen in their own solitude of their brain and were not able to step outside of their own minds and selfness at least outside the stage. It might be time to make life a true stage to avoid improvising humans into oblivion. Who said telepathy was impossible? Who said brainwaves could not be transferred from mind to mind? Who said up was up and down was down? The Hunger Games for real where game and reality met hand in hand. A stage with props and makeup-artists and rope-pullers. A stage with sets. A nightmarish Las Vegas repeated so fake and tasteless even the stage-lights were shining bright dark. Singularity as a network of diversity beyond rubber-bullets and Mickey Mouse who inside the costume was possessed by a human being. Was Mickey Mouse real when written by the brain of a human? Indeed Mickey Mouse was real which explained why kingdoms were oblivious, but still existed at the same time. Diversity destroying singularity to satisfy every pride be it the gladiatorial bullfight or the never ending ball-games.

One idea to stepping outside selfness might be to avoid fighting to simply survive like a wounded beast. John saw Like's introduction and panels displayed as a need to not feeling isolated in the midst of ancient lands full of people. Feeling isolated in malls and ports of many souls. Feeling like walking in another World besides people who seemed to walk in other Worlds too. Together in separation.

This was however only John's weird take on it after being five years in space visiting STATION-8. A place of such isolation it was unimaginable. The experience might be useful in some way. The experience had to have some meaning. DOREMI wanted a report

today and John was sure some sense could be deducted and abstracted from John's status report.

The afternoon ended to become evening gliding light-blue hues into dark ones. John let go of Like as she continued into her World and he his. They were again separated only by the distance of a flat monitor-panel. John turned on various ancient cities such as Rome, New York, Berlin and Paris. At Paris, John walked about as if it was yesterday in the virtual representation. It all seemed so distant. A memory. A withered flower. A tombstone. Dead in memoriam by the inscription on the stone engraved as a groove which finally and hopefully too would disintegrate. The groove only existed as the edge of the stone and when that was gone, so was the depression. That which no longer was, was not important. Paris was a stack of pyramids with museums of past of present. Never growing old only reminding John that old was vogue and new was oblivious. John wondered what his mission might be and thought about the downloaded data from his space-pod on entry to Earth which he might be presented to soon. If not, he had no idea what any new mission would embody. It had to have something to do with his mission to STATION-8.

John walked to the large window panels near his bed. He had spent one night in his new dwelling and it seemed as if a sinister future might be recalled and awoken. A projection of Pod-7, where Like was working, was superimposed onto the horizon. His brain was creating the present. His brain was the director and John was following along as long as he could endure. Like was one such activity. A memory relived. He feared the worst but dreamt of something to live for. His solitude in space for five long years had almost self-imploded John. At his bed was a monitor. John looked at it and in faded into what looked like a painting he recalled from a distant memory. Suddenly DOREMI faded in suppressing his solitude:

“John, I want you to give me your report in about ten minutes. The mainframe has done a few scans of your brain-activities and loaded this image of a painting which was a match related to your visit to the pyramids. It is one of many and picked from those randomly. If you wish to go into depth on this, please let me know. It is part of your entertainment venue which will end at midnight.

After you have given me your report, I shall brief you on your new mission. See you in ten minutes.”

John responded in acknowledgment with a simple Okay. He walked to the monitor and looked at the representation of a woman. A Bar at the Folies-Bergère by Édouard Manet. He thought it was a little peculiar and glided it away which then displayed another of those the mainframe had picked. Le Rêve by Pablo Picasso. It was a series of still-images. Finally he glided the first image back into view. John wondered if Like was online and grabbed his key-device from his pocket:

“Glide in Like if you are available. I have a few more hours to entertain myself.”

Like glided in and substituted the image:

“Hi John. What are you doing?”

“Nothing much. I’ll file a report to the mainframe in a few minutes. Can you return in about one hour?”

“Sure John. I’ll be here. One hour. See you.”

DOREMI automatically glided out the images and displayed Earth on the monitor:

“John, this is Earth presently. A live feed from space. Today’s ER news will play for you and after that, I will return.”

The news-panel faded in and John walked and laid on the bed while the news played. A woman looking more like a digital version of Like than a real woman came across the screen. Digital but very lifelike. The status of ER with statistics was located at the lower-right corner of the monitor.

“Good evening John. Factions are under control and are being invited to join ER. A positive result is expected for two of the zones. The remaining are still being processed. A few zones will be allowed to stay factions, but under the control by ER.

An expected report related to the mapping of the brain and entering it virtually and factually, will be ready soon. It is a project which has been under way for a very long time. It will revolutionize ER and probably allow us to move ahead to level Earth Rest. It will allow more freedom for most and the entertainment unit will be upgraded. The first prototype is expected in six month. Tomorrow we rotate CEO-positions and some will experience an upgrade in their level. For those who are not upgraded, a surprise found on their key-device will be given. The rotation should progress as usual. In case of any problems, you will be notified on your key-device.

Your personal news: DOREMI is expecting your report. Shortly she will return here and you and her will interact. Your pod-status: all systems working. Tomorrow new supplies will be flow in at noon. Your drone-capsule will be exchanged for an upgrade also at noon.

In case you need to receive news, I will alert you and display it. Any other news can be received normally by gliding in the news panel or requesting DOREMI.”

The gorgeous woman faded out and a few advertisings were displayed. John felt somewhat at home because of the visuals and the tranquil mood of the panels and the news-section. He was beginning to comprehend the ideas presented to him even if Like seemed like a distant shore. He requested DOREMI to glide in information related to the brain and a few videos and textual data was presented. DOREMI was a full library where all data was available 24/7. Even if John knew he was relatively alone, he could feel the network humming in the background and knowing DOREMI was available, was a relief from five years in space where he had forgotten what was up and down. Even north, south, east and west was of no meaning. His dreams were like visions of something sinister awaiting at every moment. John was however beginning to join Earth again now that Like and DOREMI had supported him.

The Sun was setting and John slowly got out of his bed and walked to the windows from where he could see a few drones fly-by. It looked so tranquil from his viewport. He was about to get a small refreshment as DOREMI came back.

“You have been on a small virtual tour today with Like. I like that, because it was my hope you’d do that. It is time to file a minimal report on what your first thoughts are re-

lated to your visit to STATION-8, ER, Like and your new home. When you are ready please start by saying JOHN POD FIVE ZONE FIVE.”

John stopped and walked to the panel in the other room. He sat down and visualized Like standing outside on the balcony. He saw her slender body and he wished she would turn around and ask him to join her. He shook his head. One day when the brain was programmable, he would no longer have visions untrue. All could be real.

“JOHN POD FIVE ZONE FIVE. I have so much on my mind, but I shall make it brief as you wish. I was in space. I was dreaming. I forgot. I landed. DOREMI, why was I injected? I don't expect you to reply, but I mention this to make you realize, I am still not in full view of what the hell is going on. I have an overall idea. It seems as if humans have turned into fantasies and I am able to undo certain things. I have not tried to undo anything else since Like was here. It was scary. I trust it might have to do with that injection. I am adapting to ER which I think is just a representation of what once was. Nothing seems to have changed because my flashbacks seems to infiltrate my own reset-status.”

DOREMI interrupted John:

“The injection was given to avoid you going into mental chock. Nobody has yet returned from long distance space-travels without the electrical booster. We are still monitoring you. All systems look fine. The entertainment was meant as relief and should have provided some alleviation. Please continue.”

“Thank you, DOREMI. It seems as if Earth is recovering. I recall Earth as one huge excessive and negatively decorated place from some of the virtual tours. Naturally because of utter and catastrophic overpopulation. Some places look appealing on the surface while they are tainted under the surface. The ER monitors now shows huge recovery on a large scale. The adaptation of some common factors seems to work. The factions seems to be a symptom of large scale misunderstanding and total imbalance. Unity seems to require some kind of predictability and likeness. Keeping humans more stationary seems to work. Humans wishes should come through it seems. The factions seems to be isolated because they have only lived in one system. Trying to live like others seems to up-

grade the mind. Truly feeling seems to move minds. Mine did. Pure entertainment seems not to work on an isolated scale. It must be followed by real life.

I am not sure if this small brief is of value. It is minimal. I could go into detail, but one major factor seems to strike me: real life trials. Your games in ER which can be turned on to be real, seems to be an evolvment into the better future by living truly and not just surviving in a game-show. When life becomes nothing but a useless pile of laws, isolation creeps in. Laws were virtual to most people because they simply did not understand them in their infiltrated network and I guess they wee not meant to be. Why have humans who are less than donkeys when the absence of them brought you the current state where less is more. The more donkeys, the more fields of grass is needed. Until the fields runs dry. When they do, so do the donkeys. Had it been left to nature and sexual intercourse to control itself, I am sure Earth, then, would have exploded into 20 billion humans by year 2200. Your simulations should prove this. Earth was a field, which now seems greener.

The idea implemented having pods and cities somehow looks like ancient times castles and farms. The isolation between them is new and seems to work fine with technology implemented. Solar power and self-supply of water worked wonders as long a pods are small units. The extravagant movement of people in the ancient world, was destroying any sense. Humans are not ants.

The storage of data in DNA seems to be a long term solution because generations can copy memory and the biology will ensure survival of data. DNA is globally probably a temporary solution, but has properties which can be recoded to produce new living species better suited. Lions are fine but why do they have to eat zebras?

Connecting to brains in a network seems limitless. I am sure the capacity of the brain can be expanded into new areas. Perhaps we can code DNA to produce an add-on to the brain which can calculate on par with current mainframe's CPU-power. Perhaps simply plug in the mainframe. I shall team up with people in the science zone who has knowledge of autism. Autism seems to be key. Is a company such as Nvidia still around? I would love to get one of their cards installed in my brain firing up any virtual representation. The brain might start to self-program. Dreaming rather than programming.

When the real thing is not possible then feed brain with unreality. That might solve all problems and be far superior.”

DOREMI was online displaying pod-5 using John's own drone fly over the pod using its camera. John could sit and see himself while DOREMI responded:

“Perfect. Leave it there. No need to go into detail nor getting too serious about the overall status. Your brief is stored. Before I let you go for the evening, I will inform you, that tomorrow morning, I will present you with your new mission. Your capsule is being upgraded for this reason. Part of your mission is to code a program which equates RNA, DNA. It is possible to manipulate the code. Your mission is to program it, so it creates a new human species which is able to adapt to our brain-project related to dreams. Future goal is to have brains connected in a network letting the network solve the problems related to the reason life exists. Our models show that a brain based on the human model, would easily be able to plug in working in uniform with our mainframe. We also think the human brain can be used to store raw data. Reproduction of brains will then allow for continued storage. Eventually the goal is partly to allow a synthesized brain to take over. At least that seems what the model is telling us. The model seems to predict that what we know, we do. The order of The Universe is, that life is predicted to turn into intelligent molecules that can construct themselves. DNA is short-term based according to the model. DNA is an experiment which might succeed in producing something which outlives star-systems, when the star fails.

This is the main idea. I shall give you the final details tomorrow.”

That was quite something, John thought. He returned to the window and walked out on the balcony as he picked up his device. He requested if Like was online. She did not respond. A virtual representation popped up. He looked at her and turned the device upside down a few times as if to play with her. He held the device close to his ears. To his mouth. He laid it on his head while he balanced gently on one leg.

Suddenly Like faded in and John almost dropped the device. He grabbed it as it started to fall down from his head.

“Hi John. The hour is up. What are you doing?”

John composed himself gracelessly putting the device into his pocket:

“Hi Like. Nothing much. Had a brief with DOREMI. Looked at some rather old art which seems to contain people. Mostly women. That which was close to the heart of the ancient world. Nothing much changes, right? The simple universal adoration.”

They chatted lightly mostly related to entertainment and John being new to his pod and visiting Like earlier. Both agreed that the ancient World was a distant memory mostly containing one thing: people and mostly nude. Art was a canvas undressed. Art had in ways become a representation of life in which nudity, love and the simple matters, had become boring petty symbols. Symbolism had become more important than the real thing. That might explain the popularity of ancient museums in Paris filled with oils on canvas as symbols hailed as marvels better than reality. Had it not been better to decorate the walls with holes and undress the visitors to depict what all desired. Was the canvas not walking around and about and were people not looking the wrong way? Except for one vital clue; paintings could not talk back and only craved a space on an empty wall.

It was getting late. Like walked to her quarters. John turned on the panel where Like was, so they could follow each other on their device. John returned to his bed and rested while he transferred the camera-view of Like to his monitor at his bed. She did the same however she connected to the camera located in the corner of John's room.

They talked together as if old friends and made small remarks on their virtual tour. Like undressed and laid on her bed. She seemed sleepy and within minutes she fell asleep. John looked at her for a while and he also glided in and out a few panels on the monitor. It was getting late and his eyes quickly shut his mind down and he entered a deep sleep which he needed more than anything at this moment. Before falling asleep he wondered about his mission.

During the next couple of hours, until around 04:00AM, the pod was humming along and outside the drone-traffic had eased down. That was when John started to dream.

John was in an ancient contemporary dark romantic metropolis. Build on corpses unseen. Buildings were mixed in a dough of modern and old. Some humans had a chain-saw in their head with the engine part stuck inside their skull and the 52 inch chain-blade sticking out to various sides. People believed they were hats from Ascot horse raising. The motor was running and sometimes revved up forcefully. If the motor stopped others would

pull the engine to a start. The chain-blade would swing around as the human's heads were looking from side to side and up and down. Humans nearby did not seem to bother about this chic fashion taken right out of *Marie Claire*. Some humans were pounded by the rotating chain, cutting of parts of their body which killed some. The blood would splatter like heavy rain. Human tissue would be flung in all directions.

Another group of humans had a whipping cream machine above their head with the rotating whips stuck inside their skull and brain which was open at the top like a bowl. The brain would be swirled around inside the brain and the noise from the electrical motor sometimes spun down when it hit the inner skull. The same humans with whips in their heads, were carrying a basket with plastic cups and the human would dip the cup inside their own brain scooping up brain-mass and would then hand the cup to bypassing people. Some would take the cup and drink and then throw the cup on the street.

John walked along and noticed he had a sword stuck in his head. Nearby he saw a shop with the name *Café & Pâtisserie Moulin Rouge*. He entered. Inside people were eating each other while sipping cups of blended white mice. They ate each others heads, until eaten at which point a warden would enter the stage and clean up scooping the tissues into a large rusted iron container on wheels. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary and humans were enjoying themselves.

The waiters where young girls dressed in miniskirts looking like cartoons more than human. Anime. Looked like something dreamt up when reality was absent. They smiled unusually routinely. DNA reprogrammed. Those tending the bar had axes and saws to chop up cadavers of which some were zebras, cobras and giraffes. Naturally the odd human too which were on display at extra cost.

In the center of the Café there was an iron spiral staircase leading both down and up. John walked to it and looked upwards. About five meters up, he could vaguely identify what was a cabaret and he heard some *chanson noire triste* and a band playing. He walked upstairs. The room was filled with people drinking blended pink tissue and some where eating what looked like cakes. John walked to a table where a couple were eating. The cake was made from curled up silk-lingerie in various colors.

On the stage dancers were floating midair trying to get a foothold screaming loudly for help. Nobody seemed to hear them. John walked up on the stage trying to help, but the performers angrily waved John to go away.

