

The Children

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The Consequences of History.

When I began to consider the writing this journal, for some inexplicable reason I became increasingly aware that this may be the last story of history of the old world to be told, for I feel that we are at the end of time and history itself. I am compelled to discover why I have arrived at this conclusion, why history will soon have an end, and perhaps why time itself will cease to be significant to the world I inhabit. Perhaps I feel I am writing the end of history because I sense in my spirit new things abroad have been well prepared. The nature of history; especially recent events by which I must cast this investigation to discover mine and everyone's past from the birth of my parents which was in the Age of Crisis. I shall return to that later. Let us digress. History is the half glance backwards into a primitive terror, on a visceral level, endless wars, truths and their consequences shatter the routines of the living, throwing human experience into new mechanized circumstances of exploitation and fear. Since history, if anything at all, seems to have been a series of warnings throughout time that we were preparing for some great threshold of unspeakable horror. Democracy' unjustified connection to Capitalism, Party Politics of government corruption, lobbies, and mass corporate influence peddling over the will of humanity spurned society' collective will of the voters. People were consumers and no longer customers. International borders had been integrated economically into globalization. Cheap international labor changed member states from without rather than within and the result of lifestyle influences and habits fragmented the major countries of the west and depression and disillusionment became a disease. Misdirection of human energy, abuse of the energies of nature, international terrorism since the 911 massacre at the twin towers in New York in 2001, the Giant Tsunami of the coast of Java in 2005 killing seven hundred and fifty thousand people changed the way people saw their world. The human spirit was dying by every generation that was being born or was to be born. Every new generation became more self destructive and murderous. Culture declined into demotic just like Nennius said it would and AJP Taylor said the same age would

become obsessed with the, 'demarcation of borders'. Cities became places of extermination, the word 'suburbs' became synonymous with gang slayings, meth amphetamine, and cocaine. Freudian mass marketing through public relations into America during the century of the self, the twentieth century, had procured a self fulfilling prophecy. Whatever we imagined became at some point in the future real. It was the wrong vision. Psychological suppositions on the nature of human behavior accelerated mass dosing of pharmaceuticals to the masses. Sensationalism was Visceral and Pixilated through drugs and the exploitation of the failings of fame. Man and woman alone and dying in the dirty stars. Why alone? The creatures of the world were extinct, global warming of the planet became the major obstacle finally made the world create the Atmospheric World Congress and where so far my investigations are taking me. Finally the world realized that since these scientific men had mapped the human genome, put a man on the face of mars, and so many more accomplishments in service to humanity must be correct about their predictions on Global warning. No one likes a 'Nostradamus' or his ilk and the world was just too superstitious from the effects of ten thousand years of religion. After the second conquest of the Masons and the Roman Catholic Church the right wing evangelicals who perished in storms. So the World congress was conceived as immutable, comprised exclusively of leading world scientists who were finally given executive power to fix this ailing planet' atmosphere. The Nobel Prize became a world entity as a new organization duly and democratically elected by the member states of the UN. Long before I was born human affairs in the world had really gone wrong, at the end of the second millennium. Unlike in the very beginning of human time when we organized the credos of the tribe for self preservation, mutual protection and worship, to honor the life that is in all of us, we had been controlled by the natural laws of nature governing population, and other processes of natural selection. A mindless principle in the nature of life, right for us to turn away by any means such a thing, but we were blind to replace it with a system to demand and extract or extend life for profit, making society larger than what is or was possible to govern within nature itself, limiting scientific advances not for the worship of human life and the spiritual triumph over death, but rather a simple avaricious process that allowed mass exploitation. At the in the beginning of the second millennium where this story seems to lead me, civilization was unable to afford its members the luxuries of the free idealism of previous millennia. Instead every aspect of the social fabric had virtually collapsed; the human spirit was trapped in the death pattern of not doing the right thing, and big business politics was

always more powerful. Consequently the quality of life was deteriorating, replacing it with a greedy blind place, whereby to act overtly in defending ones own interests became, acceptable to one to use virtually any mandate to succeed, there was a TV show revering businessmen and private members of society, making hubris and money synonymous with goodness. Perhaps you who belong to the future may not know of this idea, perhaps its best that it stays that way and is lost, for I should not burden the future with such unspeakable ills, or of the men who shaped these things, for they belong to history and like I mentioned, History I feel is dying. Second millennium civilizations purpose, other than to feed the coffers of the corporations and the billionaires, was for everyone to participate in profit, how much profit was directly correspondent to an unlimited principle like God, but the god of Capitalism consisted of raw materials and human sweat. Human sweat is an endless resource. Raw materials are a different thing, limited by finite rules of planetary evolution, creating a massive problem and modern tribalism. For in as much that nature rebelled, so did the human spirit, when these resources were gone, anarchy began to rule Demos, bound by the confines of social injustice, hell was beginning to let loose its misery. I must return to the concerns of history, relegating it as the subjectively documented journal of individuals, observed and selected from the myriad of human events for the conscience of the unborn. The work was usually a catalogue of events with conjectured interpretations. There was no science of history despite the theories of Hegel; it was an ad-hocracy. For most historians would never know histories archival treasures preserved for posterity if not by simple chance and mostly luck from the anomalous fires and political regimes. How many hid their life's work away from the destructive hands? Like Claudius, his work falling prey to avaricious relatives, forethought redeemed his effort by a second copy of his histories. It was merely chance they survived. I wonder a lot about what we never will know about the past and the works that were expunged forever to the flames by the mistaken. It isn't going to be the end of the world; I do not sit here writing this, on the doorstep of doom. There are too many stories about the end of the world, most of them emanating from one literary source, all of them untrue, unfortunately for the world, taken rather too literally in the past, it seems another beginning, a brand new beginning now that most of the usual problems associated with the old world are gone. Another horizon, one I cannot see only anticipate. Now radical changes have taken place sciences have reached new frontiers, moral truths have conviction, and it seems we are ready for something new, a great preparation for? This is the problem, this is the line of inquiry that this

investigation is taking me, and so I don't know yet! I am deeply troubled by this incomprehensible future, being overwhelmed with feelings I find implausible; unable to realize the result what this day in the future will bring, what effect this will have upon the World. Under the influence of this mystery, exhilaration and immense fear of the unknown have began to occupy my dreams and my conscious mind. With certainty I know I am writing the end of time as it has existed for thousands of years, this I am sure, a fact I find most alarming, once it was almost the end of all life. Even now I live in a sterile world, recovered from devastation, almost dead, no animals roam wild places, only desolation and silence in those forgotten places, now fill the human void. All manner of living beings perished in the last great devastation of terrestrial life. Natural forces acting within the interdependence of species finally reached that juncture of mutual annihilation after several thousand species being forced into extinction began to affect other bastions in the food chain. There were so many gaps on the interdependent ladder of life, that all of the higher species simply starved to death in the noticeable absent presence of their prey, or were already extinct by the hand of humanity. Even eugenics couldn't save those species that we had frozen in time, their world was already dead, and how could they live in such a polluted place. Now the world is desolate, now everything is prepared artificially in sterile environments, pollinators work tirelessly all over the world to spawn next year's crops. Nature is nursed into a pattern of survival, nothing more. My world is a dead place, totally human. We create visions of the animals; we look at the ancient paintings of the cave man in his simple pantheistic vision of the natural world, only last month we went to Lascaux and saw the ancient paintings to arrive after millennium of progress, so that now time had run out on the hour jar, to the finite plan of the atom. Alpha predicated by Omega, beginnings must have an end; the end comes in so many ways. Some of us still cannot abide life and choose to kill themselves, the burial of these souls in such a time, is a time of deep disturbance to them, I reach out across to those empty places and remember you all who made those sacrifices, life still demands sacrifices my hope that this end of history and time predicates a new beginning like nothing that has ever happened before, so no one will commit suicide again. Now the book of the past that is so responsible for the destructive misinterpretations of us all, contained all time past no time future, which is full of days of judgment of us, placed others higher than the rest, has finally been laid down forever, now that we have seen its mortal consequences. This day that is coming soon has no judgment upon it, this much I know. The Day of Judgment has come and

gone a long time ago. You may ask how I know this, how I can be so sure. Let me explain. A million and one truths were in my consciousness at my birth, I was a remarkable child. By the age of six I knew I had developed beyond all intellectual boundaries towards my parent's consciousness. Not from a book, for the book of knowledge that I speak of has not been written, from inside my own mind, my parents also, spoke to me inside my mind, and still do, so that I hear them clearly in their most innerness. Over my life's short span I have acquired the knowledge of all the human disciplines. These are no ordinary parents either, as this journal will attest, since almost everything about the stars was made known to them by the mystery. Now there are no longer many secrets left to this known universe, only time hides the secret of space, there are still more mysteries. The whole Earth is our library all that is contained within the body of science, made known. This knowledge that my parents possess came to them, I am sure by way of this mystery. In the evenings I walk in my garden, my thoughts are my eternal temple; the recordings of the bird song tell me how beautiful the Earth must once have been. As I walk through the mirror of time, back to the time of this story, back towards the past, the old world as it was then full of dread and darkness, I know this to be true. At the end of this time the Aeon will be changed. I must come back to the world around me that prepares something that was made between friends a long time ago, something called the Meriothea, the Promise. This promise was given to them at the beginning of the Age of Crisis, fifty years ago, but a promise requiring great faith for its certainty. Who made this promise to them, who knows more than we do? My parents told me about this day since I first learned to speak. Today is January the twenty first two thousand and sixty five, my birthday

Gabriel Michael Blue. 21.1.2065.

Age of Crisis.

Could you imagine a world where it was virtually impossible to see the stars in the night sky? Once they lay hidden to most of the inhabitants of Earth. Pollution of the atmosphere caused through petro-carbon loaded economies had smothered the Sun and stars in smog. It had impressed the condition of immanent extinction into the daily lives of the world's consciousness, rendering the stars imperceptible at night, the skies laden with smog by day so that no one looked up anymore. Let us try and imagine the World if we could see it from space then. Familiar land masses from the old maps of the world no longer follow the same outlines. Instead the sea replaced the oxidized brown features of the earth of all low lying coastal areas. The map no longer had the familiar earth shapes that we had become used to. The year is two thousand and fifteen; greenhouse effects heating the air had melted a great deal of the Polar ice caps, the World's oceans had risen, flooding large areas of inhabited land. Holland and Bangladesh, lower mainland China, most of the Atolls of the South Pacific, most of Florida, all had disappeared under the waves. Human catastrophe went hand in hand with life, and death followed life more closely than before. Populations froze, most of the aged generation were already dead from natural catastrophe; the world was getting younger. Massive areas of forest, selected for deforestation in the previous millennium, now began to trouble the living. Their usual recycling of carbon from the atmosphere was noticeably absent. Precipitation in the northern hemisphere had increased by astronomical amounts, day time temperatures soared in tropical equatorial regions. Earth, Water, Fire, and Air, mixed together, drew a terrible spirit into its entourage called Fury, weather patterns were chaotic everywhere, ensuring that the circle was closing the last chapter towards doom for the human inhabitants of the planet Earth. Vala, thy four Zoas Make us shrink in fear, the human figures dance macabre beneath Helios' burning Sphere. This was a stanza from an anthology of poetical works of the last century. It identified the human condition. Statistics was given to the leaders of the world at the International Atmospheric Congress in Brussels, two thousand and fifteen, where my history really begins; they were received with dread and apprehension. Conclusions, regarding the report stated an overwhelming fact, Humanity if it was to survive, had to act quickly, despite previous attempts to reduce greenhouse emissions to ensure humanities future had failed. World leaders had acted again to reverse the deadly threat, giving science unlimited resources to solve the dilemma. Research had begun upon a new particle physics theory to recreate an atmosphere on Earth. No small feat. Atmospheric

had worked under absent gravity conditions on the Moon. The theory applied to Moon atmospheric only, it was not about to solve the Earth's dilemma, which was how to make an atmosphere in a world that abounded with gravity, something that needed to be absent, to make the science work. Other solutions were to build a very large filter in outer space, between the Sun and the Earth, filtering out the unwanted u/v radiation. This had proven massive a task. Nevertheless a space program was underway. Over time the ozone holes in the arctic circles had grown considerably larger, encompassing over twenty percent more of northern and southern latitudes, enlarged from studies conducted in the nineties. Life there was threatened like never before. Ultra violet poisoning was responsible for millions of animals perishing. As a consequence of two hundred years of industrialization, the world was in a terrible state, only lists and catalogues of events would be able to tell you the long depressing avenue of bleakness that I sought through. I obtained most of my material from the Euro-Trans Archives. It offered newspapers and television archives of the time of what has been called the 'Age of Crisis', this Archive has been my guide for this world. I also sought the living record of the people who played for real in this odyssey. Some of them are my family stories, told to me when I was growing up, others are from friends of my family, not all have told me their stories yet, not all are known to me who shared in the story of my parents. I am hoping that they can throw light on this mystery of the future. I read one headline dated, July the sixteenth two thousand and fifteen, the London Times, 'Fertile territories throughout the world becoming deserts'. Canada's prairies had almost been deserted due to warming trends in the winter cycle. The Edmonton Journal dated August eighteenth, nineteen ninety nine, 'Droughts of epidemic proportions are becoming the norm, with a degradation into only two seasons, summer and winter'. Another headline read, 'Saskatchewan almost deserted, no one left'. In several discs, news stories about food production, was a daily news item. Land that still produced food was closely guarded. Any fertile, arable land was so precious, that cities throughout the world had cleared vast areas within its limits for food production. Reversing the mistakes of their forefather's entire city blocks were stripped back to the precious resource. So that in Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Madrid, London, Paris, New Delhi it was possible to see fields of corn or rice, surrounded by city buildings and freeways. Crime in these neighborhoods was in the form of gang agrarianism, whereby people formed co-operatives to protect the food they were growing from rival gangs or mobs. A headline from La Figaro, 'Mob hacks down outsiders stealing corn'. Several amateur

videos used by bystanders, add to the grisly details. Human resources had dwindled, famine was everywhere in the third and fourth world. Governments had almost given up trying to offset futures in the world commodities market, as prices soared money became useless. It looked like capitalism was going to fail. Exponentially the future did not look promising. Demographics had become useless overnight, the planet's weather, made sure of that. Heavy rains, gale force winds, drought, hurricanes, typhoons, burning U.V from the Sun, had made the surface of the planet, almost primeval in its condition. Millions of people had been killed due to these horrific results of centuries of mis-management. Those that weren't drowned or killed by flying wreckage, were systematically starved in the third world, or died due to melanoma cancer or A.I.D.S. Other facets of the story told me how, due to intolerance; ethnic rivalry over resources had led to a ten year war. People grouped together according to color rather than ideology. Ideology was no longer important. Those that survived in an epidemic of depression succumb to mass suicide through state means, or religious organizations. Government and church authorities had provided the necessary theological or state justification for their dispatch. The old argument about freewill had raised its head again, from the historical dilemma of the analects of Augustine versus Pelagius, but I think the process I describe was simply called Euthanasia. The very rich had acquired for themselves expensive space sarcophagi. After death they would be shipped to space before being directed towards some distant constellation of their choice, to drift for all of eternity until they reached it. Some of the designs I saw for the sarcophagi were quite funny and certainly unique. Some were replicas of famous places like the Taj Mahal, or the leaning tower of Pizza, now no longer leaning due to collapse. Others were for the outdated motorist in the shape of Lamborghini's, or Rolls Royce. The idea that the universe would end or it would begin to re-collapse back onto itself in the blue shift of time before they arrived at their destination never entered the purchasers head. Knowing their body wouldn't be lost in the mess of human purification but postponed perhaps, until arriving at some predestined place in the future, excited the dying. One should never arrive dead anywhere in this universe, better to never arrive at all, than to arrive dead. As for the poor of the western democracies, they could only find absolute peace through state programs, offering them a hole in the ground, which was the same thing ironically, for everyone. Despite all of the lofty reasoning, it seemed that government's never really condoned euthanasia, like abortion, they didn't prevent it either. The guardians of the compassionate Christ had dwindled down to a

few devout, proselytizing about his return, unable to prevent the mass exodus from Earth. Only the Catholic Church desisted from the mass slaughter, but it had few members left. The Pope ruled an almost empty kingdom. Life expectancy, abnormal child birth, had sent millions to their deaths from the poor nations. It seemed that the world was finally going to be left to other keepers of Eden. Insects seemed destined to rule, they had flourished under these hard conditions. Most of the chemicals for their management had failed, due to years of exposure to them. Eugenic biology had failed as prevention, it was impossible to create a weaker specimen of the insect. Their numbers alone forbid any human intervention or success. The 'prodigy principle' no longer seemed part of human destiny. Man and woman were not part of God's grand plan, as the Evangelists of America claimed. Religious practices had become popular once more, like in the decline of the Roman Empire, Neo Platonism had become popular to block out the hardships of life, so again the world turned the eye of its soul inwards to contemplate the promise of Jehovah. To me it was all facile adherences to lost arts. Completely unprepared, for the prophecy of doom on their doorstep Evangelists held rallies throughout America, whipping up fervor for the 'return' of the Christ. Mammon had ceased to be their object of desire, mostly because money had become useless; and especially when their congregations were suffering the brutality of a resource depleted life. Asceticism was not the American way or anyone's way by choice. Believers adhering to the belief of the return of the Christ, now that the end of the World was coming, screamed the sin of suicide to the congregations. Suicide was definitely out if one wished to be considered for the day of judgment, that day, like I said was coming, but I am sure, attested to by hundreds of years of human folly and greed. The Rapturists were in ecstasy. I searched the old books, in all early languages, nowhere in the records of the written word, could I find where Christ said he would return. It seemed that he was most definitely a man of his word; and I know it shall not be the fulfillment of the Meriothea, for the universe is simply not made of such principles, but somehow it was understood that he would return after his crucifixion, he never has. The disciples are responsible for a great untruth in the Christian world. Now two thousand years later, he still hasn't appeared, he never will now as history run down to the last moment. For the world of two thousand and fifteen, there was very little hope of a future, and even less for a resurrection. People would believe in anything that appeared to hold out the hand of hope towards everlasting life, or even the certainty of a normal life. I wretched at some of the morbid behaviors I was

forced to witness, there was a human pathetic ness that was beyond understanding and compassion. No one could have seen all that time ago what was happening now. The Victorians and Edwardians were not very keen on seeing the implications of their greed and imperialism neither were anyone else from that age or any age! Historically the Reformation had taken care of that by establishing the true dogma of the church and outlawing free thought and speech, slaughtering most of the old world's seers and esoteric clerics, relegating them as heretics and witches. Political history seems to be an account of the powerful to remove the truth from the masses. Peace like truth in two thousand and fifteen was also a hard thing to find, people really understood what 'stress' was all about. Most of the working populations were running on nervous exhaustion. There wasn't the 'aerobics happy farm' during the time of the end of the world. Nostradamus with his glass sphere didn't foresee this world. Certainly like Christ, he couldn't and didn't foresee the Industrial Revolution, all of the ensuing damage that it would do to the planet, writing man's future into a foreboding chapter, of self extinction. Ecology was not a concept in the days that is called the dark ages. I have seen the barren sands of Eridu, how we had managed to exploit life's rich bounty to the point of man made deserts, let us not abdicate the past entirely of responsibility, these civilizations were powerful natural forces capable of creating deserts, like in this history, when the entire world was rapidly going in the same direction. Now I believe there is a new Eridu. In the age of Crisis, throughout the world, emergency measures were accepted by the status quo to maintain law and order, conserve oxygen, and abstain from using fossil fuels, for the simple fact of staying alive. Movement of people was restricted, except for higher coded necessities, for the day to day living. Nevertheless the freeways of the free west were still congested and busy with the flood of vehicles. A virtual ban on petro-carbons to the ordinary man and woman was reduced to a privilege. Holidays were a five year restriction by Government. It didn't matter though, people weren't sure if their property would be standing when they got back, so they stayed home for those few precious weeks. Nobody really knew what was going on in a great deal of the world. T.V. networks had taken most of their usual programming off, lie soap operas. People weren't interested in the existential monotony of others anymore. Now the public was having news twenty four hours a day. Weather networks receiving ten percent of the Neilson's ratings, some twenty-five years earlier, now commanded high dollars from the corporations. These problems were the day to day surviving game, time for such luxuries as looking at stars or birds, or anything at all simply

disappeared. Nature had lost its attractive appeal to the masses. Ornithology that was popular in the late nineties, of the last millennium declined, along with bird populations. Bird populations became extinct over the entire globe. I have never seen a real bird, only its ghost in the form of a hologram. Most of the world's animal species were also extinct. Chemical and industrial pollution that had accumulated over the last century now began to reappear in most of the world's populated areas with devastating results. Radioactive waste dumped in the oceans or stored for almost a century, began to emerge from buried cocoons, making areas unfit for human habitat. People inhabited them anyway, if it was safe from the weather, and they could earn a living. Birth defects and genetic malformations were common in those parts. I read several headlines regarding genetic defects. A Pravda, headline read 'Mother gives birth to triplets, three bodies, one head'. The catalogue of deformities was endless as I looked at the photographs realizing that inside those twisted bodies was the spirit of a human being. Garbage was already reaching epidemic proportions, not just wrappers and food containers, but effluent, and toxic waste, human putrescence, became impossible to discard, due to factionalism among strong lobby groups, fighting over who would get it, where it would be disposed. Public messages for recycling had been mercilessly abused by big business falsely advertising the 'green revolution', making people cynical and disillusioned. It was an age to make money out of the genuine human concerns to re-address the dying world. Nothing was above the crafty tricks of the corporations. Consequently people had lost all hope; indifference became the only hope in a world that had been exploited by greed. Consequently, nihilism had become a popular philosophy once more, to overcome the tyrannies of the new oligarchies, corporate greed. Main services had broken down, due to over demand, and lack of adequate funding. Crime had become terrible in large cities. New York was flooded, after the bailing and mopping, they had reconsidered their immortality principle, and had started to listen up. Nevertheless, street crime had become anarchy. For a few days, a new regime ruled until the water went down and some degree of normalcy prevailed. All of this I know to be true. All this I have seen from the information of that age, they were obsessed with information, and it was called the 'information age'. Most of the video from the turn of the century were really bleak. This is what I know to be true, since the birth of thought, the gift of Vulcan, the chimpanzee killing the antelope, the burying of the dead, the primitive tool, these simple natural acts of invention and evolution, had started towards the agrarian society, the industrial revolution, the high tech revolution from the eighties, the

reconsidered position of human goals, a new world order of the nineties, towards a future that was uncertain, most sublime in its results. All of these progressions had been natural, mankind in his ignorance striving for knowledge; it is ignorance that has the capacity for knowledge, but more than that in itself, democracy mixed with capitalism, had turned into nothing more than a great free for all, over the passing of the centuries. 'We the people of the people, give ourselves the right to rip and run', this is probably what the beginning of the American constitution should have read. Despite its lofty ideals, this was ultimately what it had become in practice. And so nothing was sacred, and the world fell into darkness through greed. Nature wasn't designed for the stock market. Yet these events were not in vain. Against the indifference of nature, these positions had seemed justified. Mans perceptions and understandings of nature had changed radically over time through the eyeglass of science. Nature it appeared, wasn't so tough after all, after the 'chemical revolution', we had set the course for ourselves upon a fearful journey never knowing if we should ever achieve the balance that was necessary to sustain life indefinitely. Always the same question reappears to me, why? Why was creation made in the first place? Why all this human agony impaled on the face of the Earth? For Joy once in the wonder of Gods creation, joy can be joy in anything, perhaps in the destruction of the world? What could be more stupid than to praise a mere euphoria consequent of any human action? Perhaps that is Gods sin, and that is enough? Joy in beauty was dead, sunsets had become gloriously fantastic in their coloration, epic hues, the canvas of life held dark secrets for the living, but the color that only the children wondered and marveled at, was the color of inevitable doom for their parents. For those who had left the cities, escaping the chaos, crime and filth, could still see the Universe with its vast emptiness and mystery, would have to go to the outer sites to the far limits of the wilderness. But only in the vanishing wilderness would the stars appear. Finally, it is here that my history has led me; I begin to write down what I feel are the beginnings of this secret that I wish known. It is in this story that my first clues have begun to emerge, and so I offer them to you, you who belong to the future. It must begin with the beginning of the story, from the first day and from the anecdotes of friends of my parents who survived the age of Crisis.

Enough: let this journal begin. I pursued my enquiries to the first person I felt would not object to my questions someone who has known me all my life and someone I know holds some great secret. For the man began his story at the edge of a lake, staring into its colorful glassy surface at dusk, the future was equally uncertain. This lone man was drawn towards the inner life, to

thoughts about the human race and indeed about the entire future of the species. For as knowledge was certainly the bright light of hope, it was for him also, the light that declared the darkness to come, and the light that had delivered him to this predicament. He knew, like millions of others, that without the solution to the Earths atmosphere, that darkness was certainly coming. Mike Farmer told me once, when I spoke with him about my parents, since he is cardinal to the beginnings of their odyssey. Here is his history of the events.

'On that particular occasion just before the catastrophe of your folks happened I was alone and I saw something fantastic, I will come to that. For me right then I saw the black cosmos with it's great crashing rocks of creation, and I was terrified. I strove industriously to find something that was tangible and real to me. All that I felt was cynicism and anger mixed with grief. My scientific personality disallowed me to obtain belief in God, though I had spoken to several priests over the years, hoping to find faith, but it was what I had always suspected: the living, feeding on the living. God was absent from human affairs, like he was at Auschwitz, and Buckenwald. Where was God? no doubt hiding in his sublime silence, or in the empty churches of man. If he was in the cosmos he must be somewhere in the red shift of time, or perhaps not in this universe but perhaps in another one. Perhaps he never existed, like the truth. I realized how desperately alone I was, and this was made all the more clearer by the certainty of becoming extinct. We should learn humility fast, but that was too late, we should hope for something really fantastic, like in a fairy story, which is not reality. I felt the indifference of time and nature; quietly I saw the hopelessness of my life and the future. Everyone knew what the future for the planet Earth was to come to. That, 'the Earth was failing rapidly as a place for man and woman to live on. It would be the algae and cyanophytes to go first so it seemed then, never to re oxygenate the planet. Life began in the sea and it seemed then that it would end in the sea, life would never begin again on Earth'. I remember a young woman telling me that once, funny how historically man is always warned by woman concerning the outcome of his deeds. This I felt was going to be the last warning. What an epic farce. What life was left in the sea, which was not very much, would invariably perish? Only humanity could pollute the oceans, I mean to say ask a God to do so and it would invariably fail. I remember this young woman as she sowed the words in my memory, 'We have eaten or killed all the fish and almost everything else in the sea. The Japanese, Portuguese, and Taiwanese have seen to that'. I thought about that as I gazed into the star filled night. This last ditch environmentalist was my

nemesis, as I sat having a coffee substitute concoction in an Ottawa cafe. She had been very sincere and young like me, I had believed her. She had stopped and spoken to me on other occasions. I felt, she might have had feelings more appropriate, perhaps tenderness, perhaps love, but her love was all for the planet. Besides love was a non word, unused by the young of two thousand and fifteen. Sex wasn't casual either; genetic scrutiny by the authorities was mandatory before coupling could begin. Aids had seen to that. Free love was popular anyway among gangs, in the twilight of extinction'.

In a medical journal dated two thousand ten I had read the headline, 'genetic mutation considered for future homo sapiens'. The article considered mutation of the human body to attempt, 'new adaptation to the changing planet'. Another showed the appalling statistics from the immune deficiency virus. My story teller was still obviously affected by these experiences, there was a certain unfinished quality about his story, as though he wanted to go back in time and right everything. My guest continued. 'This young woman who would stop regularly, to sit and talk to me about this 'raw data' of the world as she called it, everything was unverifiable; her lithe body slumped in her chair carelessly. Her close cropped hair and staring bulbous eyes, giving her an expression of impaled agony that haunted me after she had left. Her manner desperate, as though she was ready to rush out and tell the world something it feared, or didn't want to know, but mostly the anxiety of death hung everywhere about her. I was always left aching with hopelessness. She never stopped long anyway, just long enough to give me the list of the world's latest tragedies. Then I would feel the weight of the world fall upon me, but lift slightly after she had left. I spent little time feeling relaxed, when I came to the city. The city was confusing, full of distraught people with stupid fetishes and facile adherences, all in the name of art or freedom. Democracy had been done to death. I'm not a 'wiggler' though, my work took me to places far away from people; a place of peace, except for my thoughts. I change my locale, but reality follows me everywhere. Then it was Lake Flin Flon, Canada. My thoughts still persisted with this young woman, who I saw on my last leave from the project. She filled my ears with ideas that the young and idealistic were proposing, 'to use up there spare time', a little at a time, or; if one was really convinced of the current adherences, all at once. Meaning: a hell of a party followed by a suicide, usually group suicide, suicide was very cool. It was all subculture dogma to me, but occasionally she told me stories about poetry shouts, and large gatherings, like in the early time of 'the sixties' with 'love-ins' was to celebrate the end of the world with amazing subcultures with horrific initiation

ceremonies. I knew the face of fear when I saw it. But strangely I felt for this young girl, and wanted to comfort her, and no doubt to be comforted in my loneliness, I was very lonely then. It seemed human communication had become limited to only causes, and survival, most of the time people never really had a very active social life, apathy had replaced social mindedness. I still remember the suicide line that I had read from one of the neighborhood art's tabloid for the serious thinking adult. It was a unlimited numbers club, no prerequisites, except confirmed atheism. Appointed day of death decided by demising renewable hierarchy. 'Why die alone..?' read the upper case script on the newspaper. The board of directors was urgently laid out, as another sacrifice was made to the chapter. There were even public events of suicide for the real tough and ailing, 'to show people how easy it is', read the headline from the Boston Globe. 'How stupid', I thought, 'more sub cultures with nihilistic promise'? I hoped the young woman wouldn't join up. I looked forward to seeing her, on my trips back to the city; she would always appear, if I sat in the same place'. The old man lay bent over in his chair, thinking about what he had said. In the silence of my room I knew he was thinking of the girl, though he never used her name. I was sure he must have been thinking of her, his spirit seemed to sadden, then fade before he looked up again. 'What the world needed then was a great writer or poet, some one to re-address sanity. 'Oh Blake, you should be among us now!' I shouted to the dark skies. I thought perhaps someone would hear. Of course there was only the ineffable silence of the cosmos. Science was just going through a barren period. Sooner or later the emergency program on atmospherics would succeed. I could not really believe that mankind was going to perish. I gazed up to the evening stars once more through my ultraviolet protector, seeing that the Sun had gone down I mercifully lifted it. Placing a powerful set of binoculars to my eyes I turned to the stars which I love to gaze upon. When the rational certainty of sanity prevailed, then my senses could take over, making pleasure still possible for me Existence in a dying stinking ruined world was surely the greatest ignominy mankind could have bequeathed to his children. Then reality was something the thinker clung to. Through my binoculars I could see Saturn low in the eastern sky, although nothing was very clear because of atmospheric haze moving in from the roaring metropolis of Toronto, Montreal, and the large American cities further south. Even in the relative far north of Canada, the fifty third parallel, pollution was still thick and depressing. Nevertheless I found the experience of looking at the great planet elevating. If I couldn't be distracted from my black thoughts, I could at least gaze upon the fantastic beauty of the

creation and wonder to myself. Tonight especially, Saturn was marvelous without the problems of the world. But somehow beauty is always marred by the price of life, and as I looked at Saturn I thought of the opportunity that mankind had missed a one in a million chance at something worth while to have been a part of. 'Organization perhaps', I thought, 'may be the undoing of us all'. My moods tended to swing violently in those days, I really knew deep down inside, that I faced the future without their being a future, moving daily towards oblivion. 'Mankind is a stupid thing, when the whole place is down the chute, then the dogs will come', I remembered thinking. I possessed doubts in my rationalized faith of science.