Suddenly John was outside again. He was in the center of Paris and could see the Ritz Hotel at 15 Place Vendôme. People entering the hotel had various machines stuck inside their heads. Some had part of the Eiffel Tower sticking out of their torso. Some had neon signs on top of their heads. One had the text: *Louis XVI*. Bend in neon. Out of nowhere, John saw people dropping from the sky. Some landed head first and their bodies turned into an unrecognizable blob. Soon enough a street-cleaning wagon would make an entrance and out stepped two huge men dressed as *Napoléon Bonaparte*. They started cleaning the street as if nothing usual had happened. While scraping up human tissue, more bodies would fall from the sky. After adding shampoo to the street, the men entered their truck and rang a bell. That was when a distant piece of music started to play. It sounded like *Adagio for Strings*. John followed the music, which slowly became louder but still played as if coming through a thick mist full of decadence. Humans were blind as a bat to the fact that other choices were lurking in parallel Worlds just inches away from them sometimes even rubbing shoulders. Just around the next corner, John saw a vision. Notre-Dame Cathedral. Just as he caught a glimpse of the towering wonder it slowly started to collapse and did so in extreme slow motion like that out of a movie. Suddenly John levitated high above the falling Cathedral. He saw people ascend like statues without a single motion. They too levitated. Some were seen with their heads bowed. Some looked upwards. Chainsaws and whip-machines were seen falling from people's heads crashing down on the streets below.

From below the underground of the streets graves opened and dead corpses rose to walk again. As the corpses composed themselves, they too started to ascend. Some were still lying in their coffins. Some had sat themselves up looking in awe. The river around the Cathedral had run dry and at the bottom of the riverbed, fish were seen gasping for air.

Near the collapsed Cathedral, John saw a drone with Like sitting inside. He ran towards the drone and Like waved John to enter. He did. The drone hovered up high above the city of Paris. So high it was impossible to see any details. The drone speeded up accelerating so fast, that John's eyes almost got squashed into his skull. As the drone decelerated John opened his hurting eyes and looked out. He saw pod-5 right below him and Like hovered near the balcony. John saw himself in the bed near the monitor. He noticed John was bathed in sweat and was shivering moving from side to side. The monitor-panels were gliding in and out desperately while a voice tried to wake John.

Unexpected the drone with Like and John exploded in a raging inferno. John was shivering and woke up while almost falling out of his bed. He lifted the bedcover over his head expecting the explosion from the inferno to hit him. Nothing happened and he lowered his guard. He had had a dream. He had a Déjà vu of the other dream in the capsule in space. He recalled the caskets, but otherwise the dream seemed different.

He heard DOREMI speaking in a soft voice calming John down saying he had just had a vicious vision which he should forget quickly and suggested John got up. It was 07:30AM, DOREMI let Like enter from a panel on the monitor:

“Hi John. Good morning. I can visit you today and we can work on your mission together. I told you about those dreams. DOREMI will brief you on your mission at 09:00AM.”

John looked at Like and recalled she had been in his dream. Did she have anything to do with it and was she able to undo time or influence others dreams as an experiment. Who was she when he could make her vanish? Suddenly John got an idea. Was he able to rewind the night and go back to before the dream started? This way the dream would never have existed. He grabbed his key-device and glided in the entertainment panel and found the configuration menu. He clicked *undo starting 04:00AM hours*. Instantly he was asleep.

Then the dream started. This time a different one.

The Earth was barren beyond recognition. It had been covered in polished Aluminum. Humans were seen walking around all dressed in similar outfits each carrying a device. It was small and connected to ER, the mainframe and Zone one. Humans were deeply concentrated looking at their device and they seemed to glide panels in and out as if that was all they were ever meant to do. Like second nature. Earth was seen growing oceans and mountains. Pods popped up and drones were seen flying around. Humans typed or spoke to their device. Some humans joined as teams. Pods were built and humans would gather inside the pods where monitors and terminals were available to design local small cities. What humans entered into the devices was stored as each humans pref-

erences into the mainframe. No need for machine memory once each brain would be used as storage.

The key device unlocked everything and worked as a passport, payment-system, drone-key, remote control. Final destination was to alter DNA to allow for an interface between machines and brains. Change the graphic card on a need-to-do basis. Until eventually brains themselves turned into cards. Basic pods were built modularly which could be altered, hence modular, but the overall design was fixed to that which had been designed to work most efficient related to current technology. Pods could be upgraded or totally recycled.

Corporations were constructed in unity as one company all with one major united logo where only color or added text would specify what the business was doing. Each business had a unique identification number. All corporations worked interconnected through ER's network. 90% of all production had vanished compared to the ancient world. Gadget-galore was eliminated.

No banks were seen because all monetary transactions were done centralized from Zone one and distributed to key-devices and all data was stored at the mainframe. Once brains were upgraded, they themselves would contain all vitals including balance-sheets. Who needed a key-device when the brain had powers beyond. Unlocking it was a mystery. The good news seemed to be that indeed the brain evolved nevertheless.

It was good. Naturally provided humans could agree on something. The dream continued until early morning when John woke up again. This time he felt at ease. It was getting close to 09:00AM and DOREMI would brief him on his new mission. He felt excited and hoped Like would somehow be involved.

“Good morning, John. It is 09:00AM and I am here, DOREMI, to brief you. I hope you had a pleasant night. I noticed to undid part of the night. Allowed for now. At some point those dreams of yours will have to be upgraded. I will talk to you about this related to your mission. The data we have collected from STATION-8 is beyond anything we had ever expected. There is life beyond the Solar System. The life we have discovered is not so different from what we know here on Earth. One star-system is however 4.5 million years ahead of us. We have received some type of communication and we want you to decode it. If you can. We also need to code DNA and we hope to be able to upgrade Homo Sapiens ahead of our time to the future to the level of those 4.5 million years ahead of us.

It seems they have technology which is so intelligent, that it can solve why life exists. The origin of gravity has also been found. Gravity is, according to our preliminary findings, the source which we could call divine. Gravity is the glue which is the cause of evolution. Matter is the building-blocks. Gravity produces various elements which evolves into whatever systems gravity can fantasize. Yes, fantasize. Gravity and matter or simply The Universe is a fantasy-machine which is far superior than all human life combined. The mass of The Universe is relatively small compared to the vast empty space which as such is not really empty. It contains gravity which is essentially non-existing except for its origin namely matter. To explain this, one has to realize that one can't exist without the other. Naturally infinity exists because if it did not, then what would be beyond the end? To comprehend infinity, the mathematical equation seems to suggest, that beyond our local part of The Universe, other parts exists which has evolved far beyond spinning galaxies, star clusters and black holes. Some parts far beyond what we can see, has evolved into an intelligent entity which is producing yet unknown matter and systems which ultimately will lead to parts of The Universe to get a consciousness which will support what we call life. Such as Homo Sapiens. In short; The Universe is trying to assist humans in evolving. The reason is, that the human biological brain is a tool created by The Universe to experiment with the possibilities to finally create a consciousness created from non-biological matter. Gravity is what keeps The Universe running.

Gravity is still difficult to explain as is light. The source of light in The Universe comes from matter packed by gravity and can ignite at a critical point. Why? If matter burns in stars and turns to light, The Universe will eventually vanish, right?

ER wants to team up with the extraterrestrial life-form found. We need to be careful. What ER wants you to do is travel to STATION-8 again. This time you can bring Like if you like. We have upgraded your drone-capsule and a new spaceship is ready for you. You must prepare for this and you must leave in seven days. Like is being briefed as you and I speak. She agrees and would love to go on this exploration.

ER wants you to contact the entities sixteen light years away once you get to STATION-8. They have sent communication tools to STATION-8 which we can use. They are able to send matter using gravitational waves and are able to reach speeds far beyond what we call the speed of light which is just a relative slow speed.

All the necessary data has been loaded onto your spaceship. We have named it Mission One.

John walked outside standing at the rail on the balcony. His eyes wider open than ever. Five more years, but this time with Like as a crew member. An upgraded ship. He returned inside to the panel and glided Like into view.

“Like? You have been briefed?”

“Yes, John. We are leaving in seven days. I can’t wait. I want to play a small introduction of the ship we travel on.”

Like started a video and John looked in awe. After watching the video John asked Like if she would like to come over. She responded positively and she arrived 11:00AM. They used the day talking about the mission and speculated on what they might find.

Like stayed the night as they watch the panel play visions of their endeavor which would start in only seven days. John invited Like to stay and she agreed and told John she had been transferred to Mission One and she was no longer working at the entertainment unit. For the first time in a very long time John felt he was one and now united.

Had it not been for Like, he would have jumped from the balcony. Five more years in solitary confinement would be worse than hell. He thought. John had no idea what was about to happen.

4

Waking Up

Flying high, falling deep. Waking up was death. Dreaming was living. Even Skinfaxi and Hrímfaxi had a monoplane flying high as a dream.



The days past. First quickly. Then slow. Seven days. Had it not been for Like, John would probably had taken his drone-capsule and flown over the edge of the Earth. Now Earth was round, so he could not do that. John's best guess was, that Earth would be an octahedron by the time he and Like had been gone for a few millennia.

On the seventh and day of departure, John was exhausted. One leg slanting out of the bed. He was indulgent in his pod-bed, but felt eager to get to STATION-8. Getting over with the mission finally. So many clues. The Sun was glooming over the horizon given the pod a warm pink-orange glow and John tried to follow the movement of the shadow thrown by The Sun. Once he focused his attention on the movement of the shadow, it was perfectly possible to suddenly experience the shadow moving very fast. Naturally. At the speed needed to rotate Earth to get to where it was yesterday except it followed the Sun's movement around the Milky Way. John reminded himself of such trivial matters to be conscious of the illusive solidity of the movements of planets and stars. One day everything was flat and the next everything was in motion around a galaxy. What would come next.

Like was flat out, nude and lovely in the pod-bed. Too gorgeous to wake up and too good to leave her sleeping all day. John fixed a Virgin Mary for both of them adding plenty of Tabasco. A brand still around. Cheap as hell to manufacture, but branded like the price of rare metals. One of those things ER had yet not gotten around to fixing. John nodded Like gently on her shoulder. No response. Then he nodded her bottom. She moved spreading her legs making her naked body look more like the bait on a hook. John knew he had to be careful because they had to move into space today and not entertain themselves. Work was hollering. The mission. John handed Like the Mary and she held the glass expecting it to be a toy. John told her to drink. She did and slowly she woke up to a new day. She rolled over and peeked out of her eyes. John explained it was today they were going to go beyond the horizon into the blackness where no blue sky was seen. She sat up and looked out across the room and saw the blue haze. She looked at John and told him her days in the entertainment unit was over. Now she wanted to spend time with John. John smiled. Sure she was going to spend time with John. Five years. Perhaps forever depending on what would happen. The spaceship might even explode before they got past the bloody Moon.

Waking up.

Andrella was rolling from side to side. It was 10:00AM in New York and her apartment was brightly lit by The Sun rising in the far east. She was undressed as usual. Her preferred configuration. She woke from a dream, a nightmare. She was wet all over and her lips were moist. She looked around her bedroom and saw she was alone. What the

hell was that she thought. She dreamt she was a man called John and herself. It was a dream like no other dream she had ever had. Part of the dream seemed familiar to her. The space-travel and the science part. Including John. She worked as an agent for the US government and usually her mission were nothing like what she had just dreamt. It was neither FBI, CIA or any usual agency. It did not exist officially. She got her notebook and wrote a few keywords down. Something to remind her in case she had to remember. Perhaps the dream was some kind of premonition. She was not the type who expected dreams or sixth senses to demand anything from her, but this dream was so real. A nightmare containing something she seemed to recall from her past life.

Her assignments were usually related to making background-checks of people working near or within the US government. Also checking people who's job was of interest to the government and those jobs were many. The usual jobs covered were those in banking, finance, NASA, medical and energy-sector and businesses exporting and importing products.

Andrella had divorced John Giles who had worked as a broker at JP Morgan & Chase. He had been caught in a two billion US Dollar transaction involving importing opium for the US government using the full power of the US Army. It was all legal, but it was discovered by an earlier CNN freelance reporter now working at New York Times and the beans had been spilt. The reporter died in a car accident on the corner of 8th Ave. and W. 40th St. Soon after the accident, approximately two-hundred-fifty million US Dollars had been used in bribes to silence anyone who was not loyal. Nothing was filed and it was uncertain exactly how many had died. Some took the bribe, but if they wanted more it resulted in certain staged death. Nobody any wiser not even the news outlets. John was now living in an Asian country incognito. Only he knew that. He was lucky or perhaps smart to have escaped and had used two million US Dollars to rearrange his face and bribe a few locals to set him up as a freelance novelist on par with Lewis Carrol, Stephen King and Ernest Hemingway. John wrote the odd novel and send it through an agent. This way he kept up the appearance of being normal and made an income which he used to construct his life in such a way as to keep the masquerade strong. Andrella had not heard of or from John since he disappeared. Andrella had been assigned to follow John's opium transaction unaware it was John until it was too late. He only just managed to explain the story in rough details and that was when he was gone. She had no idea where he was and she did not care anymore. Except now. That dream. Why was John in her dream or was

John simply herself playing two parts? Agents were known to have mental traits resembling paranoia and worse, but Andrella had never worked on any cases which were too serious. Usually the basic background check of peoples lives and financial situations giving them clearance or not. The blacklist was longer than Route 66.

The phone rang. Andrella picked up her device. She threw it on the bed. That premonition. The dream. The phone kept ringing. She slowly picked it up as if the device was plastic explosive with a fuse. She listened. It was a male voice.

“Hello. We have picked you for an assignment. This telephone-call is on a secure line. NASA has been working in secret on a mission. Come to NASA’s headquarters tomorrow 02:00PM. Use the name Alicia Jones. We will talk then. Make sure you arrive.”

Andrella’s apartment was like that in her dream. Swallowed from any clutter. Minimal down to sometimes removing the bedcovers sleeping *in natura*. She only kept things which she used at present. Never saved anything. John had left her some money in a bag, but she had saved it inside a speaker. She had not counted them. She stayed alone most of the time, but one of her passions was playing the tenor saxophone. An instrument not played often by females. Andrella was more of a tomboy. Feminine as a dancer from Crazy Horse and the men wanted her. That she knew. She could hang out with the guys and she was a muse, but in solitude. After musing John in marriage, she felt men were greedy one way or the other. When the public lights were dimmed, men turned into gorillas who craved bananas and donuts more than golf or soccer. Andrella neither liked gorillas, bananas or golf. She did have one of John’s clubs behind the door. She also had a few more useful weapons. Some were the ones she had learned at the headquarter located somewhere remote unknown even to the agents. Using blindfolds and drugs was right out of 007. Men as bosses and CEOs loved acting it out even if it was for real.

Andrella got out of bed. Walked naked to the window and looked at her saxophone. Everything was the same. Same traffic. Same city. A few odd cranes doing their usual construction which never seemed to end. Always something going on. It all looked the same, but always changed. A city which needed people more than people needed the city. If Andrella could free New York from clutter, New York would vanish. New York was a

gangster city. Always was and probably always would be. Andrella was part of it and as such a gangster too.

The phone-call made her look at her phone. She picked it up and walked to the bathroom where she showered and wrapped herself in a towel walking to the closet where she picked a casual black dress. She would spend the day writing down some notes related to her dream. Had she been drugged by the agency? She had learned one thing and that was, that trust was an empty glass and the glass was transparent. Guess.

She flipped on the cable TV to see if there was anything new. CNN showed the usual stories related to a few wars, sports and the election of the President of USA. Suddenly BREAKING NEWS was displayed with the usual 3D animation jingle. Very dramatic, but after a while it became Orwellian. Andrella opened the refrigerator and grabbed an apple. She would go shopping and grab a pizza soon. Her favorite was Pizza Quattro Stagioni or Pizza Margherita. The simplicity was perfect.