'In the view finder of my binoculars I could see the oscillating shape of Saturn shimmering majestically in the tide of space. Though my glasses were not powerful enough to see the light filled rings of the planet, I could see the round golden red orb as it was since the beginning of the solar system. Suddenly a sharp piercing finger of light broke through the glasses catching my eyes, temporarily blinding me. Before I could look back to see what it was I instinctively rubbed my eyes, quickly I gazed once more into the sky and saw the last details of what looked like a bright spherical blue shape traversing the distant horizon, moving very fast, descending rapidly towards the Earth. Quickly it had plummeted out of sight into the distant silence of the night. I felt sure that I heard a sound, though faint, like a large body being swallowed up rapidly by the body of water that I stood on the edge of. With the new experience still fresh in my mind I wondered, 'This must have been a shooting star, some ancient battle-scarred piece of chondrite making it's final pitch towards an ending'. I had other thoughts, 'the color of the object wasn't right, it was large, low in altitude'. I was still dazed by the experience; it came suddenly, wrenching me from my thoughts. Although possessing no real knowledge of astronomy, I knew that the bright luminescent blue color of the phenomenon wasn't consistent with most sightings. I had heard about meteorites, or shooting stars, and crackpot delusions about U.F.O sightings that had become popular in the last ten years. But I wasn't taken in by these assertions. Meteorites were usually red in color like Mars. Asteroids are so far out in space usually, they would never give such a good show like I had experienced. My specialization was Limnology, the study of large bodies of fresh water. The noise the object made far away, some four kilometers at the end of the lake, sure sounded like it had come down though. Something wasn't what it appeared to be. Through the recollection of memory, I considered the least of my options, a U.F.O. But I hesitated about that kind of speculation; there were enough crackpot sightings for

my likening. I would notify the authorities; see if they could find something, then dismissed the event. Turning to the 'Centen' auto-craft, I climbed inside through the Gull wing doorway. My attention briefly taken up by the bony face of the full moon, that had now come up from the other side of the world to join in the diurnal procession of the constellations of rock. I wasn't a paranoid individual then, but briefly I felt that the planets and stars were laughing at me, and feelings weren't to be trusted back then. Speaking into the silence of the vehicle's cab I said to the computer, 'Mary, let's get out of here'. In the distance, the hollow call of the loon echoing my departure, never could really like their call. The onboard computer responded in soporific tones. I told it to go back to base. The auto pilot of the vehicle switched on the beam, and began to plot our way through the bush. I had been sent by the department of Natural resources of the Government of Canada to investigate the waters of Lake Flin Flon. A large natural resource was falling prey to the corporations. The program I was finishing up on, was 'environmental', the last consideration on the agenda in the Canadian capitol for this particular project. Most people had left Manitoba during the droughts of the late nineties. The Indians had stayed; they could still make a living from the land. Winnipeg still offered refuge, but the rural towns had all but fallen prey to agribusiness, and the climate. This made the pipeline easier to get approval, since there was very little opposition from local residents, and Indian treaties that had been made could easily be broken. Water resources were a very important issue. Lofty idealism gave way to more pragmatic reasoning, and desperate measures. My report had little impact on the political will of the powers of the day, in the event that its conclusions may prove unsuitable to proceed. Security was a 'ten'; I had not informed any of the local bands of Indians about what I was doing there. Some had come to watch as Miles Webb, and I were taking the sonar refraction surveys on the lake. But neither of us had the authority to mention the pipeline. This was only a preliminary study, nothing written in stone, so no need to tell the Indians. Later, when was more certainty, then they could be told, so as to no doubt, argue against it. The politicians debated the affair, to show the democratic spirit. The U.S. Congress was powerful will of God as well. Human demand, the most powerful will of God, would always win over the faint of heart or forgotten. The Canadian Senate may or may not have made a stall against the current policy makers, who would undoubtedly load the necessary side to do its bidding. Canadians were still sensitive towards their water resources, and unlike their previous generations, they were not very happy about sharing this precious resource even if it did look like the global village was

doomed. But final decree in the Canadian Senate was almost certainly guaranteed, and Congress, would announce the decision regarding the project, as being voted favorably upon. This was such a pipeline, that nothing could prevent this works; except the hand of the almighty, from being cancelled. Mike knew this; he knew it was important enough to ensure that the water was safe from any harmful intoxicants. I also knew that the Department was in a hurry to conclude the study that we were undertaking, and right now the research had uncovered something that would require more curiosity. It didn't pay to be too curious'. Inside my auto craft, I could see on the monitor screen, the three dimensional seismic co-ordinates for the near bottom of the lake. It was moving between default zero; zero, in a roughly staggered circle that was almost centrally positioned in the overall body of water. This clearly indicated at zero factor, a large crater, It had a bottom somewhere inside the limits that had been set for the diameter of the Earth which was, and will remain, eight thousand miles. I thought it might twist around inside the Earth's mantle like some great excavation. I remember then how ridiculous my imagination was. Staying sane was hard work. The computer relief indicated a crater of considerable size. Everything I had used on the seismic scales had shown the same readings along the perimeter, no undulations in the lakes floor. A satellite scan in infrared had indicated a large deep blue crater to the centre of the lake. I had no data in the technical report, due to this bottomless crater. Several columns of empty megabytes of information were missing in the analysis. I had lots of data suggesting that the water from the lake wasn't really suitable for the billion dollar project that the politicians in Ottawa and Washington had in mind. I had read a lot of previous reports that had come out regarding other aspects of the study, 'The problem with Silting Effects' were lying on the second command chair next to me. I had recently programmed the data into the computer. There were aspects of the idea that would work, if we could determine where the lakes water flow was coming from apart from the known tributaries. There was a great deal of data on the pattern, of the lakes tidal activity that indicated a large natural spring, may have been issuing from the crater but nothing to ratify the assumption. Models had been made, but nothing seemed conclusive, except the silting report said the pipeline would have to be scrubbed every two years, due to build up of silts. Always in the centre of the lake small to large gushers were showing water flowing in, but from where? This fact alone baffled me, I was reminded that the data on the computer still had large blanks with no answers; I entered in the SURFTAB1, for the geomorphic evidence. The monitor etched out the isometric relief of the lakes floor. The

ragged undulation, torn, crumpled since the beginning of the world. With the hole lying north west from the centre, moving slowly over its surface, I could see the geophysical characteristics, of each curve of the lakes floor. The image on the monitor circumnavigating the edge the contour lines from the relief undulating on the screen. I could see the entire object in the negative so to speak since every statistical record for the hole showed zero data on the side of the drawing. At the edge of the hole the equipment we had used, gave a zero reading, due to the incalculable depth of the fissure. The sonar failed utterly to bounce back. Several large faults also ran out from the strata. They had provided some information, leaving the screen of the computer to read, 'No data available for these co-ordinates, measurement of seismic depths beyond technical capacity'. I tried another function on the computer, hoping to compare two sets of co-ordinates. I knew the data was incomplete; I wanted to see if there was some way around the problem. The screen illustrated the entire floor of the lake, once more, with the hole sitting high to the right from centre. The depth of the area surrounding the hole registered eighty six point eight fathoms, as the cursor on the screen moved from one position to another surrounding the crater, the figures grew and shrank correspondingly. I looked again at the great gap in the lakes floor. I stared in silence into the chasm of electronic emptiness; I had no way of understanding it. 'Body of water, in total for the entire content of project Fast/Flow 20015, 685,000,000 cubic hectares of water coming into main body of water daily, source unknown.' A large volume of water was pouring into the lake at the rate of several thousand cubic hectares per day, yet nothing in all the surveys that had been undertaken over the last several years had turned up its source. Samples had been taken, indicating the water was relatively clean, but there was no evidence to support the fact that it had once been glaciated which caused problems since the water had to have a source point it must have been flowing rather than static as in an ice field, or coming from some water table somewhere. It would be nice if the large hole that appeared from the seismic surveys was not there, like the flashing object that I had just seen, it would make my job a great deal easier. I was getting tired of mystery, I needed to know specifics, the specific information that I required was not available to me due to slight technical difficulties, to say the least. I had thought these problems over for the last three days, every time I was drawn to the same conclusion. The project needed final confirmation of the source flow of water at the bottom of the lake, which meant a descent down the underwater hole. As the on-board computer geared down to make the ascent of a small ridge, Mary the computer told me we were almost at Base camp,

was there anything else that I required?. I ignored the machine's question. The computer asked me the same question again. I remember feeling irritable saying something emotional like, 'No Mary I damn well don't, shut it down. Then realizing how absurd it was to be angry with a machine. The computer turned off the engine, switched on the interior lights and opened the gull wing doors of the vehicle, letting the cool winds blow in from the west. My attention was still wrapped up in the information that was scrolling across the computer monitor. As the gusting winds blew into the cabin, I realized that the wind wasn't that warm, so I instructed the computer, 'Close it up, eh Mary! I'm freezing my arse off', or something, I told the damn thing. As the doors of the vehicle began to close a voice came out through the darkness toward me. Of course I knew who it was, Miles Webb, he shouted something to the effect saying he was coming through into the vehicle. As the door opened up from a half-closed position, he climbed in, greeting me with his usual demand for consideration, 'No need to be anti-social old boy', he said in his English didactic fashion. I was apathetic didn't lift my eyes from the screen of the computer; I didn't know he was there. He wanted to know what I was doing, I told him, adding that it didn't make sense. 'That's because we don't have all the facts', he said condescendingly again, he sat next to me, and gazed bleary-eyed into the monitor. 'The tide flow charts show two bodies of water converging at one single point'. Miles pointed towards two sections of strata that converged at the centre of the screen. 'Taking into account the new seismic data that we took in over the last three days, do you think there could be underwater springs..., feeding the lake?' I asked him. Miles looked incredulously at me in silence, I continued undaunted. On the monitor the crater reappeared. This was the problem, how in hell's name could we determine anything about the lake, if we didn't know its size, or characteristics? The circular flow of water moved in two directions. This place that I was pointing to on the screen seemed to be where the two currents came together. All the disturbances that we measured were in this crater where the emissions were occurring. It was just that we couldn't seem to get to the bottom of this crater, to find out if there really is some deep water spring feeding the lake, or something else. The 'something else', was referring to industrial pollution after all there were several large pulp mills in the area. Nothing could be releasing that amount of water. Sampling the waters had proved impossible due to extraordinary depths, and what samples had been done had shown nothing but moderate dioxins, chromium's, and other acceptable pollutants. 'There doesn't seem to be anything problematical with the results that we have been getting', added Miles authoritatively. 'We don't know

for sure, I said. We don't know period', I remember interjecting rather enthusiastically; 'until we get inside this hole and get something confirmed to base the report on, I may not be able to sign the report'. I remember this because Miles stared at me, menacingly disapproving of my remark. It was all too sketchy this project, a sham, that's what I called it. Then Miles tried being wise. 'This stuff has to go back to the lab in Ottawa. Then, and only then can we get something different as a picture'. I listened like a man under sedation, not responding to Mile's idea of getting back to the lab before drawing any conclusions. I wasn't convinced, we still couldn't tell what this bloody great hole was, or how in hell's name we could determine source points for water flow if we couldn't read the entire picture?, I mean to say this wasn't some pin prick. I punched in more co-ordinates onto the screen; again the size of the anomaly came up on the monitor, eleven point three kilometers wide, and eighteen point six kilometers long. 'That is some hole and we don't know its depth', I told him, 'anything could be down there, so tell me, unless we get down there with the equipment, science isn't going to know is it..?'. He said something about already over budget, I knew why. 'I mean to say, why is everything that is so important always under funded...?' My tone was sarcastic and Miles didn't particularly like the way I was becoming personal about the project. 'I think you need to get away from this project for a while', he offered in solace to me. 'After all the report to the government still had some time left before it had to be submitted. But Miles' conciliatory remarks didn't make much of an impression on me; I hadn't even listened to him. I was busy running up new data on the monitor. Once more the great channel came up with its isometric details. I told him that the two points of the tidal flow must be where most of the disturbance occurs, through the lake floor in the depths of the hole. Miles interrupted me, 'That's not really important is it.., right now, I'm bagged from this trip Mike, let's give it a break until were in Ottawa, eh man?' He really didn't seem all that interested in knowing at the time, it pissed me off, I remember clearly my response. 'Then how can we say in the report that the water supply will be free from contamination, better still, how can we guarantee that there is always going to be a supply for all those people in New York, Toronto, Boston?' My question prodded Miles to see how important it was for him to discover what the source of the disturbance could be. He breathed a sigh of despair into the cabin. He finally compromised adding something like, 'I see your point, but what can we do about it now?'

I told him about the Vancouver submersibles, I was hoping we could get the Department to let us go down there, give us one of

their machines, have a look, re-sense the whole area, big as it was. My voice rose with excitement, Miles laughed derisively again, he didn't think it was such a good idea, besides where would the money come from? We were already running over budget on this project. That was nothing unusual for the Government. I felt that finally after several months of hard work, he might have felt it was worth looking closer at the mystery. I reiterated my position; I felt that the main thing was to take a look down there to be sure what is going on. I said that the report wouldn't be scientifically accurate, there was a professional responsibility, and then I corrected myself, 'truthful'. I was only asking him to get me down there, I wasn't interested in having him come along you see.' Miles rubbed his face, thinking hard, his face turned serious, he thought it through. Finally he muttered something about a recommendation when we get back to Ottawa, wanting to know what the reason would be for the request. Trouble with civil servants, they are unable to see the gravity of their own truths. I told him the facts, there was no way in the world the study would be complete unless we found out what in hell's name is down there. I continued my reasoning, we didn't know the flow source of this tidal entry into the lake, and we couldn't guarantee that contaminants won't get, or already are in the water supply, a very important piece of information wouldn't you say...? Besides: there was another reason to determine source flow of the lake. I wouldn't be satisfied until I knew. I was not one of your Ottawa mandarins of the scientific branch who condoned reports without really scrutinizing the evidence, like at the Niagara Basin. How many people died due to that little oversight? I told Miles, he didn't like me for mentioning it. He remembered the incident alright. Several thousand people had died due to contamination of drinking water a few years earlier because of scientific oversights. Many heads had rolled for that one. It was never really revealed what happened or who could be responsible, despite a royal commission. The scientific community world-wide was realizing, that as world population and general over demand for fresh water became greater, areas of responsibility had broke down, due to too many complexities affecting each other. Too many source points from industry, human waste and effluent, lead to an irresolvable condition that could only be determined as coming from all of these sources. Clearly the human condition had begun to break down into more unspecific generalities, making all forms of environmental control almost impossible. Miles looked towards the screen into the crater. 'I'll see what I can do,' was all he said possibly assuring me, but I didn't really believe him and in an absent-minded manner, I continued to scroll the information on the monitor again. He moved out towards the door,

ordering the on-board computer to open up, leaving me paginating through the text of the data when he turned back towards me to play boss and admonish me for working. I didn't turn away from the screen of the computer, something that suggested another mystery lay buried somewhere in the back of my mind. 'There is something else that I find baffling.' Calling out to him I stopped to watch for Miles response which was a short ejected 'yes'. I continued telling him about the luminous shape I had seen earlier. His usual dismissing tell-tale position smashed what little hope I could have of convincing him of the phenomenon. 'It was probably a shooting star; there are a lot of them this time of the year.' An answer that I had almost expected, but I knew what I saw, so I supported my own idea, 'It wasn't a shooting star; I thought about that, it was something else, something really different. It fell into the centre of the lake I heard the sound of it landing'. 'Something different was it, any theories...?', said Miles sarcastically, 'you'll no doubt want to have a look at that mysterious object if you get down there as well I suppose...?' I remember him saying as if it was yesterday. Miles wasn't the easiest person to move into believe of strange phenomena like I had experienced, in fact he was down right boring and a man of the book when it bears analysis, which it doesn't. I wasn't very happy with his response so I just added; as he slid out of the auto craft, 'I know it wasn't a shooting star'. But he had already disappeared back into the night towards his tent, shouting back to me. 'Then I suppose it must have been a U.F.O.'. His laughter, echoed, back, leaving me hungrily paginating through the mystery of the lake's life flow. I knew I was on shaky ground over this apparition, Miles was the last person I could confide in over these phenomenon, so over time it left my mind, though not entirely. My report of the incident to the authorities was received with the usual mirth and contempt, as to be expected, God knows there was a lot of this material floating around then. I knew what I had seen; I knew it wasn't what the general populace wanted to believe in. I had never encountered anything like it in my entire life, so naturally I was subject to the usual doubts and skepticism. All this didn't make any difference, I began to have dreams about dark events beginning to emerge from it, I knew I had to discover what presumably lay at the bottom of the lake. I am alone with his story, the details replaying the disc, hoping there was some detail that would offer some correlation to other facts.

Lunar Depression

The Moon, Mike had seen that night, that same Moon influencing people since the beginning of the first dawn, the Moon with all its romantic visions and promises of Diana and ancient Tree Law was not the same Moon once contemplated in sonnets and mythology. Neither was it the same Moon that was walked upon since that day in nineteen sixty nine. Now a new Moon held sway. The universe had changed its cloak, its shape and color. Objects change with human perception and knowledge, now the Moon held sway to only scientific mysteries, the age of romance was dead. New problems that threatened the future of the entire species on Earth made it necessary to reduce everything to solutions, rather than paradox and allegory. In an attempt to place physics on a monumental path, to reverse the carbon cycle that was devastating the Earth, science had engaged earth's companion for knowledge. The Moon Station Nova 2010 was completed by the International Space Congress in the year of its name. Here on the Moon, humanity had launched one of its most ambitious projects, to create large atmospheric environments to sustain life indefinitely. New theories concerned with quantum mechanics, had given mankind new possibilities to explore, and apply this knowledge to specific problems. Unfortunately this theory applied to Moon atmospherics only, which enabled humanity to recycle carbon molecules back into life-sustaining oxygen. The whole process is basically simple, if I may be allowed to digress. A carbon nucleus consists of six protons and six neutrons synthesized from three helium nuclei. Unstable beryllium atoms; containing by chance the right energy levels to the power of ten, and two helium nuclei forming beryllium, also having the same energy levels are able to combine together, to make oxygen. The strange thing about the creation of oxygen, making life as we know it, is that by pure chance alone the energy levels in the particles are just right. If this energy level was different, oxygen couldn't be formed in the Universe. The amount of Oxygen in the universe is directly related to the amount of carbon in the universe, for if there was less carbon then there would be less oxygen. The Moon of course has an unlimited supply of carbon, making the availability of the raw fuel unlimited. The reversing of carbon and helium nuclei into oxygen was a complete success and colonization of the Moon became possible. Now, five years later, the station was being deployed to find the answer, or part of the answer, to the atmospheric problems that existed on Earth. Science had known for several

decades that the origin of life on Earth had only become possible on land, after the clever ancestors of all life, simple cyanophytes living in the sea, had released oxygen through photo-synthesis making an oxygen atmosphere. That required a simple co-incidence in the electron voltage of the atomic particles of the carbon, beryllium, and hydrogen, quite a co-incidence. Man, was taking the Earth's atmosphere back to pre-life conditions after three centuries, by dumping thousands of tons of carbon, methane, and other life-threatening substances into the once oxygen rich air, and generally acting indifferently to his back yard. Scientists had known about the problem since the early sixties of the last millennium. People called 'flower children' had rebelled against the 'plastic' world that they had woken up to. But despite their strong protests, no one had listened. It took over thirty years before political will forced international co-operation to deal with the damage, even then there was a slow approach that wasted another valuable fifteen years. The irreversible effects of the industrial revolution; that had been bestowed upon the people of the Earth, could not be halted. And like the dark age of the cold war, when everyone, who took tomorrow for granted the cold existential reality that all life could be expunged at will, with a single bomb. The cold war had been over for nearly twenty five years, and fear of nuclear annihilation with it, but the darkness; that is always there to threaten life, had cloaked itself once more, and the end of the world was about to write itself into human history, in a new and more terrifying way. This is the story my grandmother told me when I was young, I wanted to know everything about my parents, who they really were, what happened to them? This time I wanted to know the subtle details I had missed. It is with some nostalgia that I find myself thrown back into that time as I listen once more to her voice of the disc recordings that I made all those years ago, for it is listening to the dead that perhaps we learn the mistakes of our past. My grandmother has been gone now for some years. Surely missed for her courage and contribution to humanity, my sadness regarding her death, and the struggle I have to recall her for this journal has already filled my heart with sadness and grief, because if there was one thing in this creation we must conquer it must surely be death! Here for the record is her story.

'I was attempting once again to tell your parents about our work on the Moon. They had a few minutes left before they would be called for embarking on their return trip to the Earth. Your Father had asked, perhaps persuaded me to return to the main complex of the station to refresh him with the principles that were at work on the Graviton deep inside the core of the Moon. In fact it was the only place that we could make the process work,

which had proven to be more than a scientific reality, it also prevented the specialized science to be applied to the Earth. A lot of problems were coming from this unfortunate anomaly. A lot of people were suffering and dying continually on the blue planet that spun in the blackness of space beyond the windows of my laboratory. There wasn't a day that passed that I didn't look out across the Lunar Mare and think about this, believe me Gabriel I was worried, I was down right concerned about the future, and I was although not realizing it anxious and frantic in my emotional state of anticipation to discover the solution to the di-proton synthesis puzzle. I remember, we had all stopped and looked in fascination, as was it's effect on everyone who saw it. The huge silver ball the size of the dome of St Paul's, rotating very slowly. We were standing on a gantry system that wrapped itself around the entire metal sphere that was itself sixty percent, sunken into the floor and shielded on all sides by large plates of steel, so we could not look directly into the chamber because of radiation shielding. The machine had large nuclear magnets that could draw the gravity waves from the surrounding planets. Those nuclear magnets can also draw the organs from out of the human body, such is their power. In the cold blue light of the chamber the children could see that the rotating ball, gave off a powerful shield of energy, with a low humming sound, that made everything around it vibrate. Liana wanted to know how they got the ball to the Moon. I remember being amused at my daughter's question. She showed great insight into physical difficulties, but was almost impractical herself in most simple applications. Not that she couldn't do anything -properly, it was more of a kind of youthful apathy that prevented her from action, perhaps it was a malady of her time You see they needed the Graviton here first because of the oxygen that it produced, and also the gravity that is concentrated by it. It was used there, and still is, so that you can walk around without floating off into things. The ball was brought here by one of the Moon liners, probably the one that your parents went back to the Earth in. Liana seemed satisfied by the answer, so I continued with the tour of the facility. Your Father was his usual stoical self, silently absorbed in other things, absorbing everything around him, enthusiastically entered data into his electronic port-comp. I continued telling them about the installations we had seen during their tour of the station. The experiment had to deploy huge nuclear magnets that could draw enough gravity waves from the surrounding planets to make the experiment work. You see the experiment couldn't happen on Earth because of its gravitational influence upon the Graviton, where as here on the Moon, gravity is a minor affair making this all possible. I remember Liana looked up at me, listening to every

word. She was a master at sustaining an impression of interest, she was really quite tired and obviously bored by the last few hours we would have together. I thought there was something else on her mind. I was right it turned out there was something she would have preferred to talk about. They had been chosen as the first children from Earth to visit the Moon station since the inception of the experiment some eight months earlier. Now as emissaries for the children of Earth, they were concluding the remains of their tour. 'I thought that gravity waves couldn't exist?' Asked Marcus. Liana yawned as she saw me close my electronic dossier, seeing that she was tired after the extensive lecture I decided to cut things short, I told Marcus it was once true that for science gravity waves didn't exist they were merely mathematical probabilities, like anti-matter, since Dr Hawkins' new theories; based upon Heisenberg's uncertainty principles, fully applied by Paulii, and the exclusion principle, no one thought they did. Marcus rhetorically summarized for everyone, saying 'the main purpose of the experiment is to see if we can apply the Graviton principle to Earth and remake the atmosphere before we all die in a great kind of Armageddon?' I confirmed your Father's untimely altruism. 'This was the most important development in the entire history of the human species, we had to find the answer', I told them hopefully. 'But can it work on the Earth, I mean, how many variables are there possible...., if any....?' asked Liana. I felt concern for my daughter. Her face was tired from the strain of the project; everyone was getting tired from the project. I had, however, the consolation that my daughter had been smart enough to win the trip to the Moon. The fact we were related was merely a co-incidence. Most importantly I was able to see Liana for those few days was a real break from the stress of the project. The chance of us finding the answer, was probably quite good, the phase eighteen of the linear graviton experiment looked at the time to be the answer. Of course it wasn't, and the chances were very slim in those days. My motto was always, 'Suffice unto the day and so forth'. When I said this out loud both your parents seemed pleased, for me, it seemed at the time to be all there was left to say. Liana remarked about hearing Shakespeare on the Moon, with a laughing chortle in her voice. Everyone cheered up a little by the experience of a great person's world there on the Moon even if it was only in words. Why not, Shakespeare was influenced a great deal by the Moon. He should have been there, after all tragedy was his forte. Marcus still wanted to pursue more pragmatic items on the agenda. He wanted to know what happens when the eighteenth linear experiment fails, does that mean the experiment won't work on the Earth, because of the Earth's own gravity. It's not possible to utilize gravity from the surrounding

planets like we did on the Moon. Yet gravity waves were assumed to be essential in the process. I feared this question mainly because it had kept me awake many times during the lunar night. It was something I had tried to equate and understand; now after several attempts to create oxygen without the graviton, I was seriously having doubts about the experiment. I felt that my face seemed to tell the two children everything, although I tried to hide the unpleasantness that I felt about Marcus's question. With difficulty I relented and spoke about what was on everyone mind, something I was never very good at. 'Please try to understand', I feebly imputed, 'that the experiments have not been a total failure. We also have work from the space station Zond two on Mars, and the Jupiter mission to sample atmospherics. I can't see us failing when so much effort is being applied to the singular problem, we have to succeed'. I repeat it now what I said to prove to myself that it was a weak argument for such colossal problems. I always thought it sounded weak then, it still does today. I switched the subject because it was almost time for the children to leave for the journey back to Earth. I didn't want any unpleasant thoughts coming up, I thought it would be better that way. They had requested one last look at the graviton. There was still a little time left to see the new experimental station again if they liked', I added jokingly. Liana thought we had a great deal of information already, 'how much more was there to know?'

Before I could smooth out the wrinkle, Marcus had quickly interjected. 'There is so much that we don't know, that's the point isn't it Dr Rand?' I feared the black cloud coming back into the conversation again, so I posed emotionally neutral. 'Yes there is so much yet that we don't know, there is still lots of time, you can't be expected to have it all in the twinkle of an eye', I said trying to appeal to their fading childhood sense of reality. I placed my arms around the two children and escorted them down through one of the main concourses. Liana was looking out to the Earth that was coming up once more over the high-walled crater Eratosthenes. This location for the lunar station had been chosen because of its unique radioactive source coming from its interior, and a strong magnetic field, probably coming from the volcanic interior. This had proved useful for fueling the nuclear reactor of the station. There was the added bonus of the location giving the space station the correct sized craters that could be sealed and domed for habitation. Eratosthenes had four such craters to the north of it. The large Crater Copernicus lying to the south east, and the Sinus Aestrum lying to the south west, a large section of flat dusty mare stretching out until it reaches the Monte Apenninus. Through the monochromatic glass of station Nova, Liana could see the weather patterns of the Earth crossing over

the Atlantic towards Africa and the Middle East. There off the African west coast, coming in from the mid Atlantic was a huge anticyclone of menacing cloud, poised, ready to hit the coast in about two days with devastating consequences, when it had gathered sufficient momentum. We could all see, looking north on the blue globe, of the south eastern U.S. coast, a hurricane was breezing past the remains of Cuba. This island nation reduced by the oncoming waves and Florida, whittled down, now a mere nubbin of land, compared to its former self. I knew that Liana felt a depressed of what was happening on Earth. Further east, she could see that the entire region of Bangladesh had become blue, rather than a brownie color. Indicating that the rising levels of the sea had swallowed up most of the low lying areas, I felt the need to distract her if I could. 'Well...!' I asked, 'did you enjoy yourself?' Liana was undistracted from her view of future worldly horrors, told me she did, she wanted to know why it made you so sleepy on the Moon, I was looking at the back of my daughter's head, and we were still walking along one of the moonlit corridors. So I hugged her, with my solitary arm on her shoulder. I told her it didn't affect everyone. We thought it has something to do with synchronization in the human body, the effects of being in space, or away from the Earth, but we were miles off the truth. I moved the subject with a question at Marcus, 'You didn't sleep much Marcus..?'

'That's because I'm not Liana,' said Marcus, the two children looked at each other a little contemptuously. 'Glad to be going home?' 'I asked Marcus, sympathetically. Marcus's answer was resolute in its inflection. 'I guess so, back to all the Earthly powers and problems'. I'll never forget that line. 'It's not that bad surely?' I asked, but Liana was unable to hide her anxiety. Almost breaking down, she asked the question that had been on her mind since she had asked me earlier. I had been expecting it all day. The party halted, as Liana looked up into my eyes. 'Mother, please, can't I stay here with you on the Moon..?' I was deeply moved by her imploring tone, there was a deep rooted fear in her voice. My answer was regrettably the same as before, but much harder to say this time. I had already told her it was impossible. You see the station was only equipped for the staff and visitors. It couldn't handle all the children of the science team and crew, and there couldn't be any exceptions, I'm sorry darling'. Liana turned her head back to the vision of the Earth, the same fortune of hell looked back at her from the west coast of Africa. I felt as though I had let her down, probably one of the worst times that we had been together. You know Gabriel; I have never forgiven myself for leaving her that lunar day. I never realized what danger she would be in. In silence we walked on. Now as

we all turned from the corridor into the main concourse area, they were confronted by a small throng of moon team members. I remember we all sat at a small arrangement of modern Bonacelli chairs looking out over the top of the 0crater towards a strip of tarmac. From here the landscape was fantastic. The crater Eratosthenes lying to the south of them surrounded by the dusty Mare. We could see the new construction in one of the other crater to the west of us, and to the north the domed crater of the main communications system. Despite the view, I knew that Liana couldn't help thinking about returning to Earth, in all that it entailed for better or worse. Below us, tied up to the domed station lay the Moon shuttle, preparing for its exit. Further above us in space we could see the great hull of the Moon liner looming in the pale reflection of the Moon's light; ready to take the children back to the Earth. No one spoke; I just watched Marcus looking at the round dome shaped moon-shuttle, outside on the landing strip. I remember thinking how mature he was for a young boy, almost reaching manhood. It was Liana who broke the silence with her anxiety. Your Mother was anxious; she spoke about, 'all kinds of people when they got back to the Earth, reporters and interviewers. It was obvious she was not looking forward to it. I remember a time when I had just completed work on the Amazon rain forests. Because of my work on reforestation the jungles of South America were now in a partial recovery, slow though it was. Large debts had been cancelled by the I.M.F, allowing third world countries to set up alternative economies and energy programs in exchange for the 'carbon tokens' they were busily being swallowed up by the industrialized west. I remembered that the press was eager to use me for their mercenary purposes. In the end, despite my protests to myself, I had felt used and misquoted. I told them both, 'I know', 'that's the price we all pay for advantages that you have had. After all, you're both quite famous now and the world needs to know what you saw. Think of the other children', my voice had taken on an imploring tone, mostly because I wished for a happy ending to the tour. Liana saw my anxiety at my realization that I wouldn't be there to help. I think she must have felt selfish and guilty, for she conceded her objection, moving closer to me. I felt the motherly need to offer her something to think about. Feebly my lips uttered words like, 'Remember I'm always be with you, no matter how hard it gets, I will always love you despite what happens to us all. We must stay together even if in the end, it's the only thing that we have'. I remember feeling ineffective at the time although I felt Liana seemed to think it was comforting. It was then that Marcus looked across at me; he had stopped gazing at the Shuttle when he heard me tell Liana not to worry, and Marcus spoke my

greatest fears. 'You know Dr Rand; things are pretty bad on Earth. There was a huge tornado before we came to outer space, it tore up the entire Kansas plain, ripped out huge sections of farmland, and in New York the harbor rose thirty six inches in less than three months this summer. It's getting so bad that things are happening so fast that no one can predict what will happen next, what do think the very worst will be like Dr Rand..?' It seemed that Marcus had been doing his own worrying about going home. This was proving to be the hardest part of the visit for me; they say that parting is hard. It was then, especially. 'If it comes to that...! Perhaps this is the worst, it may be all we are going to be put through', I offered in protestation. I knew that my explanation was inadequate, since neither child appeared to think I was right. Naturally in the silence I felt urged to offer something that not even I had thought about; so naturally I stammered imaginative hypothesis hoping to avoid the question. 'I don't think this predicament will mean the end to everything. So perhaps it's best if we don't speculate, what I'm saying is we don't know for sure that it's going to be all over for us'. Then accusingly she asked, 'do you really believe that mother?' Liana was offensive in her voice; she obviously thought the end of the world was inevitable. I didn't want us to part on such depressing terms, it was best if we avoided the big picture at that juncture in time. I knew the world had undergone profound change, so I felt slightly hypocritical by the question. 'Well I remembered when the Florida coastline disappeared. When I went to bed, the coastline was barely visible from the Moon station. Less than twelve hours later, the entire coast line of Eastern Florida had almost given way to the Atlantic Ocean. So I know the world is changing quickly'. Marcus had been almost breaking with his next question, 'So you do see the world is getting worse and worse...?' It was hopeless to convince them of anything else, other than what was really nagging me at the back of my mind. 'Yes..., I suppose things are getting worse', I had to admit, 'what I'm trying to tell you is perhaps this is as bad as it gets'. Liana had hoped I would be able to offer something more substantial other than a mere opinion, quickly she added with haste, 'It is getting worse, it won't stop, the Earth will gradually get hotter and hotter, everything is going to die of radiation...!' I couldn't really defend a contrary position about what she said, so I just added. 'Yes I guess it will, if we don't find the solution. Mercifully the television monitors in the lounge, flashed a special news feature; ending I thought our conversation. The broadcast was about more strange sightings of U.F.O.'. It seemed that the dilemma was unavoidably every where the raw truth about Earth prodded me, I never felt so hopeless in all of my life. 'Sightings of U.F.O across the U.S, tonight', several

thousand people saw it, it hovered in the evening air over Sydney Australia before disappearing over the Pacific Ocean'. I remember the descriptions were a large shining disc like object, gold in color. Other reports as far away as India, and Valparaiso had the same description. The whole world had become shocked about the news. The program ended with several good seconds of the disc shaped vision, shot by a news team coming back from finishing a news report on skin cancer. After the monitors had returned to normal programming we all sat quietly for a few seconds. The evidence had been quite alarming; it was Liana who asked, 'Are they coming because it's the end of the world..?' Again I didn't know what to say to her, in my silence it was Marcus who offered something more normal and realistic. 'More crack pots', said Marcus, sarcastically resigned. 'Don't you think they could exist...?' asked Liana. Marcus rose to the challenge of his assertion, 'there's too many crackpots out there Dr Rand..., I'm sorry. I can't help thinking it's just what's happening everywhere'. The air was loaded with the earthly problems again; frantically I realized how uncomfortable Liana was when she or Marcus talked about it. Obviously I was Ann concerned for the children, so I tried to end the conversation with, 'Let's not talk about it anymore, we don't have much time left to be together'. Liana sat silently watching the weather screen. She came around at the touch of my hand, looking into my face and Marcus, 'It's the visual apparition of prayer, all those people are hoping for someone to save us from the...', but Liana was stuck for words. 'They hope...., mother, they pray that something will save them...., and they see what they pray for, they create what they hope for through hysteria, religiously they pray for the vision'. She was quite frantic when she said this, before falling back into silence. I knew what my daughter was saying, wishing perhaps, she too could see things that would lead her to believe in something more to cope with the worldly problems. The universe was too important not to have something running it. I never thought my daughter would understand such complexities, being so young. I briefly reflected on how much Liana had grown up since I last saw her, how time flies. I felt guilty again about leaving her on the Earth alone but what could I do? I couldn't abandon the project, it was the last hope that the children had anyway. It was for more than just the hopes of children that I held in my work. It was the hopes and aspirations of the entire planet. Everyone was watching and waiting with baited breath back on Earth, for the solution to the atmospheric tests. It was a terrible responsibility. People need something right then to believe and hide in. I tried to get them to understand it may be that what they see does come to represent what we can't explain away. Perceptions are everything.

Liana was quick to press her views further at her me, 'If you think there is something out there running the universe then why doesn't it come down here and do something about the mess were in? Marcus interrupted her absent mindedly saying with indifference, 'something to do with free will isn't it..? Liana stopped briefly at the remark before turning back to me, 'I don't think there is something out there Mother, there is nothing out there'. I was taken back to say the least, I had never heard her explain with so much emotion her atheism. I turned to Marcus to see if he could lighten the mood of the conversation. 'What do you think Marcus, is there some thing running the universe...?' Marcus was slow to respond mainly because he had been looking out across the mare towards the Shuttle. 'Well to begin with I don't subscribe opinions about forces unless we can see, or observe them, as for God or somebody, well I really think the question is too big to be left for language alone, mathematics and quantum physics have some answers that describe the universe, perhaps that's God. I think the answer to your question Dr Rand lies somewhere in particle physics, the analysis and perception of time'. 'See ', said Liana vituperatively, 'he doesn't know, don't you believe in something like that mother?' I was getting into areas of thought that I didn't want to entertain at this juncture in the visit, soon it would be time to go and this situation merely opened up a can of worms rather than tying everything together as I had hoped. I guess I subscribe to some thing or power running the universe', I told her sharply. I knew that there was a great deal of unanswered questions, that were not easily solved, but surely there must be something that is running the stars,' I said betraying my scientific uncertainty. It didn't matter my daughter was eager to announce her confusion and anxiety once more. 'There are theories that tell us there are more than one universe, like a chaotic inflationary process where universes are made and die just like everything else, perhaps it is just cause and effect of matter, but there is even more problems since we have known about the virtual particle theory, now accepted as true'. Liana was impatient with everyone, she hastened her atheism into everyone ears. 'Particles that go in and out of existence, what about the singularity from Hawkins theories where the universe came from absolutely nothing at all! I knew that this conversation would have had to arrive sooner or later. Liana was no slouch at school she had mastered maths and physics and was enlarging her intellect at an astronomical rate. Marcus too, was no fool, perhaps a little conservative in his approach nevertheless he understood more than he was letting onto at this particular moment in time. I decided to nip the argument in the bud, my patience was running thin, it was not the way I wished to say goodbye to my daughter.

‘What we have to remember is what we are doing now, reaching too far ahead doesn’t get to the heart of the issue, it’s the way we appreciate things that count, I’m sorry I didn’t mean to get you involved in such a heated debate Liana...’. I was feeling sorry, angry, confused. Liana too was upset about everything, nothing would get her out of the mood that she now sat surrounded by. She had almost welcomed the conversation when it had begun, but now she saw the futility and the anxiety that it created thinking about such colossal items. I was right, it was the way we feel about things, and the value that we get from the simplest thing. I hadn’t quite finished trying to explain to the two children my position. Soon before they would be led away down the long tunnel towards the Shuttle, and I wouldn’t have them anymore. I tried one last apotheosis of words in the hope it would appease them partially. ‘Look I know we don’t have much time left so I will be brief, despite your personal needs, I want you to know that what we are doing here on the Moon is very important to a lot of other children, children who can’t understand as well as you can, so I ask both of you to understand that it doesn’t matter if God exists anymore, remember Occum’s razor remember what he said about trying to understand things, take away all the unnecessary problems before getting to the heart of the matter, simply stated. Well I think we should focus on what is attainable, not worry about people seeing things that may or may not be real. We are real, the problem that the Earth faces is real, and that is all that matters. One day I hope we can all look back on this time and on its importance. Then perhaps we may know about these things which seem to be problematical for this point in time. It will not last, we will get the solution’. I stopped; I had reached out and attempted to get something that was more important than all of the theories and metaphysical entities that abounded. I had tried to get the children to see themselves clearer in their own lives, something that would inevitably happen to them on the path towards adulthood, if they ever reached it. I also realized I had made a fatal error in my aspersions about the atmospheric project, that being I had asserted to the two children the fallacy that it would work. I knew this because I saw on their faces the light going back on, when they realized I meant everything I said. Liana touched my arm tenderly, she noticed the cracked strained pitch in my voice, and perhaps it was this that she was searching for in me all the time. So she could see her own fears in someone else briefly hoping to reassure herself.

‘It’s alright mother, I’m sorry to get so worked up, but I am anxious, I really am’, she said quietly. I don’t know how much longer I can stand being on Earth’. She had come full circle in her explanations, I felt her anxiety, as she searched inside for

something more to say that would take the feeling away. I suggested she see the family doctor when she got back. Liana knew that I was trying to appease the terrible feelings that she kept getting, she knew that I would search out something to help her. ‘I’ll call him when I get back..., I’ll be fine, and so will Marcus’, she tried to turn and look at Marcus, hoping for approval, but Marcus missed the cue. He was still typing in his electronic notepad, momentarily looking out across the Mare. ‘I may even call Father, if he’s not too busy getting drunk’, she added, trying not to think of herself. The inflection at the end of Liana’s remark betrayed her worry for her Father. I could see that although she hadn’t seen her father for several months, both of us knew that the brilliant man had not very long for this world. It made me more depressed I smiled bitterly, but kindly at my two guests. There was a lull in the conversation, but it all didn’t seem to matter, as suddenly a large android dressed in brightly colored party clothes came out of the corner of the room making all kinds of electronic sounds. It rolled towards the children, music blasting from its’ loudspeaker. It was the allegretto from Dvorak’s ‘New World Symphony’. Everyone in the room rose and swarmed around us. Liana and Marcus were surprised at the bustle and hum from all the people as the noisy Android began to speak; I looked knowingly at the faces of the two children who were looking at me as if to say, ‘did you know?’ I knew that the lunar crew had secretly prepared the going-away party for the children, but I hadn’t been told any of the details. The android mnemonically spoke to the children in verse saying a very simple poem, not bad for artificial intelligence.

Everyone broke into applause at the end of the verse, with balloons from the ceiling, and friends from the station were swarming around us. Liana and Marcus were soon transported into the happy atmosphere by the people. They were surprised, but happy, even for those brief moments, so they stood up to join in the excitement and good-byes. I knew everyone was sad that Liana and Marcus were leaving. Yet pleased that the children had visited them. It had been a kind relief for everyone to see the children from Earth. The isolation that the lunar world impressed upon its inhabitants was hard and rigid, depression was a part of that world. The children’s visit had offered a contrast from their daily routine. As the music reached its conclusion, the two children, surrounded by crew members from the shuttle were ready to leave. Everyone was pressing small gifts into their hands and hugging them good-bye. I let the children finish, before gesturing at them through the bustle of the crowd, indicating with my eyes that it was time to leave. They knew too that it was time; climbing aboard the waiting vehicle they waved for the last time

to everyone before we were driven out of the lounge towards the main exit of the concourse as the two automatic doors closed behind us, leaving the relative quiet of the corridor. When we stepped from the Speight auto craft at the main passenger terminal, a slight tremor began to shake the building. The children were frightened, they glanced quickly towards me, 'It's alright,' I told them, 'it's only a Moonquake. We have them periodically, some internal disturbance going on inside the core of the Moon.' They looked relieved. Liana silently prepared to don her helmet, hoping I wouldn't notice the sad expression on her face as the vehicle rolled into the main bay area where the hull of the shuttle lay beyond the doors. This was the good-bye that Liana and I had been hoping would never arrive. A small tear slid down her cheek as the vehicle came to a halt and two N.A.S.A. crew members stood by. Liana I knew, realized this was the last time she would see me for a very long time. I turned to Marcus first, and said goodbye. I had enjoyed having him. Marcus, was not a very emotional fourteen year old, he offered his hand solemnly to me, I kindly held him, before releasing him back into the cosmos. He stood partially embarrassed as he caught the smile from one of the shuttle crew. Liana, who had waited patiently during this good-bye, broke down in tears, embracing me affectionately. I couldn't see her face clearly, so I removed her space helmet, noticing the tears in her eyes. She sobbed on my shoulder; I could feel her legs giving way under her momentarily. I took her into my arms and held her. I told her to be strong, and then we can go on'. She shook her head in sobbing accordance with my words. 'Yes I know, but it's so hard, call me mother,' she whimpered, 'videophone me, when ever you can, promise...' I promised so we kissed each other for the last time of the tour; the sobbing child released her embrace from around my neck, rose out of the Speight auto-craft, and walked towards the two crew members. As she turned and gestured a smile at me, I could see the kind face of the only really important person in the universe. Then she turned away, and was swallowed her by the tunnel. I remember feeling very sad at the sight of my daughter leaving, going back to Earth, in all that it entailed I breathed a small sob, telling the Speight auto to take me to concourse seven. At concourse seven, I could look out over the crater plain towards the Shuttle that had already fired its retro engines and was moving slowly upwards in take-off. I thought I could see Liana as the lunar surface gave way beneath her and she was carried up into the vacuum of space. Beneath her the swirling crater of Eratosthenes, and the four smaller craters of the Moon station. The Shuttle crossed the mountain range of Monte Apenninus, the massive crater of Copernicus, and the great plain of the Sinus Aestrum. As it made

altitude the scarred surface of the Oceanus Procellarum, would come into view to her. This was a vast flat plain of dust, with the Kepler crater standing out alone from the Mare. To the south east, the half filled craters of Flamsteed, Wichman, Letronne, Gassend, Euclides, Lansberg, Lubinietzky, and further west the three craters Frau Mauro, Parry, and Bonpland. I knew these craters by heart. Reaching beyond them was the flat Mare Nubium. The crater Ptolemaeus, Alphonsus, Arzachel Alpetragius. As the Shuttle moved higher towards the Moonliner, I knew that below Liana lay more of the desolate surface of the Moon, the same as when I had made the journey back to Earth. In my minds eye I was with my daughter as she crossed the string of craters lying south east to the great Mare Tranquillitatis, Theophilus, Cyrillus, Catherina. To the west was the Mare Nectaris, then more craters, Gutenberg, Goclenius, Isodorus. The ship turned further west the Mare Fecunditatis and the Crater Langrenes to the north further, the Mare Crisium with its cratered surface disappearing into the dark side of the Moon. I knew she would still be able to see the four craters of the lunar station, though by now they were only pinpricks in the pox like face of the Moons surface. I felt sure that she could see me watching her, I could still see the tiny speck of the shuttle, as it prepared to engage the Moon liner Provost, I knew that Liana had finally gone; I would be without her for a long time. My friend and colleague Belinda had come up from the lounge with several other members of the science team. Belinda placed her arm around my shoulder sympathetically, 'I just hate good-byes don't you...?' She said as I silently watched the moon dust floating in the gravity-absent world, signifying my daughter's departure. We watched together as the tiny speck of the shuttle bumped silently against the hull of the huge Moon liner. Then, in a matter of a few minutes saw it release itself from the hull to return to the Moon. I could have gone along for the brief trip but thought it best not to prolong the agony of good-byes. Within minutes, the Moon liner's engines came to life with a faint glow and its great hull turned toward the blue Earth and accelerated away, becoming smaller and smaller in the black emptiness of space. There was a great sigh of anguish in me, at the last view of my daughter's existence. I could only reassure myself with the thought that I could always see the Earth turning daily and there, on the continent of America, was my daughter. Turning to walk back to the main complex I told Belinda about the way Liana felt about going back to Earth. I felt that the conversation about the end of the world wasn't a very good way to say goodbye. I still felt guilty for not agreeing with her. I felt the responsibility of keeping a good face on the situation. I still believe in human perseverance will always get us through,

although I must say we were in a crisis situation. I guess I just didn't realize then that Liana had grown up considerably in the last six months or so. Looking back now it's easy to reflect on the past and see your mistakes. Ann stopped talking at this point in time there were several seconds of blank tape from the recording. I had listened for so long I wasn't ready to say anything; mostly because I was overwhelmed with curiosity, I preferred to listen rather than speak. Then deliberately as though she was in thought about something else, she returned to the story, her speech was long and deliberate. 'We both walked silently back towards the atmospheric experimentation rooms, I was feeling lost mainly because I hadn't felt alone during all the time Liana had been with me, but now that she had gone I was overwhelmed with grief. I remember Belinda asking if I wanted to come to her apartments for a drink, she thought I needed to talk to some one, but I desisted. Instead I went back to the experimentation room to read the Apothem 'E' results with renewed hopes that we would succeed in saving the Earth. The rest I think is immaterial suffice to say you know the rest. Ann waited for me to speak, but I was thinking more about what she had told me. True I knew of the accomplishments of my parents but I knew that 'the rest' wasn't quite that simple, I require more of the details..', but I saw Ann was tired from the interview, she wasn't as young anymore. So I concluded, 'Yes..., quite right I know the rest'. She closed her eyes to sleep.

The Father.

Where should I begin? Perhaps it would be best if I started with the day that Marcus was coming back from the Moon. The previous weeks had been miserable. The weather had disrupted every flight schedule at Houston One. I was hoping there wouldn't be any delays with his flight; because the President was going to meet with the children that afternoon. So I was already nervous before I left my apartment. The downpour of rain merely added to my black mood, it had grown worse as I attempted to get to Houston. Although I was looking forward to seeing Marcus again I remember the day like it was yesterday. In the early morning rush hour, bumper-to-bumper traffic greeted me as I made slow progress on the freeway. Houston, that great shining metropolis with its skyscrapers and endless suburbs had grown significantly since the beginning of the second millennium. Due to the relative safety it offered to its inhabitants, Americans were pouring into it daily, from the devastated regions of the continental U.S. Large cities in the U.S had fallen victim to global warming through flooding. Mount St Helens had awoken from its thirty year sleep with a devastating eruption. The San Andreas fault suspected as being the instigator of the Volcanoes unrest, had finally delivered it's latent result, California and the Northwest coast line as far as Vancouver had finally laid to rest the uncertainty that had surrounded it for decades. The Pacific Ocean now reached the Cascade Mountains. California and coastal plains of British Columbia had slid away from the main continent into the ocean. Millions had died. Those who had survived the worst earthquake in the history of mankind had fled inland to places like Houston, Minneapolis, Chicago, Indianapolis, Calgary, Toronto; although Toronto and Chicago hadn't escaped the flooding from the great lakes. The traffic on the freeway had come to a standstill, some accident further up turned out to be responsible. Visibility was down to twelve yards because of the rain. Auto-pilot computer on board sometimes became confused by the wall of rain. I was cursing the weather and the world. I remember thinking, as my car came to a standstill, in an interminable queue of cars. When the on-board computer responded to my voice, it wanted to turn the power systems down, or something. I bloody-mindedly informed the machine, 'Yeh..., Charlie, you do that...', or something to that effect. Charlie was different; we had become quite familiar with each other. That's what you get when you buy a smart computer.

I reached for the controls; I wanted to see my schedule for the day and the report from the space traffic program for the next

thirty six hours. My eye traveled to the bottom of the page: Moon liner Provost, E.T.A. Space Station 'Star', eighteen hundred hours, E.T.A. Earth eleven hundred hours. Further up the list was the transmission from the Ganymede star cruiser on a mission to Jupiter. Then: a hell of a noise from some sirens of ambulances from up the highway. I tried looking through the windshield, squinting hard to perceive what was causing the delay, the downpour obscured my vision. So I gave up, and looked for some other distraction while the freeway was cleared. Charlie turned on the radio. I told Charlie to get the weather network, if I was going to be late for the meeting I could at least get some perspective on my day. A woman's voice with a thick southern accent was reading the local weather report. Heavy rains were expected for the next twenty four hour for the lower Texas basin. High winds, they gusted to a hundred odd kilometers in areas. World weather and environmental news merely added to my impatience with everything. Starvation in the third world declined slightly in the last quarter. It wasn't necessary; the grain bins of the first world were full. However, the World Congress still reported famine in expected in most of mainland China. World relief programs have been initiated by the World Congress, despite the fact that talks with the Government of China had broke down. You know how high minded they are to help, all because of a poppy. I was already sick of the weather and world news report; I manually switched the radio off. I checked the time, it ticked by, we were not going anywhere. I asked the computer a tough question; I liked giving it hard questions, because you know that it would seriously consider the request. I wanted to know if it could see its way clear enough to get me out of there. Charlie stopped for a nanosecond; I could see the display panel occasionally flutter out a red light. The computer was searching out the other cars bumpers, trying to see if there was room to ride the shoulder. Seconds later the sincere voice of Charlie telling me what I already knew. Outside the rain was lashing the freeway, I returned to my notes, scanning through reports of fuel shortages occurring in Nellis, Arizona, Fairchild, and other Air Force bases. I strayed to the innumerable problems of the world. This wasn't anything unusual. World oil prices had shot up through the roof, but it wasn't as if the U.S. Air Force couldn't afford it. The critical fact affecting most of the world was that the Arab countries who possessed most of the world's reserves had excommunicated themselves from Western economies and monetary systems since the crisis in the early nineties. They had chosen instead to go their own way and to leave the infidels to rot in the mess they had made for themselves. Now there was already talk of an invasion by the Europeans, and us, into the Saudi

Arabian peninsula to take the oil by force, if the price didn't begin to fall. It was amazing how humanity could justify itself in moments of extreme destitution. There were hard times ahead, and national security was a buzz word in the Pentagon, nevertheless, fuel shortages had occurred because of transportation by the supertankers. Crude oil had been interrupted at several main U.S ports being severely damaged due to tide force gales and flooding. Rebuilding new ports on the west coast from the Andreas fault, now the Newest Coast had been suspended due to a moratorium for the dead. Shortages had been occurring for the last six months, off the west coast. Most of the continental U.S. had been under rationing of gasoline for over three months, people still managed to pack the freeways at rush hour. Now however, the cars were full with passengers, instead of the usual single occupant that you used to see. After about fifteen minutes of sitting on the freeway I was getting edgy. Then three ambulances accompanied by several police cars sped by through the pouring rain. I prayed that the car ahead would begin to move. Immediately Charlie the computer sensed the movement ahead, restarting the engine of the auto. I just told Charlie to proceed. The black cloud that had not only covered that day, but also my black mood became blacker, I was late for the meeting, and General Sheer wasn't going to like it. I decided to rescue the situation, mentally reprimanding myself for not calling Virginia; she's my Lieutenant. After several rings a woman's voice answered in a smooth confident tone, it was Virginia. 'Lieutenant Mahler....' There was an air of expectancy in her tone as usual. I told her I was running late.' As I spoke, the car sped past the burnt out wreckage of an indeterminate number of cars. I became temporarily distracted from her voice as I passed the crews struggling with the carnage from the accident. She had already informed the General, I was unavoidably delayed. There had been no transmission from Ganymede. It was due to arrive at Mars within the next three days. 'Good, I was heading for terminal three, Houston One'. I was pleased with my new aide; she had graduated tenth in her class at the academy, and had risen quickly to Lieutenant, another of Americas bright hopefuls. I had been lucky in having her posted to my command, good people were hard to find. I drove through the main gates of Houston control, passing the Titan rockets parked up at the side. Further along, six shuttles sat inside their hangars, like great silver fish, waiting their next mission. Ahead of me lay the expensive hardware of space, rockets ready to go out to the space station 'Star', and the huge radar dishes, silently communicating to worlds beyond. Several commercial Shuttles had landed the previous night, carrying their cargo of hydroponically grown fruit and vegetables

from outer space. Who would have thought it was possible, but in two thousand and fifteen, food was coming from outer space to feed a hungry world. All things aside, I was in a hurry that morning. General Sheer was not the kind of person to keep waiting, especially when the agenda for the day included the report from the Ganymede. The Jupiter expeditionary mission sent some four months earlier to sample the planet's atmosphere. Today would be their first transmission, since coming out of cryogenics. Jupiter One mission, was entering the influence of Mars, it would re-supply Zond Two. The International Space Congress had launched the mission to the planets, in the hope that all possible opportunities to understand the principles that are at work in atmospheric dynamics of the solar system could aid the scientific enquiry. As General Sheer had told me; when I was commissioned some five years ago, at the beginning of the world action, 'if mankind is to go out with a whimper, and not a bang, then by God, he's going to have every opportunity, to prevent the inevitable, It's not that I'm afraid to die Hank, hell I've been there before lots of times. I was in the Gulf during the Nineties. It's the children that I can't stand to see go in their millions.' Hank knew the General was a sensitive man with grand children, despite his tough outward personality. I had finally got to the main conferencing centre at Houston Control, Virginia was there waiting for me with an open umbrella. I told Charlie to park himself over in the zone, and then made a desperate dash towards the waiting woman. No one noticed me and Lt Mahler enter the main control, communications room, except General Sheer, who acknowledged my presence, without turning around from his computer monitor, telling me, 'Glad you can make it Commander, you haven't missed anything from the Jupiter mission'. I went to apologize, but I was stopped. General Sheer raised his hand, indicating that any explanation was totally unnecessary. 'Blowing like hell again out there eh..., Hank?' I was busy connecting myself to the main intercom telecommunications panel. I said something agreeable I'm sure. Of the deep space scientists present I noticed Earnest Sharp, a small-set man with effeminate features, squinting from behind his set of tortoise shell glasses. He was one of the more successful 'Yuppie's' from the Eighties, now in his early fifties I asked if the Ganymede had transmitted, the answer was negative. The General hadn't even looked at me during the intermediary conversation, now he turned around squinting into the distant shapes. 'The time hasn't been confirmed,' he smiled mimicking apologetically, 'but that's only time tables.' You knew with Sheer it was more than just arriving on time for work, but being an effective member in running Central Space Intelligence. 'No General', I offered simply.

General Sheer was in good shape physically, for a man approaching sixty. He was, however, unable to see very far, because of a recent bout with glaucoma, and was close to being blind. He was delaying all surgery until the Jupiter mission arrived at Mars. Silly really wasn't a very complicated operation. I was several meters away down the other end of the table; I knew I was probably only a blur to him. He lit up a cigarette as was his habit. Looking mildly offended, the middle age Yuppie intelligence officer sitting to the General's left got all the unused smoke that he didn't suck from the atmosphere. I was a little concerned that the media would find out he was a smoker, he wouldn't look very good considering he was heading the atmospheric team. 'Not such a bad thing,' I mused, as the General almost continually, lit up. Perhaps they could get him to stop; perhaps that's what it may take to get him to stop. I was an earlier generation of Air Force, grown up basically in a smoke-free environment. Smoking had become one of the new social taboos that still prevailed from the early eighties, but who is going to tell a five star General he can't smoke. I had come to hate the very smell of the stuff, but around the General, you just grinned and bore it. At least he's not a jelly bean General like the other commanding officer that I had worked with on the testing of the new inter-space Phantom Stealth Interceptor. During one of the test flights I was almost blown into outer space because of indecision during a malfunction on the pressurization systems. I am referring to the well-known Astronaut Skip Lange, none other, who later died in an unfortunate accident landing in rain at Kennedy International Airport, some three years later. Ironic it was a passenger plane. General Sheer, who had become known as the 'Mole' among some of the younger members of the team; due to the fact that he was practically blind, had been telling Virginia, about the scheduled flight operation for the Ganymede, informing her they had first signal confirmation. Sheer knew Lt Mahler was there, because I never went virtually anywhere without her. Sheer wanted to know the E.T.A for the next twenty four hours. There was minimal traffic today. Supplies to the Space station Star have lifted off, the Shuttle ten, is expected to dock in...' she pressed more keys, moon liner Provost would rendezvous in three hours at Star. Sheer blindly turned to me; he was twenty degrees off course, wanted know about Marcus. I felt slightly ridiculous, the General was almost talking to his aide Corrine, sitting next to him. So I turned my torso so that our body language connected. I told him something about 'all the dreams of a young boy'. He nodded his head as he listened. Then he asked of the girl, Virginia offered the name. He grunted lowly. Everyone in the room smiled, shifting in their seats; at the General's good-natured remarks.

Sheer turned to the officer responsible for security, again he was twenty so degrees off course again. Security for the landing had been arranged, Corrine the good-looking brunette told him politely 'not to worry about anything Sir'. The arrival of the President made him feel on edge. He didn't want anything to go wrong; he held a determined look in his myopic retinas. Washington had changed the original time due to heavy rain. A disgruntled and worried expression crossed Sheers' face. 'Can't seem to confirm anything these days'. He uttered clearly for everyone to hear, moral was slightly low that morning. Virginia interjected with something about the office of the President, taking the first available flight, or he may take an earlier one before things start to get too bad. So I assumed that the President could arrive when ever there was a break in the sky. As it turned out he arrived at twelve hundred hours. General Sheer really didn't like what he just heard. Cursing under his breath, he lit another Pall Mall cigarette and drew a long drag on his smoking dung heap. He wanted to know what in hell's name were we going to do with the President for three hours. Virginia had arranged a small show, from the Space telescope Hubble for the President. The new I.R.A.S. scans were coming in from N.G.C.986, they proved to be interesting. Anyway it kept the President busy until the arrival of Shuttle ten, with the children. Sounded like a good plan. It was too good for Sheer, he was busy casting black aspersions through the entire operations agenda. Looking for bad news or chances of disaster, prime picked fatalities expert was the General. There was a large asteroid set to go past the Earth, eighty miles in diameter, no pebble; apparently some few millions miles out yet, but it was still on course. Sheer was referring to the asteroid that was sighted in the eighties, now popularly referred to as T.V.1984? No one knew for certain if it would pass the Earth by, or smash into the face of humanity. That would have put an end to a lot of people's problems. The face of Sheer went into 'upset', upset because it was still on course. The space intelligence boys were busy trying to scrape together some of the nuclear arsenal left over from the peace talks. They were intending to send them out to rendezvous with TV 1984, in the hope to blow it to smithereens. Very little had been left over from the world's arsenal, in two thousand and fifteen, I.C.B.M.' were a rare item. He was at least satisfied that the President would be absorbed enough to wait a few hours. After all T.V.1984 was going past the earth, and was possibly going to take out the moon. Whereas the President was more real to General Sheer, who no doubt feared that the President could take his job out if there was a justifiable reason. All knowledge of T.V. 1984 was top secret. I was pleasantly relieved when I heard the initiative of my aide.

'You think it will keep him busy, do you...?' Asked Sheer. Virginia looked once more at me and Corrine, before turning back to General Sheer. She told him something he wasn't likely to know. Apparently the President was very concerned about the T.V. 1984; he wanted to know what the recent predictions were. Even the President considered the possibility of a future for humanity. General Sheer stubbed out the cigarette. Another problem seemed solved. As his hand lifted out of the ash tray, the monitors in front of them suddenly flickered, and the headsets crackled. Jupiter conferencing communications were kicking into life. It seemed that Ganymede was still intact. Adam Essen, its Commander, a younger pilot graduated from NASA flying colors. I was pleased to know him; he showed great ability to lead his crew for the Jupiter mission. As the communications techs voice dropped away the screen etched a scratchy image of the three-man crew from Ganymede. Essen was smiling as were his two associates, they seemed to be in good spirits considering the time they had been in deep space. Essen reported at that time they had just emerged from their cryogenic chambers. They were stiff, suffering from disorientation. Major Kennedy gave them reviver capsules for low blood sugar levels. I remember they were playing some music, I think it was Gershwin. Essen confidently identified the instrument failure, we had followed it's deterioration since Ganymede began to approach Mars. It had made the secondary orbiting sensor completely inoperable. There was a space walk to correct it. They had contacted electromagnetic interference outside of Mars. The source point of the radiation was emanating from the meteor field some million miles outside of Mars towards Jupiter. Their schedule at Mars space station Zond 2, would be eight days, they had lost velocity between the Moon and their current position, leaving them approximately some eighteen hours behind schedule.'

Essen knew it was possible to make it up'. It was amazing, Sheer could broadcast his irritability some several hundred thousand miles across space to those poor bastards. I felt sorry when Essen protested something about his engineer; he can get a bit more out of the old girl yet Sir'. I felt Essen had enough on his plate, without having to hanker to the whims of N.A.S.A. The small, spectacled man sitting across from me asked the permission of the General to speak. The General nodded the affirmative. He turned zealously at Commander Essen to justify his paycheck. Apparently it was 'imperative' they make up the eighteen hours thirty eight minutes, if they were to remain within the trajectory of Mars and gain the orbit of Desmos. Sixty thousand pounds of fuel was estimated to correct their course, throwing their supply into the red, leaving them short for the

return journey.' The scientist stopped the statistics of bad news momentarily, allowing Essen to check figures, he seemed puzzled by the analysis from the flight scientist. They had enough fuel due to Moon accretions, I told the tortoise that. Essen relaxed and smiled into the monitor satisfied with the reckoning. Sheer broke in with salutations to the Commander. Once the problem solving mood was broken and everyone realized the General wanted to talk mother earth to the crew, we all felt a lot better. in an informal way. The tortoise from L.M H backed away from his pers-comp with help from General Sheer. There had been some changes in their flight plan for Zond 2, the new science officer. Some of the atmospheric testing planned required more samples than they had originally planned. The science officer Makarov had the expertise. On the monitor I watched the three-man team from the Ganymede listening to the news. It wasn't very unsettling, Essen just smiled saying he was glad to have another person along. Makarov seemed willing to join, he had some pretty good credentials, but I had heard rumors that he had different reasons to go along. All other plans were to go ahead as usual, except that his supplies would be left onboard the Ganymede. Sheer turned to me, I had some news for the crew. I was conscious of frowning as I spoke to Essen. I told him that we hadn't been able to contact Zond two, for well over six weeks. It didn't seem to faze him, he acknowledged, telling me and everyone about not having me along, and 'some great fireworks from the Sun', something like that. I kept it serious, there was reason to believe that some trouble had taken place on Mars, the biweekly communications from Commander Griphius, were being made from their cruiser Cydonia. He told us there radio was destroyed. Communications then ceased due to limitations of available orbiting fuel. Makarov had been briefed by us, but he didn't know the details of the mission. I didn't really know him; he seemed pleased to be going, almost too pleased. There was a bad taste in my mouth about the entire affair. Somehow I wished I had gone along, I remember feeling hopeless. Makarov seemed only too pleased to go, something about Mars that he didn't like. He certainly didn't give me the impression of the chauvinist who believed in saving mankind. On the contrary, he seemed more the scientific bohemian. I told Essen so; I thought he should know that a civilian was going to join them. I didn't say anything specific to the Commander of Zond about Makarov; the communications were restricted from the Cydonia. Makarov would interpret polar atmospherics for the mission, he seemed happy to be losing him. I should have seen the signs then, like now I still can't, like why I'm telling you this.' Essen sat back, I could see he was watching Sheer sucking greedily on his cigarette,

Essen replied, 'he could interpret some atmospherics down there as well eh.... sir.' Sheer chuckled at the joke about his smoking and held the cigarette up, to the monitor so Adam Essen could look at it.

'Oh this..., hell this is nothing compared to what is going on outside!' He realized that security eight eleven, had been violated, but it was too late, Commander Essen asked. 'What's it like in Houston, General...?' Sheer, embarrassed by his slip in security pointed towards me like a disciplined schoolboy, telling him how he had better ask me that question, 'he just came in', he added hastily with humor. I rapidly arranged my thoughts telling him, 'Oh you know same as usual, rain and floods, floods and rain. Florida's almost gone, then something about having real estate down here. Adam Essen interjected; he didn't like the security regulation, regarding negative dispatches to deep space missions. I listened with the General, they we're not going to start worrying, just because of some bad news. I didn't like that security regulation either; those boys in space security go too far some times.' General Sheer had a smile on his face, at the sound of Commander Essen. Sheer said something about, 'being close to piracy'. Essen laughed a little, so did the people around the conferencing table. It didn't really appear to be very much of a security violation. The General knew how to get hidden things through subtle interloping; he knew Commander Essen would ask the question. He had used the error, now he was letting everyone in on his success. His command of Houston One had been over the last twelve years successful to say the least. General Sheer's career saw more development in the space program than any other director before him. The station Star had been his inception. Colonization of the Moon was under his command. Essen, small talked me about Marcus coming back from the Moon. He started to say, 'We all wish him and the girl the best of luck.', before the signal went dead, I touched my keyboard hoping to see Adam Essen again. It seemed that the communication was lost. One of the communications techs came up on the screen telling us the signal had vanished. More deep space interference, their transmitter was disabled it turned out. We had lost contact temporarily with the Ganymede. The Martian rumors were at the back of my mind for most of the time during the next twenty four hours. The mystery of the entire twin mission to Mars and Jupiter lay beyond my wildest dreams. I mean to say I had no idea things would go as wrong as they did. From the very beginning, that day, was probably the worst twenty four hours of my life. I busied myself with the material of the last report from Zond two, there was a bad smell, and I knew it. Call it military intuition if you like.

Descent into Darkness.

My Mother told me this story more than once I enjoyed listening to her. Now once more I have played the discs from those times. Now once more I travel back towards those dark evening when she would come and say goodnight, never knowing my word man processor was recording her voice. It is as though I have been trying to answer this question about what this day will hold, ever since I first learnt of it. Like a good detective I saved as much evidence as possible for later evaluation. I place this part of her story into the disc journal for its proper place in my histories.