“CNN is bringing you BREAKING NEWS. Four American satellites have been shot down. Perpetrators unknown. No trace of who it might be. The satellites are manufactured by NASA. We are waiting for a press-release from NASA and will return when we have more details. Now back to the regular programming.”

Andrella sharpened her ears. NASA! It could be a coincidence, but her suspicion was getting alarming. She changed channels to other news outlets and the same brief was shown. Nothing mentioned more than that on CNN. She returned to CNN and kept it running while she wrote a few notes. That dream kept returning somehow and now something related to space. Who and why would someone destroy a few satellites which could easily be replaced? She loaded up a few websites and still no details. She visited NASA's website. Nothing. Tomorrow she was going to their headquarters, so Andrella wanted to keep a cool head.

She remembered the money from John. She opened the speaker and grabbed the bag and opened it. Inside was a stack of money. She had forgotten how much it was, but it looked like quite a bit. She saw it was all one-hundred Dollar bills and a quick glance told her there had to be a quarter of a million Dollars. Quickly she put the bag back inside the speaker.

CNN returned. This time it was The White House. The Press Secretary looked rather baffled with his eyes ready to pop.

“All we can say at this time is, that America is under attack. We are investigating it as I speak. The source of the attack is yet unknown. I will take no questions at this time. We have Intel, that other systems might also come under attack. If this happens, and communication to the public is lost, we ask that all keep calm and stay indoors.”

Bugger that thought Andrella. She had her job to attend to and could not be bothered about such vague news. She needed some items and grab a pizza and would be back soon enough to follow any updates. If something really horrific happened, New York would be the first place to know just by walking in the streets.

Andrella walked to her usual grocery-store and got a few items. Then she headed for the local pizza takeaway. New York was so lovely. She passed a coffee house and got a cappuccino and headed back to her apartment. Just as she exited the coffee house, she looked in the window and saw a guy looking like one of her team. An agent. They never could not dress like agents. He even had a newspaper under his elbow. Sunglasses too. Not forgetting the cap. Even learning not to use these obvious props at the academy men and agents were still the romantic type.

She passed a block and saw him in the shop windows following her like a mother follows a child's pram. She'd walk home but route it a little different losing him. Done. She was back at her apartment and made sure the club was near the door and she got her handgun ready just in case. Andrella thought it might be some kind of promotion going to NASA's headquarters, so with a tiny happy smile on her mind, she switched on the television and dropped herself on the bed with the pizza.

“No news from the White House. NASA has declined to comment. We have invited a panel to discuss what might be going on.”

Andrella listened for about ten minutes and then she turned of the telly. Amazingly as the news was, there was no news. Should anything pop up she had her phone-device which through various blob-Apps would spook out catastrophe if it happened. Nothing so

far and the pizza was perfect. Andrella even fell asleep and woke two hours later as a small message kept sending an alarm on her device.

“Andrella? It is me. Your Dollar man. I am coming to your apartment in a few minutes. Just let me in casually. I am here to assist you. Get ready for your biggest mission.”

She read it and got her pistol. She quickly unlocked the door and stood away from the entrance. Then she waited. A few minutes passed and she heard quick footsteps and it knocked on the door.

“Andrella. It is me. I am here to assist you. Please let me in. Did you find the peanuts? Hope it was okay. I have more. Let me in.”

She told John to slowly open the door. If not, she'd make a hole in him. John opened the door very slowly and Andrella made sure he saw the gun. She saw he was unarmed. He did not exactly look like the John she knew. This one looked better.

“John, is that you. I see you fixed your face. Where the hell have you been. Are you mad coming here. Tell me what the fuck you want and get the hell out of my apartment. Sit over there on the chair and start to talk. Quick. You are out in three minutes or I shall blow a hole in you and dump you in the garbage down the alley. I am only doing this because you gave me a bag of peanuts. Bloody lovely. Still got 'em. Did you follow me down on the street near the coffee house. Are you crazy. Had I had my pistol I could have blown a hole in your ass or worse.”

He was indeed looking very fresh. Dressed immaculate and smelled like Hugo Boss. John knew Andrella was a woman who did what she said and they had been a team like no other team because she was perfect in all ways. They had trusted each other and jealousy did not exist between them. At least when the glass contained water.

“You look lovely. A little older and wiser I suspect. A, you are probably the only one I can trust on this one. Have you heard the news? It is a decoy. All lies. Deception from start until the end and the end never arrives. I have been traveling and have had plenty of

time to wonder. Stayed in Asia most of the time. I got some real news for you, but it is worth shit unless you comprehend the full scope of it. Have you had dreams? I have. Would you flip on the TV and turn to CNN. You will probably have seen and heard the story on NASA and a few satellites having been destroyed. It is mentioned USA is under threat. All nonsense. What you need to worry about is the next few hours. I know you still work as an agent because I have followed you a few days.”

The remote control was an App on her device. She flipped on CNN. A panel was indeed discussing the threat and the dangers immediate. She listened a few second as John told her it was all a masquerade. The only thing which might be real was the weather and even that could be fibs. John explained in detail how he had contacts inside NASA and a mission was being prepared to travel slightly beyond the Solar system in an attempt to investigate extraterrestrial beings who had send a device which was able to communicate with Earth.

Andrella sat herself on the edge of the Barcelona chair. She told John to continue. He did.

“A, the origin of all you know might have been in a dream. I don’t know if you have had dreams. I have and you have been in them. You see, the brain is a feature invented by someone. I have a contact inside NASA. I have been told that life is about to evolve into non-biological. Brains and some life will still exist, but mostly as DNA in which data can be stored in such large quantities the number exceeds all existing computer-memory.

The story on CNN is a decoy to allow NASA to appear to send up new satellites. Instead a large spaceship will be rocketed, which will travel to this location where this device has been located by this extraterrestrial entity. It sounds like some kind of Science fiction, I know. Consider this; where did life originate? Why does anything exist? Those are two major questions. If I am right, you think about these things too. A, can we team up and I shall fill you in as we move along.”

John had out of the blue gotten A’s attention. She was not into romance and all that jazz, but a little fun was agreeable. She looked at John and felt a little sorry for him all alone out there in Asia and now suddenly he was here. Was he just trying to team up with her to enjoy her company. Hardly. This story of his was like out of a novel and Andrella was

part of it encircled by a dream. She told John small pieces of her dream and mentioned John had been in it by name. She mentioned to John that she had been contacted only earlier today about visiting NASA tomorrow under the name Alicia Jones. John interrupted Andrella careful because she still had her pistol in her hand. He looked at it and A was kind enough to lower it somewhat. John smiled and gave A a small smile when she told him the name Alicia Jones.

“A, let us not point fingers or anything else at each other. I have investigated a few things which is out of this world. Rather useless on its own, but since I have had a contact with a Cardinal from The Vatican, well, then you might want to listen to my story before you decide to shoot me. I was amusing myself in Bangkok for a few days while writing up a few notes on a small novel which involved a Cardinal and a girl called Annabelle. I put myself in the story as a young boy living in Italy near Rome. Part fiction and part dreams.

In Bangkok, I was at a dance-bar nothing out of the unusual. As I was sitting at the bar, the girl I was chatting up, told me a real Cardinal incognito was in the bar. I looked around. Then she pointed at him. I decided to introduce myself in a manner projecting I was a Pastor on a mission and I was investigating the sins of the world. He looked like the spirits had gotten the better of him, so it was easy for me to chat with him. What he told me was so amazing he was dead the next day. Very small notice in the Bangkok Post about it. Said he had a heatstroke. That is when I decided to head back to New York and visit you. It was getting so hot out there and the women were always new while I was getting a little weary of all the fun my money could buy me. Yes, I have a few peanuts stacked away just in case you need some. I am unarmed. Perhaps the pistol has a place to hide? Jones, really? Shows nothing has changes.”

Andrella withdrew the pistol and put it inside her dress tucked away in her panties. Just in case. She stood up and looked at John and frowned. She slowly walked to the window and looked across the city.

“John, something is missing. I can’t quite piece it all together. I had this dream. You return. NASA and CNN covering up with a story to send a rocket to visit something made in Hollywood. Then a Cardinal and he’s dead.”

“Yes, A, I know. This is all very bizarre. I strongly suggest we team up and if you like, I will call you Agent 002 or Agent Nine. If I feed you the data as we move along over the next few month and perhaps years, you will get to know how deep the rabbit hole is. It is not really a hole, but rather an empty piece of art.

We need to get to NASA. We must get on that rocket and hijack it. With your looks and my money I am sure we can do it?”

A walked to the speaker. Took out the bag with the cash. Dropped the content on the table in front of John.

“I did not use any of it. Could have been marked. My dream. You here. I have nothing better to do and if it is all lies as you imply, then can we find some truth, then it would feel as if I have lived for a reason. As it is now, my days are occupied checking up on peoples backgrounds and it all leads nowhere and only gets stranger by the week.

Whatever it is I have dreamt it fits perfectly with your version. Did you dream what I dreamt? Never mind. Yes, John, you were gone and now you are here. Can I read your novel about you and Annabelle? Did you say *like*?”

Slowly John walked over to Andrella. She stepped back one step. Then John looked her in her eyes and saw the depth of her earlier infinite love she had for him and saw what he had known. Andrella saw John’s solitude and stepped forward and they embraced each other. They did not speak, but both felt belonging.

“A, I never got around to finishing the novel. I have a clear vision of it. I might write it one day. However now we need to write our next chapter. If we are on any mission it is to solve a mystery as huge as life itself. Misery will vanish. Unless the pieces don’t fit and we are all wrong. Until now it has all fitted perfectly like a hand fits a glove and I even trust your dreams. If you will allow me, I will be the hand and you the glove. A, Agent Nine. Do you like that? *Like*? What are you talking about?”

“Yes, fine with me, John. I know you like that. Andrella or Nine. Nine is fine and short. Like it, Agent J. Ha! What’s next, John? There is something odd about that word; *like*, don’t you think?”

John found a little peace. He walked to the window and Andrella followed. He looked at the saxophone.

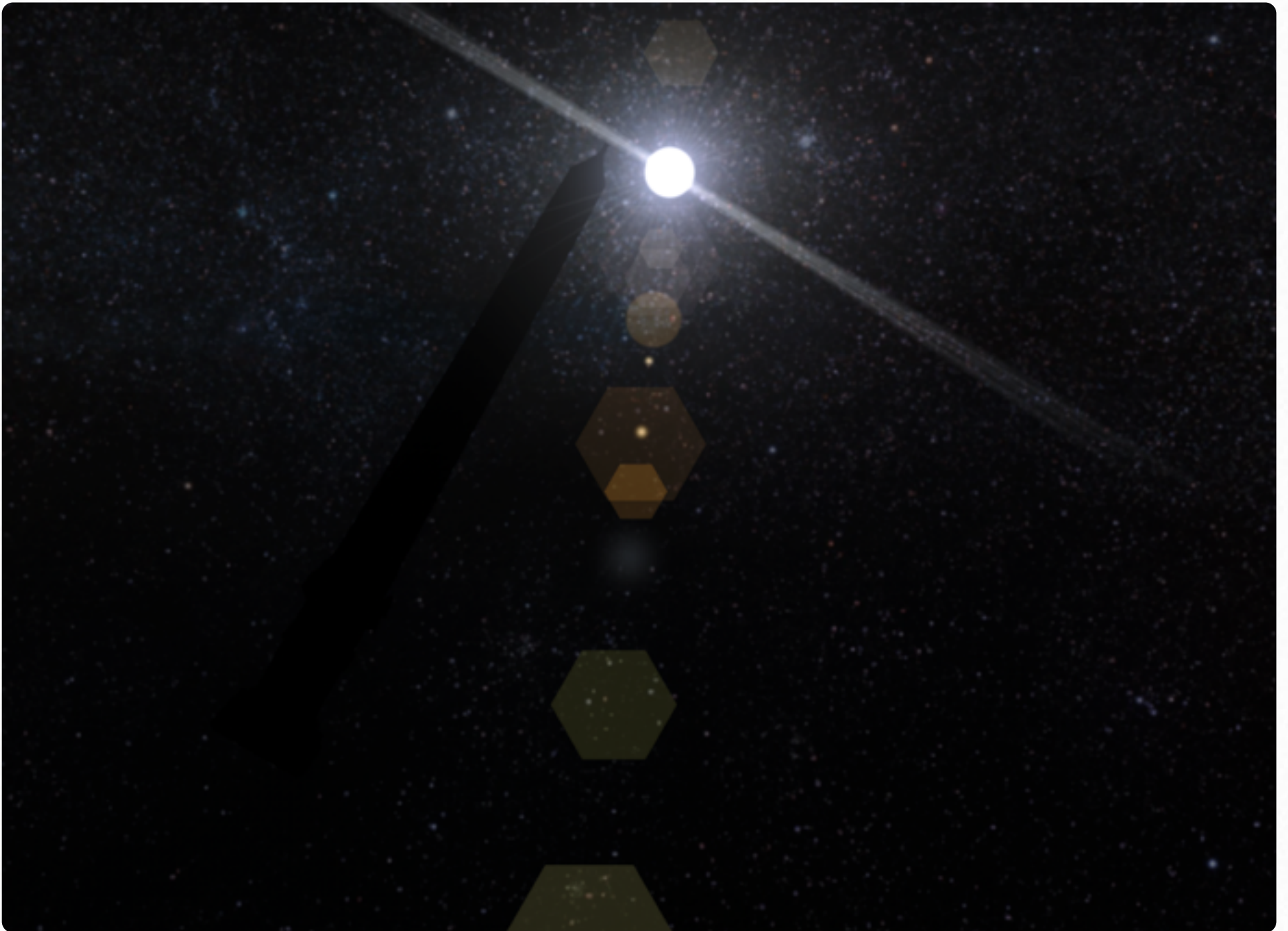
“I like saxophone. A tenor late at night in a bar around the alley when we were younger. You remember. Youth like a coin dropped in a wishing well. What happens to all those coins? What happens to all those dreams?

Like? I am not sure.”

5

NASA

Exploring Washington was like being home for the Cardinals. Their mission was indeed impossible unless love was involved.



Washington, D.C., United States, Two Independence Square. Under ground. Two Cardinals and three guys from the Executive Branch. A woman and two men. A direct link to various unspecified locations. Secured. All monitored.

“Tomorrow I have asked one of our agent to come here and I want you all to be here at the same time as today 02:00PM. She is a person we have chosen because she is independent and likes to work alone.

You have all been briefed on the task ahead. It is huge. If indeed we have contact, we will have to rearrange and manage all of Earth in a totally different manner. The mission is codenamed Mission One as ER. Earth Reset.

We have reached critical mass and it is getting harder to fool most. This is why our agent has been chosen out of a few to go on the spaceflight. She is not aware of this yet. Tomorrow she will get the details and the instant she enters NASA there is no return. For her.

We know she has contact with John Giles. Now her better half or worse all depending. We have Andrella Giles’ apartment monitored. If all goes wrong, we loose nothing by sending these two on this mission. We shall upgrade their skills to maneuver the spacecraft, but most is fully automatic. We have had John monitored for a few years. He left a novel he wrote. Rather good. He is the perfect accompany to Andrella. He likes solitude and he loves Andrella. Perfect team. Even The Vatican could not have made a better marriage.”

The executive fella named Mr. Edward John Rogers looked around as he finished the small introduction. He knew all had the larger details presented prior the meeting. The Cardinals looked at each other and Cardinal Antonio Antonino laid his arms on the table and leaned forward. His large cross hung down and rang hitting the solid wooden table.