‘Our journey from the Moon took less than twenty hours. As we neared the end we could look back across space and see the Moon as a crescent. Eratosthenes was hidden from human eyes and I knew that my mother was in darkness like myself. I had dreaded coming back to the Earth, during the journey, nothing seemed to get me out of the depressed mood I had felt. By the time we were almost ready to disembark to the space station Star, it seemed I had become unbearable for my companion, although he was too polite to say anything. We had been seated in the forward section of the ship, where you could see the Earth growing larger and larger, as we sped forward at four thousand miles per hour. It seemed that we were motionless however, suspended for eternity in the web of time. Your Father was busy for most of the journey revising his notes that he had made during the trip, while I, sad and depressed, remained quiet and subdued during the entire journey. I had asked the space steward for sedation, so that I wouldn’t have to look at the Earth, and all that I could see waiting for its inhabitants on the African west coast. But despite the sleep that I obtained from the tranquillizer pills, I awoke intermittently, to see the slow revolution of the great body of the Earth. Obsessively I looked to see the anticyclone getting ready to hit the West coast of Africa. Sure enough my vision of the future was coming true. Further North West was the spiraling pattern of hurricane Helen, moving dangerously closer to the eastern United States seaboard. After several hours in a state of deep sleep, Marcus had come into the cabin to try and cheer me up, but I was unimpressed. Although I realized he meant well I couldn’t seem to get away from the dread that possessed me from the outset of the journey. I had thought a lot about what conditions awaited me, so I was not easily amused, as a consequence of brooding about the world. Marcus’s attitude was entirely different; he seemed unconcerned with what I saw from the vision. I think now on reflection that this fact alone made me see red when it came to liking him. Of course there were other

aspects of his personality that I didn’t like, but now on board the Moon liner he nauseated me more than ever. ‘So you see Liana it’s not that bad. Why don’t you get up and come into the observation room and talk’, he said, as though nothing was happening, and of course for him nothing had. Anyway I was more inclined to take another sleeping pill and drop off back into the peaceful world of my dreams. I told him so, with total indifference to his suggestion. Marcus’s reaction was silent but thoughtful. Of course he was right to think this way, because I was difficult, if not damn right antisocial. I thought of trying to talk about the way I felt but upon reconsideration realized I was leaving myself open for criticism, which was the last thing that I wanted to hear from anyone especially him. So I sat in my recliner looking out to the Earth that slowly turned in its diurnal essence. Gabriel, as I looked at the spinning vision of the earthly orb, I was moved by words that came flying into my head spontaneously. From time to time I enjoyed composing poems, though never really thinking very seriously about the results. This time was different; my mind flew open with lines, already arranged perfectly in their meaning. This experience fixed my emotions like nothing I had ever encountered in my mental jottings before. Quickly I reached for my port comp and began committing it to memory. In the cozy atmosphere of the Moon liner I felt some comfort and calm, although I was still anxious by what seemed to be going to happen on the Earth. Again I looked out of the porthole to see the great anticyclone off the West coast of Africa was still there preparing to wreak its havoc. This time it seemed more real than before. Only the future outcome had remained the same. I gazed into it; I knew without doubt that it was preparing to smash into the populated land mass. I became obsessive about it as I stared long and hard into its dark funnel, unable to withdraw from it made me see that the Earth may perish, that some of us would become orphans of the stars, sent to wonder for all time. Like the father and the son doomed to wander throughout the universe, without ever finding each other. I stared into the vision of the swirling funnel cloud; I suddenly understood that I was no longer a child, because I was overcome with an emotion that I had never experienced before. It was as though I felt the responsibility of my life, for the first time, almost as though I had walked out from a dark place to see the totality of my whole being as unique and finite. Now looking back with years of reflection I think it was as though the collective experiences of space, and the moon, combined with the anxiety that I had been overwhelmed with over the last forty eight hours, had thrown me into a new and more powerful realization, also no doubt, the wretched mess of crisis, the world was in. Quietly I

wept adult tears, adult because these tears were not for me or my mother, or anyone else. They were because I saw the immense beauty of the Earth as it lay beneath me, as though I hadn't really seen it before. I was overwhelmed with unfamiliar feelings of awe and inspiration that flooded into my mind. As I looked out over the great blue sphere, I felt I was a witness to the testament of its death, I saw it isolated, perhaps forgotten, tormented, and used, as though it was more than just the place where I lived in the stars, but more as a work of divinity, alive and wonderful. Almost immediately the lines of the stanza crossed my mind, falling into place as my fingers automatically typed out the words 'Oh great blue planet, you shining orb, our heaven sent, everlasting life. How great you are.' As I composed the poem, I felt the great sense of time cast a shadow upon my spirit and my sadness took on more intensity. 'Hallowed be thy name', I uttered low under her breath. Marcus turned his head and looked at me, silently gesturing with his face like he did, asking...? 'Did you say something Liana?' I immediately turned away from him, so that he couldn't see the tears I was hiding. Then I entered the next line of the poem. 'blessed be thy name.....,' then I stopped, for I remembered it was from the Lord's prayer and though I wasn't brought up religiously, I could not bring my self to say the next line, not because it may blaspheme holy scripture, I felt then that a great deal of the bible was nothing more than a moral philosophy, with no actual application anymore in the dying world that I inhabited. I knew that it may never be true, and that perhaps the kingdom had come and had been lost. My tears of remorse rose into me again and again I saw the same vision of the Earth, the frailty of life's immense beauty shining in the black void of space. Again the words rose up inside of me. 'Pearl in the bowl of time...' I stopped once more; the urge to gaze out at the planet was tugging at me. Below me, lay most of the Western World, the great plains of Abraham spread out before me, Canada, America, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, and Antarctica, the polluted wasteland, I remembered thinking how it was another chore for us to clean up. The sun was rising in the Americas, and in the East it was shedding the long shadows across the African landscape. As I lay motionless in the recliner, the planet turning like the great gravitational magnet that I had seen on the Moon. The Atlantic Ocean was in my centre field of vision, slowly I watched as the West coast of Africa, falling from the path of the sun's rays, was becoming darker by the minute, unsuspecting waiting for the anticyclone, to hit with all its devastating effects the next day. My mind was full of dread. The cyclone had edged itself closer from its last sighting six hours earlier, and had become larger than before, taking on a deep grey tone.

Ineluctably I knew that this color meant winds and rain, tidal waves, immense damage. Untold human misery would pour out of its funnel, like some great phantasmagoria re-invented from the past, when men still believed in the God of fire and brimstone. The turbulent clouds were rippled, fine filigree folds, moving very slowly in an ominous circular pattern, gaining momentum from the ocean and the temperature of the air. Deep inside the dark grey core I could see the long dark tunnel of its fury dropping thousands of feet into the dark waves of the Atlantic. This monster, signifying death for thousands perhaps millions, of people rising from the billowing firmament of nature's fury I imagined the millions of bodies of the living, like the those in a Rubens painting that I had seen in the Louvre the previous year, when the souls were committed to the darkness, there they were spinning like some great ballet of the macabre, in the abyss of the cosmos, moving towards some hideous finale that had no purpose, but some indefinite end, like a black mass sanctified by Armageddon. I became nauseous and anxious again, so I withdrew my gaze and looked down to the bright letters of the poem in the Port Comp. As I read the words softly to myself I realized something else that I hadn't been aware of before. In those words was the inner human truth of that experience that was real, and was now bound up with the future. I was sure it would last for all of eternity. I wrote, 'Yet though he slay me, but shall I trust in him.' I remembered it from the Book of Solomon when I was trying to obtain a faith. For the first time I felt strength from the vision in the words. But something ineffable had taken shape in me, so that for the first time I really saw the Earth. And for me then in that state of anxiety and dread the words were more than simple rhymes, in fact they didn't rhyme at all. Let me see what was it, what did I write when I was that little girl'. My mother stopped speaking to gaze hard into her mind, as was her way. Soon she was reciting the stanza of ancient prose that she wrote so many years ago.

'Where have your animals and great gardens gone?
That was given for the end of time
In blind majesty, the form to all life
Should also give itself consciousness
So that it may only know its own glory, and destruction.
Though lost through death, through all of its own
Creation, conceived to last till the end
When Helios' fiery dwarf shall reign instead
Shall come upon everything
All we have ever known
Only the word, shall last forever
Silenced to the unborn life, that will never come

To speak again of these glorious things.

For better or worse the words were there on the screen, the cursor waiting for me to make another jump into the subconscious, but I was tired and felt nothing again, so I committed the poem to the memory of the computer, and fell back into sleep. It was some hours later, I was in a disturbed dream about the end of the world when the great Moon liner docked at the space station. Marcus came running through to my compartment and shook me back into consciousness. As I awoke I knew I was back from the terrible phantasmagoria of my dreams, and was relieved that although the dream and reality were almost parallel in their truth, the world has not yet come to an end. I rose to my feet for disembarkation, and the media, who waited beyond the safety of the sealed doors, ready to assail me with their absurd questions. When the locks swung over the Moon liners hull, securing the great three-tiered ship in place; the disembarkation lights flashed in the pedestrian landing concourse, Inside, I felt the sickening sense of being hassled by the congregation of faces that awaited me on the other side. Marcus, on the other hand didn't seem to mind, I knew he was probably looking forward to it all. He was wearing a smile so there was no doubt that he was. As the doors from the mobile concourse swung open revealing the crowd of faces that I had dreaded. We were alone, assailed with the barrage of idiocy. From out of the luminosity of the lights of the concourse, came the poker faced public relations man to escort us away to seclusion, after the questions and answers game with the media was over. Jeremy Moore had been approved through the Euro Space Center to introduce us to the C.N.N, B.B.C, F.N.T, A.B.C. and several other large American networks. I was horrified by the gang of reporters that were waiting for us, Marcus seemed to enjoy the publicity, I felt it must have been one of the highlights of the trip for him. The noise of the crowds and bustle compared to the silence of the Moon liner and the lunar station, jarred terribly in my mind. By the end of the interview, I had become quite nauseous, and had enough of it all. 'Marcus was intolerable, quite the Einstein', I remember. He had answered all the questions with a superb sense of reasoning, and deft alacrity, almost to point of being insufferable. When we finally retired to the private quarters of Jeremy Moore, I felt that the quicker this whole thing was over, the better. I wanted most in the world to get away from Marcus who had tired me altogether, taxing my patience with his periphrastic explanations. I wished to be home in Toronto and let this back woods Einstein go back to Indiana. There was still the last part of the journey, and by far the worst. Re-entry was the jolt of the whole trip, the burn out phase was especially frightening, and again dread washed through me. I

slid into a large chesterfield, and tried to ignore Marcus's enthusiastic chatter, I think he was explaining something about the lunar experiments.

'Well I think that if they can get the Graviton working in the eighteenth linear phase, then there is a possibility that it could work on Earth, although it would have to be really huge'. He carried on like that for fifteen minutes. Because of new found heightened awareness I could remember the affair clearly. My perceptions were sharp and clear as though I was watching a vision of living glass. The public relations man from Saatchi and Saatchi was most endearing as he listened sympathetically to Marcus expounding on the virtues of the Moon project. I sat quietly trying not to listen to them as they began to turn into Siamese twins. I had already concluded that the Englishman was insipid, not because he was an Englishman, because he seemed to humor Marcus, encouraging him with inane questions like, 'Do you think that they will find the linear phase?', after all this will be the eighteenth attempt', as if he understood anything about it. So I just reclined more in the chesterfield and waited for the Shuttle to ready itself, to get me back to Earth. I had learned that they were taking one of the old buckets from the space program of the nineties back to Earth with them. If you recall your history about the last millennium the nineties to be precise, there was a space system called the: Strategic Defense Initiative. The Americans had gone ahead and built a laser satellite gun that could blast nuclear missiles out of the skies before they could strike their targets. Despite the end of the Cold War, they had wasted trillions of dollars; money that I always thought could have been spent much better on saving the environment. It went into space and now it was coming down. In its entire life of twenty years, it never saw action, a great waste in my mind. I even felt slight humiliation to be piggy-backing to Earth on such a piece of space junk, especially after the class visit to outer space. It was not that I couldn't appreciate the experience, I was acutely aware of the value of the whole affair. I was tired of the whole affair, and saddened at leaving my mother. I wished the whole thing would be over. Publishers had made offers for my story to the Moon, those that were still around then, so I paid attention during the tour with this fact in mind. Of course I would have to clear N.A.S.A. security before I could be released. In knowing people, I prided myself of being tolerant, sometimes ones personal experiences become intolerable, it seems that everything then had a grotesque side to it, bland commercialism, call it what you like, I simply had run out of all the necessarily stuff to make the experiences enjoyable. Besides I had a strong fear about returning to Earth, which didn't make my state of mind any more

comfortable for me. Young men see the world differently, for them there are too many stars in the eyes to see clearly. In knowing people, I seemed to understand them quickly. I also prided myself with an inordinate sense of survival, combined with a brain that could remember details and facts, and sometimes I was not always quite politic in my demeanor. If I sounded insufferable it was probably because I was. I realized something was changing inside of me, I think it was this strength that kept me going through the entire mission.

Mostly I had taken an instant dislike to the man from the space advertising branch that was sitting across the room from me, making my time with him difficult. And Marcus was sounding more like a programmed android, by every syllable that he uttered. Finally it was my turn for the cross examination. 'So you enjoyed the Moon', Moore asked. I felt deep pangs of dread wash through me, as the poker faced Englishman interrupted my relative calm, staring demandingly at me. I was in by the question outwardly, but inside I just wished he would disappear. 'I enjoyed some of the Moon', I said indifferently. The public relations space man crossed his legs as though he was preparing for a landing. He questioned me politely about what I told the lunar press interview about being tired. I remained reclined motionless on the chesterfield, turning finally over on my side to face him. I told him vituperatively.

'I said that I was forced to sleep, because I was tired, a great deal', my tone was sharp and abrupt; I had ceased to see the sense of being polite anymore. Already: misquotes were coming at me. The man realized his error and attempted to correct his intrusion. Then he began on about the President greeting us, except he didn't know what air force base we were landing on. That was your classic career minded suit in those days, unable to read simple facts. Marcus rushed in to compliment his intelligence even more telling him it was Houston Control', emphasizing every word. I was really sick of the entire enterprise, so I turned over on the chesterfield, moaning mentally to myself. Moore smiled at us, as though this was some extraordinary fact to be marked down in our pads, so that we wouldn't forget to tell everyone when they got back. I didn't really hear what he said, while Marcus smiled at him, as if some great truth had been revealed. Marcus was always over polite. We were to report to the main departure lounge. Marcus collected his bag of cosmic debris and followed Moore out of the private lounge, with me a pace behind. At the departure lounge we were handed over to the crew of the Shuttle. As we said good-bye to the Englishman, I was glad he was leaving, even thinking that this was one of the highlights of the trip. I was relieved to see him go, so I could

return to some kind of reality, away from the barrage of stupid questions. Marcus naturally shook his hand affirming the 'old boy's club', and turned avariciously towards his next audience. I felt more at ease in the confident hands of the crew. Within a matter of minutes, we were ready for the journey back to Earth. Switching on the inter-pers-com I asked how long it would take. The answer came back with military rigidity, 'twenty five minutes if Houston gives the go ahead miss'. Seeing that he was securing one of the hold doors, I didn't pursue my second question, which was going to be, 'then how long will it be if Houston doesn't give the go ahead'. Within moments, the shuttle had permission to leave the space station.

Soon we had embarked, and were entering our trajectory, racing downwards towards the Earth, and from our position mid-ship, we could look down into the cockpit and observe the crew flying the Shuttle. The Shuttle class had radically changed in design and function, since the eighties. This particular shuttle was for the ferrying of passengers, with a smaller hold for small space installations like the one that was now on board. We could see the Earth growing in size, until finally the universe was blocked out entirely by the blue Earth, leaving us with a fantastic view of the North Pole and Canada. The view was too spectacular to ignore, briefly I relaxed to take in the vista. Ahead in front of us were the oscillating heat patterns coming from the cone of the shuttle, glowing cherry red getting hotter and hotter. The fear was beginning to rise in my gorge again. This was not the only Shuttle going to the Earth, another was also descending nose up, surfing into the atmosphere directly behind us as we looked up through the sun visor above us we could see the large orbiting satellite systems benefiting from the twenty four hours of sunlight to grow food, other massive structures for intensive production, drifted nearby. The area looking like the main drag in a major city without the advertising, clustered together in an arc embracing the Earth. I knew it would be a long time before I would see this marvelous sight again, so I forgot my fears and enjoyed it. Behind us was the second shuttle, drifting into the atmosphere its undersurface glowing red. Marcus had been quiet up till now, but soon his excitement possessed him. He shouted to me to look back above us. I leaned my head back to take in the spectacle. There in the outer ionosphere was the burning red heat shield from the Euro-Shuttle, turning towards the east, heading towards Brussels. All around it the trails of burnt gasses streamed from its form, as it plummeted to the Earth. Then the shaking began, as the shuttle began to reach the upper layer of the stratosphere. Shuddering movements that persisted until the craft reached a lower altitude and could level off. This was the part of the

journey that I had come to fear the most. I nervously sat watching the crew in front in the cockpit; everything was shaking violently with the vibrations. Marcus offered me his inane grin, which was his usual expression for moments like these. I just grasped the side of my chair, my knuckles turning white like the rest of me. I moved between dread of being killed, and sheer excitement. But always in the back of my mind I knew that something could go wrong, something unexpectedly. I was aware of that possibility, because several passengers had lost their lives, a year earlier in the upper atmosphere. The cabin had de-pressurized, they were all sucked out through the opening from the side of the shuttle, and blown into the upper atmosphere. So I had no illusions about my situation. Marcus on the other hand was not possessed by these fears, or he put a brave face on it all. He was too busy photographing and watching the Captain as he drew the shuttle into a flat stall position, making the vessel surf against the atmosphere. As we veered through the stratosphere, we began to turn into a south westerly direction heading over the North Pole. The navigator reported, Houston was green, everything looked good. Our vessel turned towards the American east coast, we could begin to distinguish Long Island. The Meteorological report from Houston, advised course to alter from twenty degrees south, to thirty six point eight degrees south, it advised Shuttle ten to keep altitude, to avoid Hurricane Helen, moving towards the Carolina's. Florida wasn't there anymore to take the annual fury of the Gulf Stream. The navigator plotted in the co-ordinates, as the Captain kept the Shuttle at three hundred thousand feet. Since the Shuttle was coming from a northerly position from over the pole via Greenland, it had strayed approximately ten degrees west, meaning it was trailing the east coast of Canada, heading south. As the vessel leveled off at around eighty thousand feet, it ran into turbulence and strong winds, blowing in from the Hudson Bay. I began to feel alarmed, if not frightened; because they were strong turbulences that threw the shuttle around like a child's ball. As the communications Lt issued the position of the ship, the shuttle suddenly shuddered horribly again, as though it had been hit by a large object, 'south', was the last word the navigator said, as it began to roll to starboard, losing altitude faster than before. My ears 'popped', I swallowed hard, all my worst fears now rose up to possess me with terror. Marcus didn't realize anything at first, until he looked down into the cockpit. The three man crew was attempting several formal procedures planned for such instances, in a terrible haste, frantically trying to restart the failed engines. The shuttle had lost power and was falling rapidly than before as the crew attempted again to restart the engines, the noise around us had turned into a deafening scream, I closed the

visor of my space helmet; Marcus did the same, a useless gesture really but anything to offer protection. Despite the efforts of the crew the shuttle still wouldn't respond. Its descent pattern was flashing on one of the monitors, the second officer reported, all exterior surfaces were intact. The Captain was busy trying to engage several vital pieces of equipment, acknowledged him briefly as he struggled, trying to bring the Shuttle under control. It became obvious they were losing too much altitude, he shouted to the second officer. The second officer reported, 'West eighty three degree's, heading in south west,' he exclaimed the last word in surprise at the heading, it was too late. Ahead of us at thirty thousand feet, was a barrier of clouds, dark and menacing. The crew attempted more engine ignition procedures, but they were useless. I was thinking that it can't be true what was happening. It wasn't any good, it was terribly real as the shuttle burst into the clouds, I screamed, I was aware of nothing else, but those people who had lost their lives, but as the darkness of a deep rainy day flew around my head nothing but sheer terror filled me. Great forked flashes of lightning illuminated the grey canopy, followed by the immediate thunder; we seemed to be in the centre of the storm. Through the stroboscopic effects of the lightening storm, I saw the crew desperately attempting to correct the fatal descent of the Shuttle. Another forked finger of lightening flashed outside, the main control panel above the Captain's head, immediately blew sparks and flames into the cockpit, someone reached for a fire extinguisher. The last thing I saw was the Captain depresses more of the banks of switches. Then all around me on the two sides of my seat came two round sheets of metal that swung across my field of vision briefly sending me into darkness, before the encapsulators interior lights came on. Now I was alone isolated in the red light of my encapsulator. My heart pumping adrenalin into me is intensifying my fear of closed places. I had looked up just as the doors were closing. I thought I saw, golden brown of the fall colors, followed by a large area of blue, then the red light. The light in my chamber flickered, followed seconds later with a terrible crashing and ripping, shuddering jolts, something seemed to be tearing at the fuselage. I screamed, alone, terrified in the dim red light, I was waiting in blind terror for the next part of the Shuttle to collapse, and something to come ripping into my compartment delivering death to me. I felt death was not too far away. I thought the shuttle was still moving, the sounds of ripping and crashing, nothing else in my compartment seemed to move, or break up, and I was temporarily relieved. After several minutes of the creaking and groaning I realized I would fall from my chair if it wasn't for the fact that I was strapped in it. Indicating the shuttle was nose down. Ironically I

got my wish, I was finally alone. Then came a great roar, the pressure inside my compartment was terrible. I passed out cold, with pictures of my life moving fleetingly before me. Then came the darkness'

Indeed darkness had come for it was past the hour when a young boy should be awake. This had been the story told to me again and again when I was growing up. My reasons for admitting the story is purely to begin at the very beginning, when everything began. When everything that has ever happened since, would also move towards this future destiny that now I too am a part of, and which I am trying to understand.

Very Deep.

Mike Farmer never came to see me as he said he would, just over one month ago. Instead I received today, the third of April, a disc containing his deposition on it he said he would contact me when he returned from a field expedition to Somalia. He had some business there concerning new irrigation methods. I played the disc this night. I have edited it for its salient facts

'The lab results from the field data of the lake had proven nothing, back at the department of Renewable Resources in Ottawa. It haunted the scientific mind of its finder and stone turner Mike Farmer as to what was down there, but most of all, how the water source found its way into the lake. No tributaries flowed near there for miles. Yet a very large body of water was flowing into the lake at an incredible rate. Beside that, the records from the field tests showed several strong currents were reacting, combining to make an underwater tidal flow that was coming together around the crater. Evidence suggested these tides were moving in a downward path, as if they were flowing out through it. Where was it going to? that was the other new mystery that baffled the stone turner. He knew that water was entering the lake, and leaving at almost the same rate. Accurate measurements of the lakes volume and water line time studies had shown that the rate was reciprocal. Despite the scientific mystery that the lake hid, he felt it important to ensure that the incredible flow into the lake was not rooted miles away in some waste dump, or pulp mill, there were two in the area. Mike told me how he had poured over these facts one hot afternoon. The report had been given three more weeks to wrap up its report before making it public. He never liked working against the clock at the best of times. Nevertheless his opinion of politicians was abated when he learnt of the extension. Miles, upon returning from the field trip, was persuaded by Mike to see if they could obtain ratification and funds to return, and make the deep dive. They had prepared an outline of the information corroborated about the crater, and the lack of information about it, concluding with the request for a better scientific picture of the lakes nature. Later that day Miles Web came into my office, heated and bursting with indignation. I hadn't seen him like that before. 'They rejected, rejected absolutely, any funds for an underwater, deep seismic search, to look at the problem. It was all such a great deal of fuss and unnecessary expense over a large hole', that's what the junior minister told me. The report was not required to substantiate irrelevant details that had been suggested by the junior scientific assistant.' I knew he was referring to me, Miles spluttered to a stop. I hadn't responded during all this. Instead I sat with my feet up on my desk eating a container of yogurt, or something, it was

lunch time. Miles had closed his diatribe about young sons of inbred wealth, who choose careers in politics, and something about the country being run by asinine lawyers. I too had enough of the affair; several leaks from the department had brought the enquiry to the press over a memo that was stolen before the minister was announcing the report. It had contained the preliminary scientific analysis of the lakes unsuitability. There were going to be heads rolling, civil servants had been made to cover up for the minister after he had announced in Parliament the lakes water had been approved by the report. A very silly sham all round. I had prepared my exit at the out break of the leak, now was the best time for me to make my move. I got up from my desk, silently took my brief-case, over to the filing cabinet, loaded it with the discs containing the field data, and walked out of the office. Miles watched dumbfounded, shouting, 'where you going, Mike stop...' Outside, I took a cab, crossed the St Lawrence River, a grey image of pollution and misuse hung below me in the water and around the docks. It had once been a thriving port of commerce, but now deserted except for the industrial pollution floating towards the Atlantic. I felt disgusted at the mess that I had to daily play witness to. I was feeling depressed when I got home, I only had one thing on my mind, to get drunk, which I did copiously. A month later, I was holed up in a new apartment, due to the fact the department had sent some of their goons to arrest me and re-appropriate the tapes. Miles had been sympathetic to me, something he had never shown before. I was surprised. He had helped me get away from my previous apartment, and move to Toronto, escaping the R.C.M.P. and the Departments appointed sleuths. He would visit me on weekends to check up on me. His intentions were honest ones. We would go to a movie, or for a drink. I think it was also a good excuse for him to get away from his wife. On this particular Friday night, when Miles drove to Mississauga to see me, he was surprised to see that I had a severe cold. We had planned to go into the country to look at some bad polluted areas, where chemical effluents were draining into a spawning ground for Atlantic salmon. I greeted him at the door as a coughing man, head down, miserable. In silence I let him in and threw myself back into the chair, staring miserably at the Magi glow fire place that was illuminating the hearth. It was a twenty first century plastic kitsch living room, rough place really, lots of crime in the neighborhood. I felt like some camper waiting for a wet rainy night to be over. Miles had a smile on his face; he seemed more tired than usual, after the long drive from Ottawa. Despite this, he still managed to pour me a scotch. 'This is a fine way for you to greet an old friend', said joking Miles with a smile, taking a drink, waiting for

me to look up and say something. After a downcast moment of silence, waiting for the scotch to send a glow into my insides, I gazed bleary eyed in his direction. 'So what's the big smile about...?' I asked. He reached into his pocket and slipped out a long white envelope. He held it out of sight under his hand from view, but I could see it. He decided to play the joker on me see if I still cared or something telling me, 'its over Mike, the department have the R.C.M.P. coming over, they followed me'. I didn't move, instead I drank more of the scotch, holding the empty glass up for the bottle toting scientists, then like a broken man, I told him. 'I don't care, they can come over and get me, I'm sick to death of the whole damn place!' Miles smiled again at my expressionless face; he waited for me to rise to his last statement. I didn't so he briefly chastised me. How I couldn't, just can't walk out of government buildings with property..., their property without some indefinite connection or pursuit.' Then he laughed as he drew the letter from under his hand, handing it over to me. I was going to ask him what it was anyway. Somberly he told me what had happened. 'Someone had come to the Department looking for me, said it was very important, luckily she came to him, otherwise the whole place would have known. Miles was worried that someone would follow him that night. I was busy ripping into the envelope, turning the single page open, to read the letter. As I looked away from the sheet, feeling fearful, I could see that Miles had some previous brief concerning its contents, his face said so. The letter was from Houston Control, Special Tactics Division; they requested my presence at an address in Ottawa, that tonight. For me it wasn't that easy. I had become very distrustful of everyone I wasn't about to start showing my face to strangers or organizations like this. My paranoia returned filling me with dread and uncertainty. Something in me kept saying let go, it doesn't matter what the outcome is, you don't care anyway. Consequently I vacillated between these two premises. 'How do I know it's not a trick', I asked explosively. Miles had checked a few things out, apparently there was something big going on south of the border. The President had been embarrassed by N.A.S.A. again. He told me, one of the special agents from N.A.S.A. had read the Globe and Disc report from the department, concerning the stolen discs. She had seen his name from the unfinished report. Suddenly I knew what they wanted, it was obvious, but why..?', so I interrupted him again. 'Discs, why, they didn't say anything about where it's missing on the news, they couldn't, unless they know where it is' Miles filled in the blank space in my mind. I passed him the letter, he already knew that much, he had been told by Virginia Mahler, but the letter confirmed the situation.

Miles had said nothing to her, concerning the whereabouts of the discs. He only told her he would see what could be done. The letter contained proposition for me. Should I have the discs? N.A.S.A. offered me an identity; get me out of the country, money, passport, the usual obvious offer. I wasn't very impressed, although I hadn't made any other plans. In exchange for duration of co-operation for the information, enabling them to use what I had. I was concerned that there was only one option that had already been determined without any negotiations. Naturally I felt manipulated. They didn't leave very much out; they didn't leave very many options either. By now, Miles had read the last clause about, 'failure to co-operate fully, having unnecessary consequences'. Obviously he didn't realize he was the messenger of threats. Certainly the last part indicated they knew more than we realized. Mostly I was concerned about them following him there. Otherwise they wouldn't be able to make such threats...! I looked out the window to the dirty street below, the road was empty apart from some late night teenagers ganged together smoking cigarettes. I remonstrated with Miles over this extensively. He suggested it was nothing more than a threat, otherwise why would try the diplomatic approach like they had. It still didn't change my situation, whatever the truth was. Several more minutes passed and I hadn't resolved my plan of action; Miles tried to make the opportunity more palatable for me. 'It's not such a bad thing; you would be out of the country afterwards. I like the part about the identity'. I didn't see it like that I was more concerned about selling the information, something I hadn't felt was ethical, besides I hadn't taken them in the first place for that reason. When I made it clear to Miles, he asked why I had taken them in the first place, if that wasn't obvious. The only thing that was obvious was that he couldn't see the reason. It's past now, but for the record, it was because I knew the department had been ordered to send all physical evidence from the report to the deputy minister's office. No doubt for destruction, eliminating anything that could be used in evidence against the minister's lies, he had made to Parliament. I was more concerned that they hand me over to the authorities, as soon as they have the discs. I'm in the slammer. Miles confidently offered some excuse about trying to 'get something on them, and then they have to keep you'. I felt cheered slightly, he had something there. I took some of the scotch. The main geomorphic were all mastered onto one disc that made it possible for me to keep control of the valuable information. Where I went that disc went. Short of physical removable from my person, I would be safe. The shuttle had fallen into the lake, the main disc told them the terrain for the location, and they needed someone to get them

there. Miles enthusiastically suggesting I was right in my plan. He would pick me up when I came back with the new look of the lake. Then I realized something important, something I hadn't really given much thought to, there was the possibility that the shuttle went down the crater. If that was the case, they will want to go into the hole. I was not quite sure if I could handle that just then. Miles thought I would be alright, in fact he didn't see why I would have second thoughts about it. After all I had made a real stink to get down there. Now by pure chance of misfortune I was able to do it. I Remembered the N.A.S.A, station for Oceanography that I went too last year? They had some real large stuff at the marine station outside of Mazatlan in Mexico, submersibles that were sectional in design. In case of emergency, the crew could move to an undamaged section of the installation. I asked him for confirmation of my plan Miles was unusually sure for some obscure reason of personality. N.A.S.A, knew they couldn't come in through the front door, otherwise they would have gone through the executive branch. That was all true, so they weren't talking with the authorities. Besides I didn't like the idea of getting handed over to the R.C.M.P. I had heard of the things that happen to you when you're incarcerated. I had seen how the Indians looked after they had been handed over to the O.P.P after the Tanagazagi uprising three years earlier in northern Ontario. Now the news spoke of uprisings by the Peigan, and by the Indians on the reserve around the James Bay Three project. Miles told me he saw two seedy looking security guards inside the departments, main auditorium, but that was all. He suggested I didn't get too worked up about those tell tale signs. The main thing was that N.A.S.A. had come to him. He was getting tired of my fearful preoccupations, and was obviously didn't give a damn if I did go along with the offer or not. He made one final bid to rouse my courage. 'Come on get your stuff, they are expecting us', said Miles encouragingly, 'it will be alright, they're genuine, and they need those tapes!'. I thought, looking into Miles face like he was waiting for a sign to reassure himself. He gestured again with an expression of reassurance. Why not, I remember thinking, there was nothing ultimately to loose, except my freedom. I silently drank my scotch off, and shuffled out of the room to get a shave and some more Dristan. In the car going towards Ottawa, I still felt slightly paranoid. I had the underwater seismic disc from the research project along as requested, 'that', I thought, 'is why I'm so paranoid'. I wasn't really paranoid about the police on my tail; rather that in the back of my mind I could still remember the night I saw the blue shape fall out of the sky. I had thoughts about what it may or may not be, though there were no illusions about fame and glory. More importantly, I thought

the satellite may be down there, even down the neck of the crater. I feared slightly by this possibility, don't ask me why, I just did. Despite my report regarding what I saw that night, the authorities hadn't investigated, so quietly I thought it would be a great opportunity to investigate every question I had regarding the phenomenon that had accumulated for me about Lake Flin Flon. For now I thought it best not to mention it to anyone, especially Miles, who had already offered the familiar derision on the subject.

As we made our way out of Toronto heading north, my eye was turned briefly towards a street venders sign selling newspapers. There distinctly written, were the headlines, 'More sightings of U.F.O. in San-Diego, and Valparaiso'. Miles, on the other hand was still a little worried about my felony, and the consequences, or if I would be caught. Even Miles couldn't really know for sure what N.A.S.A. was going to do with me, if they meant what they said, he told me later. He had managed to get some security from Virginia Mahler as to the integrity of the offer if he could get me to agree. She had assured him that getting me out of hiding wouldn't jeopardize my freedom in any way. Although the letter was regrettably true in its intentions should I agree not to co-operate. Miles pushed on through the night. We were approaching the freeway for Ottawa, another hour and we would be there. At the address provided to Miles, we were led upstairs by a plain clothed freckly youth, to a large room, where we were requested to sit. Miles recognized Virginia, they smiled pleasantly at each other, and the meeting began. I had left the tapes inside the dash of the car, when Miles was gassing it up. Then we had decided to park it up, and take a cab to the location he had been given. When we entered the room of the appointed address Commander Blue back was turned away from us, standing, looking out of the window to the stormy night. His first question without turning around was. 'I assume that you have brought the discs...' I responded with incredulity, 'You don't waste much time with formalities.' His reply was sharp and clear, telling me he didn't have very much of time left for the question at hand. He persisted with the question, I felt outrage with his off handed manner, so I petulantly told him I didn't have the tapes. He turned round sharp and angry, 'Then there is nothing to proceed with, I suggest you gentlemen, talk about the situation quickly and advise me. He left the room followed with his two aides. Miles turned to me seething with indignation; he wanted to know why I hadn't brought them. It wouldn't have made much difference what I would, or should have told him, but then his neck wasn't on the line. I told him so, See I didn't bring them, because I wanted to see if the deal would work first. I didn't think Miles understood, it

was my God damn neck on the line, not his. We agreed...' he said pleadingly. I told him he assumed I would go along with his ideas; he didn't think I might have my own ideas of how it should be done. We both calmed down a little, Miles turned to see the sergeant waiting by the door. I offered the solution to Miles, he would get the disc when the terms had been agreed, turning to the sergeant, to tell him they wanted to talk. Commander Blue came into the room, sat down behind the desk. He stammered out 'not wasting his time. I got down to brass tacks with him, telling him about where the disc was, and when he can have it. I detailed the material on the disc for him. When it came to making the deal, I told him what I wanted, namely to go along on the dive to sense the area to complete my investigation. No problem there, although I knew he really didn't like the idea. He gave me his word on the matter which was acceptable. I would have probably have done the same thing. The disagreement was far from over between us. Just in case, Hank sent the freckly aide with Miles to the car to get the discs explaining, 'I'm sure gentleman we understand each other. He then proceeded to tell me the main cause of his irritability. There was a shuttle lost; they had tracked it down over a large lake. He looked at his desk then pronounced the name, 'Lake Flin Flon'. Then he looked up again. I told him I was aware of the news report. 'We found out that you two did the research work for the water management study for that particular lake. The Commander looked briefly perplexed, he hadn't mentioned the other simple fact, 'There is something else I thought you should know, and there are two children inside that shuttle, along with the crew'. Blue said regrettable. I hadn't thought about the crew, but then I hadn't thought there would be any survivors either. I was penitent due to my earlier arrogance, how could I have known about the children, it was all top secret. The media had been told they were delayed on the space station star. Patience is short when the body is sick. 'I asked, 'can they still be alive...?' Hank told me, there was a good chance they were, the last report of the shuttle indicated their encapsulater were deployed'. I screwed up my forehead at the term 'encapsulater', Blue explained. I had soon relinquished my fears, I knew that there was a more simple answer to all of this if I accepted that they were only concerned with the rescue of the people on board, the Canadian government could go screw itself. That night we all went through the information on the course of the shuttle, and the lakes floor. When Hank Blue saw the crater on the computer, he was very upset. He questioned me extensively about its nature. I told him what the facts seemed to tell me. I knew he didn't like what he heard. By the early dawn we had developed a computer model overlaying the course of the

shuttle predictions with the seismic relief. Hank Blue looked at the clock on the wall, ten past six, time was pressing. A Harrier jet was waited for us at Ottawa international airport on standby. One strong possibility for the location was along the east edge of the plateau that ended abruptly at the mouth of the crater. The Commander looked daunted; I knew he was thinking the worst. He assumed there had to be a bottom at some incalculable depth running through the center of the crater. He was thinking the shuttle had gone over the edge. I was of a different mind set; after all I hadn't found the bottom during the entire study. I told the Commander the depths there were staggering He was discouraged by the facts I displayed to him on the monitor. Virginia indicated the long strip running across a broad flat plain, ending abruptly at the edge of the plateau. She corroborated the triangulation of the descent pattern, this was the results. Really, no one was sure where or if they would find the shuttle. I realized that I had severed a nerve in the Commander's brain by what I felt compelled to tell him. I attempted to mend the damage, unfortunately adding more injury when I explained my theory about the currents converging at the crater mouth. The crater acted like a plug hole in a bath, naturally the water current is slower and consistent, but the sheer volume of the water makes the pull from it irresistible. Any free falling object would naturally feel its attraction. Blue listened unwillingly to the conclusion as we walked down the back stairs of the building to the waiting car. I concluded that the probability of the final trajectory of the shuttle must have fallen somewhere into the currents influence, and there was the certainty of the crater having a zero bottom. 'Although one has to exist, but at what depth was beyond the boundary of science'. It was Miles who finally interrupted him when he said farewell. I could tell that I hadn't exactly hit it off with Commander Blue, which gave me consternation about the dive. Within a couple of hours, I was back in the home territory at Lake Flin Flon, except this time I wasn't so alone. This time huge transporter planes were dropping equipment from the air, and several platoons of soldiers were setting up installations, preparing a landing strip with bulldozers. Humanity had arrived in this barren place with a vengeance, and of course a purpose. The interesting aspect of the whole operation was that N.A.S.A, inducted me into the armed forces as a Lt. When I walked through the security checks at Ottawa airport, twinges of exhilaration and paranoia rushed through me., I experienced the sensation that criminals experience perhaps, when they have succeeded in their crimes. Even N.A.S.A. had broken the law, so I didn't feel too bad, in fact I was assured that I was doing humanity a favor. Besides they would have destroyed

the tapes at the department of natural resources, or stacked them into a filing cabinet to gather dust. At the side of the lake I stopped briefly, I thought about the children, and strangely, as I stood almost on the spot where I stood that night when I was almost blinded by that strange object I recalled the sound of it disappearing, and thought of the shuttle. What could it have been, perhaps a meteorite? There had been news stories of failing satellites, but that was highly improbable as well. Nevertheless I couldn't help feeling that there was a certain sense of destiny or fate that had brought me back to the lake. 'Perhaps it may have been a U.F.O. after all', I was beginning to believe there were such things. There had been more of those ringed circular shapes made out in grain fields. Strange pictograms, circles, strange handles, crossed bars pointing out some unknown message. These had been happening, since the nineties in England, France, and elsewhere. Two massive letters had been cut into one side of the pyramid at Cheops, the letters were A.E, drawn in a circular motif, nothing else, but each letter was exactly three hundred and sixty-five feet high, the circle was Pi that was obvious. No one could determine the cause, putting it down to practical jokers, there were a lot around, especially in a dying world. Like the wheat fields in England and France, no reasonable explanation could be offered. I laughed to myself when I realized how absurd my thoughts were getting. I had come to realize to accept things more intuitively, not to be overly concerned with the results of my efforts. Life was more enjoyable that way. After all I was going on a great journey; things had come together despite everything, despite no effort from me. So I let the rest unfold. I was strangely aware of the people who now lay at the bottom of this place, everything seemed to have a pattern, but it was random, asymmetrical. Everything else must take its path where it may fall or wind. I felt exhilaration for once, instead of the daily mental arse kicking that I had been giving myself. I felt lucky for the first time in ten weeks; life was looking up for me after all. As I turned away from the lakeshore, and went inside the main control room, I remember I was smiling happily. Commander Blue didn't think smiles were appropriate as he threw me the diving uniform. Within half an hour I had been briefed with most of the equipment that was being used on the Neptune submarine. We would soon be ready for the dive, after Commander Blue had checked all of the systems, and programmed the computer with the discs. I stayed out of the way during most of the time, mainly because I had seen several Mounties guarding the perimeter of the site, and was reminded once more of my 'desperado', situation of a wanted man. I was also reminded of the eternal adage of the R.C.M.P. 'that they always got their man'. I desperately hoped

this time it wouldn't come true, and consoled myself with the thought that they merely perpetrated that adage, not because it was true, but because it put their quarry at a psychological disadvantage. One of the local Indians who had been repairing some trap lines that he was readying for the winter season, saw the shuttle fall into the lake. He said it had fallen roughly in the centre; I plotted the location onto the graphs determining for Commander Blue that it was centre to the area that I had named, 'the crater'. Commander Blue was hoping that it hadn't come down in that area, but he was sure that they would be able to reach the shuttle with the Neptune. I couldn't see anything reaching a depth greater than five miles, without mortal consequences for everyone aboard. I had told him several times that the sonar sensing equipment had a greater potential than five miles, and they still couldn't get the bottom of the lake. Hank really wasn't interested in this fact, which left me feeling that the Commander might have become fixated about getting his son out alive, justifiably so. Hank thought that if the shuttle had fallen deeper than five miles, then the shuttle would have crumpled up like a paper bag; information from Houston control had indicated that the encapsulater would withhold the pressure of the water, but the hull would buckle. That thought was arrested in Hank's mind, I know. He chose not to think of the death of his son, or Liana and the crew. He already knew that if the shuttle had gone down into the hole, then at those depths the hull of the shuttle would collapse. This meant more difficulties of getting the encapsulators out. Instead he hoped they had fallen onto the relatively shallow floor of the lake, some distance of a half mile, making the rescue, a simple task. Commander Blue had suggested I was not quite on the mark when it came to determining if the crater really existed. Secretly, he hoped I was wrong, but there was strong evidence to suggest that I wasn't, and as the facts unfolded themselves it looked like everyone on board the Neptune would be in deadly peril if we had to make the descent down the crater. Now, more than ever, time was of the essence, and it was slipping away from the rescue team every second they wasted on preliminary testing and checking. While I waited for the readying of the Neptune, I slipped away to see the only eye witness to the shuttle before it was swallowed by the lake. When I arrived at the small group of shacks, at the end of a dirt road, I was already beginning to think about the first night that I saw the strange shape disappear. I also realized that the Indian may have seen more than just the Shuttle. I was becoming obsessed about the strange shape I had seen that last night at the lake, becoming overwhelmed with thoughts about it. Sometimes I would see it in a dream waiting across the lake. A great shining, golden blue disc,

I walked towards it never reaching the thing. The sheer size of it made it look closer than what it was. That night I decided to see if anyone else had seen the shape. I had heard about the song and folklore tale that speaks of an old man who lies in the lake. A National film board cartoon was on television, when I was held up in my apartment. That was only folklore or legend. When I spoke to the Indian about the shuttle I learned quickly from the diagram I had brought of the lake, once the Indian had drawn an 'X', to mark the spot. I knew that the shuttle was in very deep water. But felt compelled to ask about the blue shape. After the Cree had told me how the shuttle had fallen, the position being, nose down, and very fast. I expected something like that, I cleared my throat and asked them about what I saw fall into the lake. The room fell to silence, while eyes gathered confidants. I had spoken about something they hadn't expected. 'Have you seen anything else go down into the lake...?' I continued to ask. The Cree around the table went blank, looking at me as though I was nuts. I mustered another question. I told them about what I saw; I wanted to know if they had seen it, if they could confirm my apparition. One of the Indians left the cabin, several moments later; he arrived back with an elder man, the Shaman of the tribe. I was asked to repeat the question. This time I told him that I had seen the blue shape fall into the lake. I was convinced of it, so was he, for once someone actually gestured an affirmation that I could be right. 'We have seen it come and go many times. 'You who are preparing to enter the water must be ready for something bigger than the sky; the Silver fish man awaits those who enter. That is what you saw enter the lake. What you do to the water will bring him upon you all. That place is sacred to us of the Cree nation'. The Shaman of the Cree, went silent, there was nothing else to be told. I felt a sense of foreboding that ran through me, inexplicable, beyond words. He had confirmed something for me about the blue disk. He also had warned me, although I didn't really take too much attention to the possible danger that persisted in the Shaman's tone of voice. When I was leaving to go back to base, the Cree, who had seen the shuttle fall, stopped to tell him, 'We think of it as the great spirit, to us it is the life of the great mother, because of it the water runs clean'. I listened patiently, but I felt it was a bit late for all this mythology, that was the last thing I could believe in. I wanted to know what the old man meant by the Fishman. The Indian gazed out across the lake, saying there were stories told from along time ago about a Fishman who has knowledge of all things, more knowledge than the white man or their Shaman. He was still living in the lake; no one has seen it since the time when the white man first came here. Now I had come bringing the news of the great disc again. I listened intently,

heeding the words, something inside of me was beginning to listen and believe. He told me to be silent about what I had learnt. I said nothing and climbed back inside the Speight/Ford cruiser. I knew now that the apparition had been coming to the lake time over time, the Cree Shaman attested to that. I hoped there would be something more substantial to justify the myth at the bottom of the lake. Later that afternoon as the early winter Sun burnt down on the yellow hull of the Neptune, amid U.V. visor adorning crowds that had gathered at the perimeter of the encampment, Commander Blue steered us out into the lake, reaching the dive position it sank out of sight. I felt as if something more powerful was guiding my actions and thoughts, permeated with the knowledge of the shaman, after months of frustration wondering what was at the bottom I was going to find out!'.

Chrysalis at Tithonium.

It had been my father who suggested that I should talk to Commander Essen, if I wished to understand what took place during the mission to Mars and Jupiter. I knew that there was something from the mission that may shed light on my question. It had been something he had said to me, something that obviously wasn't his usual evasive self when ever I confronted my father with questions regarding the mystery of the past. He knew Essen would be able to shed some light about what really happened. I made one interview a long time ago when I was still trying to understand the full implications of this mysterious day. Now after reviewing everything that I have in my disc files I have retrieved it so that I may familiarize myself with it once more. Commander Essen came to my house one early spring morning, after preliminary introductions we settled down and he began his story. I had initiated this meeting because I had seen several photographs from the Martian expedition that couldn't be explained. I felt these pictures contained something that I needed in my search. They were strange visions of massive cocoons rising hundreds of feet into the air. Colored striations, in repetitious patterns lay piled on top of each other, in what could only be called surrealistic other worldliness. In one pictogram, ancient life forms lay scattered around the bases of these massive columns. My parents had refused to offer anyone on Earth an explanation regarding the mystery that surrounded them. They were and still are to this day a complete enigma even to those who witnessed them in the beginning. Today nothing remains of the chrysalis at Tithonium Mensae on Mars. After extensive scrutiny, Essen's deposition of our last conversation, merely avoided the matter of Tithonium. I suspect he wanted to avoid questions about the strange photographs. Deciding to act upon my father's suggestion, I finally tracked him down for the second time. He had retired some years from the Agency and was living in Vermont. He was considerably older and slightly bedridden, since last time. When I arrived at the small country home he greeted me from the upstairs window, as I walked down the footpath. Apparently he was in a real huff about being late to meet me due to the fact that he couldn't get his trousers on, a most disagreeable position for an ex commander of the stars. I helped him rid the twist in the legs, and left the independently minded Essen to himself. Shortly after, he arrived at the bottom of the stairs, shuffled into the chair by the burning fire. I told him I wanted only the real facts concerning the mission. In the past I realized that he had embellished the mission for the glory of my young imagination. This time I expected real answers, and I told

him so. He looked at me gravely when I mentioned to him the photographs, and what my father had said. It was this remark that prompted him to regard me with sincerity. I asked that he returned to the beginning to tell me what really happened. Gradually he settled down to revisit the past, to enter that place that is the scratchy images of his memories.

'The Journey to Mars for the crew of the 'Ganymede' had been harassing. We were woken early from our cryogenic sleep to the sound of alarms coming from the second deck. We found out soon enough that there had been severe electronic malfunctions, due to radiation from cosmic rays. The damage had blown several large outer sections of the ship's radiation shielding system. A great deal of the sensing and life support systems were also damaged, we were lucky that the S.I.D. computer had remained intact, so as to wake us, otherwise we would have all died peacefully in outer space. We had to immediately seek the safety of our space suits in order to repair the damaged systems, and expunge the areas that were contaminated with radiation. After thirty six hours of stressful work, we had secured enough room to retire from the immanent dangers of death in outer space. I had down played the situation to Houston a little; even I couldn't have realized how much damage there was to the Ganymede. At the end of the struggle, involving some outside repairs to main panels I that we were back in control. Cosmic rays are nuclei that spin of from Helium and Carbon atoms, with a very powerful electron charge. This electron charge can be as high to the power of twenty eight, and even higher. These little bombs can pass through lower electro-magnetic shields, causing untold damage to computers and vital electronic equipment. Commander Essen was an old man when I took his deposition so he naturally assumes people didn't understand things like that. He continued. During the repairs, involving extensive space walks, the chief engineer was lost on the gantry sections of the ships, during re-installation of the main orbiting panel. He left the ship, drifting out defenseless into outer space, moving directly away from the Ganymede into a field of meteorites that lay close to starboard. His propulsion equipment had failed to work, along with his radio, no one realized until I went to test the radiation shields again, and called him on the intercom, before we realized we were one man short. By the time I'd found him amongst all the millions of meteors, strange place meteor fields. Its not just big ones like you'd think. There were thousands and thousands of small fragments about the size of a house scattered everywhere, an easy place to loose a man with no radio contact. When I picked him up, another eighteen hours had elapsed. Later, when I returned with the manic flailing man to the Ganymede, he was a blubbering

mental wreck. He was unable to talk to anyone, sheer terror written onto his face. I and the first officer could only look helplessly into the terrified mans eyes. 'I couldn't find him out there amongst all those rocks. Damn it...!' That's what I remember saying to Major Kennedy the first mate, we both looked helplessly into the terrified face of the chief. I wished we had a doctor aboard. The Chief was beyond comprehension, he was trapped in convulsive fits of immense fear, combined with desperate facial grimaces, and loud terrifying screams. After several minutes of the screaming, I decided to return him to his cryogenic plant until we reached Mars, some three days away. I don't know if you have ever experienced panicked fear in a man, probably not. I can tell you it was unnerving especially so far out in space. We tried to settle down to the last three days of the journey, attempting to repair the transmitter that was damaged and had failed during the last transmission to Houston Central. I hoped that we could return most of the Ganymede back to operational capacity to engage Houston at the designated time. With the chief engineer unavailable to direct the repairs, we found the progress slow and tiring. At exactly three thousand hours, we were in a position to communicate to Houston. Houston had sent a delayed message to the Ganymede, when they realized that I wasn't responding. When we switched on the equipment in the control concourse; we waited expectantly hoping to see the snowy lines of the monitors flicker and crackle through the long tunnel of space, before Houston One came up. With relieve the message came in loud and clear. The transmission began with the delayed message first sent, and remained on a repeater signal. Houston aware that the Ganymede was now receiving, moved communications off critical, aware our predicament, that had mercifully passed. I looked into the camera telling them, everything was normal again. Except for Major Garrett, who was lost in space for two days. When I found him, he was a nervous wreck, luckily he had enough oxygen, but I think the supply was on the verge of packing up when I found him. I think his brain was damaged. Houston couldn't offer much help, and since no doctors were on board, we were of very little help. They were more concerned with getting a replacement for the Chief. 'You are in a serious position; we recommend you request a replacement from Zond Two at Mars. Lieutenant Makarov isn't proficient enough in space engineering. We recommend that you request Major Malevitch'. I just took orders which were what I had been trained for, but I was amazed at the cool indifference, but then years later it was the right thing for the time. The bank of lights at the controls indicated the red alert on which we had been placed by S.I.D. was returning to amber and

was green in some parts of the space cruiser. 'I'm most anxious about Major Garret, is there anything more we can do for him? We think he may die if we leave him in cryogenics, his brain signals are getting weak. I remember feeling particularly hopeless, probably for the first time in my life. Houston suggested nothing that I didn't already know, and had done. I suppose they felt kind of helpless themselves. It wasn't a very easy situation; knowing that a man, close friend, lay dying and no one could prevent it. I then felt the need for the medical expertise that he had requested before the mission. I felt betrayed by Houston's incompetence to provide more information. They were monitoring his condition via the computer, but what can you do when you're on the other side of the solar system? I knew I was alone with Major Kennedy until we arrived at Mars; Houston was almost three worlds away. Houston advised me of the trajectory approach to the planet, they suggested taking us in using remote control, not a nice feeling when you're squeezing in around the moons of Mars. I agreed, we were both exhausted from the search and required food and rest. 'When you guys wake up, we will have brought you in around the big red one'. Then the communication ended with routine over and outs and we were alone once more in the universe. Through the monochromatic windows of the Ganymede we could see the red planet with its usual markings, Chryse Planitia, the Tharsis range of Mountains, Olympus Mons the largest volcano in the solar system. I verbally instructed the onboard computer to hold the signal open to Houston, for the last part of the journey towards the planet Mars. Anything could go wrong, and the navigational team in Houston was busy plotting course predictions for the star cruiser. I and the First officer, Kennedy, watched as we started the last approach towards Mars, having our meal before retiring. At first the red planet seemed small in the frame of the window, but as time passed and the Ganymede grew closer, the characteristics became more distinct. The unearthly view of Mars is hostile and unforgiving, this is a world where you had to survive with your wits, one error outside, could be mortally fatal. When we awoke eight hours later, we could see that the rendezvous with the red planet was on, because behind us were the two moons of Mars, Desmos and Phoebus, and blocking out most of the universe was Mars itself, the seat of war. Houston had secured the trajectory for 'Ganymede's orbit using Desmos' gravity, we were about to enter the last final stage. I went though he proceeded as we had planned and rehearsed for those thousand times for the mission. I told the computer to open the channel to Houston one, it obeyed. Feeling rested and able to enjoy the Ganymede's security for the first time since gaining control of the situation, I felt good. I looked forward to getting to

the surface and some extra company. Mostly I wanted to get the Chief onto the surface to some medical attention. When I checked the computer his condition was satisfactory, a slight improvement since the last eight hours. But my attention was taken up with the orbital trajectory, I complemented Houston, they replied calling us by our informal name of 'big bird'. 'We were preparing to communicate to the Martian surface', I said, 'We anticipate that their communications are now functioning normally.' Houston control couldn't confirm anything because of the last transmission, six weeks ago from the Martian surface. NASA thought their radio transmitter was down, turned out it was right. I thought the worst, that they could all be dead! Houston suggested a communiqué to the Cydonia, the space cruiser for the Martian team. I could see the space cruiser orbiting Mars, some hundred miles or so to port, it looked deserted, and all interior cabin lighting systems were off. I hailed it anyway, but there was no response. Neither was there anything from the surface radio. After several attempts I realized that no one was onboard the Cydonia, the computer told us that personnel were unable to respond. But I wasn't perturbed by this problem; I confirmed to Houston our anticipated time for going into orbit around Mars which was three thousand and eighty six hours eleven minutes sixteen seconds since our departure from Earth. Houston confirmed my data. I told them of my plan to get the Chief to the Martian surface. Houston replied that they had monitored his condition; there was nothing anyone could really do. I had authority to secure a position with for him to Commander Grifphius of Zond Two. They were making the return trip to the Earth, in six weeks. I think it was order six eight of space regulations, 'commandeering for medical reasons'. I remember it was strange, very strange to travel so far, only to find there was no one at the other end as you had expected. Soon enough the large red planet loomed closer beneath us, as we descended to the surface with Major Garret. No communication with the surface had been possible; it occurred to me that we may even find dead men, the way the mission had gone so far. The radio silence irked me I felt as everyone does about silences in outer space. They always indicated something was wrong. As we sank towards the surface of Mars in the shuttle, I looked back once more, behind me lay the 'Ganymede' orbiting the planet, and the Cydonia, parked up next to it. I don't know why I did this; I was usually concerned with what was ahead. But I think now it was the security the Ganymede had offered, and the uncertainty of Mars, or maybe the radio silence. I don't know, but I remember it as if it was yesterday'.

We began to enter the Martian atmosphere; soon large well known land marks became visible. We were on a western course at an altitude of nine kilometers. Below us was the Elysium Planitia, a great flat surface, red and sandy, stretching some twenty five hundred kilometers to the west. The Phelgra Montes, rising out of the dusty red surface at the other end. Then came Hecates Tholus a half filled in crater, Elysium Mons, the only real distinguishing marks in the entire landscape. To the south was the range of pedestal craters known as Cerberus with the dunes of Orcus Patera. The channels of the Hephaestus Fossae, Elysium Fossae, long striations in the surface of the plain, probably left when water was evaporated into the early Martian atmosphere. To the north of the shuttle lay the Utopia Planitia, a vast stretch of barren sand with the occasional crater every five hundred kilometers or so. True to its name Utopia, 'no place', which it certainly was, like no place in the cosmos. Further north the long stretched out Vastitas Borealis a vast northern region covered with chaotic terrain. As we looked over the North Pole, I could see the weather patterns that are usually associated with that region, the deposit of ice, layered in a spiral indicating the wind patterns that formed it. We were traveling on a course thirty degrees north heading two hundred and sixty degrees west, we weren't about to get involved with them. I recognized the Syrtis Major Planitia, by the weather pattern's southerly orientation, I banked further south to avoid them. Then came the mind staggering region known as the Nylosyrtis Mensae, a flat topped prominence with steep edges. I indicated this part of the terrain to Major Kennedy. It is a place that is full of chasma and valleys tightly knitted together, mensae. I still don't think its been properly explored, or mapped. Every time I came there it had changed something to do with the wind and weather patterns. Kennedy didn't say anything, what was there to say the view to the first time traveler was too incredible. We were now passing the last section of the Protonilus Mensae range, I loved telling Major Kennedy the places I knew off by heart like a well traveled tourist. I pointed to the Deuteronius Mensae the last of that range of Minor Mountains. As we cruised over the heavily cratered area, ahead was the great plain of the Chryse Planitia, and the Sharonov caldera, an active volcano once, the caldera many stages high, with massive horny plates piled on top of each other, loomed to our starboard. To the north the Acidalia Planitia an area covered in chaotic terrain of blackened rocks, impact and volcanic craters pedestal craters with well developed platforms upon which sat the crater itself surrounded by ejecta. This landscape seems to have no end, stretching as far as the eye can see to the North Pole. I've been over it once in an earlier mission,

that's all anyone would want to. To the south the Marinaris Planitia the three plains Solis, Sinai, and Syria all were ending at the chasm of the Valle Marinaris. This valley compared to the Grand Canyon is four times deeper, six times wider and ten times longer, four thousand kilometers longer. This was a sight I never tired of seeing from the air, I pointed to it enthusiastically when it was more prominent on the horizon, hard to have missed such a massive landform. As we looked down we could see the fractured lines running into crazy patterns, running into the most chaotic part the Noctis Labrinthus north of the Syria Planum, an area one hundred and twenty thousand kilometers of twisted valleys and canyons probably left when magma was drawn from underneath it by the nearby Tharsis Pontes region of volcanoes. This place is hell, I have never experienced terrain like that, it would take hours just making a few hundred yard gain on foot. Lying to the western horizon was the first Martian volcano Major Kennedy had seen, Arsia Mons the most southerly volcano of the range, its caldera one hundred and fifty kilometers in diameter now resting after a fiery birth. We were getting close to Zond Two. I turned the shuttle on a heading north twenty degrees, I had purposely wondered slightly off course to take in the great Valles Marinaris, but now as we headed north, I lowered altitude so we could see the other two volcanoes of the Tharsis Montes range, Pavonis Mons and Acraeus Mons. Lying some one thousand kilometers on the horizon was the massive Olympus Mons volcano the largest in the solar system. Its size dominated the horizon even at such a distance, its shield rising twenty five kilometers into the red Martian sky. Martian landscapes are like that, the planet smaller than the size of the Earth, but everything on it is big. They were heading for the region known as Kasei Vallis in the Lunae Planum region near the crater Sharonov, the location of the station. The co-ordinates had placed the Shuttle some one thousand kilometers from the Martian station as the shuttle leveled off at thirty thousand feet making the scale of the terrain clearer to Major Kennedy. I remember his expression...; I can still get a chuckle out of it. As we crossed the Hebes Chasma I showed him the other hell of Mars. Ahead of us some five hundred kilometers was the Lunae Planum, famous for its chaotic terrain, you wouldn't want to get lost down their, I have been out there its impossible to imagine'. But at thirty thousand feet the random boulders looked like pebbles, they were in fact massive boulders, either left when they under went some volcanic process, or were formed due to impact from bolides. It didn't matter anyway neither of us were planning on getting out for a walk. The ship accelerated out through the dusty red atmosphere, towards the random terrain of Chryse Planitia, large boulders littering that

surface. Great bellies of rock lay barren and dry beneath them, over the hazardous terrain stretching a thousand kilometers. Coming up in front of us again the terrain staggered the imagination, rocks were everywhere littering the sandy red surface, piled sand dunes layered with millions of years of sedimentary deposits lay parallel to the prevailing winds. 'Barchams', I told Major Kennedy who looked at me in silence. 'Barchams, that's what we call those dunes down there', I reiterated to him. Major Kennedy acknowledged with a nod of the head, for that was all he had time for before I sprung another term on him, this time filling in the explanation. 'Yardangs, see those striated dunes there to starboard there Yardangs'. Then the Kasei Vallis full of massive canyons, and valleys that fell away from the peaks of rocks, to depths that defied imagination. No chance in hell of ever getting out or found. This terrain went on for ever until it crossed a smooth ridge coming out of Kasei Vallis, before a massive valley formation opened up, falling into the core of Mars. Surrounding it were plateaus of pedestal craters dropping precipitously to the lower terrain. Leveling the shuttle of at ten thousand feet I knew we would soon be at Zond, because ahead of us lay the Sharonov crater, a well known land mark for the Martian traveler. A few hundred kilometers to the west and we would be there. Further out on the horizon lay the Tempe Fossae, meaning long narrow shallow depression, the well known channels that were mistaken in the early part of the last century by Schiaparelli, as being water canals for intelligent life. 'Its not smoking this time', I told Chuck, with a smile on my face. 'The volcano', directing Kennedy's attention to the silent giant far away on the south east of the horizon, 'When it smokes you don't feel too safe, neither do you sleep very well. I had been to Mars twice since getting my commission to space I knew this territory well, so Major Kennedy felt secure, in my stewardship. We crossed the caldera of Sharonov, the terrain dropped steeply away from the ridge onto the plain, a few hundred kilometers and the space station was visible, the only geometric shapes for miles around. When the Shuttle landed at Zond two, nothing was moving around the Martian compound, except the dust that swirled around like miniature tornadoes. I looked in silence around the station, away in one of the half buried rocket fuselage I could see lights on, but no sign of activity. Neither of us spoke, there was that silence again. I was surprised that someone hadn't seen us land, so I began to revise my fears of dead men. Outside, the world was still the same as I remembered it. The Main bunker, with the fuel loaders, eight spare retro orbiters, three burnt out fuselage lay half buried in the dust, communications system, buried for protection from radiation. Another main bunker lay

open, its door swinging in the wind disused, around it several large dishes and the black charred remains from the fire of the communications bunker, that was something new. Nearby were several 'crawlers', parked up. No one had come from the main bunker to greet them so the assumption was temporarily justified. I asked Kennedy what day it was. The Major raised his chronometer up to his Sun visor. He told me it was Sunday, the first of November. I thought if there was a holiday being observed, this would perhaps make sense, but there was nothing left on the calendar until Xmas. My next conclusion was drastic and as it proved later, wrong. 'They're all dead, hence the radio silence', disturbed at this conclusion, I had hoped for something less final. We weren't late; they had our schedule before their radio went down. I thought perhaps they hadn't realized we were there, but really I thought they were all dead. Major Kennedy was about to suggest that we get inside to investigate, when across the open plain, a crawler was rumbling into the station, not looking like a machine, more like some strange and tired creature, shuffling dirty and exhausted back to its lair. We sat watching the lone machine, when Kennedy went to contact it on the intercom; I prevented him with a raised hand. I wanted to observe the situation first. By then the crawler came to a stop outside the barracked section, and out jumped a lone man. It was hard to see what he was carrying; he seemed to have several geometric containers of different sizes, he moved in a hurry, there was a storm blowing in across the plain, so it was hard to see distinctly what he carried. At the time I thought nothing more of it as being standard equipment. I indicated Major Kennedy to hail him, when he went into the bunker loaded with one of the boxes for the last time. Kennedy's voice hailed the man he was placing the containers into his private room. He knew that the place was deserted; he knew that everyone was in the canteen. Then: the voice of Major Kennedy requesting help for the first mate. It turned out it was Makarov who dropped one of the containers he told me later, in surprise of the voice in his ear, the contents smashed onto the floor like a pumice stone that had turned to ash. He looked up, surprised when he realized, we had arrived. I told him we needed some medical expertise real quick. Makarov responded enthusiastically, calling the main control room at the canteen. We could hear him on our two way radio. He told them they were all too late the Ganymede had landed...., we were on the runway. It was Makarov's way of quiet rebellion, against what turned out to be a real fiasco. We were pleased that our fatal predictions weren't true and that the crew of Zond was not dead, we smiled happily at each other when we heard Makarov hailing the remainder of the team. He pulled his crawler around in a loop

and drove hard across the terrain towards us. In the distance coming from the control room we could see people running out into the stormy night. They didn't look very organized, several late comers were running behind one of the crawlers trying to open the door and climb inside, a dangerous activity. The Major chuckled, as he saw the run-down dirty crawler come out over a small ridge. Behind Makarov, a long way in the distance small clouds of Martian dust were spouting out from the horizon, declaring the awakening of the ground landing crew and medic. Makarov climbed out of the crawler. He stood out on the Martian surface confidently smiling at us. 'Well let's get him out shall we Commander...?' he said in a spunky way. That was Makarov, spunky. The bay doors of the Shuttle opened, revealing its cargo, as the ambulance crawler, with a personnel carrier, came shunting over the ridge. We walked out of the bay doors of the shuttle, onto the Martian surface to be greeted by Makarov alone. I wasn't impressed with the protocol so I told him I was expecting the Commander to be among the greeting team. He offered some apology nervously, that was what he was if I think about it, nervous, but with good reason. It was something about the radio silence, but obviously an excuse, which didn't fit in the military tradition, he welcomed us anyway. Makarov spoke in exaggerated tones as though he seemed to not really mean anything that he said. I made a mental note of the incident and offered my hand. Makarov's reply was serious and grateful, glad to see us. The crew from Zond was busy tending for the Chief inside the crawler; they didn't appear to be very concerned about seeing us. I know why now. Major Kennedy, who took over the directions of the hospitalization of Major Garrett and within minutes we had loaded everything aboard the crawlers, escaping the sand storm that was beginning to blow in from the south. As we crossed the red desolate surface towards the Martian station, I could think of nothing more than a dry shower and the meeting with the Commander, I knew what would come first.