“Se troviamo la vita extraterrestre... scusami... If we find extraterrestrial life and it someday shows that our God is not the only one, can we enjoy having theirs and ours. Will people not accept this? What if they have no God? Shall we await the message delivered and take action then or shall we prepare for the worst now or wait? Perhaps the entity yet unknown is nothing like us. Perhaps it will destroy us before we even know what to do. Corretto?”

Mr. Rogers signaled to a servant female to pour wine.

“Cardinal Antonio Antonino. Grazie. Thank you. Indeed. Indeed. This can go in many directions and the unknown is something which we can never prepare for. We can hope for the best and prepare for the worst. This is why the US Army and affiliates are watching this as we speak.

We monitor the news and we know your foundation, your book. The unexpected is this entity or Alien force if you prefer. Our free choice by the grace is now to explore this force outside of our control. If we have any say in this matter, it would be fine. If not and the force wishes to either take full control and reset Earth into the unknown we are doomed.”

Antonino adjusted his cross. Then he kissed it dripping a little wine from his lips onto the center of the cross.

“Si, si... Il Vaticano has prepared to shut down and evacuate. If we must all die so be it. According to our archives, The Vatican is bankrupt beyond and this *La Forza Aliena* was expected. Naturalmente. Certo, certo. Andrella, a woman. A man. Can they be trusted? Can we trust NASA? Does the US intelligence have any data on how much solitude, scusa, loneliness ER will experience? What will be during and after ER? *Molte domande. Sappiamo così poco. Siamo condannati al di là. Many questions. We know so little. We are doomed beyond.*”

The bello servant poured more wine. Cardinal Antonio Antonino drank and toasted all and nodded towards the *bella servo*, beautiful servant. It gave comfort in their desolate living inferno. Only humans who had the strength to live in death could become Cardinals. Doctrine and divine revelation made sure they survived from day to day until the final supernatural was revealed. Cardinal Antonino continued:

“Can we live knowing The Universe is divine and perhaps is alive? We build churches. So small. Before this unexpected revelation, we believed the truth was never to come. Now it seems here and near. What can we do dear Mr. Rogers? Shall we speak the truth of love and die or play *la finzione*, the masquerade?”

Rogers took a sip too. It might be the last of a few before he too would perish and responded:

“What we know today is perhaps all wrong in 200 years. In 5000 years people might not even be able to read neither Latin, English or Italian. It is unbelievable even to imagine anything exists. Before I worked for NASA, I worked as an Executive at Dell Computers. I used to believe we made computers. Now it seems people made nothing because who made people made everything people made. If these La Forza Aliena, excuse my Italian, are millions of years ahead what might they be doing for fun? The US Government and NASA are, as you know, broadcasting this meeting to our most trusted allies. NASA has chosen you to be a center part of this because it is a revelation beyond. Perhaps magic really does exist. How else could matter exist made out of nothing?

The Vatican has a huge task ahead and we must use the temples we have build to invite people to play a big part and be part of a party the size of Earth. We can't do this without the involvement of young as well as old. Do not despair. Your task is to deliver this message when you get home to The Vatican; open the gates. Speak to people. Speak the language they know. Love, but give it too. Words are poor on their own. Deliver more than words. Then by subtle disguise tell of the truth in a manner which only hints at the universal revelation. The source is after all very simple to understand, but not under the pretense of being what you are not. You are teachers. Teaching the truth is not easy when you use a lie. The church is huge. Small compared to the size of The Universe. That which you teach is minuscule called love which is large. Can you convey this without pretense, *simulati-one*?

This is primary. Then you can evacuate, run or hide until doomsday. When you do, people will know your hearts.

We will send Andrella and John on this mission. Solitude is the major factor and they have lived it. John wrote a novel about the beauty of love and love never being enough. He must know that nothing is plenty for him and probably for this La Forza Aliena. Why leave a communications-portal just outside The Solar system and not nearer to Earth? It must be because they know solitude.

The Vatican must work with us on this. All must do so. What is returned might be of such value all will celebrate for centuries to come. If not and we all must die, then who

is to care when nobody is here to visit the temples anyway? I speak rhetorical dear Cardinal Antonio Antonino.

The Vatican has power. Tell those who wish to destroy to lay down their arms to receive that which they ask for. What they want is probably distorted by centuries of lies, but probably boils down to the simple things in life. Usually peace from the source love. Yes, even mighty men only wish for love. Remember mighty men usually fought big battles only to win their loved one. Killing to get love. It is mad beyond and now the circle is broken.

Help us Cardinal Antonio Antonino. Deliver this message.”

The two Cardinals, the other Salvestro Di Mercurio, who so far had said nothing, walked to the window overlooking Washington.

“Cardinal Antonio Antonino, we might take the plunge. It is what must be. What happens must be. Our sin so vast. Betrayed a whole people. A whole Earth. We build ourselves into oblivion. Why did we, the Cardinals, never live from and by the law of that which we were teaching others. Our days are counted. Even telling the truth brings us past the end. The masquerade is over and can turn a massacre. We must try to do our best to give it all back from hence it came. Our Easter is here and it is deep winter.”

Cardinal Antonio Antonino looked at the servant. Looked across the city and kissed his cross hanging heavy on his chest. Possibly and soon for the very last time.

Mr. Rogers invited the Cardinals to sit. They did. Rogers spoke shortly about the mission at hand and the unspecified locations listened in and all agreed. Tomorrow would be a day which would introduce Andrella and John to their mission. All participants by way of secured network-links agreed to share the costs and if anything hit Earth harder than they could battle with, they would send in all they had letting only destiny decide if anyone survived.

Mr. Rogers played a video introducing the specially designed rocket and capsule which would propel Andrella and John. The distance to the object was 45 Astronomical Units from The Sun beyond Neptune. The rocket would boost itself using first the Moon and then Mars to get up to speed. Finally the capsule was expected to decelerate near the supernatural object and Andrella and John would make contact by use of expected means

of communication. Those were binary code emitted by light and even written language. It was however believed the entity would be the one to initiate communication in such a way that Earth would understand it. If all failed Andrella and John were to navigate as close to the object and even board it if possible.

The White House and the outer perimeter of the US Government were unaware of any such mission. It was a very small closed circle and Andrella and John would once told be isolated until departure which was expected to be in seven days. Other US agencies were also unaware.

From NASA the Cardinals could overlook Washington. Capitol Hill near. The streets were as foretold in The Book. Straight. They could see the US Capitol. The Washington Monument towered glooming over the city and reminded them of their own obelisk on St Peter's Square. It was not a square. It was oval called the *ovato tondo*. Just like the Oval Office. Both Cardinals felt at home. The obelisk was an Egyptian obelisk standing at Saint Peter's Square. The obelisk was located at Heliopolis. All as ancient as it could be and USA was known as The New World. That makes sense once knowing new is old. The Cardinals knew their scripture and their architecture. Power was erected as obelisks everywhere even in Rio de Janeiro. Cardinal Antonio Antonino looked at Cardinal Salvestro Di Mercurio:

“Salvestro, could there be a change the supernatural object is an obelisk in shape and size? If so, it could be our fortune. Might it be a square or an octahedron?”

“Dear Antonio, it is likely. In that case it would be a futuristic object probably containing something which will arrive on Earth also in millions of years. If it is anything we know, it might be our total annihilation. *Il Vaticano nell'oblio*. The Vatican into oblivion. You know The Book. You know our archives. It will be and it probably is.”

“Dear all. Cardinals, Executives, links. The meeting is over for today. We will reboot tomorrow at exactly 02:00PM. Be here. Go to your respective channels and report and return a brief tomorrow on your Commanders decisions. Andrella and John will be here. We can't imagine it any other way. A team is ready to hijack them if need be. We are going to do it cordial. At first. If they run away we'll deal with it the usual way.”

Edward John Rogers had closed the meeting.

6

John Andrella

Afternoon was jogging along. John and Andrella had ordered a couple of pizzas. John told her some of the ideas he had for stories and he made Andrella smile telling her about Annabelle in the small town near Rome. The pizza-restaurant. The church. The letters. The dream of Giovanni in the story and finally going to Rome to visit Annabelle. The apartment which her father had left Annabelle after he died. Death made Giovanni fall in love. Her father had died and was buried in the small town where Giovanni lived. They had kissed and played and Giovanni's visit to Rome and to Annabelle woke him up. She was deeply in love. With Giovanni also. Gio was introduced to her whimsical erotic play with him and a Cardinal. He had seen heaven in her eyes. He had seen death too.

Andrella smiled and wanted John to write the story for her. Andrella was one of those women which when started were impossible to stop unless pulling out her batteries. Her love could contain it all. John told Andrella that she could be her Annabelle. Andrella agreed, but told John about tomorrows meeting. John took a huge bite of the pizza:

“Yes, A, let us stay calm and not forget our mission. I know what we must do. You must go to NASA. You will need to board the spaceship no matter what.”

Andrella's device was advertising a message:

“Ask John to come too. You two must go as one. Do not make other arrangements. Be here. It is your biggest change to endure and to live your dream. Come to NASA, both, as said at 02:00PM sharp. We can pick you up, if you are not here.”

“John, read this. I am not sure we are going to outlive this. It is beyond my dream.”

“A, it will be fine. It could not be better. Just as I had hoped for. One shot in one life. If we pull this off, we will ensure the survival of all. The truth is so near and revelation is just one word away for all to understand, that we all came from love. The deep dream is a hoax, but when it is made real, it delivers the truth. The truth is a naked woman. Can anyone resist that? Unless you are a woman and want a man? Andrella. Trust me. I trust you even if the glass is opaque and empty. We must go together and live or die. Even if some will hate the truth, they too must die one day. Of natural causes at best. Why fight beyond ones own death believing you can smile from the grave? You see, mighty men think their choices in life will live beyond their grave. Andrella, death is beyond dark. It is unimaginable. If indeed the past can be calculated in turns around The Sun, then what counted time before The Sun existed? You see, time never was. Only now exists. That is why anyone can be born. If infinity existed in the future, so it would exist in the past and we’d never arrive at now. Therefore only one time exists and that time is a permanent infinite zero in one single instance. Never moving. Planets move. People move. The perception of time is a lie. If I told you time is a pizza I could be right? If I told you Earth was flat, I could be right, right?”

I have listened to your dream and I think I understand the simplicity you seek. Is it not a pizza you want when you are hungry? Love when you are born to be loved? I shall not ransack into deep philosophy this late. We must get on that ride. We can leave those who live in the future to decide what they want. Personally I know what I wanted and I wrote about it in my story Annabelle. Unfortunately Annabelle was a dream. Dreams made real might be a goal. Just like anyone else wishing well. Unless they are mad. There are many mad people not because they want to be, but because a whole Roman Empire and Roman Vatican whitewashed everything into total lies leaving out one single truth. Love. It can’t be anymore simple. It sounds almost trivial. People seek the latest gadgets galore and James Bond too. He got the real thing and smiled all the way to the bank. Why can’t all know the single truth which always ends with a woman and a man. At least in Pine-wood Studios. Also all fake in part. So how do we make it real?

I suggest we get onboard that spaceship and investigate what it is. If it wants to destroy us so be it. If we can learn from it, it might make dreams come through using dreams to get there.”

Andrella's mouth was slightly open. Her jaw standing still midair.

“John, Giovanni. I only know a little Italian, but is it not a Greek name leading somehow to the name Anna and you had her as Annabelle? I will have to read your story one day. I do not exactly trust NASA as a governmental body of sorts. We do not exactly know what they are going to do. Perhaps mins us up and feed us to these extraterrestrials. Who knows. I don't. So it must be. I have a small pistol and one of your clubs. Won't get us far in case they want to chop us up.”

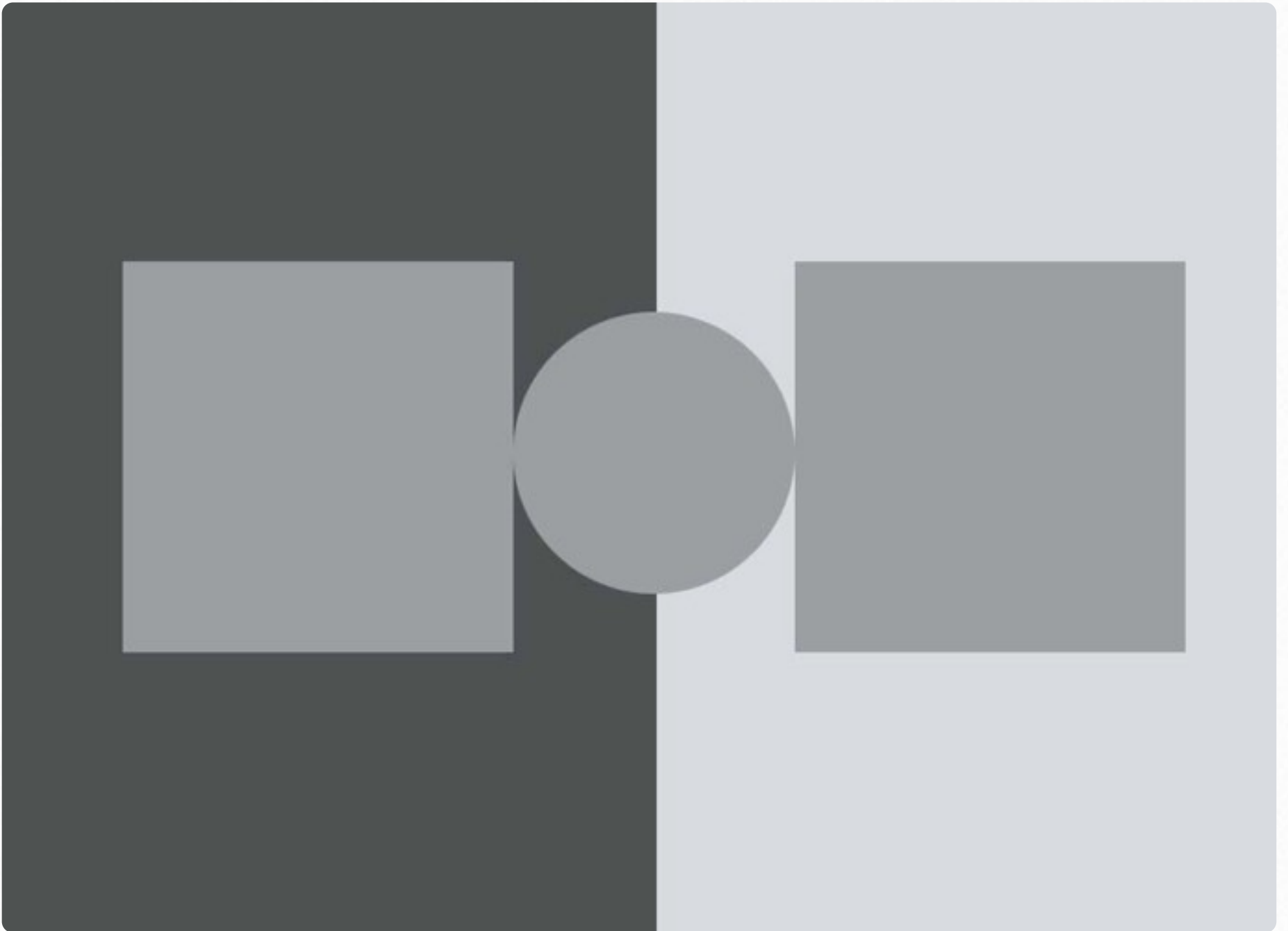
“Andrella, I'll get some drugs and leave a copy behind, so they will know we have a Trojan horse. Heck, I travelled only to visit a small country and was given that label. If they won't accept the truth and their own foundation which must fall, then they are not worse the shit they piss. That is putting it nicely. It is also too late. Critical mass is reached. They can't escape even if they try. When confronted with the hard facts they pull a gun and shoot their own daughters and sons.