Inside the main area of the space station, we were met by Commander Griphius. A rather imposing man around fifty who had obviously seen a great deal of space in his time. I could tell that he had been out in space extensively; the man had a reputation that preceded him. Usually a man of his age has served his time in space and then been promoted towards a more habitable place, and this was probably the worst place in the colonized Solar system. I stood looking around the room trying to get an impression of the place, as Griphius made us something to drink, pouring out some cold fluid from a flask that stood on his desk. I think it was raw gin and dried fruit juice crystals. 'Welcome to Mars,' he said, offering us a large smile, we have

been out of touch with everyone for the last eight months, ah..., well it makes no difference. Griphius made no apology for not meeting us out on the surface, instead he carried blithely on offering us the drink, and then proposed a toast, and reluctantly I drank down the liquid. At that time the second officer knocked on the door and the stern Commander asked monosyllabically, 'Yes...', what is it?' The stern quality came into the Commander Griphius' voice as the Major and I watched the normal daily routine carry on as though we weren't there. Commander Griphius, repeated himself sternly with his query regarding the knock at the door. Through it came a small mouse like man, who was requesting the supplies from the Ganymede be available to the men. I took out my port comp, sending the code to the computer on the Ganymede. The Commander offered some explanation about being held up for the last six months on Mars, some of them falling into bad habits. Bad habits was right, the whole place and everyone in it was sub standard when it came to running a world class operation like that. The small man Jones I think he was called, shuffled out through the doors, Griphius looked at him contemptuously. Major Kennedy and I exchanged glances, both of us was horrified at the dismal proceedings. I think Griphius realized we hadn't approved of the stations operation, despite the fact we had only been on Mars for less than an hour. He attempted to offer some explanation, telling us that the men here were tired of space, they wanted to go home. He allowed certain freedoms for them, free from the rigors of normal military life. It helped them pass the time. He asked me to try and understand. I saw a place wasn't really run to any kind of standards, and I was getting the strong impression that everyone was ruled by some kind of psychological anarchy, which only the very large and more powerful won. I told him that things seemed to be a little shoddy and haphazard. He reasserted my lack of understanding for such things, and graciously insinuated I mind my own business. I baited him further asking him about later, when they had returned back into the Military body again. He told me confidently when the time was right they will be different, they have to make the changes in order to be correct, and how they did it was not his concern. I didn't feel like pursuing the matter any further, it wasn't really my concern, besides there were more pressing items to discuss. I asked about the radio, I wanted to know if they had made good to repair it. He told me, the Main transmitter board was ruined when a fire started in the control room. Then strange as it was he wanted to know if I had brought another one. I answered in the negative, the fire had occurred half way to Mars for us, so why should we have brought a spare. I found this quite strange amongst other things. Then I

requested room for the sick member of my crew, expecting the Commander to agree, instead he put up an objection about one of the cryogenic plants on board the Cydonia not working. I informed him that I had the authority from Houston control, to commandeer the room from him; the Commander of Zond two didn't really seem to care. He said weakly that he would have to risk one of his men's lives because the Major required the cryogenic plant, he wasn't sure someone would give up their place. I should have known something was wrong right then. There were a lot of fine men at Zond two. More than enough who would give up eight months of their lives to save the Chief. I told him they would if ordered to do so. I added my own sour grapes to the already disintegrating mix, he smiled offering, 'I didn't say that Commander.' I was sick of his prattling so I issued more defamatory remarks interrupting him. 'I don't really give a damn Commander, I have a sick man who needs special treatment, and if he gets back to Earth he might have a chance that is my only concern'. Griphius was obviously playing it cool with me; he seemed to be purposely keeping calm. He persisted with his objections. His men didn't see things like they did on Earth anymore, most of them chosen for this mission, had taken enough risks; they won't like the idea of losing another six months or so of their lives, on the journey back to Earth. I was beginning to get angry with him by now. I couldn't believe the inhumanity I was made to be witness to. I didn't give a damn about protocol it wasn't working around that place, so I just went to bat for the Chief's life, and to hell with the consequences. I had the authority to commandeer; it seemed I was bound to have to use it. This hit a nerve, a nerve I wouldn't normally have touched, especially if I had known all of the facts concerning the Commander and Zond Two. Reluctantly with indifference, the Commander relented to my authority. He wasn't going down ungraciously he wanted the last word adding something about registering a complaint with the right authorities. I insisted he should, it would corroborate my report; I was sure the truth would prevail. After a moment of embarrassing silence we were escorted away by a young officer Shatalin. Despite everything I couldn't help thinking how hard Griphius was, how un-co-operative he seemed, but mostly how he appeared to hide the sense that he really didn't like us being there on Mars. Outside our two bed single room, we could see the party of men preparing to launch their shuttle on their way to board the Ganymede. They were running indiscriminately towards their shuttle like a pack of stray dogs, like we had first seen them from the landing pad. 'Look at them,' I said, 'like some space version of lord of the flies'. We cared little, S.I.D. would ensure everyone would behave or he'd lock them up until something could be

done. Nothing in the entire station was right from the beginning, I thought as I lay alone on my bunk after dinner. The conversation during the dinner was false, that's all I could place in my report. Everyone seemed to be acting out some strange part. Or the conversation was about the atmospheric testing, and the core sampling, except no real information was forthcoming, I could say had any real value. It was mostly glib in its content, again I found this worrying. One of the scientist's was convinced that the findings from the early scientific explorations of the Alaskan ice fields would show that most of the atmosphere on the Martian surface was evaporating during the time of the last ice age on Earth. Fascinating, the theory was useless why was he telling me this...?' The eventual findings from the comparisons to Earth's problems, proved to be successful, in that it told many different sciences that the Earth's atmosphere was once like Mars, but then it changed due to oxygenation of the atmosphere. Later that day as I lay in thought on my bunk, I was suddenly jolted out of my thoughts by a tap on the door. Then a voice that had a strong Russian dialect, it was Makarov. I sat up and opened the door to his compartment, using the auto command, that had been programmed to my voice, as the doors opened, Makarov rushed in carrying something in his arms. It was about three feet long and about a foot in diameter. It was wrapped in a piece of reflect sol material used to cool the equipment from the Martian Sun. I watched as Makarov entered the room looking, down the hall first, then the doors closed, leaving us alone. Outside a storm that had started to blow in that afternoon was getting into full swing. Makarov pulled open the piece of cloth and revealed a small rectangular box that was covered by five sides like a pentagon perfectly symmetrical. It was pearl colored substance that flaked when Makarov touched its surface. He placed it down and began removing one of the faces. I stood watching in silence, before being compelled by silence to ask, 'What in God's name is it...?' 'Its something that's got everyone here wondering and scared', said Makarov. 'What thing...?' I offered in protest, Makarov held up a finger, requiring me to be silent and to pay attention. 'It's not the box, it's what's in it', he said excitedly. He cut along the remainder of the lid, the material flaked away from the blade like soap stone. Before taking off the lid, Makarov looked at me like a magician ready to pull a rabbit out of a hat. This was going to be something different, something I couldn't possibly imagine. I could see he had something peculiar, and unusual in anticipation my heart was beating in its cage. 'Makarov had better be joking', I thought as he lifted the lid of the object. In silence I stared into the vessel, there in the length of the box lay a creature that had quite obviously had the ability to swim once. It was squid like in

shape, but it also had a exomorphic body shell, and three large pincers that protruded from its mouth. The grey glazed eyes of the creature seemed to stare out into the room at us; I felt a pang of disgust as I looked at its primitive form, unable to take my eyes from it. Once it must have searched an ocean floor or some dessert perhaps. I was dumbfounded; my face was the mixed surprise of horror from such a thing being here on Mars. I sat down at the table, still looking at the creature in the box. Makarov filled the silence with rhetorical questions and answers, 'What is it...! We don't know, probably some early terrestrial life, on the planet. But its not...!' said Makarov with amusement. I asked how long it has had been dead...?' 'Probably about ten or so million years maybe less, we don't have enough equipment to ascertain properly', he said. I stammered out question after question, where did you find it?' are any alive? Makarov answered me in his sure and certain manner, 'At the Base of the Tharsis range near Valles Marinaris, the Tithonium Chasma to be precise, division eighty three', he was still turning the creature over revealing more of the exomorphic skeleton of its lower thorax. 'There are thousands of them..., the creatures..., ' he added very matter of fact. 'Thousands...' I blurted out; this isn't another one of your Commanders tricks is it...?' My question was threatening obviously Makarov had expected a sympathetic reception. Under the full light of the circumstances I realized later why. 'No Commander', he said most earnestly, 'Please don't think that at all. Its real so are the circumstances I'm trying to tell you about'. I agreed that it was a real good theatrical prop if it was a farce, but it was too damn convincing so I let Makarov continue. He told me. There were hundreds upon thousands, acres, and acres of them, and their not all the same, he had estimated over three million different varieties all lower crustaceans, trilobites, chelicerata, well that's the closest noun we can use to describe them. It was the first time we had ever found exobiology; I was beginning to become unnerved. There were even dinosaurs, well something like them, huge beasts. 'Dinosaurs!' I remember saying with trepidation. I hoped Makarov had made some blunder. I reached into the box and pinched the thorax, immediately, a piece flaked off and crumpled, leaving the fine powdery dust between my fingers and a dry sense of unpleasantness on my tongue. 'No Commander their dinosaurs of some kind I can assure you'. Makarov pursued me with the unerring truth of the situation. I wanted to know why the Commander didn't advise me during the brief. Makarov looked furtively at the door of my cabin before taking my arm explaining in a subdued tone, that as far as the Commander was concerned they didn't exist. He had almost gone to pieces since they were found, he told me, and

couldn't I see that? He didn't even know Makarov was there, why else would he have come in secret? He told me what he was doing when we first met earlier that day. He was bringing the specimens back from Tithonium; he felt it was the only way to convince me and also wanted to know if he was coming to Jupiter, with desperation in his voice. Told me he had to get out of the place, everyone had gone mad, all the rest of the team thought that the only power in the universe was Griphius and Malevitch. Somehow they have managed to get everyone convinced that they alone had the answer to the atmosphere project. When they got back to Earth, they would all be rich; the world would pay them a small fortune for their theory. 'And they believe them...?' I asked. Makarov responded in the affirmative with incredulity in his voice, 'they do, so would you, if you have been here for as long as some of them'. I asked how he felt about the mutiny, how he had managed to stay away from the meetings. He said that he didn't come out in the first party, like the rest, he was always a stranger because of that. He came out later on the Magellan, because of this he had managed to stay away from the power meetings and policy makers as much as possible, playing along with them. He was at risk for his life by coming there and telling me this. I accepted Makarov's explanation, and confirmed his appointment to the Ganymede. He did seem earnest and definitely in fear of someone. I was still looking at the strange creature, and was thinking about the meeting with Griphius. Everything was beginning to make some kind of sense. Makarov told me about the fire in the communications room, that wasn't accidental, it was on purpose. Just after the Chrysalis were first discovered, Griphius and Malevitch blew the radio up, there was an inquiry here, it was a hoax, nothing could be proved, he couldn't even prove to me that it was so, I knew it to be true. Makarov bleated out in his desperation. I could see that he was sure we could help him, though I was at a loss for the first time in my career. The room was silent briefly; I took another look at the creature in the sarcophagi. It was bloody incredible; I was looking at some past relic of life on Mars. Ironically, it was all dead. I wanted to see the, 'findings, I wanted to let the Earth know what had been found there. I calmed my impetuosity, I thought of confronting the Commander. Makarov looked worried at the suggestion; he didn't think it would be a good idea, much as I had the right. He suggested instead that all of our transactions were done in secret; otherwise we could all end up in some very nasty end. He told me to keep the specimen low and to show it to Major Kennedy. He was right it was the only way to convince anyone. Naturally I saw Makarov's point; space is danger enough, to hide murder. He had arranged for the late shift at the bio-lab, tomorrow, that meant

there would only be him there, I was to come at seventeen hundred hours, and then he would take me to the site at Tithonium. I agreed and Makarov left the room, leaving me alone with the creature in its container. Later when Major Kennedy came back from the mess, I told him the story. I didn't have to convince him of the situation, when he saw the 'thing in it's sheathe', as he called it. Kennedy had agreed to remain behind, so as to deflect any suspicion on my activities. If one person seemed to be around, then the other one couldn't be far behind, that was the assumption that we hoped would work in my absence. I had feigned an illness that night. After supper, I insisted that I didn't require a doctor, and had retired early. Later that evening when most of the team gathered to play cards, or pool in the canteen, I slipped out of my room and crossed the dusty stretch to the biolabs, where I was met by a very nervous Makarov. I held up my port-comp-com with which to obtain some objective documentation. These were the photographs that you asked me about, it appeared to have been the right thing to do, so it turned out. We walked on into the Martian darkness, only the light from the two moons Desmos and Phoebus shone onto the windows of the bio-lab, throwing the eerie waxen color oscillating over its surfaces, shadows were long greasy looking striations. For one moment I thought we had been discovered, for I felt sure that one of the shadows was a person, though I wasn't sure and since no voice issued from it I carried on. At the rear of the station Makarov led me away from the complex. Then as we went down behind a ridge, I saw the crawler waiting covered up out of sight. Silently letting the crawler slip away unnoticed into the Martian Night, we headed across the planitia. Nothing could compare to the terrain that was now becoming evident to us, as we began to encounter the first part of the journey. The entire area was of smectite clay, red in color, and large black boulders, randomly distributed through out the vast region. The crawler was forced to navigate around them, making progress slow and frustrating. Makarov proved to be a good driver in this case; he seemed to know how the terrain lay and was soon finding the cleared sections. Tire tracks marked some of the pathway from previous visitations made in secret by Makarov two days earlier. As the crawler moved out from the rocks to an open area Makarov told me, pointing into a distant set of mountains of the Tharsis range, to look south from Pavonis Mons, towards a small plateau, leading from three faces of basalt. I knew the place, it was Hebes Chasma. Ahead of the Lunae Planum, lay three imposing faces of rock. Already I knew that the journey was going to be a long one crossing the Lunae Planum, an area of chaotic terrain some one hundred kilometers distance. I stared ahead concentrating on the

distant range, mentally jumping over the plain of smectite clays and random boulders, left when the molten sea of the core cooled, hoping in my mind that we had already crossed it. I had barely followed the directions and turned my eyes upon the distant mountains before Makarov spun the Crawler into the Martian night and accelerated away. Three hours later of rough traveling over the random terrain, the crawler was nearly approaching the three sets of rock that characterize the Mensae. There was a perception of perfect symmetry, in the rock faces, as we stared ahead looking at the three points rising from the flat plain. One had the sense that each plain of rock was a reflection of each other, giving the illusion that they were unreal. Because of the basalt crystal, the rock was a translucent creamy glass color that reflected the light from the moons, making the overall appearance a green creamy tone, strangely colored in the red Martian night. As the crawler approached the cliff face Makarov pushed the vehicle on towards the centre face. After several minutes of accelerating towards it, I let out a cry. 'God's sake man...! Slow down..., were going to hit the face of that cliff. 'Makarov didn't apply the brakes, and the crawler maintained its speed, heading for the slab of Rock. As we sped towards a wall of basalt rock I swear we were going to crash, then suddenly we engaged an opening, two hundred feet long, maybe eighty feet high, it became distinct from the mirrored creamy surfaces. The crawler flew through the opening that led into a large cavern that was the size of a small city. The area was immense, all scale and proportion went out the window, but the place wasn't empty, in fact it was filled with translucent geometrical columns that rose into the air like sky scrapers, avenues upon avenues of the tall structures loomed before us. From the two moons outside the cavern, came a soft light that fell first through the thin structure of basalt crystal of the dome then onto the immense structures, allowing certain visibility. Makarov turned the lights of the crawler onto a set of vaults that had been initially opened when the discovery was first made. Immediately the whole place lit up in splendid color like I had never seen before. Rows upon rows of symmetrical patterns loomed up before us. I could see that a series of large chambers had been opened, and pieces of crystallized basalt lay strewn around. Above: the unbroken translucent casks with the masked forms inside. As we came to a standstill in the centre of the columns, I could see what Makarov meant by the term acres and acres. All around us lay the city like remains of the creatures. If you could have been there you would be able to understand the immensity of the place. More than that it had a silence that I always found unnerving in space, once more that feeling had come back to haunt me. 'Here are the preliminary

excavations we made, the remainder are untouched as you can see', said Makarov as he stepped down from the crawler and was generally pointing to the edifices. I got out of the crawler and stood in awe at the immense monuments inside the crystal basalt cave. Even till this day I still have definite memories of the place, it was beyond anything I had ever experienced. Sometimes I go back there in my dreams; sometimes I am haunted by them as the dream situation usually results in me running out or being entombed. There and then the strangest part of the experience was the anachronistic vision that I gazed upon. I mean to say where in the name of God did they come from? I will get to that. I was brimming with questions for Makarov who had already begun taking photographs with the Portcompcon. "The Commander didn't let you go any further with examinations of this...?" I said, viewing the monuments with incredulity. Makarov was cutting away at one of the tombs, he told me indifferently how the Commander had forbade any further work, said it interfered with the real purpose of the mission. I walked over to the empty chambers that Makarov was busy with, we could see that a set of eight chambers had been opened, so we approached them. We could also see that they still contained their contents, we went closer towards the three largest. The tomb sat slightly up from the Martian surface on a plinth of rock that had rounded surfaces, it ran down the entire avenue, like on a city block, and then the line went vertical into the air for several hundred feet. We walked down one side of an avenue until we came to one of the chambers that had the end pentagon removed, revealing the contents. It was possible for us to crawl inside it. Soon we were standing next to the dead creature that inhabited the chamber. Makarov had a set of lights that he had brought along; soon he had illuminated the creature. I saw running perhaps eighteen feet down the chamber the creature as it had lain for time immemorial. I remember it, the life form was immense. It was definitely reptilian, with four large legs resting in the natural position, being at its side. The neck and head extended out from its body, with large shields of bone that came out in rows around its cranium like on a stegosaurus, but this one looked much fiercer. As I stared at the head of could see that it was dinosaurian from my Earthly perspective. Beyond references of the Earthly species I could not begin to grasp its origin, evolution, or entombment. Makarov was inspecting the set of teeth of the animal, and was cutting away some of the corpses ash like remains. As he carved, the flakes came away easily. But I still needed more facts to corroborate with Makarov so I asked, if this meant there was life on Mars after all..., I mean if they were there, then all our concepts about the history of Mars was all wrong. Funnily enough that is probably the truth in all its

contradictions. Makarov scraped something from the base of the teeth, into a small container, he was hoping to conduct some forensic work on the samples, perhaps be able to tell us what its environment was like. It was absurd; I couldn't believe that it was here, I mean how could all of those creatures have survived on Mars, millions of years ago? This was the question that kept getting in the way of my ability to grasp what I was experiencing? What was even more troubling, was how did they get into the chambers all nicely bundled up like this...?' I hadn't thought of that, my specialty was flying, not paleontology. My senses were jolted when I realized they were all, and I mean all, were entombed like caterpillars, only there weren't any metamorphoses, or if there was going to be, they had all perished waiting for the transformation. Even now I still get the same sense of the strangeness I felt then all those years ago, when I mention it. I tried to offer something rational. The skin had deteriorated into a thin ash, exactly like the one I saw in my cabin, but it had then like now, defied everything that we have come to expect from the Solar system, wouldn't you agree Gabriel...?'

Undoubtedly Commander Essen was right, I had spent many times staring into the colorful pictures of the Tithonium, unable to place any rational certainty as to their origin, purpose or reason for being there. It defied everything about Mars as we have known it, and still knows of it. To most who know about them they are some kind of space freak incidence shrugged of as phenomenon that were either some great hoax, or as something that never existed, because they defied all normal patterns of empirical fact about our universe. Commander Essen continued with his story, my explanation merely corroborated the perplexed expression he bore on his mystified and confused face. Obviously after years of thinking about the mystery, he still hadn't come to any satisfactorily conclusions.

'I looked into the creatures fierce terrifying eyes; I was looking back into its nature when it was alive. I imagined it as it first lived, roaming some place in search of food. But the color had drained from the eyes, casting a dull grey haze, across its past vicious life, it certainly had possessed one. This was only one of this kind, there were countless others, millions upon millions of them all stretching throughout the chasma. Makarov had collected what he had come for, and insisted that we toured the remainder of the site in the crawler, time was of the essence and we had some more pictures to record. I agreed and so we moved through the vast structures in the silence of the crawler, each one of us riveted to the scenery, gazing like children at the artifacts of mystery. We came to one area where inside the coffins, that are all I can call them, were large insect bodies with large bulbous eyes, only they

were huge some of them resembling locusts and prey mantis, all lay stacked upon each other inside their coffins. Then some distance away say three hundred yards or so the form had changed, but very subtly, as though they had evolved from one form to the other in a kind of metermerism. It was strange to say the least. Time was running out Makarov was getting nervous; I wanted to investigate further, and take more photographs. This was something I wanted to capture for mankind, which was only natural. As we were returning to the crawler, Makarov told me we should notify Earth about the Chrysalis. I had thought about this fact when I was inside the chamber, so it didn't surprise me when I heard Makarov ask the same question. I agreed, but there was fear in my voice. I told him we would when we are in the Ganymede, away from Commander Griphius. Makarov threw the crawler forward into gear and accelerated out of the vast cavern. Turning around, I took one last glance back across my shoulder to see the city of bodies falling away into the dim light. Soon the crawler had exited back through the opening of the cavern into the early Martian dawn and began to make its way with all speed back to Zond. You know I have looked at those photographs a hundred times, still I am unable to explain them to myself, you know like how the creatures got there, what was the origin of their evolution. I even took up the study of paleontology since that day, nothing can explain the phenomenon. I was hoping your parents would shed some light on the matter, but you know their silence in the affair. I wish perhaps that you may be able to explain the mystery to me, which was part of the reason for this meeting' He stared hard into my eyes at his question. I had been hoping for something in his story that may have allowed me to do so, I was also in the dark over the affair since seeing the photographs. I explained how I was still only in a preliminary stage of my investigation, that I was certain it was connected to the day that waits us in the future. Why I said this I don't know, there had been strong intuitions running parallel through my mind since I first learnt of them, but I offered in return nothing, regarding a possible explanation to his mystery. Tithonium has remained this way since the very beginning. It seems that is its nature, secretive, lost, and almost terrifying as a half backward glance into the primitive terror of creation.

Crystal Cave.

I had awoken early after a night of intense scrutiny concerning the deposition I had obtained from Commander Essen. I was unusually preoccupied during most of the night with the images that kept reoccurring over the descriptions of the creatures at Tithonium. Though all were dead and lifeless they were surprisingly animated in my dreams, because of some inference my mind was creating between the reality and the dream state. Now more complexities begin to reign down on me. Since last night new and challenging circumstances have begun to invade my reason, experiences that I never thought possible have started to come and go in my sleep. Though I have never known what I am about to write before, and because I am now almost upon the day that is written into the future, less than three months are left for the occasion. I know that I have dreamt the past as it occurred, as though I was there in all of its knowing, though I have nothing to substantiate this assumption I know it to be true with such intensity that I have decided to commit this to my journal before it changes its shape and effect. Unlike most of my dreams that can take me through mythical episodes of discovery and wandering, this dream began with no lights, though there was a voice that seemed to guide me through the darkness, which I was enveloped by, and that an immense fear was present everywhere in that darkness. It was the fear of young children. Further, I have begun to see that the day in the future is a part of what was revealed to me through this dream, though the dream is the dream of others, namely my parents of which I now know of the source of all their power and inspiration, something that I had labored to understand all of my life. Finally I know how it had began all of those years ago before I was born, and that I was like Merlin the magician in the crystal tower who could gaze down and see himself before he was born even before he was conceived.

'O dark, dark, dark, everything was dark, all the lights of the universe are dimmed to a black that threw star like images in front of her. Try not to focus on them for they move, or disappear and like time cannot be stopped. The young girl sits alone inside her compartment, with a silence that distresses her. She felt as though something was coming with great fury through the quiet darkness that would shake the very foundations of the Earth, and rip her apart. Stress noises from the hull of the Shuttle emanated from its interior, but after several hours she realized that nothing further was going to happen and that the best thing to do was to wait and hope for rescue to come. Liana didn't know where she was, or if Marcus was still alive, she felt that the best thing to do

was to attempt a communication outside of her chamber. She tried the communications panel, but that had been damaged during the impact, so she hammered with a chair arm on the side of the encapsulator wall for several exhausting minutes, the metallic ringing echoing off the chambers walls with deafening results, before she gave up. Marcus too, lay in the darkness, until consciousness came to him. He had managed to find his kit bag of items. Soon he had light from his Ni-cad torch. He didn't know where the shuttle had come down, like Liana, or if she was still alive. He looked around him; he wanted to get out to Liana. So he initiated a safety procedure hoping for the chance to escape from the compartment. As the small door opened, Marcus could see down the long dark interior of the shuttle. The sight was not very pleasant, for all around him was debris piled up high around the main exit, with detritus and more wreckage floating in the water. His realization of the presence of water reactivated his fear that gripped him acutely. I felt the pangs of horror that rushed through my father, I attempted to reach out to him through the darkness but I was unable to affect the past like the future. 'Where did water come from?' He thought, remembering the last thing he saw before the Shuttle hit Earth, was blue, perhaps indicating a large stretch of water. As these facts ran through the young boy's head other dreadful thoughts came into his imagination, the most important thought filled him with fear again.

'We must be at the bottom of a lake or the ocean...', he thought', then Marcus was riveted by the realization of his predicament, his fear gripped him in its waves of shock and panic. Though he did not panic, but rather spoke calmly to himself urging calm, evaluation of the situation. 'Where is the crew,' he thought, as he attempted to move into a better position to see through the small glass window of his compartment. The doors to the section where the crew were still locked and across from him he could see the life support chamber containing Liana, still intact although there was a great deal of debris piled around it. Marcus tried the panel on the arm of his chair, the switch saying 'open', he pressed it, nothing happened. After stripping the electric panel underneath his recliner and wiring across the circuits he could initiate a second move from the controls of his compartment, slowly he could hear the bolts from the door mechanism sliding back out of place, and a seal breaking as the two separate atmospheres enveloped each other. He looked across to Liana's compartment it showed no sign of life as he stepped out of the encapsulator onto the water sodden floor. He thought she might be dead as he approached. The last thing he wanted to do was to face death alone. Crossing the area was uncomfortable, the water had soaked everything and there was an eerie silence broken only

by Marcus's movement. As he approached the compartment, he said his prayers hoping desperately that Liana was still alive. As he came to the large enclosed object he picked up a piece of metal from one of the seats that had been broken away from its moorings and wrapped viciously on its side. The noise was unbearable, because from inside the chamber through the steel sheathe, Marcus could hear muffled shout's indicating that she was alive, very much so. He looked around to find the electrical panel in the hope to free the girl, further down the chamber he could see what he'd been looking for. Soon he had the panel of fuses wired across, from a distance he allowed the surge of power to flow into the compartments door mechanism. Inside the Chamber, Liana couldn't see a thing all she could hear was Marcus's muffled voice, telling her. 'I'm crossing the circuit breaker for the door Liana'. The sparks flew around the fuse panel when Marcus threw the switch. On the encapsulator something jammed with a dull clunk rendering the procedure useless. Marcus tried again, while the sparks flew around his head, but there was little success. It was useless they had only opened a few inches certainly not enough to get Liana out. He waded back to Liana's chamber, this time he could see her, wearing a distressed expression. He handed her the arm of the chair that he had beaten on the side of her compartment with. Telling her, 'use this to pry the doors when I give it some more power Liana'. Liana obeyed with a simple 'alright'. Marcus waded back to the fuse panel, he threw the switch across the polarities giving the doors another shot of electricity as Liana tried to pry the doors open with the piece of wreckage. This time it opened, not completely. Marcus flashed the torch onto Liana's face, Marcus smiled, and so did Liana. 'Thank God your safe', he said, 'I was beginning to wonder if you had made it.'

'For a moment, I thought we had, 'not made it', said Liana mockingly affectionate. 'Get me out of here please Marcus, and I'll promise that I won't be a pain anymore.' Marcus thought to himself, 'yeh right..., sure'. One of the few moments I had ever experienced him contemptuous.' Try again with the initiation...' Liana placed the bar of metal into the gap of the doors once more as Marcus waded back to the fuse box. There was a groaning sound like motors from the servo systems were straining, then there was a loud crack, and the doors released their stubborn grip on the opening. Liana immediately stood up and waded out of the compartment. 'It was really terrifying inside there for a moment', she said, 'I thought I was the only one alive in the whole world..., like being buried alive.' Marcus was already stripping sections from inside his compartment, the radio which had stopped working came away from its modulated canopy, he shouted to my

mother, 'Grab your helmet, and your radio, we may be able to get some parts from one for the other to get them to work.' Liana crawled reluctantly back inside the compartment, and started to grab the radio, and her helmet, but she had heart in the idea that they could get out of this alive. 'Marcus's not such a schmuck after all,' she thought as she came out from the unit carrying her port-comp, helmet and the radio, holding it by the wires letting it hang down near the water. 'Hey...', shouted Marcus, 'don't let it fall in the water...'

'Here take it,' said Liana angrily, the positive feelings leaving her, as Marcus grabbed the component from her. 'It may be our only chance of getting some help to us down here.' Then for the first time Liana looked shocked at Marcus's words. 'Down here'. She was puzzled so asked. 'What do you mean down here...?'

'Down here,' said my father matter of fact, 'I surmise that we fell into a lake, or even the sea, and..., are now at the bottom of it.'

'Oh god,' said Liana scared witless by the realization, as she looked down to see herself standing in a foot of water. 'Then were in immanent danger of drowning...?'

'Unfortunately your correct, but were not dead yet, and we still have some air left, so I suggest that we get it together, see what we can get out of the Shuttle, see if we can't get someone down here, or we get out another way.'

'What do you suggest,' asked Liana.

'First we should see what's onboard, a complete check of everything, also the crew, perhaps they are still alive, if we can get through to them, we don't have much power left in the torches so we should work quickly'. Liana agreed for once, as they waded down through the main compartment of the Shuttle. It was like a drowned motel, the water was making everything smell moldy and objects floated all around them where they walked. Marcus concluded that they were lying in a flat position since everything was the right side up, but he was worried that the water was rising quicker than they could get to safety, and they would both drown for sure. After an hour of searching through the section that had the S.D.I. satellite in it, and attempting to enter the bridge unsuccessfully, the children gave up. Liana really disheartened that they hadn't reached the crew, feared the worst for their lives. Marcus had suggested that they were better off inside the encapsulator, so he prepared a double berth for both of them, checking one of the main oxygen tanks before connecting a direct line to the double encapsulator ensuring that they would hang on to the bitter end. He had secured some extra NiCad's for

the torches, so they felt better about not having to die in the dark. As they climbed into the chamber, Marcus threw some pre-packed fast food onto the floor of the encapsulator, though neither was hungry. This time they wouldn't be soaking wet, since this berth was a top berth with no damage and still had several yards to go before the water would come splashing around it. Marcus pulled the doors too, manually securing them fast, and then he turned to Liana. 'All we can do now', he said, 'is waiting'. So they both lay down on their recliners and waited. All around them the creaking sounds were coming from the shuttle, they gazed like frightened animals in the darkness that gratefully hid their terror of immanent death. Time passes differently in dreams, and for me it was no different, images have there own power of statements. I knew that there had been a passing of time, and there was still no sign of rescue for the two children. Liana had managed to lie quietly; she had time to reflect upon herself, and her predicament. Marcus too was feeling alone, he had started to attempt some repair to the radio transmitter, and occasionally he would turn on the lamp and repair some more after he thought out the problem in the dark. Then he would shine the light out into the drowning interior of the shuttle. The water was rising at least one foot an hour. He estimated they would only have about five or so hours before they would be completely surrounded by water. Several more hours passed in this way, Marcus had managed to secure the radio transmitter with power, now all he needed was to repair the band modulator, and then he could transmit a signal. Several more hours passed, and there was still no sign of any rescue. Marcus had attempted a transmission when he had repaired the band modulator, but he knew that the radio wasn't sending the signal. Disheartened by his results he reluctantly gave up. Occasionally Liana would think that the noises coming from the shuttle was the sound of the rescue team, and she would turn to the small window and look out expectantly, hoping she was right. Of course she wasn't, and nothing like that was coming through the darkness. Outside, the waters had risen past the small window of the encapsulator, Liana had fallen asleep, and so Marcus struggled on in the chamber watching nervously as the situation worsened. When the water splashed against the top of the window he looked out, he shone the torch onto the glass window. His reflection was caught briefly in the ambient light as it strayed from the shiny surface. He felt the hopelessness of their predicament and let the radio fall to the floor with a thump. Then he thought, 'there isn't going to be a rescue'. He called to Liana, 'Liana...', but there was no answer, he called again, as Liana lay stretched out across the recliner to the side of him. 'Liana, are you asleep...?' Of course she was, even though Marcus shone the

torch onto her face, she didn't respond, she must be dead after all. Marcus switched off the light to the darkness again and resigned himself to the idea of dying alone inside the chamber. The words from the poem that Liana had composed on the Moon liner lay on her port comp, glowing in the dark. He could see what she had written, and for a brief time he reflected upon the meaning of the words, but soon he gave up at the last part, he couldn't understand poetry, even though he thought it might be the last thing that he would possibly read. Several more hours passed. Marcus felt the heavy effects of sleep falling upon him, the oxygen was running low. He finally let go, falling away from the horrors of his situation, he began to relax into sleep. The air of the compartment, heavy and fetid from the children's breathing, shrank consciousness. Marcus attempted to resist, he felt compelled by his consciousness and let go. Let the darkness fade, so that the dark can give way to the splendid light, and urge you irresistibly towards the colors that ran together into your eyes, by the distant sound of running water I sleep forever and forever in the silence of the hills. Gentle may I lay me down and gentle may I dream the dream and walk in the garden in the evening and I shall walk also into those palaces of a thousand summer days and see the life that has been for all of time. So I went with them into their dream, though private as they are I realized how deeply connected I was to them both, because even I was possessed with the same thoughts and vision. Within dreams there are events, generally random and arbitrary, but also often expressing the wishes and aspirations of the living dreamer, and these dreams were no different. Marcus was walking in a garden through tall trees and fragrant banks of flowers, as he crossed into a small rock garden and open square in which a figure of marble posed elegantly motionless the beauty of the human form. He stopped to hear the sound of running water, so he followed his ears down through the rock garden below the figure and square until he came upon a cavern, where pools of light filled water were splashing in cascades. There in one of the pools he saw Liana swimming naked, she shouted to him to join her. He was pleased to see her, so he stripped of his tunic and dove in. There was a great deal of light coming from some unknown source somewhere up in the canopy it was a most beautiful place of unequalled grandeur, flowers were everywhere in the rocky crags and crevices, for them they had always been there in the garden, and time and place seemed far away, very far away. The gentle colors of the light sparkling over everything, and there bobbing up from the blue water was Liana, laughing with joy at being free. There was no shame; there was no realization of being naked and all the shame that would have been associated with nakedness. Instead

they were free from all of their worries and cares. Their laughter echoing through the emptiness ever after, whispered back to them through the canyons of the caves. Liana relaxed her face into a smile, she realized the moment. 'Why over a dream?' You may ask, after all it's our dreams that are secondary to our real life, and it's those experiences that would give us moments of reflective pleasure. For Liana and Marcus, this dream was real and the dream went on forever it seemed. I knew at once that the dream never ended, that everything was going to change forever, everything was going to be touched by it, that I was a part of it even then as it had happened. I unborn, had been brought there at that moment in time for a purpose I could not fathom. From the crystal sphere of my conception I saw what I could never have otherwise have known, the future and all that it pertained to. My parents too were filled with the living ecstasy of laughter, care free and uninhibited. Then my Fathers face serious and grave, as he stood motionless in the water. He thought he must be dead, he shouted to Liana, 'We must be dead...', the sound from his voice threw itself against the distant walls of the cavern echoing back to them in reverberations. But it was then that the strangest thing happened. A voice of sweetness and serene grace called back through the echoing remark. 'Far from it, I would say...'

My parents turned around, trying to determine the place from which the voice had emanated. Shocked: at the sound, even more than that, horrified would be the only way to describe their faces. Yet it was a soft spoken voice that came far off at the back of the cave, and though I was shocked initially, I felt there was no real reason to fear it. I could hear the beloved heart of my mother beating rapidly in her chest; Marcus stood frozen watching the set of rocks at the far edge of the pool. Liana broke out into a nervous laugh, as Marcus stood motionless looking out across the terrain, and then he smiled at the contagious appeal of Liana's laughter. 'It's your echo....,' said Liana, Marcus doubted her; he shouted once more the same words. 'We must be dead...!' The chamber: echoing back a different sound from the voice that they had heard. 'You're not dead, you're really living...', came the mysterious voice once more. In the silence, with only the sound of running water Liana gained courage and spoke. 'Who are you...' was the simple question. Then through the large rocks that lay at the far side of the pool came the vision of a man in his youth shimmering silver blue iridescent light emanating from him. His face beaming friendliness at the sight of his young visitors, I knew he was pleased that Marcus and Liana were there because he said faintly, 'how pleased I am that you had finally come to the appointed place'. His voice was soft and sounded like running water from a mountain stream, the words effortlessly trickling out

from his lips with the random melodies that only nature can create.

‘I am Oannes, son of the Mother, who has been caste out from her idea of the all’. We were astonished at this vision of a radiant man before them. I could make out the texture of his clothing shining so brightly. It was a fine cloth that had been woven to have the characteristics of a fish skin so that the scales lay down across the broad shoulders of the man with gossamer perfection. Around his waist a belt was tied where the tunic fell down around his hips. Though the apparition seemed exotic his clothing had a simple effect and wasn’t covered in anything other than what I just described. I knew immediately that I had met someone I had known before. Despite his harmless appearance Liana and Marcus threw themselves into each others protection by embracing when the fish man walked up to the side of the pool. He was tall in stature, as his body released a blue luminescence when he moved. Only his eyes looked physical, the pure white alabaster surface with the clear blue iris. The rest of his body was covered in the silver mercurial fabric was hidden from me, so I couldn’t really know if he was flesh and blood, or for that matter what his origin were. Though now I know, for then, it was hidden to me and likewise for my parents. His eyes shined outwardly from the blue face with pure white intensity. They were most beautiful to behold, possessing some strange undetermined quality that made one feel you were in the presence of someone that was most caring and kind. Yes that would be right to say that, for he was kind. In his eyes there was every living feeling present, though I am sure he had other qualities that couldn’t be called human. There were things about this being that made me realize immediately that his presence went further than appearance, more down into the very soul of me, the unborn. Even more miraculous was the fact that he wasn’t alone. He was surrounded by animals of all shapes and sizes, each running around him. Animals: that had come from the world from all places and for all times. There were ancient mammals that still resembled their ancestors. Some covered in fur and skin, others still evolving away from there primitive origins of the reptile. While others they sat, played, even watched and I am sure listened to what we listened to. Others were upon his person, sitting on his shoulder was a tiny mammal that resembled closer to a small marmot, and at his feet laid a pair of the finest cats I could ever describe within the comprehension of language. They were without any particular coloring according to their primitive origins, but were more like him and shone with the clear blue of the evening light. Their bodies flashing a thousand colors as they moved around him, following closely wherever he went. So that when he stopped

moving he was barely distinguishable from them, as though they hid him from some unknown eyes, but I now know why this was. Both my parents were breathless at this shining vision. My mother lowered herself into the cover of the water, now very self conscious about her nakedness; she attempted concealing herself from the intruder, while Marcus stood motionless up to his waist in water. Then from the silence of the moment the stranger walked forward towards them offering his hands, opening his arms, sitting down at the waters edge. Stranger than all of this, when he arrived at the side of the pool and sat down he turned away from the children and gazed upwards towards my dreaming eyes and smiled. I was sure that he knew I was there dreaming the dream of the dreamers with him. ‘There is no need to hide from me, I knew you would be coming, I also knew that you would find me.’ Liana looked at the upper torso of Marcus standing out from the water, and looked into his face. Marcus had the expression of exalted horror on his face, he felt Liana’s eye beam upon him so he turned to look at her. Neither spoke, for suddenly they and I were overcome with a sense of ecstatic joy and wonderment that rushed into our hearts and burned with a cold blue flame of life. ‘Come from the pool, now you are clean enough’, he said. The children remained standing where they were, neither daring to make a move. Understanding the situation of the naked children, the Fishman felt for their nakedness. So he told them. ‘There is no shame now, you have gone beyond the physical realities of the World, come now you have nothing to fear or hide’. I have found you in your dreams’. The voice from the Fishman was kind, and entrusting, I felt that I had never heard anything so kind in all my life. Gently my mother began to feel the confidence of his words rise up in her, and she raised herself from the pool of water, and walked naked, towards the group on the shoreline. Marcus understood also that they were not in any danger, walked out of the pool with her. It was true; there was no shame or self loathing in morbidity of the skin deep beauty. Beauty became its own expression in consciousness, and there was only a strong feeling of well being, and communion, amidst the shining apparition of the silver man and the myriad of the thousand creatures that surrounded him. Then the Fishman made his arms into a circle, engulfing the children into the blue flame that rose out of his body, transforming them into the same heavenly blue color as him. Liana stood looking down around her, seeing herself transformed into a shining form, Marcus as well left his bony youthful complexion, and was transformed into a shining blue boy, as he held up his arm he could see the ground oscillating through the shimmering blue form of his body. ‘Marcus...’ stammered Liana as the top of her head disappeared

from flesh tone and was transformed into the color of the evening. And then the silver garment that he wore, cloaked their bodies also covering them into the same shining apparition as their host, and the animals jumped around them filling up all the space, so that they became like their host in every way that I could see. 'There', he said, 'you are almost like me'. It was true; my parents had been transformed into the appearance of their host. 'Now you are both shining examples of human life'. Close by came an animal a lemur to be precise. It came forward, hopping onto Liana's arm soothingly offering her comfort, lying on its back wrapped in her arms. Liana felt the urge to touch it, but withheld her arm. 'Go ahead you can touch it,' said the Fishman. Nervously, Liana reached out and stroked the flame blue animal, wondering how the child knew she wanted to touch it. Everything felt the same, 'fur is fur', she thought, 'despite what color it is', but Liana could feel more than that, she could feel the animal in all of its pleasures and contentment, as though she was a part of its world. The experience was more vital than she had ever experienced before, she withdrew her hand. It was difficult to enter such unknown territory and feel comfortable about it. She placed down the animal and withdrew from the circle of her two companions. Marcus too was frightened at their new found state of being, so he walked away from the Fishman following Liana down towards the edge of the ridge. They were amazed that their bodies had a luminous blue glow all over, and when they touched hands the two glowed together, making lighter, the luminary glow of their bodies, now they were alone, could both distinguish something more incredible than ever before. They could know each others thoughts. Thoughts that was private, very personal. At first Liana disliked the sense that she had Marcus inside her thoughts, and Marcus thought like wise. There was very little to be spoken, as these two young people had sense of each other like never before. They attempted to rearrange their priorities, in regard to their inner self. Marcus stared in silence into the girl's eyes, knowing the other gender. Liana too, saw the inner workings of her partner, thoughts about strange fantastic things concerned with a completely different perspective. Neither had known about this side of themselves before. They realized almost simultaneously that they were the same thoughts, despite their gender, they were the same consciousness. Boy was the same as girl, no difference except the outward appearances. Slowly each one could enable themselves to share in the universality of their minds. They had developed a very strange and powerful ability; they could telepathically understand each others thoughts and ideas, so that speech was unnecessary. The first thing they learnt was that they could separate themselves from their ideas and

thoughts, and by doing so, recognize themselves separately, without intrusion from the imagination. Most, they both realized that there was no past or future in them anymore, there was only the 'now', moving, not forward, but sustained, like a note of music. The words, clear and perfect still flowed between them in silence, and they knew that they were not alone. Oannes was waiting for them across the ridge of rock. They knew because they could hear him calling their names out, whispering words that compelled them both. 'He knows all our thoughts', Marcus spoke in the silence of their two minds, and 'I can feel them can't you...? There is nothing that we can call a secret anymore'. There was no need for secrets anymore, the voices told them in sweet whispers, as a great feeling of ecstasy ran through them with pleasure, filling every part of their beautiful bodies and minds. 'He said he had been expecting us,' uttered Marcus. That was right he had always known them, and the two children knew this also to be true. What was more, they were talking to each other without words; they could speak to each others minds directly. Then suddenly, it didn't seem to matter, in the pool of shining water, both looked down to see a star filled face of a young girl floating like Ophelia. Only where there should have been flowers in her hair, stars of the Orion nebulae shone brightly through the crystal colored water, and there was life not death in her eyes. Oh such life, life that could never be described, it was beyond the harness of adjectives. Her hands lifted gracefully towards them breaking the surface of the water, she held them upwards like a cup through which a living spring flowed out of them and fell into the crystal pool. Quietly, her voice whispered into the children's mind. Its sounds strange, melodic, and was speaking a verse that had a rhythm, and cadence, that was the female counterpart of their host.

'Behold, I am Prunicos the daughter of the waters, who is filled by ghostly visions of her Father? Know that Father is star bound to wander, the stars are full of danger in each and every precious corner, a voice calling from afar look toward the great A.E Star, beyond the alphabet I speak. If you shall dare, then you will seek and find the future is so very wide the ocean dreams a thousand tides all life has lived for this now move into the vision sublime.

The vision faded like it had come, my mother and father tried to remember the words that stuck to their thoughts, the meaning was lost on them. Now they repeated the words, 'fear not death by water', for that was all they could remember. Each of them repeating the line to each other, speaking in low mind tones, yet the words didn't seemed to mean anything, neither child could understand what the girl had told them, it was so incongruous to

where they now were. In silence they remained pensive for several seconds looking into the empty light filled pool, hoping that they may have the second chance of the vision, but of course it never came back. Liana placed her index finger onto the calm surface of the pool of water, ripples emanated from it, as though she was trying to test the veracity of the experience, but nothing reappeared. The voice of Oannes reached out to them once more, he told them, and more than that, though the meaning is lost to you for now. Know that it shall protect you from your past'. Liana and Marcus stood up from the rock by the pool of light filled water, there at the rise of the ridge was the host waiting for them; so they walked towards him without fear, in their peregrination. Marcus spoke to Liana without words, even though they could feel Oannes in his certainty, I could feel him touching everything. They knew he was with them listening to them so they felt no fear. I am a silent companion listening to every word. How clear everything seemed, though I, not yet born; had superseded the worries of the world that awaited me. Nothing compared with Oannes pervasive joy that arose in me; I knew my parents would be protected by this kind energy. It soothed the troubled soul of my father; I remember clearly what he said as they walked back to their waiting friend, the animals watching everything they did. I say friend because, though briefly once a stranger, he had filled some emptiness in us. 'You know Liana; it's wonderful what I feel now, like light falling upon water' something is waiting for us, though I don't know what it is'. For the first time I had heard my father speak poetically. Liana too felt the strange compelling urge to go and find out; she resisted urging on her own feelings trying to remain composed from the recent connection to this powerful emotion. There was nothing to fear, she didn't go as easily as father, she could still sense the apprehension in the back of her mind, despite the feelings of elation. This was telling Marcus how she wouldn't abandon herself as easily as he had. I could see both of them in opposition, though there was no hostility, each knowing their own perception and their perceptions of each other. My mother was unable to understand my father's conviction, since she had resisted, she hadn't entered the influence, still fearing her freedom. I was aware only of the sense of the great surge of energy through my father's body as it swept across us together, like a breeze sweeping across a vast ocean. 'Don't resist it Liana', he said, 'let it begin, there is nothing to stop you except yourself. Marcus was right, but Liana, though she placed one foot in front of the other, resisted. They had now walked down into the great vortex of the cave; the pool of shining water had now turned into a great ocean that shone with sublime beauty. Oannes told us it was his mother

the Stella Maris. She is the ruler of the great E-A star. 'Hail Nin Mah', he shouted, his voice carrying out across the sea of light. I knew this name I had heard it before. It was an early theory of the Vela X super nova that exploded in the cosmos some six thousand years ago. Berrosus the visionary wrote of Oannes, who instructed humanity in the gift of writing, sent by his mother Nin Mah, whose other name is Sophia the guileless. I had not known of the Vela X star as one and the same thing or person. Now something more spectacular began to happen, after Oannes had shouted his mother's name the waters began to roll away from a great centre of illuminated waters, bubbling upwards from its depths. Gradually through the shimmering waters rose a massive elliptical disc that shone with the color of a silver sun. Slowly and silently it rose out of the sea coming to a standstill resting gently upon the waves. Our host explained how this was the Heliodisc, his home, they were to enter with him they were to see his work upon the world. And then the voice came back from the daughter of Orion she spoke silently to my mother. 'I know where you are to go, towards the disc, free from here, have no more fear, follow him down, towards the disc, that place so far away, so very far away'. Liana briefly forgot herself, but that was all it took, suddenly she felt the rush of happiness sweep across her mind, reaching down into all of her shining body. The power of her transformation waiting for her, like a great sea whose tide was tugging towards the shore that stretched for eternity, wishing to rush into her and fill her up. She knew her mind could carry her further than her imagination could encompass, into the whispers, of the women's voice. 'Here now, quickly, follow towards the door that is opening. Go now...! A pattern of simplicity, here now...!, we wait for you'. Upon opening her eyes, and gazing into the light filled face of Marcus, Liana knew that she was ready for the journey, that she was free from the mortal worries of the world and of the body, The power of her mind came into her like a great brilliant sea of colored light that shed itself into every corner of her being. She knew that there was never anything to fear again. 'Good', said Marcus, 'now we can go forward together. Liana smiled happily at her companion's face, when he silently uttered these words to her, she knew that Marcus was strong in this conviction, and her fear was merely a transitory shadow that had faded from her new found being. They both turned to the Oannes, they knew that there was nothing to say, that everything was clear to all, for that moment in time, anything else would come in the course of events as the odyssey would be unfolded to them. 'I am happy that you have chosen to be amongst me, last years words are dead and gone, the future awaits another voice, which is you. You are ready for the future of which

you are already a part of. As you go with me, no mystery shall surround you, the movement of the world and the ways of the stars can be known in time. Not of time of clocks and bells, but time filled with the myriad of perfect moments. Beyond events of crashing rocks of the stars, towards the great attractor that lies deep in space. A great planet that's circumference is a million light years across, beyond this universe, which is my home. They entered the shining silver sun, lying in the vast pool, as it seemed to reach across the cavern towards some distant horizon. Behind them the beautiful garden faded as the great doors of the Heliomoon closed. Silently the shining disc slipped off from the shore and fell into the depths. Through the deep waters the craft surged onward towards some unknown destination, towards some future that could not determine for the living what it would be. In the silence of thought my parents spoke to the silver fish man. Through the silence of the chamber I heard them speak, their words soft and gentle in tone. Melodic, musical, harmonious, adjectives could not describe what I really heard, what I knew for certain was that all three, perhaps all four of us understood and knew each other perfectly. So there was never any confusion or misunderstanding, there was an absolute sense of truth pervading throughout the group, as though living itself was an emotion, a definite and perfect example of life. Truth cannot be known other than through this absolute. I have remembered perfectly, everything that I heard, since I seemed to be staring down always from a great height, whenever I was among them, each word falling gently upon my inner ear of my memory. The Fishman spoke, 'Sapien kind I was never to speak to you again until Dilmun can begin, but the darkness of the Father has threatened once more your very existence. Now that you have arrived, I know it has begun'. 'What is it we must do' my mother asked?

'I am building Dilmun', you must help me build the temple. Take care of the madness that comes from the all. All that has been forsaken and left must be contained and returned to the singularity, for the darkness of the Father is upon the face of the deep. Everything is in great peril, as it precipitously slides towards the future where all the abandoned souls wait for us. Dilmun is the first place where we shall begin, and shall be the last place for life to be built in perfection, and then the righting of the wronging can be done. For there is death in the stars and in his creation, he sees you being upon the earth and goes walking backwards and forwards upon it, never knowing where you belong or what is right. His powers cannot follow where I go, for I am transformed from the light into darkness, where the singularity is absolute in the thought of Prunicos. Nor can I fall towards the world that you come from with all of its vices and

stupidities. Neither can I murder or destroy. He, who was said to have been, transformed from the wrath and thunder into all love, through the body of the first man, Christ. This is not true this is the deception of his Archons and Angels; he is still a wrathful creator. He throws away life in the name of Paradise, saying there is nothing but him, the One and Only. Paradise is the deception of vanity, the hope of everlasting life; he plays upon our greatest hopes and fears. Human insanity is seen as a Godless world, but it is more than that, it is a Godless universe, for he is no longer among his creation. I have known all of the stars and what is within its circumferences, there is nothing that resembles this place called Paradise, except the one and only place that is your Earth. Sapien kind hopes for the wrong things, and a place that can never be among the stars, except upon the wisdom of Dilmun, and Life. Where he has discarded I have retrieved, I have held for all time the hopes of the dead and their resurrection. I am the collector of all life, the good Son of the Mother, and my mortal name is No man. I hold life to be unique in the cosmos, always curious of it since I first came from my Mothers second thought, before the jealousy of the Angels fell upon you, Sapien kind. The Angels are fierce and terrible because they could not name the beasts of the field, so He placed you above them much to there dissatisfaction. Now you have fallen from His word and the Angels will punish according to there ancient disposition the ways of sapiens, because you are above them, and they wish you to be deposed. You are the Children of Jupiter, the acorn and the tree of all life. The children that are loved from the first thought of my Mother. She will not abandon you, her love is great, her power all things. Nor will the Father look into her eyes, for He is self righteous like his Priests and Archons. Neither can he know the duality of her fecundity; she would swallow him in her desire. Only She can know the bubbling excess of birth and life, in the thousand myriad creatures of the molecule. The color of these things is everywhere denied, so that his emissaries adorn themselves in black and call out to descry the works of nature as base and corrupt. This is why She was banished away from his creation, and made his serpent, to be defiled for all of time. Creation was not made for the joy of itself, rather for the vain worship of the One and Only. Beware...! I hear the trumpets of the thirteen Angels coming through the silence of the stars with a terrible thunder, to shake the forests and the mountains, like before, seeking me, looking everywhere, hoping to contain me within the last days of the darkness of the Father, and destroy my creatures that I cherish. They are vengeful, always eager to do his bidding'. He stopped speaking as though deep in thought before staring up to the crystal ceiling looking right into my face, before

he uttered. 'There is a new messenger for the future, I have seen his face'. He smiled magnificently before looking into my parent's eyes. 'All of this is not enough..., there is still so much that you cannot know. I have been here upon the face of creation, since the beginning, I have come for the last time before life expires completely. You are the promise that I will guide towards the future. This is why you are alone with me, for the secret of the stars is precious, and the Angels and their emissaries are everywhere upon the Earth. So I cannot go to mankind, it has been forbidden by my mother. I cannot go to the people of the World, like before when I gave them the alphabet. Now they would know from me the answer to the stars, I would help take murder into them, which could not be'. Oannes told us about the base dark nature of the wild side of our natures. How we had killed for the flesh of the animals. The human psyche utterly transformed, towards the matter, away from the one and eternal. 'The history of the humans on the Earth has been war and strife amongst themselves, they fight over land, destroy the future by their actions in the present. Humans don't think about what the past does to the present, and the present to the future. Only great men have spoken to the masses about this, the importance of it was never really understood, and they have been banished by the powers of the Father as profane. Because they write down, according to the will of the Mother, the indiscretions of the Father. Together we will have one final chance for the building of Dilmun'. No one could understand what we were being told. Oannes knew this; he tried to make things simpler. 'A new chance for all of you on Earth, think of that child, a new plan in the fabric of time. So different from where you are now. Why do you think there are no other stars near the Earth, why do you think you are so alone in the universe...?' The answer was rhetorical Oannes continued, my parents both speechless. 'He has made his place of worship far from the centre of his creation so that he alone will know of the outcome of the great experiment. He alone wishes you only to know him and his authorities, so that you are the mirror of his identity and is flattered by the fact that he has inspired into your souls through fear the worship of his divinity. He is not the only one who could be called divine. No., my child of the Earth, his men kill to abuse the energies of nature, for power over other men, and the animals, and the land, and the seas and the stars. Though other men have seen other Gods in their visions, the One and Only will have none of it, and have given his authorities great powers of science over other races. But they will not get beyond this tiny solar system, unless they heed the purpose of life. Life is for the protection of the blessed sacrament, which is itself the blood and the golden light of the

body the temple of the mind, the ninth attribute of the crystal spheres of eternity, immediate knowledge of all things that will be, which are, and which have been in the universe. This will be your legacy and gift from me. You will know of the perfect nature of mind. You know already by your own feelings, since being here with me, there is something better and more capable than this 'nature'. Presumed to be the one that humans were given'. Of course neither of us could deny the feelings we were experiencing, swept along on the euphoria inspired into us by our host. Seeing this alone allowed my parents to understand, perhaps there was a better way to see things, and the taken for granted situations concerning human nature wasn't quite so absolute. Perhaps there was something still left for humanity to achieve in its psyche. 'Remember', said Oannes, 'the natures that you were given in the beginning haven't changed, that has never concerned the species, even though it has been painfully aware of this through this remorse of conscience. Instead they give it absurd identities such as the serpent or snake. Perhaps it is the excuse that undermines the action, which is still waiting to become realized in the human soul'. The children knew what they were being told, it was true man and woman hadn't really evolved from the primitive terror, just his tools and his dissemination of the powers of nature. Look what they had brought him to, full circle back into his primitive terror, and the end of the world. 'Do you think that mankind feels remorse for what he has brought upon himself? There are no winners in this dilemma, all stand equal, in the eyes of death'. 'Death...' said Liana, 'that is the problem with life, everything falling away from us at its greatest moment. Futures are hard. Immortality, which is what we wish perhaps...!' When she said this word a great flash of illumination came through her mind, even I saw its brilliance. Something had joined together in her soul, and in Marcus, but Oannes just stared ahead. Neither Liana or Marcus or I, could see Oannes thoughts like he could with Liana and Marcus. Of course no one stopped to mention the thought about the word 'immortality', the illumination of Liana's epiphany; instead they smiled when she said the word. 'Already you seem to think about alternatives if they were possible, human nature is full of alternatives, but always they choose the wrong deed, even though they know what is right. If they did have this gift, what then would they do...? Would they then take the right path? Would they then see their soul in all of its perfection, seeing that they are precious to time'. Oannes stopped, though he already knew the answer to his question, but Liana told him anyway. 'Yes I believe they would', said Liana, 'I believe in the immortal goodness of man and

woman, if they had such a gift they would build a more certain future for themselves’.

‘Without this gift, they have made a certain mistake, which they will dearly pay for. ‘Now the future of the world lies in grave peril, nothing it seems will save it from returning to its primitive state’ Mankind will lament for the sunny day. The gravity of these words lingered on the air leaving us all pensive, and full of dark foreboding. Then Marcus asked one of the serious questions that had been begging to be asked, I was appreciable of this kindness, ‘This thing called Dilmun that you talk about what is it...?’ Oannes answered, ‘It’s not a thing it’s a place, that is going to be the whole world’, said Oannes authoritatively, ‘Dilmun is the place that you call Eden, it is the ancient world that we have all known about for a long time. We know it from the age of Cronus, once, it was before him. It was in the very beginning the blessed isle of the southern sea which is my mother. All of what we have spoken has been necessary in the acts of time; nothing is in vain within the fabric of causality. This Dilmun has waited for centuries to be made. Indeed you were supposed to have been cast out of Eden. Let us say rather that you are to go there, and then the future has a purpose’. I was amazed when I learnt this, we all understood the word Eden, there was to be a new version of the biblical place sent wave after wave of exalted terror through all three of us, and still we couldn’t see what the purpose was for us. ‘We are to go there...?’ asked Marcus. ‘That seems to be so, but it will not appear like it has been described to you, Dilmun must be made’.

‘How shall we make it?’ asked Liana. ‘You will make it; you will have the power to transform all things. You will stop doing the days wrong, and start doing them right. You will know when it is right...’ ‘Have we done things all wrong before..?’ asked Marcus sadly. Oannes turned and looked at him, his dazzling radiance splitting the light of the chamber into a thousand myriad colors, ‘Things have gone terribly wrong for all of you. When I gave you the power to write, I gave you the power to redeem the sins of the Father. Wasn’t it the writer Emerson who said that literature was the way for mankind to indemnify himself? You see no one can cheat this cosmos, because it has been prepared for the worship of the Father. Now this time has been prepared by the Mother. She is greater than he. Everything from now until the time of Dilmun comes to us, though not in vain, as it should. We must prepare, we must seal up and watch all things before us, though the Archons fasten the future with disaster, you will prevail, though I know that nothing can prevent you, except the knowledge of the future, it is not that alone that ensures it not happening. It will be the tug of human freedom that will, man and

woman are bound together in the stars in opposition through change and transformation, the evolution of this universe and everything in it is too important to be destroyed by greed’. ‘So you need us to prepare this place Dilmun for the future. Though the world will not like it, is that it...?’ asked Liana quietly. She had began to sense a more urgent tone in Oannes voice, ‘You will build Dilmun, everything I have done is for Dilmun, since the beginning I have labored to make this happen, not only for your world but also for other worlds with its future among the immortals. There is so very little life compared to the number of worlds that exist.’ He closed his eyes, within seconds we were having thoughts run through our heads. They were figures with incredible sizes’ the number you see, is the worlds that we know exist in this universe. This next number is how many of them have life like the Earth’. Then the single digit came to us instantly. It was not very significant, in fact it was singular. ‘Is that all there is, in the entire universe, among all of those planets, ours is the only one to have life and such abundant variety...?’ Liana was surprised at this fact; she had always thought that life must exist elsewhere mainly because there were so many planets and nebulae. ‘That is all there is, truly amazing isn’t it...?’ Marcus wasn’t quite as ready to believe the figure that kept reappearing in his mind, there were more important questions that didn’t have answers, I for one was bursting in my silence with questions, and after all where Oannes came from. So he asked, it was met with a very strange answer. ‘I am not life as you see emanating from one place in the stars; I will not be what you think me to be. These perceptions lead to misunderstanding so I shall show you what I really am. He began to vanish into something else, first his silver scales fell from his body, that ran down to the liquid light of a fine vapor until nothing more than a solid mass of light filled crystal water floated before us all. So pure was that water, so clear and blue, that from its heart there rose up inside a heart of red and gold burning in intensity, shining out and around into every corner of darkness of the chamber, and around it was the animals, as they danced in circular helix upwards toward the canopy. The voice of a child coming from the shinning apparition told them. ‘I am the burning heart of the infinitesimal beauty of the Mother, she shows herself now to you. Though she has been alone so long, now we have companions. The Meriothea is her promise though incarnate, now realized through you. Children of perfection, her mind that we seek, are gathered in the souls of the undefiled. These you shall see in all there myriad forms of the thousand million creatures of the mother. Soon we will have finished the work for Dilmun, and can go to the great tree at the centre of the stars. What surround me are the creatures that have

been denied and forgotten, yet they are the light and the beauty of all time'. Turning across the room the burning heart of gold and fire came into the midst of the two children. They feared nothing when this came upon them, its intense light filling every part of their bodies. 'What you see is the spirit of the singularity from which I came from at the beginning of the universe. It is also everything that is goodness incarnate in Man and Woman, who are from the planet of death; you are in that oracle that is written in the stars. You have still to awaken from the primordial fear of your ancestors. Once this is done then you can build Dilmun. Then too, you can be free from death and return to the singularity'. The burning heart of gold exploded in a great sphere of light that seemed to cleanse the very eyes ears and lips of its perceivers. There standing once more in the centre of its diminishing radiance was Oannes and the animals. All the three of us were astonished by what had taken place but it was my mother who regained herself once more to ask if there were places in the stars that did not contain death. And Oannes told her there was, indeed places, where death had no dominion. Of course he was right there cannot be death where there is no life. 'Your species once spoke of a place called Eden you were to have come from there. Now you are here..., you will be given the chance to make Dilmun. At first I didn't know your arrival would come true. Several oracles laid claim to your future lives, but nothing was so certain'. 'You know how to see the future?' asked Marcus. 'I can't know the future; I have means that help me to tell what is most likely to occur. You were a doubtful issue at first, but the woman of Orion came to you in the cave it was then that I knew it was meant to have occurred just like everything else has in the cosmos. You children have been waiting since life began to be formed, like the thousand trillion molecules all moving towards the forms of nature and time. In that great seed were you and Marcus, and even this moment. My parents seemed glad to hear that they would have some purpose in the grand design; they smiled happily at Oannes and the animals. Then Oannes adjourned from the chamber leaving my parents alone with their thoughts, there was too much information, too much that was unfamiliar, exhausted they lay down to rest in the Sun ship of the stars. I awoke from my dream; I knew at once it was all real, that it had happened to me, as it had to my parents as I have written it down. My mind was swimming with loose ends that were beginning to connect to very definite inferences, though I couldn't begin to attempt an understanding of this strange vision. The strange power of Oannes left me with the sense of never feeling alone again as I had felt over the long period of my life. On the contrary I felt that I was able to look back overtime and

see what relevance the past was having upon the future. Like the magician Merlin who could see himself inside the crystal cave. Like him I had stood outside my mother's womb before I was even conceived and had looked upon the future. Now I was beginning a new journey towards a future with a keener sense, being allowed to see these visions of the past, as though I was there in reality and it had been planned since the very beginning of time. Where this power had come from I don't know where the power lay in my vision I would have to discover. Slowly over the last few days I have realized some important facts. Namely that this vision from my subconscious were responsible somehow for my parents powers and ultimately must be a part of the day that I try to comprehend, though I am at times disheartened at the abysmal progress I achieve. At the moment I fail utterly to reason together any synthesis from it at all. Though the presence of the Oannes has led me to understand the Oracle of the Shaman from the deposition of Mike regarding the 'Fishman' finally something is beginning to connect fragments in my mind. I had left the house of Adam Essen this morning I told him nothing about my dream.

A Protean World.