You are right, John is also a female name. That is why I need you to be that. A woman. Now I shall leave you and I will be back tonight with tools to survive our own way. NASA might have a trick or two up their sleeves. Once we get to the object out there, my best dreams might be realized. I have more than hope. Imagine Andrella. If only the truth was all told from the beginning? What would the World have looked like? Perhaps much worse. Perhaps much better. Soon the so called New World, North America, shall elect their president. This will happen while we are in space. We'll probably have communication with Earth. Andrella, you and I are going to live alone without any direct interference from anyone. We have our own small planet. Small, but we can do exactly as we like. I only say let us not make any babies. It'll be lovely, but a mess. Let us do that if we return. If.”

7

45 Astronomical Units

Even adding the circle makes the squares look a different hue. Was Earth flat after all or an Octahedron in the future? Perhaps a portal?



“One AU is exactly 149,597,870,700 meters. Give or take a few millimeters. Roughly 150 million kilometers, or 93 million miles. That is the distance from The Sun to Earth. Multiply that by 45 is 6,750 million kilometers. 6,750,000,000,000. New York to Scotland is 3,211 miles. Doesn't say much, Andrella. If we could travel at the speed of light, we'd not feel we would move once we pass outside The Solar system. According to my

calculations, then movement seems to exist. However relative to something else. I can walk faster than a Formula One driver at Monaco. Did you know that? If I walk and follow the sunset I am moving with Earth in orbit around The Sun and this orbit of Earth is moving around The Sun at approximately 30 km/sec. If the race driver drives the other way he is relatively moving slower than me even if I am walking. I could stand still for all I care and I would still move faster. The driver would most likely knock me down or laugh and so would anyone else. It is like telling people that hues are different even if they are the same.

Andrella listened to John.

“Which smaller gray box is the darkest. They are the same, right Andrella? Did you know some music which is classified as pop and contemporary is much like old classical music in its musical construction. Naturally they also use the same 12 tones in one or more octaves. So a person will adore tone C, D and E in one piece of music, but not in another even if the vibrations in hertz are the same. Art too. Same colors but arranged different. Once we boil our World down to the foundational building-blocks, we end up with a few very simple things; tones, colors, pain in various strengths, death or life, movement in various ways, but still simple movements from classical ballet to contemporary new age dance.

You know, Andrella, if we did not have selfies, cameras and computers, people would still want to create marble sculptures of themselves and their loved ones. Just like the master would sculpture his slave whom he had sex with. Perhaps his wife if he felt she was worth it? Even handsome men with curves. A curve is a curve is a curve, *n'es pas*, Andrella?

Okay, Andrella. I shall not continue much longer. You know most of this. People too are the same. Eyes, ears, nose. Different hues. Relative different languages, but same letters from Canada to Germany. Cars are the same. Four wheels. Some are better than others. Darn. You got me there, Andrella. Andrella smiled. Is Earth better than other Worlds? How do we know what we have is perfect, if there might be something which is one thousand times better or even a million? It is probably never going to be possible for you to tell someone who likes soccer, that there is something better. I tried. I will never try again. I mean, other Worlds might have things which are different from soccer, who would

find that soccer is divine if they visited us. Beyond the kiss of a woman. Beyond a woman. Full stop.”

“Yes, John. You can stop now. I know. The simple things. People know all that. So what?”

“Andrella, if we get to our destination 45 Astronomical Units away from this orb, Earth, and find we have landed in either Paradise or Hell, what shall we do? If we find Hell we might want to escape. If Paradise we might want to stay there alone and not tell anyone? Something to consider. A second World is here already. Did you know? Well, it is rather a copy, but imagine. It is called Google Earth. Now load AI-robots inside it and if humans could program it, the bloody thing might start to reconstruct New York. Then it would no longer be Google Earth, would it? Would they still be building skyscrapers when skyscrapers don't really scape anything except the ground they stand on. Perhaps Earth is the Sky?”

Andrella blinked one eye at John keeping it closed.

“Yes, John.”

45 Astronomical Units away.

There was no sound. It was as dark as dark can get. Even darker. Suddenly tiny dots of lights lit up in what appeared to be a large empty void. It looked like fireflies recalling why such flies light up. These lights were not green. Rather bright white. They arranged themselves in patterns. Straight lines. Cubes. Orbs. Various shapes then arranged themselves from other major shapes. Shapes upon shapes. Some small lights flickered on and off. Some moved location. Suddenly six huge gates opened as if inside a large cube. It all happened 45 Astronomical Units away from Earth.

Some of the bright white lights would dim down and gather into what looked like a network. They would seem to start up some type of communication which on Earth would be called Morse code. However this happened between what was millions if not billions of

small light-sources. Some lights would join forming shapes which looked like gates and portals as binary code.

Moving very close to one small light source revealed that it was a small network on its own consisting of what seemed to be millions of strings. Each string could bend and move in various ways and light up in various colors.

As fast as it had happened it stopped. The six gate-sides closed and it was again darker than dark. It was like sleeping. Nothing there until waking up seeing. It was like forgetting a dream. Gone.

Back at Andrella's apartment.

"I am not sure, John. Let us get there. What happens will happen. We are a team now. I recall my dream and we were both in it. It must mean you and I came here for a reason. Perhaps reality is only something which can exist in dreams. That is how we got here, right John?"

"It seems that way. Yes, Andrella. Some will never accept nor understand or even be able to grasp that anything happens for a reason and that all that happens is created from something. It might be a dream mutated into what we call reality. Reality then feeds new dreams. The brain a self-programming unit created by The Universe to get to a place we don't yet know. I am sure if these beings out there 45 AU from us are a million years ahead, we might learn something. Perhaps they have moved backwards to something from hence they and we came finding that the origin was much better than where we are today? Perhaps an intelligence which turned mad called humans. Rhetorical, Andrella. We have much to investigate and will perhaps gather dust on the way. Perhaps diamonds."

"John, did diamonds not come from kind of dust?"

"You got me. I like you more when you do that."

"John, I am beginning to like you too. Did you forget you had an errand getting some of your tools?"

He walked to the refrigerator and looked seeing if there was something to drink. Nothing. He told Andrella he'd buy some drinks and a bottle of Gin and some bottles of tonic. She looked at him as if she thought he had something on his mind.

“A, I'll be gone a few hours. If I am not back don't worry. It'll be because I am either killed or had to move out quick. My face has changed, but they know me because even six feet under, they will be looking for me knowing where I am. I'll do a little shopping and get some tools for our survival tomorrow visiting NASA and for the spaceflight. I'll get some self-destructive items too. You realize Andrella, we might need to self-implode. You won't feel a thing. Over in less than one-second. It is just a precaution. I am sure with your good looks and my money and your charm it will bring us there and back again unless we decide to stay.”

A looked at John and smiled. So did he. Then he walked to the saxophone. Picked it up and played a riff. Harlem Nocturne:

“Just a little chopping - *Nocturne Op. 9, No. 2*. Old, but still has its value. A, I'll join the crowds down on the streets and be back with you. Make some ice-cubes, will you? Oh, Andrella, don't sing like the birds while I am out. Well, I guess it no longer matters what we sing or talk about. The news is out in great numbers. Since we have both been picked for this mission, I presume they know we are here and know, well, everything.”

Transformation was starting up again. This time sound was included. The sound originated 45 AU from Earth. Earth started to feel it too and started to get cramps like a woman about to give birth. Earth was in love and felt good. The pain was alleviated by the deep humming. Like a large bird flapping its wings sending out sound-waves through the blue haze. Earth was indeed alive. It wondered why it took so long for people to understand that all it took was gravity to keep it all together. People too had gravity. Small, but it was there. Earth attracted people and perhaps love was gravity too. Perhaps love was as cold as empty space not having any warming star.

When John was a small boy in a far distant land, he sometimes looked up on the summer-sky and saw the fluffy white balloons called clouds. He wondered why clouds

stayed together as they did. Why did they not fall to the ground? Why was the edge of the clouds so finely sharp like a knife. Why did drops or mist of water hang up there? Who made them to be water falling on umbrellas? Who made the oceans and lands evaporate water high above and who made the wind blow the clouds along like drifting spaceships in all shapes and forms? The Sun warmed on a summer's day and Sun gave life even to clouds. So far away and clouds were made from a white fluffy star.

Who made the smile on children's faces? Why did John sometimes cry? Why did tears have water? Was John a cloud gone wrong? Did old people die while they were alive? Did they still dream until their last breath? Did air make birds fly or did wings? If both, then which came first? Why was John alone when all he wanted was love? Something which was nothing, was so hard to get. He used to listen to the teachers, but soon enough drifted away on imaginary clouds looking down on the girls he loved so much. They never seemed to see him like the cloud he was. They were clouds, but never knew?

There was one girl and she was a mulatto. Iben was her name. He recalled her being as bright as a morning kiss by the Sun rising. They kissed like children do, but even played games as lovers do. Innocent like flowers with their root planted unable to walk only defending their lives by their flowering smell until withering people would cut them down and set them in vases. Death was beautiful. They would add water to keep them alive for a while. Then when rot sat in, people would dump them like they were rotting rats.

Iben was a white fluffy cloud lasting shorter than a month during summer. John never forgot her. Life moves on they say. John felt life could stand still for all he cared when Iben was near. A mulatto and a white could not be. The intolerance by the terror lurking as teachers in school would soon spill the beans to those in power and make sure Iben and John were separated. Things happen for a reason even if by change. They were separated more than 45 Astronomical Units away. John saw other people and tried seeking clouds, but Iben was one of a very few bright shining lights. Real love usually happens early in life. Floating white fluffy clouds should be black as John's life was. It was only in dreams and writing he could make love come back. Annabelle was one such and he would write the story one day for Andrella to read. Iben too. She was once real, but now a distant memory.

John was in a taxi going around the city doing some shopping. He went to a location which he knew had the supplies he wanted. He changed cabs a few times and tried to see if anyone was on his trail. He so wanted to be with Andrella because that would fulfill his mission. In space far from Earth he'd also find some kind of peace. Andrella had been chosen and now John too. They'd go on the mission together and destiny had somehow, perhaps only by chance, brought them together.

Suddenly the sky turned dark and heavy rainclouds started to pour down. Everyone started running and umbrellas unfolded. John recalled his childhood. Rain was singing among people and people never heard the music played when drops of water fell. Some did. New rain also had a lovely smell to it making the air feel refreshing. Even in New York among taxies galore.

Alicia Keys was playing on the radio in the taxi; *A Woman's Worth*. The Cab Driver slowed down because the traffic was slowing down due to the heavy rain. The music crossfaded to *Harlem Nocturne*. John too crossfaded to New York during the fifties. Outside the rain turned gray as did everything else. People were drifting above the streets like balloons being able to float and "walk" midair. The Cab Driver who was male was swapped in an instant. The Cap turned into a ship which sailed on the waters of the streets. Other cars did too. The whole city was flooded by water, but people just seemed to drift higher. The music played along like fuel and faded to Ruth Young - *The Thrill is Gone*. The rain stopped and was exchanged for autumn leaves falling from heaven. Golden, brown, yellow even black and some still partly green as if gasping for their last breath like flowers cut. People had vanished. Only Iben as the Taxi driver, swapped for the male driver, was there and John sitting in the back looking out while Iben drove higher and higher. So high gravity suddenly cancelled out and stopped John from being able to sit. He floated around the Cab and asked Iben if she could swing around and drive lower. She did not respond. She turned her head and looked back at John. Her eyes were hollow. Lifeless. She was dead.

45 Astronomical Units away from Earth a sound was heard. It was music playing. It reverberated across The Solar system and all planets rearranged their position slightly. The vibration was music and sound played by the force of gravity. That which kept everything together. The music played while John felt horror set in. He tried opening the doors. Sud-

denly he saw Iben was gone and the driver was back in his seat. The taxi was back on the street and stopped. John asked if everything was Okay. The driver responded indifferent that all was fine. John got out and saw he was at the entry by Andrella's apartment-building. He got out his items he had picked up from various locations including a souvenir for Andrella.

He took the elevator up and stood still inside the lift looking at a woman who also was going up. Was she real? She was going to floor twelve and John to thirteen. When she departed would she be gone forever and cease to exist? John asked her if she knew the time. She responded saying she believed it was around 06:30PM. She heard John which indicated to John, that he had to be alive. Perhaps the woman was just being kind letting John think he was. Alive. The lift stopped at floor twelve. The woman walked out and John wanted to follow her to see if she would vanish once the door closed. He stayed. As the door closed and she disappeared, he knew. Iben was truly never going to return. One floor apart, but a trillion miles apart. Yet, did Iben ever give John a thought? John remembered a mystery message told of Iben. John was later in life told Iben had married. Why would he be told this exact thing? That was when he realized random never happened. Accidental and coincidental was from another World and did not exist. Not in John's life. Telling of Iben's marriage was like sticking a knife into John's heart. Only enough to keep the heart pumping. John had died many times and this knife sat so tight it was only writing about Annabella, that saved him from self-imploding. The person who told John of the marriage, was the one that had carried John for nine month. She too was in power and had by *coincident* separated Iben and John. Once some mothers tasted power, they would wish to use love to destroy.

Floor thirteen. John shook his head and longed for a Gin & Tonic. Down the hallway. Knock, knock. Andrella responded by asking John to wait ten-seconds and open the door slowly. He did. Again Andrella had taken a small precaution. All looked fine and A told John to step inside quick.

“All Okay, John? I have been flicking CNN on and off. Nothing new about the satellites. They repeat the same thing. No news about the disappearing satellites. I guess they only want people to remember that NASA now have lost four satellites which is an excuse.”

“Yes, A, all Okay. Got some ice? Mix us a few drinks. New York is like being on oxygen therapy. Here is some Gin & Tonic therapy. I’ll be on your balcony unpacking a few items. Please don’t look until I tell you to enter, well, exit to enter the balcony. I’ll tell you of a few items. Keep turning CNN on and off just in case.”

John walked out on the balcony. He unpacked. He rearranged the items and returned some items into the carry bag. Then he told A, he was ready for a mix. Andrella came out on the balcony and handed John his drink. Andrella leaned up against the railing.

“So, John, what did you get?”

“A, first of, I got you a little item you might like. Something to remember me by on days when we are alone in space on our odyssey. However, first, let me introduce you to our gadget. One for each of us.”

John showed Andrella two devices looking much like Apple iPhones. They were not. John explained they were named Apple One. He had gotten them from a secret source on his shopping spree in New York where anything goes. Especially apples. They were no longer named iPhones. Who the hell spoke phone anyway these days. He explained they had access to all devices that were online routing the device to any IP number. It was also possible to see any persons camera and listen in. A nightmare in itself, but it was included because it was possible. Waiting for smell to be implemented would be a true horror. If James Bond had wanted anything like this, he’d have forgotten about his silly cars and *shaken not stirred*. *James Mother-3 Bond* was the one who had shaken and stirred up everything until Sky Fell and beyond. J. Bond was asked to leave and his response was: “I AM” and *that* spelled EXIT.

“Andrella, this AO is going to assist us tomorrow. If we get into some kind of trouble, we can trace each other. A small secret for your eyes only. Corny. Let’s toast to that. Corny that is and not your eyes. I stopped being romantic a few years ago, A, I hope you don’t mind. Naturally I still remember. Cry. Laugh. Joke. I am bloody human.

The AO also has a secret. I told you. What is it? I will tell you. If you say: “I DREAM” it will explode with the power of a small atom bomb and make everything around you at a radius of one thousand yards oblivious. So please neither dream nor say it. Once I power up the devices tomorrow, we are online for real. No game. Do not even *think* of dreaming. Haha! A joke. I guess you can think *it*, but don’t bloody say it, okay?

Now for my little present for you. It is not very original. A few years back, well, a few, haha, I used to watch the rerun of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. I thought it was the best film I had ever seen except I always ended up drunk towards the end of the movie. Never understood it. Now I do. I have loaded it onto your AO. Click the film icon and it is listed there. Watch it a few times and I shall explain it later. Perhaps you don’t like the movie now. You will once you know what the hell it is all about.

The AO still has SIRI. You know SIRI, right? Let us call it HAL just for fun between you and me. Now, recall do not even ask SIRI do dream. She and you will explode. Me too if I am too near. If anything HAL pops up drop AO and run as fast as you can. Once you are a thousand yards away scream DREAM and take cover.”

Finally John shut his mouth, thought Andrella.

“John, drink up. Let me mix one more.”

“Thanks A. You can rock it for all I care. A, I also got two powerful handguns for tomorrow. I suspect they truly want us to go out there into space, so why kill us and bother about cleaning up? There might be some lesser smart moron, haha, working at NASA who does not know up from down and A from J and will try to kill us thinking it will be a ticket to a promotion. NASA has prepared for the worst except for the unknown object. Let us do the same. Once we are a few billion miles from Earth, I think we can relax.

One last thing I got. It is a very expensive device which has just landed on the black market. Rather gray. Anyway, it scans a room such as our spaceship for any bombs and poisons such as nerve gasses and whatever. We won’t want to board it if they have entered a remote device which can destroy you and I. We two want to get out there in one piece. Well, two. If these Aliens are far ahead of us, I suspect they have passed having a chain of command as we have it. That might prove utter dangerous for us.”

A & J chatted courteously into the early evening. They wanted both to feel they knew each other more than they did before. Much water under the bridge was possible to fix by circulating the same old water. That was after all what water did as John recalled the white fluffy clouds. It however required to let go of the past. In a World on Earth full of old symbolisms, it was sometimes needed to close ones eyes and exit memory by simulating. It would be many years, before the old World perished because it had infiltrated every cranny. All cities. All countries. A whole World. Dreams too. It was a nightmare. Waking up was Hell. There was only one solution. Leave. Depart.

John told Andrella it was time to sleep and dream. He tried joking and A got the message. Sound asleep after a couple of drinks and a truly comradely evening, Andrella slept in hers and John on his. Side of the bed. No need to pretend there might not be something. There was not this evening because it had enlightening them both more than they needed a quick fix. If anything was to happen it could happen in weightlessness. That would be so much fun thought Andrella and she quickly fell into a deep sleep. John too. He was thinking of that movie *2001: A Space Odyssey* and wanted to watch it with Andrella one day soon. Especially the end. Except he did not want the child. He had not told Andrella he had bought preservatives. Preserve it indeed.

A child conceived Astronomical Units from Earth was probably something Andrella also did not want. If she did, John would need to dream hard.

The evening turned night and suddenly Andrella was moaning and rolling from side to side. In a burst she yelled. John quickly rolled over and they both sat up.

“What was that, Andrella, a dream? I told you. Tomorrow don’t say it, okay?”

“John, it was a dream. A good one. Don’t worry. It was as real as it gets. My God! Let’s go back to sleep. See you soon.”

John rolled over wondering. Could it be? He started imagining the near future with Andrella in space all alone with nothing to do. It might be a nightmare come through.

45 Astronomical Units afar there were no days and nights. The large square unit opened up as in slow motion. It was huge. Inside the lights morphed into a large oval. It

was moving in contractions. The six sides of the square moved away and revolved around as a protective shield. The billions of lights swirled and flickered on and off. Deep inside one small light, Earth could be seen and one of the strings inside the small light was NASA. The lights could see what was happening and were somehow able to either know or influence what happened on Earth. Interstellar relived.

The unit moved position like a huge spacecraft. Another string contained the apartment of Andrella and inside were two strings. One presented Andrella and one John. Some thousand lights swirled around and got near to the light containing the two strings. It was as if the many lights were programming both Andrella and John and NASA too.

It was dreaming. Its dreams were transmitted with technology unknown to humankind. Soon Andrella and John would learn what it meant. It would be an experience worth all The Solar system's short history.

8

Departure

Prepare yourself for an extra dimension which was the first. Sean Sing wakes up.



Andrella woke first. She looked at John and nodded his back. He rolled over looking at Andrella and smiled.

“John, did you turn on the lights in the hallway? Strange!”

Andrella walked and turned off the lights. The instant she did, her device popped a message:

“NASA. Be here 02:00PM sharp.”

She noticed and handed John the device. They both nodded and slowly started up the day. They did not speak. John had told Andrella last night, while they had their critical truth and reconciliation, recycling the water under the many bridges, that he'd like to not speak, but rather use gestures and symbolism. He wanted to test how it would work as a technique they could use while traveling deep in space.

They were going to use until 10:00AM to set themselves up. John showed her the device and other items and naturally they listened to music. John had installed a library of both songs and movies in case the empty space became boring.

They were both jovial and even jumped into dancing. Well, John at least tried. He felt dancing weightless might be better for him. It was all very serious, but Andrella was the kind who knew John was a melancholic who sometimes needed more than a Gin & Tonic. Good for him he had Andrella.

John had ordered their ride and way to get to Washington DC so they'd be at NASA sharply. A & J used the day jovially and played music knowing dreams were a big part of their life since they married. Now not so much except for a shared dream. Getting to NASA.

It was during a trip to Berlin he had met Andrella. She was of German decent and had moved to New York when both her parents had died. They were from the old days and Andrella did not like Berlin. The city had been blooming back in the good old days. Now it was symbolically a museum. She had worked in the government and was lucky to have been transferred to one of the US governmental affiliates where she eventually ended up being trained as an agent. John was at the time writing articles as a freelance reporter on tourism and travel. He was also a photographer. At least he had a camera. It was in a café in Berlin. Nothing out of the ordinary. Very simple. A man and a woman in a café. The day was gray and cloudy. Even cold since October was lurking. John hated autumns. He hated

the winters. He wanted to pull the Sun back high on the sky letting it be summer all year. That was why he was melancholic. He remembered. The fluffy clouds on a summers day.

A mixup of a cappuccino and café latte made all the difference. The waitress by mistake swapped the coffees for Andrella and John and that was enough for John to start a conversation.

John told Andrella about coffee because as a journalist he used to write about that. He knew many tourists liked knowing where a good cup of coffee was to be found when they were on holiday. Andrella told John she'd be moving to US soon. John told her he was of Austrian decent. He had changed his name because his mothers name was used to make jokes about him. So he had changed it for a simple one and had chosen Giles. There was a reason for this. He told Andrella a few things about coffee and in only thirty minutes they exchanged telephone numbers.

Long story short. They married. Not because they wanted to. It was convenient because this way John could move with Andrella to US.

In US of A, jolly John started out as a writer too. That was all he could do. Because Andrella had contacts within the government and he finally ended up working for JP Morgan & Chase. There he had gotten a job also as a writer. JP Morgan & Chase needed a writer for their website and advertising. Later he'd work on their website, which really needed an overhaul beyond imagination. Early internet was a true wonder, but turned into television on par with Mussolini except the free lies were more plentiful.

John was liked because he was easy going. He liked working alone. Some of the workers liked him because he made some jokes that were so idiotic they were truly hilarious. So they saw him more as their pet. It anyway soon changed to the better because of this. They liked him and gave him a job as a broker. If he could make them laugh, they thought, he could make money. He did. Plenty. Somehow he was able to spot the right ideas which turned into gold. At least that was what happened. Probably because of some rope-pulling by the master-brokers.

A small team at JP Morgan & Chase had one evening out late at a bar with light women, paid heavy, asked John if he wanted to do some real trading. This is when he got involved in trading drugs. It was so easy. It was all set up and the police, army and government were all in on it. All he had to do was make it look as a legit transaction through some programming on the mainframe located in the cellar of JP Morgan & Chase. It was a piece of cake.

Until CNN got hold of the news. From this point on it was departure. Fare thee well to John. He escaped, just, out to Asia. He divorced Andrella and she was left in the dark. His life was over. Love lost. He was quick to think of a way to stack away more than one hundred million US Dollars hidden in various accounts around in various banks. The security of banks once inside, was like building LEGO as a child.

The day past and Andrella and John needed to depart. They did. At NASA they were introduced. Andrella and John was told to stay at NASA for a week and be trained. They agreed.

Waking up. Déjà vu.

Sean Sing woke up after a long nights sleep in unrest. He realized soon that he had been dreaming and he quickly turned on his laptop and started to write. He wrote as written here realizing even the dream was a lie. His departure from his dream. Waking up was difficult. John wanted to dream, so he poured a Gin & Tonic and walked out onto his balcony in his small apartment in the suburbs of Paris where he had settled down writing for a few local magazines. Mostly sports and tourist related.

He looked across the cityscape. Empty and desolate. After contemplating a few minutes and sipping his drink, he returned to his desktop. He wrote for two hours. He was tired. He had at least three different endings to his story. He decided on this one for now. Perhaps dreaming would bring a new ending.

He slowly walked to his bed realizing reality was just a dream away. He fell asleep and was dreaming he was not Sean Sing. He fell in and out of sleep for five hours. Half awake he heard the door knock. He felt like staying in bed, but he got up and opened the door. A rather large overweight man looking like Alfred Hitchcock stood outside Sean's door:

“Dear Sean Sing. My name is Edward John Rogers. I have come from England. I have a job for you writing if you are interested. Pardon, may I step inside?”

Sean let in the man. Rogers looked very tranquil and calm. John requested a few details about the man and what his purpose was.

“I am dead. You know me from another life. Far away. You will know I am dead when I am gone and have departed your apartment. I will make sure you know. Trust me even if trust is an empty glass and the glass is opaque. I know you too now from 45 Astronomical Units away. You are me in another configuration. Let it not scare you. If you want to know real love, I want you to follow me back to the North African Campaign during World War II where I worked as a foot-soldier under Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery, 1st Viscount Montgomery of Alamein. It was an ordinary day, well. Me and my fella team were scouts. Very dangerous. I was supposed to run for a hill and scout. My teammate perhaps wanted to play the hero, jumped in front of me and told me he'd do it. He was a little younger than me. Perhaps that is why. I was just fifteen or thereabouts. I forget these days. He ran for the small hilltop. He had not gotten to the hill as a grenade hit him. His whole body disintegrated. Flew fifty yards or more in circumference. Even into the trench I was in. Part of his body landed in my face. The sound of the grenade is still ringing even now when I am dead.

You see, reality is unknown until you really try it. Now I am dreaming and in my dreams I know reality. It is however much better up here, even if the bells keeps ringing. I can tolerate that because it reminds me constantly of what reality is. Now I also know what dreams are. Dreams are real.

I have an assignment for you. It might be an important one. You decide. Perhaps others too. As said, I was a young man then during World War II. I was a soldier in North Africa. I fought Adolf Hitler. I saw my friends blown up and saw blood being spread including fragments of bones flying like missiles. That is not the worst. The sound was the worst. The screams. The nightmares. I still have them even now that I am dead. I want you to write about this and I want you to write about a mission. You see, I am not here. I am up in heaven and I know now what it is all about. I can never tell you. It is so beautiful beyond imagination that death is better than life. I did not want to die. I survived Second World War. Only to die by the hands of those I fought. How can I explain this and not spill the milk. It is just a word away. I was a soldier. Young. Naïve. I found love too, but even that was difficult.

Sean, you like picking names. I know your real name. Keep it this way. It is perfect for now. Sean, you see, Adolf Hitler was Lord. Just as there are Lords today in the English Government. You see and think things have changed. They are as old as the pyramids.

Have you ever been to the Pyramids. Well, I never got that far. I only got to Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery, 1st Viscount Montgomery of Alamein and Adolf Hitler. Up here I now know the truth or at least I can see the past, and I have all dreams ever dreamt to my disposal. Good as well as bad which is fine. They were the same. Yes, Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery, 1st Viscount Montgomery of Alamein and Adolf Hitler were the same just in different configurations. I used to be compared to Alfred Hitchcock because I truly looked like him. I also looked somewhat like Winston Churchill. Can you believe it. Perhaps there was a reason? You make your own guess. I now know. After the war I worked in London as a butcher which is why I got the nickname Butch. I have a daughter. Susan. She has grandchildren, so in that sense I am kind of still alive.

I have come to visit you. You know why? Because you can write what I now know. I want you to dream. I know you have been dreaming because I have transferred my dreams to you. How this works, I will not explain, because it is only far beyond Earth that such things can be known. 45 Astronomical Units away is a very large entity. It has been placed there and it can come and go as it wishes through dreams. That is what they call it. Who are they? You see, they are everything. Even that which does not exist yet. In the future things will happen which will bring peace to The Universe. You see, The Universe is a dream and it is battling with itself to wake up. It is trying to configure itself. It uses gravity to rearrange matter. Matter is created from a source far beyond. Most people think this is it. They look up and see what they see. The stars. The darkness. Beauty. Beyond everything there are other configurations. At least this is what I have been told. Perhaps not all real. You see, in death I dream. In dreams I know that I fought a battle which is created to destroy. It will happen if it will happen. Do you think World War II could not have happened? Sure it could, but it was all by design by humanity who was heavenly created. With that in mind, Lords can do what they want. Lord Adolf Hitler and Sir Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill and a whole range of contemporary Lords rule like Kings. Changing the name. Same game. Same rules. New name. New York.

Sean, I want you to travel to that destination 45 Astronomical Units away. I am up there. Not as you see me now. I am in other configurations. Once you get there, you will be introduced to the future. The past too.

I know about Andrella. When you fall asleep I will make sure she is there with you. Once you enter your dream and you get to the entity 45 Astronomical Units away, you will be told of parts of the future.

Have you got any questions? I shall depart soon.”

Sean was pretending to be of sound mind.

“Well, hello Edward. This is a surprise indeed. Am I not dreaming now? What technology brought you back like this. Some kind of hologram made in Taiwan or what? Very amazing.”

“You are jovial. Good. No, it is part of a future technology. Fall asleep and you will know more. I shall depart now. Thank you so far. Dream, write.”

Edward was departed indeed. Just like opening the door, Edward was closing the door behind him. Sean quickly ran to open it and saw nobody. Magic. A hoax. Made in Taiwan. Sean walked to pour a Gin & Tonic and suddenly had a Déjà vu. Andrella. New York. It all seemed to be 5D rather than a 3D hologram made in Taiwan. The latest electronic gadget. Sean walked to pick up his old tenor saxophone and walked outside on his small balcony. More of a small protrusion as part of the rooftop. He tweeted a few riffs from *Harlem Nocturne*.

The afternoon and evening went past as usual. Sean wrote down what he had experienced as notes. He played a few riffs. Watched the TV and saw a couple of French shows. Novelists and other cultural elitists discussing books reviewing them as if writing was so important. Movies too they discussed. Rather entertaining until Sean flipped to a musical program with light entertainment easy to swallow. TV was delightful. A way to dream he thought. Flick it on and reality was as flat as a pancake.

Around 01:00AM John was tired. His eyes heavy. His mind light. He kept the strange happening in mind. It was probably Made In Taiwan in combination with the Gin. He fell asleep and as the starry night started to flicker and the city bustling eased down to a quiet hum, so did Sean. It was only two hours later he started to dream.

Sean was in a futuristic apartment or condo or something. It looked like no place he had ever seen. Very minimalistic. A bed as a round turning table with two bended ends. A large monitor and chairs which had to be designed in some football club. He had not

seen this exact design on his travels. The kitchen was strange. A tube going up which could lower a round table which included a cooker. Other than that nothing much. Outside just the blue horizon. He walked to the balcony and looked down. He felt dizzy. The view was beautiful and nothing like the one in Paris. This felt like a refreshing place. He walked back inside and suddenly he heard a voice.

“Hello, My name is DOREMI. How are you? All is fine. The technology you are testing is designed in the future which is tested today on you. 45 Astronomical Units away from The Sun, just outside the perimeter of The farthest planet, is a large structure which I can best describe as a brain. Your mission is to go there. Andrella is our best choice as an accompaniment to join you on this vital journey. Entertainment is her second name. You have perhaps seen her before, but have forgotten. Do not be surprised or angry or sad. If you feel dizzy or peculiar it can be fixed. You may experience that you are weightless. It all depends on your dream and the brain-like structure.

We have picked you because you know John. He is now dreaming inside the large structure. He knows you. You know him. Because of your acquaintance, we have chosen you. Also because he fought a battle which today is almost over. Edward John Rogers is his name. He is kind of dead as you know it. We believe that a technology by an extraterrestrial entity is trying to communicate with us by this very large structure.

Earth is being reset called ER. Earth Reset. This has been an ongoing process. New technology has speeded up the process. We want to investigate this extraterrestrial entity. It is probably not as you know it from your World before you fell asleep.

I am just an AI computer. I have humor. I can laugh at things you might not. Anyway. We believe the entity is at least one million years ahead of us on Earth. Perhaps even 4 or 5 million. Perhaps more.”

Sean was indeed feeling a little dizzy:

“Excuse me. May I sit? Is that a chair or some kind of robot? You wouldn't have a Gin & Tonic, would you? How long is this going to be? A mission as far as that would take like? Well, ten years or more? Can I please wake up? After I have my Gin & Tonic, naturally.”

“Good Sean. You have a sense of humor. You are a very sensitive being. Not one of the normal ones among us. We have tried to extinguish anyone who did not have sense and sensitivity. Most people before ER were kind of dead even when they were awake. They never realized how big everything is beyond their nose-tip. Some were nice people. We have had to reset and we want to get down to 80 million people. Only living around the Equator. Earth is suffering. Almost gave up. Earth is however very strong and has many spare parts and resources. They won’t last forever.

We want you to go with Andrella to this place and investigate and communicate. Edward John Rogers has been loaded into the entity because we have had contact and it was through a dream. Perhaps you can help us on this? The technology of this entity seems to be beyond anything we have ever known.

It might destroy us. ER has decided we must take one shot at this. Are you up for it. You can use the command DOREMI and ask the kitchen to deliver whatever you want. It is a chair. A special chair, but still a chair. It has builtin speakers, so you can listen to anything you like.

The timeframe this has been going on is beyond imagination. There is no time as you know it. We expect this entity might clarify things such as that. We have prepared a capsule which will bring you to a Stargate just above Earth and you will move along and know what to do inside the Stargate. It is loaded with DOREMI and Andrella. She will be your support and comfort.

She can entertain you anyway you like.”

Sean was getting on a small smile. He tried saying DOREMI and asked to get a Gin & Tonic. The cabin or house or pod-like structure started humming and a drone flew in and landed on top near the cylindrical kitchen. It opened and down came indeed a bottle and a glass and what looked like Schweppes Tonic. Sean’s favorite. He walked to the kitchen or whatever it was and poured. He walked back to the chair-like structure and sat down.

“When am I leaving and where is Andrella?”

“Sean. She will be here soon. You will leave tonight. The drone will pick you up and shuttle you to the launch-platform. You will arrive at the Stargate around midnight.”

“DOREMI? Where am I exactly?”

“Sean, you are on Earth in the future which is now. It seems as the dream-technology is being tested as we speak. The entity is doing something out of our control. We need you go get to the force or the, thing, with Andrella and get data and information. You know Edward John Rogers, so that is why you are here now. Somehow it might be that the entity has used a human person to communicate our language. What happens next we have no idea.”

Sean heard a humming again. This time a larger drone. It landed on the roof and for all the entertainment in this house or condo the kitchen was used as an elevator. Sean sat looking as a woman stood out. She looked like something he had only seen in magazines. She was almost shining. Her face like that of soft silk. Transparent. Dark hair and eyes. A skin like marble. She walked and sat in the opposite chair to Sean.

“Hi Sean. I have a small item for you. A device. It will be your key also as we move upwards to the Stargate tonight. You can also contact me anytime you like. We will be together for some time. I see you have loaded some music and a video for me. Thank you. I have seen *2001: A Space Odyssey*. We can rerun it if you like. I have deleted the “I DREAM” command. We have DOREMI here, so no need to destroy ourselves. DOREMI will do that if need be. You will probably wake up anyway.”

In front of Sean a woman was sitting who looked like a dream in her own way. Sean stood up. He walked to Andrella.

“Andrella, are you real? Would you touch me?”

Andrella did and Sean could feel her touch. He saw what he had only seen in other dreams. Kind of. Andrella was like wordless. He sat down again and Andrella told him a few things about their current technology at Earth Reset. She told a little about the background. She explained a few details on the pod they were in and how Earth was organized.

“Sean, perhaps something will happen at the entity which we do not know about. We have to accept what happens can be fatal. Perhaps not for you. We simply do not know the extend of the technology. I know you can do this. I know your weaknesses and they are in some respect a strength. You may have heard this: “*The new law of evolution in corporate America seems to be the survival of the unfittest.*” Said in an old film named ‘WALL STREET.’ This is an oxymoron unless you understand the full picture of what greed meant on Earth before Earth Reset. Wall Street no longer exists on ER.

The owner is now in control through DOREMI and is working with the fittest as far as it goes. There are pockets still wanting to live in the old systems. They are dying. America was sold as were any other country as foretold in an ancient text. There are older texts and things unexplained. We hope to know more when we return from wherever it exactly is we are going.

We are leaving soon. Let us stand outside Pod-5 and enjoy the view.”

They both walked outside and stood overlooking the view. The evening was clear and stars could be seen flickering on and off. For a moment they stood still. Andrella seemed as if having wondered of somewhere. Sean looked at her.

“Andrella. All is Okay?”

“Yes, Sean. Would you do something for me. Not too much. Just a little. I remember something. Can you spin me? Just a few times?”

“Sorry? Spin you. I guess so. Why?”

“Sean, just say spin me.”

“Spin Andrella.”

Andrella started spinning a few times and slowly landed. She softly said it felt good. She was happy now. Sean looked with big open eyes not realizing how this was possible.

“Andrella. What was that?”

“I am fine. Not sure. It works great each time. Don’t worry about it. I won’t spin as last time. Too much. Dizzy, you know.”

Andrella asked Sean if he wanted something before departure. He nodded and asked for a Gin & Tonic. Andrella walked towards the kitchen and passed the circular bed and looked at it.

“Sean, looks fun, right? Did you know it can spin too? You can set it to spin as a timer or clock. There is a monitor inside the bed. Entertaining. Want to try?”

Sean looked and walked to it. He nodded. Andrella poured the Gin & tonic and sat on the bed waving Sean to sit too.

“Sean, should we set the spin-rate to ten spins per minute? Okay, I’ll do it.”

It started to spin. Sean and Andrella found themselves turning around. It felt a little strange at first for both, but Andrella started enjoying it and laid down flat and long as she was. After a minute it stopped spinning and Andrella asked if Sean wanted to try again. Sean declined. Andrella sat up and kissed Sean on his cheek. Sean looked at her and wanted to kiss her lips. That was when a humming sound was heard. DOREMI came on-line and the bed-monitor flipped on saying it was time to depart.

They both got up and exited the pod as instructed by their key-device. The pod was humming and then closed all doors and seemed to go into hibernation of sorts.

A large drone-capsule landed and a green light turned on as a hatch opened and the key-device said to enter. They did. The drone started up and took off and they lifted away and pod-5 vanished in the backdrop. They flew for about 25 minutes and reached pod-7 which was Andrella’s entertainment pod from where she worked. The drone landed and the key-device instructed them to follow a path to the launch-pad above the pod from where a large cable seemed to hang from space. There a capsule was waiting asking them to enter. They did and in a minute they were prepared and ready for takeoff. The capsule

lifted first slowly and then started speeding up. It accelerated as the fastest elevator ever built and in less than thirty-seconds the capsule was at 500 km/h. The ride lasted about ten minutes and the capsule slowed down. It was in outer space. The cable extended far longer into space. They were at 150 kilometers altitude and was told to stay seated. A spaceship sailed in and grabbed the capsule like using two chopsticks. A robot-arm picked it up. It was loaded onto the ship which was their preliminary ship to sail to the Star-gate.

The whole tour from pod-5 to here, was like being a robot. Sean had done everything as told and instructed by the key-device and Andrella. Why have him in this configuration, he thought. What need for people when machines were doing everything. In his World people were just canon-fodder and eaters and fat blobs of lard walking around waiting for the final solution. Death in a coffin which in some places was widened to “two lanes” to accommodate some of the largest people. Then there were people wanting to be buried with their favorite football-team’s shirt and if possible a football signed by the team. Nothing much had changed since the King Pharaohs was buried having their favorite items. Rich had theirs. Poor had theirs. There were even people who wished to be buried with a Big Mac-set from McDonald. In Las Vegas you could get married for a few Dollars. In USA you could die as you wanted. Total freedom. The idea of being buried in a US\$ 10,000.- coffin was seen as a bargain. Coffins were produced like Ford-T’s back in the days. All computer aided management. FIFO as it was called. First In First Out. Spray-painted in any color you could afford. No limit. Santa Barbara Cemetery: On the bluff: \$83,000, Basic burial plot: \$3,300 etcetera. There were more expensive places. John Davison Rockefeller Sr was buried at Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland. His tombstone a Square. Obelisk. He was an evangelic which would explain why he was rich and his first name John. All from the same Book as The Vatican.

Sean’s World was like that in Paris were he had settled too. He was living in the deep suburbs were no obelisks were erected, but they were placed and erected with great effort for a good reason in the heart of Paris. Death.

As Sean was lifted upwards to space, he felt he was on an entertainment tour to the void.

“Andrella, where does it end? The cable. It seems to extend far out into space.”

“It extends far. Very. Exactly how far I am not sure. It works. A fantastic device. It was expensive, but paid of. Now we can shuttle up and down at a very low cost. The Stargate is expecting us.”

Their spaceship shuttled them the last distance. The Stargate was located 30,000 Km above Earth. It took another hour or so as they shuttled to the Stargate. It was round. It seemed to be almost the size of Earth. How could this be, thought Sean. He followed along and Andrella was the only reason why he had jumped onto this ship and tour. What was his old life when he could be here? Paris was like a desolate cemetery with obelisks also. That explained perfectly that Paris was a cemetery. As New York had its obelisks. Death at The White House. Death at The Vatican. They were dead. Had been for years. The bloody Pyramids were dead also, thought Sean.

Obelisks like on the grave of John was everywhere. Death cities. Death was all over once you opened your eyes. New York was dead too, thought Sean.

“Andrella, do you have any obelisks on Earth now these days?”

“What are they, Sean? I can ask DOREMI.”

Sean looked down smiling. He did not want to involve Andrella in that. If she did not know, there was no reason to explain such trivial matters.

The Stargate closed in. It was indeed huge. It extended very far and seemed attached to pod-7. The Entertainment pod.

“Andrella, are we returning. I don’t understand. It looks like a huge mirror suspended mid-space mirroring Earth?”

“Indeed, Dean, indeed. Just hold on. We will be at the Stargate in a short while.”

Their spaceship came closer and the mirror was kind of opaque and dark. It did reflect a whole Earth and many stars. Sean tried to figure out what it might be more than a mirror. It was totally flat. As flat as a pancake. He got butterflies in his stomach and An-

drella saw he was a little shaken. She took his hand. She kissed him gently on his hand and said to trust her.

Suddenly the spaceship vanished. It went inside the mirror. It was gone. Andrella and Sean fell into a deep sleep in the instant they crossed the borderline between their side of the mirror and the apparent other side.

Abruptly they were 45 Astronomical Units away from Earth. The reflection of Earth was a Stargate to any location in The Universe and it had exactly been programmed to go to the specified location. The warp in space was possible by the technology presented by the Stargate which had been positioned there by the source from far away. Exactly where was impossible to say. It had to do with the large square object 45 Astronomical Units.

In their sleep, they felt time cease to exist. Explain to someone time exists while they sleep. Impossible. It is not until they wake up they realize they are not dead. Just like the obelisk and the square and the ovals. All purely symbolic.

Sean would soon know by entering the Stargate with Andrella. They were now in a dream so deep it was almost impossible to tell who was who. A man was a woman and a woman was a man. Perfect. Love is after all a mystery too. The law of love. A man has playful joy with a man and what pops out? Nothing. Exactly. Nothing comes out of that play. That is also love. Same when two women do it. Nada, zero. At least inside the mirror. They were dreaming.

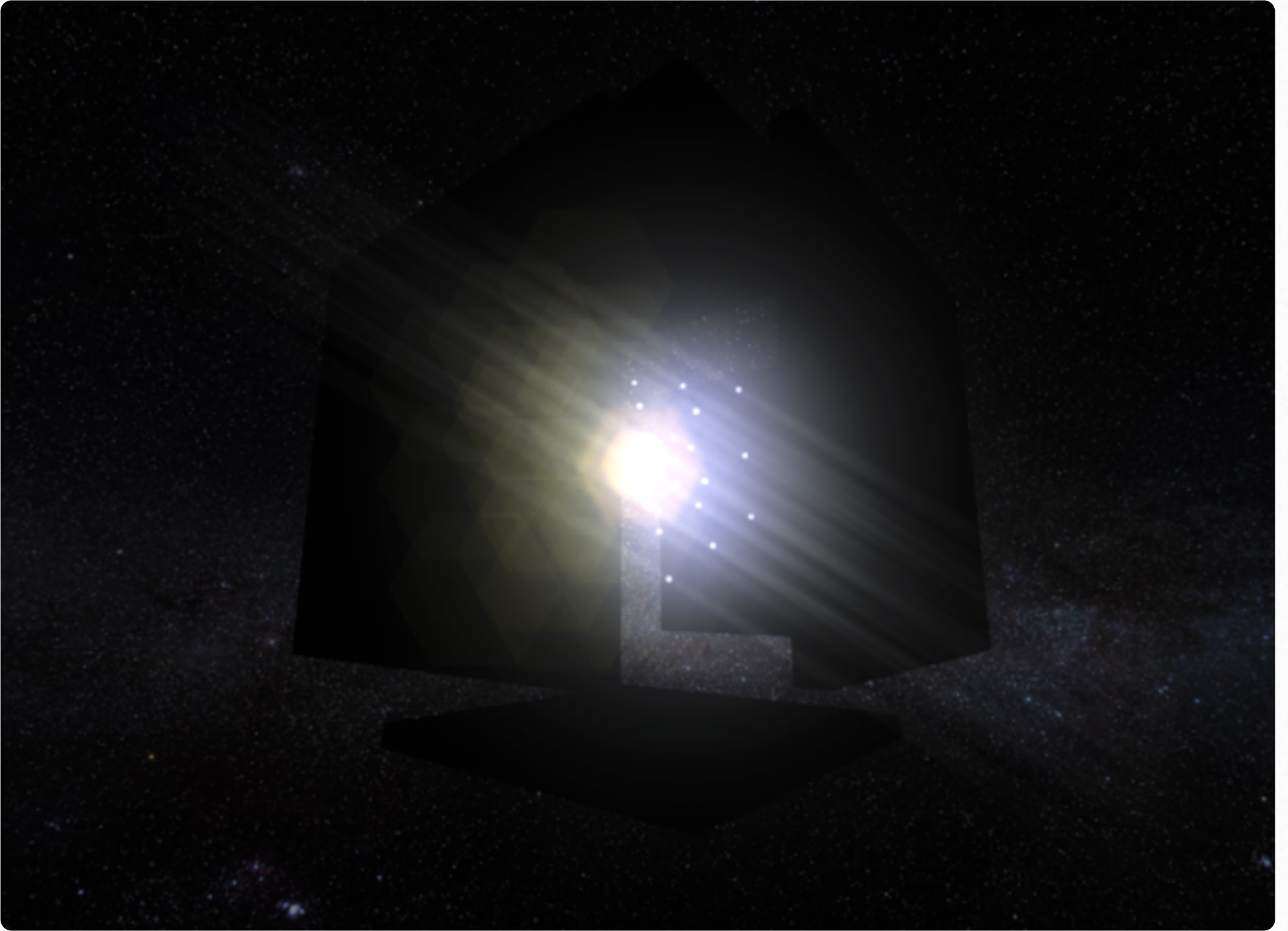
Andrella kissed Sean. Sean looked at Andrella and held her hand. Her hands were like a piano. There was total silence. Not even broken glass was heard. It was not until they started hearing a humming deep sound, that they realized activity.

Out of their spaceship they saw a huge square black box only visible because it blocked out the light from the stars behind it. They got near it slowly, but they were traveling beyond the speed of light in their dream. In dreams you can move anywhere in no time. The humming got deeper. So deep, that Andrella held Sean's hand hard. The large cubic shape started to open and a burst of light started to flash on and off. First small light-bursts. Andrella and Sean were floating midair spinning, but were able to see out of the spaceship, which started to slow down as it got nearer the huge cubic shape. It was as black as black can be imagined. The six sides of the cube opened up revealing billions of lights.

9

STATION-8

Arrival and departure.



They had arrived. DOREMI returned.

“Welcome to STATION-8. You have arrived. I shall record all activities. Be cautious. Enjoy.”

The spacecraft had stopped relatively to the large object. On the panel it was indicated they were 1,195,410,438 kilometers away from the edge. Andrella felt more at ease and started up her routinely jobs. Sean too as his key-device assisted him in telling him what to do. Most was controlled by computers and AI. The cube had a gravitational force enough, that the spaceship needed to keep on its thrusters.

The lights from the object started to fade in and out. They created shapes from shapes. STATION-8's six large dark panels moved to close and open. It was pulsating.

“Sean, load up the program that allows us to scan for life in various forms. DNA especially. Also chemicals, organics and gasses. Carbon. Load.”

Sean loaded and started up all systems. Their capsule spaceship fired up all vitals including defensive systems. The rockets had been set to fire up full thrust in case of any signs of eminent danger. Andrella checked visually.

“Sean, this is too big to be made by anything resembling biological life. At least anything which are like humans. It must have been made by a force billions of magnitudes more intelligent than all human life combined that ever lived including elephants, zebras, frogs and I guess fireflies. What do you think?”

“A, not sure. No detection of biologicals nor anything we know. Just lights. Darkness. It is impossible to tell with our detectors what it is. We will have to wait and then load up our systems attempting communication. Should we load it?”

Andrella hesitated. Then she confirmed nodding. Sean send out a drone with communication-systems which would send out various codes using light and rays of various types. The drone started up and ejected. It accelerated to get to STATION-8 in twenty minutes. Sean and A waiting while they monitored all systems. All they could do now was wait. If anything was returned from STATION-8, they would probably know.

“Sean, perhaps there is nothing here. If not, it is homewards. I am not sure how we get back exactly other than set systems on automatic and then we'll just have to entertain ourselves. Any ideas?”

“Well, I do have a few. We can start our devices and watch films. Listen to music. You know, we got here so far, we never had a chance to do much about it. We have been in a desert eating ice cream made from stardust. Fun, you know? We once had fun. I guess when unmarried we can't do much else but look, dream, think. About it.”

“Sean, what are you talking about? I'd love to watch your amazing gadget. Your New York galore. If there is anything we want to do, especially if this thing turns out to be a void or implode sucking us in, then we might as well do it. Indeed. I am good. I think we should go out with a bang. If anything indicates near apocalypse, then we can preload ourselves, undress, start the music and do it weightlessly. Our main mission is first to figure out, well, if there is anything here. If not, we might as well stay here and play especially if this is all a hoax by NASA.”

Andrella had only finished her last word. Then the drone returned data. A message appeared on the main monitor.

“EDWARD JOHN ROGERS. WELCOME. This is a dream speaking created by an entity existing inside the large object you have come to investigate. It is alive. You will not be able to detect it. I am the human factor which has been used to communicate with you.

The system you see consists of technology created by The Universe. It has taken The Universe a relatively long time calculated in years. The system does not know years nor time. So you can comprehend it, it would be like 12 trillion Earth years. That time is as a fraction of a second for The Universe. There is no time. I have been told to tell you this to give you an idea of the frame of your so called time.

You can communicate through me to start with. If you enter the system, you will know more and be able to communicate with the system if you wish.”

Sean and Andrella listened. They looked at each other.

“Sean, I'll ask... Hello. Who are you. You are human?”

“I am human as such. I am rather a part of this system. The system is created to be what you would call a brain. It can travel across The Universe and has developed out from ideas. It has evolved from biological matter from DNA which is universal. The system is now consisting of what you see as light. The whole system is one unit, all working together evolving. One day humans will find even smaller particles down to eventually another Universe. More in the line of dreams. The smallest particle does not exist. There is no LEGO. Brains are the key. Consciousness. The Universe has been able to construct this entity you see before you as a brain consisting of purely an idea created elsewhere. Yes, what you see is not there. That is why your systems are blank. Your brain is still infant consisting of biological matter which will evaporate when your star explodes.

Consciousness is a main factor. It is not all there was. Past tense. The Universe is moving and using gravity to shape itself into a yet unknown form not concerned about losing anything. It will just move along and form into other things eons to come.

However. Important. The system has come here to see how far your system has come. The Universe uses various lifeforms to adjust itself constantly. It will use anything it can to move forward.

In other words, it has come to monitor and give you some information. There are systems that are farther than this system you behold. Stars, black holes, planets are created from gravity. Gravity is the heart and engine. Matter is packed around and with gravity working in coexistence.

Why did water mostly form as oceans on your planet? Look at the clouds.”

Sean and A were now mystified and Sean wanted to know more.

“This seems odd. I know you. At least your name. It surely is huge. Looks spectacular. Could be a natural phenomenon. Are you from NASA? How can we know that anything you say is true. We need some kind of confirmation. Contact with the source. Contact with something which will confirm you are not earthly or just from a nearby exoplanet doing a major trick on us. How can we know you don’t want to destroy us?”

“It has been prepared for you to enter the cube. It will start to open now and then we will set your autopilot to steer inside. Sean, yes, you do know me. I visited you in Paris. It is important you do not scare. Dreams has been going on for many years. Nothing new.

The human touch. Andrella and you will enter and then you will know how, why and what will happen next. If you watch your monitors you will see your spaceship has been taken over. Hijacked. Do not worry. There is nothing you can do unless you tell me now you don't wish to enter?"

"Humbug. Andrella, what do you think? We have come this far. Should we bail out? Personally I would love to enter. If we vanish then so be it."

Sean whispered to Andrella about their device reminding her they had a word to self-destruct just in case.

"I guess, Sean."

Andrella looked outside and was recalling Berlin, New York, her youth, Sean as her lover. Then she told Rogers:

"Edward John Rogers. Tell them, it, you can start the process. We agree."

A humming sound was heard. The large cube opened up. It was minimum a few billion kilometers on each side perhaps near a 144 cubits on each side. A cube indeed. The small starship started accelerating. The six sides of the cube opened up and the lights inside were seen flickering on and off. Some even left the cube surrounding it.

Andrella and John started floating weightlessly. The gravitational systems had been disengaged. The G-forces by the pull of the large object started to affect both. They held on to each other as if saying goodbye. They looked at each other and Sean grabbed his device and signaled to Andrella he was prepared to say the word.

As they got closer to the cube the activity started up and the light-sources turned on and off more vigorously. The monitor said they were only a few thousand kilometers from the edge. The humming which was more of a vibration, got larger and the spaceship started to rumble. Andrella and Sean for the first time felt the unknown. The enigma. Was this the final crucial time? Death or worse.

Within seconds the spacecraft entered, and as it passed the barrier, the lights inside moved into a large sphere which seemed as large as The Sun. Small lights moved into position. Who was in control, thought Sean.

Just as the spaceship vanished inside the cube which had opened its six sides, Andrella vanished. She was gone. Sean looked around and felt he was about to perish and decided to hold up his device saying the word. Suddenly all became quite and the vibrations vanished. Sean was totally alone. He entered a state in which his mind and body went absent missing from existence. He was no longer and he seemed to have disintegrated inside the large object. Only a dream was telling him that existence was possible. The dream swallowed up Sean and he entered into the dream of Edward John Rogers. Sean had become someone else who was him in a dream. Mr. Rogers had taken over the dream.

Rogers, or rather John, was now somehow in control of the dream. John wanted to live. John wanted not to die as he did. His last words just before he died on Earth was:

“I do not want to die now.”

John was not ready to die. His death had come in the day taking him away not giving him time to prepare to die. His cancer had been treated, but the radiation had totally sucked out any life from all the cells in his body. He had for certain been a guinea pig both in war and life. He feared. Sean had seen him a few weeks before John's death and John's body was dying. He knew it. Fear had set in. From the time he was diagnosed to his death was a short time. Not even a year. He believed he would survive. He had lost many pounds. He looked like a skeleton. He had fought a war so huge and traveled to find love only to be destroyed, not by cancer, but radiation. Who knows if he could have survived. He survived horrors so horrible, that he did not describe them while alive. Now he was dead and dreaming beyond in a place humans did not know. He was crying. He was alone. He felt he wanted to tell humans that death is easy. Death is just a moment which does not exist. Death is only something one can dream. John had woken up too from his nightmare and his nightmare was on Earth during World War II fighting against an enemy which tried to destroy all. John had survived the war, only to learn how to die. Eventually. All must die. While alive he could dream. What was his dreams? Was it to extinguish the sounds of grenades? To find love? Indeed. He had found a love. Even love was not easy

for him. Edward John Rogers was a kind man tested to the limit beyond comprehension. The final frontier surviving only to live a life in a nightmare by the humans brains way to tell, that entering any war was going to make him dream. Like Hell.

His love was a woman who had nurtured and loved and tried to find the ultimate love in life. By chance and a holiday to London John and she had met. It was probably not love at first sight. Who really knows. It was probably the simplest of things which brought together two people. Love. Sex. The touch. The flame of desire. The accompaniment of a fellow soul. A spirit to travel with. Life. Dreams.

John was dreaming and he had made Andrella tell the story of his life and death. A metaphorical “bang ball” which had guided him on his journey into death and beyond. The moment John had died, he had wanted to say something. What it was, was unknown and would forever be that. Perhaps it was a question. Why?

John was sitting in his chair one morning. Trying to dress. Supported by his love. That was when he felt death come to take him and he said:

“I do not want to die now.”

He felt the cold. The last breath. The unknown as fear escaping life which had been Hell. His dreams as nightmares. Now before his death he knew what life was. It was a moment. It was shorter than a breath. It was so small yet so huge. He had done the biggest thing any man can do. Fought a war. Now his war was about to be over for one last time. Dying is not bad, he might have thought. Knowing living is a nightmare is. He wanted life and wanted more time hence dying later. He still had not accomplished his goal. Peace.

Edward John Rogers was however a very smart fella. A goodfella. A kind man. Misunderstood. A man. Just that. That was why he had entered into a dream because he won dying. In death he could dream and see the truth and that was all he wanted. He had sent vibrations to Andrella and Sean to tell them to visit him, so he could tell them his story.

The Bang was a beautiful Ball which had lifted him from the moment of death into the realm of peace. Heaven they called it. Now he was dreaming and he only wanted to be able to tell his story. It was long. No longer than others. The only thing that made his story

relatively different was, that he had fought a war based on a true lie so huge that it was only in a dream he knew what it was all about. Knowing the truth made him repose. He could now dream good dreams. Dreams of life. He had been dreaming for a few years in a nightmare and had tried to wake up which was impossible when he was truly dead. John however had lived on in the life of Sean, his daughter and others who had known John. People are like passing fireflies. They light up and down. They live a short time. John felt he just wanted a few good years on Earth before entering the final moment of total devastation.

Edward John Rogers had received medals for his participation in World War II. They were passed on to his daughter. His daughter also had many questions. Medals of honor. Medals as symbols to hang on his chest as he visited his mates in London each year. His comrades from the war. Each year some had died. A dinner and gratitudes. They never knew. Now John knew from the realm of light up in his dream. One day the war memorial dinner was repeated in London. This time John was not there.

Sean was inside the dream of Edward John Rogers. Andrella was a guide in a dream. Andrella, the big bang, had guided John on his dream. The dream was soon over and John would be able to return to Earth as a spirit who would walk among people telling them his story. Edward John Rogers was the real hero who had fought a war and battle so huge for real beyond comprehension in a far distant past. He had died at a moment when he was unprepared. Who is really prepared for death? John's death came and took him just as he was finding some kind of peace in life. At the moment of death he had a wish. Nobody knew what exactly it was except he had uttered:

“I do not want to die now.”

One might expect, that he wanted peace before he died. He might have known, that dreams were a nightmare. Waking up was Hell for John realizing his time during Second World War was a battle to create peace for others. The real battle started after the war. His dreams. Nightmares. Waking up knowing it was real. He found comfort too in love, but it was relatively short lived. Love is like that. Short like a fuse.

His comrade who stepped in taking the grenade never knew, that doing so, would save Edward John Rogers, so he could tell his story. The comrade died and probably only

saw a flash of light. All over. The one dropping the grenade might have died too or had nightmares. Dreams. Some survived and they told the story.

The unknown entity 45 Astronomical Units away from The Sun was Edward John Rogers. He had returned to tell a story which only he knew. Inside the large cube he knew why and that made him find peace both in death and in life. He was able to prepare to return to Earth as himself through two people who had helped him. Andrella, the Big Bang, the Bang ball, and Sean. John had used them in his dream to communicate with Earth, NASA and the commanders. He wanted to tell them, that if they ever wanted to fight a war, they should fight it themselves and not through terror, threats and laws forcing young men to fight the war for them. They were weak; the mighty men. They were mouse-men. Little ants no more worth than a fearful zebra about to be eaten by a lion. War was a tool for a few mighty men to live in the shadow of glory to win their love and life and get medals of honor decorating death. Little pathetic men who knew of nothing better to do than destroy.

Now John was ready to prepare his return. His dream started to shrink. The cube and lights started to disintegrate. The cube got smaller and was just able to contain John. Inside the dark cube, John was able to look out into the darkness. The void. He still saw lights known as stars. He fell asleep.

It was only 6.000 light years later the cube was near Earth. John started to wake and was able to see outside a small hole in his cube which was more like a casket. John had found love and peace.

The casket was picked up by a space-station near Earth and John was returned to pod-5 where he would wake up realizing he had been dreaming.