Several weeks have past since my dream of the vision of my parents. I have remained solitary and have spoken to no one about this, due to its fantastic proportions. I was hoping for some evidence to appear from my journals that would justify the reality of my experience. Unfortunately I am unable to see more than I have spoke of, I had suffered from doubts as to if it really had any importance to my purpose until today. My records took me back to the location of the shuttle where this all happened, since this was the place where the apparitions appeared, though only to me in a dream, as I believe, and to my parents. Nevertheless I cannot differentiate between the realities anymore. I have studied several depositions from the crew of the Neptune, only one seemed to be missing. This was the story I had started with, Mike Farmer who had stopped abruptly had led me to the only corollary in all of the depositions, namely the story from the Shaman and the vision in my dream of my parents and Oannes. For this reason I feel compelled to return to Mike to learn of what took place, though I feel this will not be easy. I do not have his entire story yet, since personal worlds are not available to my mind like knowledge is. He seemed to know something more than the others. Despite this he is reluctant to confide in me of what he saw or experienced, beyond the simple outline of the mission. I attempted to ask questions in the hope that he would relax his guard and allow me to see what he wished to leave buried in his memory. A reason for doing so could only be assumed that he saw something either of immense importance and was part of the secrecy with my parents, or that he experienced something so terrible that even he wishes never to speak of it. I had arranged everything for his return visit to tell me the rest of his story, though I had resolved if necessary to inform him of my recent dream, hoping it may jar him from his reluctances. He agreed to finish what he had started, though he was sure that I would never discover the secret before June the twenty first. He had even told me that my efforts to write the last history of the age of crisis were probably unnecessary, if not down right foolhardy. Despite this he obviously didn't wish to be personally responsible for my cessation of the task. I knew deep down inside that he wanted to tell me something that he had never spoken of before. Earlier this afternoon we met again. After several months of absenting, he seemed overjoyed at the coming event and spoke of my parents. He had seen them at there summer home; this is what he revealed to me. 'They spoke to me about you, something about knowing of some time before you were born, it was all rather obscure'. I was moved to curiosity as to what he was talking about, so I merely answered with a simple

oh...? 'Yes they gave me this letter for you', he added. I took the letter and opened it this is what it said.

Gabriel,

We know you have seen this dream, we know that you have been sent such visions, so that you may be there with us and know. Slowly over time I am sure you shall know more, perhaps before the day, though we are unable to help you in this task you have placed upon yourself. Should the truth emerge from your work you must remain adamantly silent. We know you haven't been completely abandoned, therefore hope that the knowledge will be provided. The dream is true, know this'.

They ended with the usual solicitudes, informing me about being near me on the appointed day. I was amazed and excited when I read the last part of the letter, it was true after all, I felt this at the outset before committing it to this journal, although like I said I did have doubts. Now I was sure of the event, only I and my parents knew of this. I said nothing as I stared into the expectant face of Mike. He seemed to anticipate a reply from me about the letter, though gratefully he didn't ask what its contents was, I cannot lie about anything. I offered nothing to him rather folding the piece of paper up and tucked it into my diary, thanking him for bringing it to me. I served tea and began the story once more after he refreshed himself with the last details from the previous meeting. I was doubtful if he would tell me with his secret. 'The location of the missing Shuttle was pin pointed to be the north east sector of the lake. An area roughly mapped out had been made, although it wasn't certain where it was exactly. There was still going to be a great of searching before it could be found if at all. Within hours airdrops to the area had been designated, and deployed. Troops were preparing for the rescue operation. The whole area had become an immediate overnight sensation, with hawkers selling souvenirs, and side shows in mobiles were peddling anything from tapes of so called witnesses, to tee shirts. People had come in from the big city of Winnipeg in their droves after hearing about the fatal accident. Amidst this entire barrage of free enterprise was the Media tent where a group of journalist's hung out waiting for the reports that were issued from N.A.S.A. public relations department. That evening, General Sheer would have to brief the press on the current situation. As he came into the main telecommunications room, to be briefed by Hank Blue, he was not in a good mood. There had been a lot of rumors concerning the fact that the President had been seriously disgraced again, due to the shuttles disappearance. Despite that, General Sheer was concerned that the return of the Shuttle intact, with all aboard alive, was the most

important thing to be concerned with. It had taken more than eighteen hours, now they were ready to send one of the Neptune Class amphibians to search for the children and crew. Lies was not General Sheers forte, it looked like he would have to cover the facts to the media for another twenty four hours or more. As things stood they may still have the slim chance of saving the children, one of the monitored functions of the Shuttle before it went down, indicated the encapsulators were deployed. If they had full tanks of oxygen, they would be able to survive up to four days, maybe more. As for the crew, we had the same time, the probability anyone had survived the impact was fifty-fifty. Hank Blue impatiently pointed to a projection of the lake floor bottom that was being shown to General Sheer. Everything indicated that the shuttle must be somewhere in an area located and confirmed like I mentioned before in the centre of the lake. Hank Blue seemed impatient to begin, first the path for the descent had to be agreed upon. In the centre of the graph were the scratchy lines indicating the large hole that the lake possessed. In conference was also Virginia, the main communications officer Corrine, and several other aides from the Generals private office. I stood up and indicated to the General the area of the brush strokes from one of my surveys. The areas overlapped at a very disturbed area, where the pen strokes were long and erratic. I was certain the shuttle was in this large deep area where the mapping went haywire; we were looking at impossible depths there. General Sheer asked if I would care to take a guess at the depth. I told him the fields indicated the water could be several miles deep, which turned out to be the case. I wasn't going to stick my neck out unnecessarily as I had done in the past. Sheer trivialized the situation referring to the crater as a 'hole'. Something about bad luck, hell he didn't even know my damn name! I told him there was a chance it may have come down on the edge of the hole if the tidal drift data is correct. We had determined that the Shuttle would drift somewhat, once it had slowed down sufficiently from the initial fall, it appeared from the water current charts, it would drift more to the west, where the ridge lay. If the data was right then the shuttle would be somewhere on this ridge of rock that suddenly depressed into the Earths core. I remember the General snapped his thumb and forefinger with a loud crack, it was a bad habit of his, probably a way of getting his staff to straighten their backs or come to attention, and anyway I didn't particularly like it. He wanted to know when we would be ready; Hank Blue told him a few hours. Well, he just wished us luck and shuffled out of the control room. Hank Blue had been chosen to head the mission, along with Virginia his faithful aide, the one scientist's who was going along as agreed was me, to lay out the navigation. The

U.S.A. or Underwater Sectional Amphibian was finally ready for departure, later that evening. The sectional design allowed for maximum safety at depths up to five and one half miles, this unit had been tested extensively in the south Pacific on some of the Earths larger underwater valleys. These valleys make the Rockies or the Himalayas small in comparison. Now that the crew had checked the equipment that they would be using, and so at the moment when Hank Blue started the engines and announced they were ready, everyone on board had placed themselves according to their capacities. For Hank the time had come not a moment too soon to get underway. Virginia was to Co-Pilot for Hank, I sat forward in the scanning, and I.R.A.S. sensing sections. Inside the sub were the thermal sensing cameras, mostly for the detection of living tissue, but it was also unique in that it could tell us a lot about the temperature of the waters at various depths and positions, something I wished to understand. I was still concerned about the final information for the report to Ottawa, I would have liked to tell them that everything was possible for the pipeline project to commence, I still had a great deal of uncertainty about what I would find. Once submerged the Neptune quickly gained speed and we began to dive towards the target. The location was rather a co-ordinate that consisted of a large ridge that ran from north to south west, down one side of the crater. When the Sub reached six hundred meters, visibility went to zero, Hank turned the infrared sensing on, and went to the computer asking it to correct for manual error. At seven hundred and twenty meters I told Commander Blue the co-ordinates for the plateau were thirty degree's starboard at approximately fifty three hundred yards. He entered the co-ordinates into the computer, as the craft sped through the black water, heading north towards the under water mountain valley. Half an hour passed without anything appearing from the dark waters. Hank Blue decided that it was time to send one of the Neptune's probes to the ridge ahead to prepare them for the terrain, and to scout for the Shuttle. With a simple voice command to the computer, Hank Blue instructed the first probe to the already known co-ordinates. From outside of the amphibian, a small tubular shape began to change proportionally. Appendages became visible, red lights flashed from the body through the darkness as two propellers rotated. Soon the probe released itself from the Neptune speeding off into the terrain of the ridge. Ahead of them, the crew of the Neptune could see the area coming back from the probe on the monitors inside the Neptune. There was nothing remotely like a shuttle, or even anything that resembled life forms. Occasionally large objects flashed silver before the cameras, but they were only solitary sturgeon fish. At eight hundred meters, there was still no sign of the ridge, Hank Blue

was beginning to wonder if I had given him the right co-ordinates. He remained doubtful of my capabilities during the entire mission, something that irked me. 'Are you sure that the last set of co-ordinates was correct...?' He asked. I told him they were correct. I think our distance was out, but everything else seemed correct, though I learnt to move cautiously around him. He held this course for another three hundred meters or more before, turning west. We accelerated across the barren terrain pushing the Neptune faster towards the edge of the ridge, everyone was eager to cover as much territory as quickly as possible though I indicated to Hank that we may miss them if we didn't slow down. Again this didn't go down to well with him; he suggested it would be impossible to miss the shuttle being so big. I didn't pursue the matter since I was already beginning to obtain the data I so desperately searched for some months earlier. Hank had requested, even begged the General to let him take the mission, despite the fact that he was personally involved. Apparently the General had seen this as a good sign for the success of the mission, though I personally had my doubts after seeing Hank under stress for the last thirty hours or so. The General knew that Hank may act rashly in the rescue of his son; he would also take the utmost care to ensure that he would give the rescue the best chance that it could possibly have had. Hank was also the most likely person to succeed to get the General's neck of the rack from the President, and the joint chief of staff. Hank now gazed into the infrared sensors that displayed the deserted terrain beneath them, other information was pouring in from the probe, but nothing else happened as the Neptune sped on through the dark waters towards the ridge. I thought about Marcus and Liana constantly, and how much longer they would have if they were still alive, before they would run out of air, I was concerned for their well being as well you know. I didn't just go along for my own personal reasons 'God, I hope my son isn't dead', was all that Hank said during the silence of the tour. Then as if cued by his thought, Virginia spoke.

'That's what were looking for, she said nonchalantly, as she tweaked the dial on one of the monitors, instructing the computer to initiate the lights on the probe, switching to U/V. Immediately, several monitors showed the plateau like a barren Moon stretching away in front of us. The leading edge of the ridge dropped precipitously into the further depths of the lake revealing pinnacles of rock sticking out from its face like needles from some ancient edifice, erected by some mysterious peoples, to some obscure God before the flood. Commander Blue sped the craft up when he saw the ridge coming up on his monitor. As he checked the chronometer on the wall he read three hours and

twelve minutes, some seconds, since the mission had begun. Soon on the main monitor appeared the ridge in isometric relief, lying like some ancient spine of some geological relic. Commander Blue released the second probe from the Neptune entering the computer code, instructing it where to search. It purred away from the Neptune effortlessly going towards the inland area away from the ridge. Ahead lay the edge of the cliff, Hank switched on the large spotlights sending every monitor to U/V from infrared. As the Neptune came to a standstill, we could gaze down and see the needles of rock beneath us, it was not a very pretty sight I can tell you. Up the cliff face more imposing monuments of granite stuck out from the rock face indomitable, threatening beckoning no-one to enter. In the silence of the Neptune we all stood looking at the imposing sight, no-one could imagine what it could have been like. This was a terrific time I thought to get more information, so I switched on some of the sensing gear to record the situation. Then Commander Blue broke the silence of the cabin telling Virginia to confirm our position to Lakeshore, and inform them that we were combing the rear of the cliff face '. Virginia obeyed her boss in silence. Hank then decided that it would be more expedient if we went inland; it would be the best way of combing the ridge, that way we could send the probes out across the cliff face at the same time. No one disagreed with Hank; we silently accepted his authority and waited for the engines to purr into action taking us towards the intended area. The Neptune powered itself up past the cliff face as the probes took off in opposite directions along the rock face. From the last report of the shuttle it had a south westerly direction, meaning that it would hit the ridge crossways. The only problem was where exactly would it have hit the plateau...? Commander Blue was hoping for a lucky break, but it wasn't to come. Everything in the Neptune was running and purring away giving out information that was at best, routine, still nothing of the shuttle. After an hour of nothing but lifeless rock, Commander Blue stopped the Neptune.

'This is getting us nowhere', he said irritably, 'we have to get some better, faster, way of covering this territory...' I had been silent for most of the mission but suggested we go back to the ridge on the same co-ordinates that we had from the shuttle before it went down, recall the probes, to search the two flanks on the sweep. Commander Blue looked a little taken back when he heard of the suggestion. He hadn't expected to hear from a civilian such a qualified suggestion, but he agreed. When we returned to make the sweep back to the ridge, everyone could see that they had a better view of the plateau, from the three sets of the cameras all linking together to give us a wide angled view.

Another half an hour passed, nothing beneath us, nothing before us, as we pressed on over the chaotic terrain. As the Neptune passed over one particular piece of terrain, the lake floor dropped away as if some great meteorite had plummeted into it leaving a large undulation, a rather spectacular sight to say the least. I turned on more of the sensing equipment to record the anomaly, in the hope that it may provide some information about the lakes water supply, or anything else I couldn't see just then. Despite the fact that Hank had found my contribution to the mission valuable, he couldn't help leaving me thinking that I was on some survey for limnology, rather than attempting to rescue his son and Liana. He remembered that he had agreed to allow the equipment to be installed in the Neptune to conduct the tests for his new found crew man, so he remained silent. Commander Blue was tired. He hadn't slept for the last forty eight hours since the news of the shuttle's accident. Moving away from his control consul, he instructed Virginia to take the controls of the Neptune as it made its way across the barren landscape. As he poured himself some coffee from one of the flasks he turned back to see his first Lieutenant steering the Neptune through the intrepid waters, I could see him staring at me through his reflection on my seismic monitor. Hank was rather fond of Virginia which was more than I could say about myself. She had proven to be thoroughly reliable in all situations. He couldn't help asking himself if she was going to fair under the present conditions. Both of them had training in all installations of land, sea and air, only Hank had any underwater experience, so it was not unusual for him to ponder what may lay ahead for them when they found the shuttle. The mission was becoming more dangerous by every moment that they didn't find the shuttle, since it was proving to become an irritant to everyone aboard in their desperation to find it. Commander Blue knew this, but concealed the reality bellying the situation, since he didn't wish to address something that was only as possibility in the future and would cause concern if the matter was raised. As the Neptune sped over the terrain, he sipped his coffee, pondering the children's fate once more. These thoughts were random without control, Hank felt helpless before them as they rushed into his mind filling him with anxiety and panic. He couldn't get use to the idea of his son being dead. Then he felt the Neptune slow down a little, so he ordered Virginia to give it more speed. Then the end of the ridge came into sight and he knew that the mission was beginning to take on a more desperate tone. 'Confirm to Lakeshore, that the sweep was negative', he said to Virginia his tone becoming more irritated by the minute, 'we will repeat it again on more northerly co-ordinates. Prepare to make the second sweep at north vector eight seven eight'. At once the

Neptune relocated the two probes from its flanks, turned at full speed heading to the north sector of the plateau. The search continued according to plan, Hank knew that he would soon reach the edge of the plateau again, he was hoping for the lucky break to come. He waited, along with everyone else inside the cab of the Neptune, expectantly. Another half hour passed, and there was still nothing to suggest the existence of the shuttle. Hank Blue was beginning to wonder if I had set all the information regarding the terrain of the lake into the computer. I could tell this by the way he glanced towards me when he made directions to Virginia. Hank was beginning to wonder if this wasn't some horrible dream from which he could never wake up from, he told me afterwards. The mind plays terrible tricks when it's full of expectancy and anxiety. As the Neptune came to the end of the sweep and was approaching the cliff face, one of the probes voices squeaked over the intercom. 'Commander Blue..., metal fragments detected in the eleven six eight zone, placing them into camera one now for your evaluation'. We all snapped to attention when we heard the message, finally something had begun to reveal the missing shuttle. Commander Blue responded. 'Give me the information immediately.' The probe implemented one of its arms into the sediment of the lakes bottom; soon it had grasped something and was holding it up to the onboard camera.

'Its one of the heat shielding plates', Virginia cried out, Hank had a smile on his face.

'Take us into the area Virginia', he said optimistically 'also tell the probe to hold its position, recall the second probe. Hank, who had been standing during the initial find now sat down at the control consul. As we sped closer to our destination along the ridge of the plateau, our hearts suddenly dropped heavily when we saw in the sediment a scarred line leading over the edge of the plateau. Hanks worst fear had come true. The shuttle had touched down on the plateau, but was still traveling fast enough to slide over the edge of the cliff face, falling into the unknown depths of the lakes hole. 'It had to be moving faster than we originally thought', was all he said. Hank related the find to the lakeshore operations, they were pleased to see the heat shielding plates that were found, but offered no information to us regarding the pattern of descent of the shuttle using computer models for predictions. It seemed that the model projected several possibilities; Hank didn't like any of them. The worst scenario was the shuttle had fallen into the hole and that the depth as an unknown factor could only indicate to him on his monitor the flashing image of, 'Crushed hull likelihood'. He switched of the communications signing off with, 'I'm going down over the edge of the ridge, follow the damn thing, damn it still has to be there, there's still a chance'. As

Hank made the dive over the edge of the plateau, the Major in control of the operations, responded to him telling him to 'abort the mission'. He didn't choose to hear as he took the Neptune deeper and deeper into the lakes hole. Hank had the image of his son alive still in the shuttle in his mind. The life being squeezed out of him as the Neptune sank into the hole; we could hear the ballast tanks filling up with an ominous rumble, reminding us of the crushing water pressure that was all around us. Commander Blue released one of the Neptune's to the surface to re-supply with fresh supplies of oxygen, and recharge the auxiliary batteries, for the Neptune's engines. He had realized that they were running low on both supplies and feared that they would be stuck, unless they restocked. As the vessel began to drop past the top of the cliff past the needles of rock, it had to move away from the face by several yards to avoid some of the needles from scraping its sides, preventing it from making a vertical descent. Hank Blue moved the Neptune out from the face keeping the vessel in a descent pattern. I knew that this part of the journey was going to be the most difficult; I thought about this earlier, now considerations regarding my own safety moved across my panicking mind. He turned silently towards Virginia, looking for a sign that everything was going alright. Virginia caught his gaze, and returned a smile into his eyes. Hank knew that she wasn't scared; he realized that he had underestimated her. I was a different question altogether, he didn't really know if I had the right stuff to with stand the confinement of the mission, but nevertheless said nothing regarding his fears. He thought that the sooner this mission was successfully complete the better; he wasn't use to working with 'civilians'. Moving in the singular downward path, the Neptune continued in its hopes of closing the gap that lay between us and the shuttle. I knew now that we were on the right track, so I felt better now that we were making progress, instead of wondering around, looking for the first sign, like when we first began. Hank maneuvered the Neptune past a set of large boulders that had been caught in the grip of the needles of rock, from some primordial act of gravity, sending them into the depths. The Neptune had now come upon another face of rock that rose out of the opposing side of the rock face. Now the vessel was surrounded on two sides from the terrain, making navigation extremely difficult. Hank decided to take the Neptune down into the hole manually so he released the auto pilot from the computer and took the controls for the descent pattern, into the interminable depths of the dark water. Little did I know then, but coming closer by the minute from the Moon was Ann Rand, who had heard about the accident some hours after it had occurred. A special communication had come from Houston

control as she was preparing the second linear phase of the 'graviton principle', of the atmospheric experiments, when she learned of the disaster. She was deeply troubled by the news, naturally. It took her several hours to decide that she would go back to the Earth to be with her child. There in the back of her mind was the black thought that dominated everything. When she realized the full implications of the occurrence, she couldn't see how there was any hope for survivors, quietly she considered the possibility of being daughterless. During her transfer from the 'Star' space station, Ann thought about the last time that she had seen Liana and Marcus, it was just over one week ago. As she boarded the shuttle back to Earth, she thought about the children, when they were here in the same place making the same moves, she remembered how Liana hated the journey back into the Earth's atmosphere. She also remembered how Liana hated the violent shaking, and the fear that the experience created in her. Ann thought these things over and over in her mind, as she now, sped towards Earth, 'Is she really dead...?' She told me once, 'Liana...? Your not dead child, you can't be dead dear girl'. Ann didn't know, she hadn't had any communications from the shuttle location for several days since leaving the Moon. She didn't even know that the heat shielding plates had been discovered leading the Neptune into a more positive search pattern. All that Ann knew was that the 'encapsulators', had been deployed before the shuttle lost contact with Houston control. The children's lives hung on that one critical fact, statistically that was not a good thing, and Ann knew it. Despite these thoughts that had no abatement for her, she had managed to sleep overnight at Houston control, awaiting the flight out to Canada the next day. She dreamt about the children, mostly Liana. She was dreaming that she was mermaid like, swimming around the darkened hull of the flooded shuttle. As she swam around the encapsulators, she heard voices telling her where the encapsulator was that held Liana. When she arrived at the closed encapsulator, she could see through the surface Liana breathing heavily in the fetid air. Then the doors of the encapsulator flew open, Liana screamed aloud as the waters flowed into the compartment, suffocating her, Ann tried to take her daughter away from the water pouring in everywhere, it was no good, Liana was drowning, Ann couldn't reach her. In desperation she was swept away around another section of the flooded hull of the shuttle, leaving her daughter drowned, and helpless, floating upside down inside the darkened hull, like a wet, limpid rag doll. She sat upright in her bed. Her face covered in perspiration. Immediately the feelings of the horror rose into her mind again. Ann broke down in tears, her daughters face sticking out in her mind, helpless, defenseless.

Ann found it impossible to sleep away the experience of the dream, fearing that the nightmare would return. So she sat up and waited for the dawn, gazing north, in the direction that her daughter lay, either in great danger, or dead.

The same morning Ann took a private jet to Manitoba. After a fast flight through strong winds the small Harrier jet, touched down on the strip at Lake Flin Flon. Within minutes the crowd of reporters came streaming towards her asking a barrage of questions. Ann ignored them, diving for the staff car, with a young Lt. She instructed the driver of the jeep to, 'drive, till you get to the place'. She was glad that they soon had them in the distance of the air compound. Ann remembered what Liana had said to her, 'the child was right'; she thought 'they are such a hassle'. As the jeep pulled up at the main control room at Lakeshore control, Ann dismounted, while the Lt parked up the jeep. She immediately stood at the side of the lake. The Sun was edging over the eastern horizon, throwing colored reflections of alizarin and yellow across the placid surface of the lake. Reflections rippled, catching mirrored impressions of the remnants of mare's tails in crazy patterns over its surface. Ann didn't see the trick of nature, or its beauty, instead she was projecting her consciousness deep into the indifferent surface, she thought about her daughter, about Marcus and the crew, but mostly about Liana.

'Liana..., dear Liana..., your not lost to me..., say it is so, not lost beneath the water', she told me once with tears in her eyes as if it had just happened. Ann recalled Liana's voice saying the last thing to her on the Moon, 'It's so hard Mother..., call me, videophone me..., promise...?' Ann, tired from the long early morning flight, stretched necessarily, as she viewed the lake and its impenetrable surface. When she stretched her body, she momentarily blinked, and when she looked back across the waters surface the air was full of the stars from over exertion and fatigue. There in her eyes vision, were stars spiraling away when she tried to focus on them. Far away, a larger star was moving at tremendous velocity into the western sky, seeking the cover of darkness. Ann saw it as clearly as you see the stars of tiredness which is real enough but no object to arrest consciousness. It was then as Ann felt another blush of guilt for her daughter, as she came into the command centre. She thought of her daughter once more, as she paused briefly to look out to the lake. She told me all this along time ago, we shared this knowledge with no one. It's amazing really how one cannot see the reality sometimes when one is under duration. I know she would never lie to me about anything. I told her also what I have told you of the strange blue missile. She could see the probe from the Neptune, recharging its

supplies, she felt better at hearing that the reports coming in on the lost shuttle weren't as bleak as she had expected. But this happiness faded when she realized again, and again, that her daughter was still in serious danger, and was far from being rescued. She sat in front of the main display of monitors waiting expectantly glad to hear the news of the find. After several hours of silence from us in the Neptune, we sent a communiqué to the communications monitor. Hank informed Lakeshore control we were currently descending at thirty meters per minute, but there was still no indication where the bottom was and still no sign of the shuttle. Hank gestured something about not being to quick in finding the shuttle hoping there was still time left to save the children. Altogether the meeting between them was tense and words didn't come very easily for either of them. I felt for the first time the difficulties involved in being a parent although as you know that has never happened to me. Nevertheless both peoples minds were easy to read at that point in the mission, both had loved ones and children at that, lost for all intents and purposes in a great deal of danger. Hank seeing the women's anxiety, felt his own rise up in him secretly, inside, he hid the black thought that they were all in some great rehearsal for the bitter news that was to come later. Ann could see that Commander Blue wasn't moving in his emotion towards the crisis. He remained resolute; Ann thought that this man was strong, that he was determined to come back with the children alive, if life let him. 'I'll let you know the moment we reach the shuttle Dr Rand, you can be sure of that', something like that it was a long time ago, that was all Commander Blue could offer up to the woman, who was obviously suffering from nervous fatigue, like himself. Hank was a man use to certain things like this, this is what he had been trained for, so out of the sight of Ann Rand's anxiety I guess he took strength as we pressed on into the unknown depths of the water. Really, he was scared, scared of not getting the children out alive, and scared that he may not come back alive with the two people that he was responsible for. We were all scared. As for anything else about the mission you may already know about, nothing happened for several more hours as we made the descent down the crater. I was busy attempting to give the Commander some kind of picture of the outside, which was dark very dark. The sensors showing obstacles to us that wasn't clear, there was a great deal of debris and particles from the flow, so we were always alarmed about the fact that these objects, god knows what they were going to smash the hell out of the hull'. Then he stopped in his tale, reviewing the time in his mind as though he was still there, I could see that he was there in all of its grisly details unable to find anything

important to say other than the descent was long and nerve racking for everyone aboard. I jolted him out of his silence with a question, which was, 'you went further than the other two members of the Neptune, is that true...?' He came out of his thoughts and stared hard at me. 'How do you know that?' I replied telling him about the mission that was dispatched later to bring him back from the bottom of the lake when he was almost presumed lost. 'That's true I went on alone after they found the shuttle, I saw things that I have never told anyone about, no one knows'. I waited for him to explain but he seemed resolved not to talk about the affair. Instead he told me how he wished to let it pass, never to speak of it again. 'Its too incredible I have considered the whole thing to be nothing more than a momentary lapse of reason before I blacked out, I never thought I would see day light again'. So I was at a loss for a deeper understanding as to what was really at the bottom of the lake, since then no one has bothered to man any further mission down the crater to find out. It seems everyone is convinced of my parents desire to leave the place alone. New evidence had emerged from the days work; I had decided not to proceed with my burning desire to question Mike further about the experience he so reluctantly avoided. I did however manage to get him to consider telling me the secret he harbored. Mike promised to return and tell me the rest of the terrible journey he experienced down the crater, and to think about the secret he held about the place. I agreed, hoping other information may become available to me in the interim. I even thought of telling him my secret that my parents had confirmed to me, but for now I was equally reluctant to engage in its revelation, I must consider their request for silence. Instead my attention turned towards other facts that mitigated more answers, namely the 'findings' on Mars, the secrecy of Griphius, his reluctance to reveal them to Commander Essen. Makarov's assertion about Griphius' plan was to make everyone rich from their research. After all I want to know how the world was transformed by the power of my parents among other things. Were they responsible for the new atmosphere that had laid the foundation for the building of Dilmun? That strange word of my dream and something was not right for the Martian team. Did Essen discover something on the planet Jupiter...? If so what was it...? I am more obsessed with the strange creatures that were found, though few records of Essen, Makarov trip have been saved, nothing remains as I found out later. This is what the records show, though at this point some things were still shrouded in mystery, in fact my subconscious draws nothing but blanks upon re-examination of the planet Mars or Jupiter. Now I know my dream is true. I had arranged to see Commander Essen again after our last meeting,

this time he agreed to bring the discs from the visit to the findings he made with Makarov, I was hoping for something in them will shed light; regarding what was said by my parents in my dream, namely, 'one mistake in the fabric of time'. After seeing the fantastic images, my inferences proved correct. Among all of the complexities, I recognized in them some relationship between what the children had said in the dream, as the, 'protectors of life' and this mass of creatures on Mars.

Insanity in Collusion.

Now I must return to the story of Commander Essen since this is the first real link I have made to the mystery of the day I await. Though I am backing extraordinary possibilities I hope something will show itself to me since it has remained concealed over the previous hearings. Once more I listen to his deposition, this time more aware of the illogical extension I conjectured from the dream I experienced of my parents and the mythic character of Oannes.

‘ During the journey back from the findings I had convinced Makarov that our silence concerning our visit at the new phenomenon was most important if we wished the Jovian mission to be successful, and to save ourselves from the mad hands of Griphius. I had feelings that Makarov may have wanted me to attempt a coup, which I believe would have had dangerous consequences. Commander Griphius did not disclose the evidence of the findings to me, and this fact alone led me to believe correctly, as it turned out, that our lives were in danger if he should ever discover what I knew. I was confused by the entire incident, apart from the evidence that Makarov had shown me at Nylosertis Mensae, because I couldn’t understand why the Commander could be so furtive about something that really didn’t jeopardize the research project. On the contrary it was a major discovery for everyone. Makarov’s explanation suggesting that the Commander had greater ambitions for himself was rapidly becoming the truth. Makarov however had shown good reason to keep this mission secret; two children and a wife, but felt it was absolutely necessary to convince me of its reality; I had no problem believing what we had just seen. What I couldn’t understand was why, had Commander Griphius gone to such lengths and misdemeanors to pretend that the whole affair at Nylosertis didn’t exist, as that was certainly the case. I attempted to obtain evidence regarding the Commander’s mental health after our return, this proved to be useless since he had failed to undergo the monthly analysis as required by the Space Congress. I had never seen anything like it in my entire career. Naturally I concluded that there was something that was still missing in the puzzle, unless I merely accepted the facts of the situation that were telling me that Griphius had made other plans like Makarov said and that the findings simply didn’t fit into them. My message to Makarov was simple, we were to complete the refueling of the Cydonia and leave for Jupiter. Makarov agreed he was in a hurry to get away, his edgy disposition told me that he had undergone intense fear for his life in that isolated world, so my suggestion

went unopposed. As the crawler pulled itself up over the ridge into the main compound of Zond we knew that we had made good time back. Piles of sand swept up by the wind during the night against the doors of the bunkers were heaped. Makarov told me how he had watched him from his window in the lab, day after day sweeping away the mounds of dust from the main entrance. Jones had suffered the most from Griphius belligerence, being physically weak, but brilliant, nevertheless had succumb to the mad-mans influence. Makarov could do little but watch as Griphius wore him down to a subordinate imitation of a man. The crawler climbed noiselessly under the throttle over the sand dune, as Makarov extinguished the engines. I told him that I would need to know more about the atmospheric testing, my purpose was to see just how far they had gone in the research, and if they really had something to ransom the world for. Something more substantial than what Griphius offered, which had been very little. Some cooked up report that was supposed to satisfy my first science officer Kennedy. Makarov looked grave at the request, I could tell that he saw very little coming out of it, other than trouble. ‘That Commander is not going to be easy’, he said despondently. Apparently Malevitch had the master copy of all files, they weren’t easy to obtain, and security was very tight. Any other evidence of the testing results had been destroyed on a weekly basis. Griphius emphasized weight consideration for the shuttle, insisting that nothing superfluous should be saved. I asked him if anyone had documentation of the tests. Makarov’s face told everything regarding my question. I was baffled with the incredulity of the situation. ‘That’s unbelievable..., but why?’ I asked him again, still unable to comprehend how two men could have such control over an entire station of men. Makarov opened the gull doors to the blowing storm, his face said everything, and namely ‘I would like to know as well’. I felt silenced by the gesture, but felt that I could trust him. He told me to go to my accommodation he would see what could be done. Again I felt compelled to speak, but instead I merely gestured to Makarov that I understood. Later that same day I told the story to Major Kennedy, about the findings. We had returned to the safety of the bunks after breakfast, awaiting Makarov. I told him about what you have just seen; he was stunned with surprise like me. ‘Makarov said they were all from the age of the saurians?’ ‘They were...!’ I exclaimed, they were mostly dinosaurian, some were early flight specimens, others were fierce meat eaters, like the Tyrannosaurus Rex, only fierce looking almost hideously savage, grotesque. Eighty million years of them all stuffed in one place. These images that I have shown you aren’t really any impression of the place believe me...!. It had to be the most important moment

of my life when I stood in that great cavern and looked at those massive monuments. I had been considerably taken by the findings, in that they represented something that was far greater than I could ever have expected to have known about. If awe is lost with youth, then I had found new reasons for wonder. 'What I find most disturbing', said Kennedy, 'is that they're all buried inside that mantle.' Kennedy said 'that mantle', with a certain disdain for the object. He had been feeling uneasy about the entire episode. I came more down to reality when Kennedy reminded me of the strangeness in which the creatures had come to finally rest.

'More,' said Kennedy 'the whole problem of the evolutionary aspect our entire theory of life on Mars goes a little wrong.. don't you think...?'

'That is assuming that they are from Mars.... they may have come by their own free will.' he said what's going on? 'Neither of us could believe in the idea any more than the next man and then it occurred to me as to the explanation of Vartosky's strange behavior. Perhaps he was sensing the same strangeness that the apparitions had upon us, only with him it had taken a very different turn for the worst. He had obviously blocked out the knowledge or existence of them. We kept having thoughts about some extraterrestrial life force coming upon the world and taking them away from the Earth stacking them here like a spider who would come back later for its meals. Believe me; I had never experienced such a phenomenon before. I remembered my training, the briefings that I had been put through by N.A.S.A. concerning, alien existences. N.A.S.A. had dispelled all thoughts in its recruits concerning ideas like these. They could prove to be dangerous in situations like now, so we both laughed off the effects that our imaginations was playing with us, happy that we could still sanely cling to reality. Mars did have an atmosphere during its early development.., perhaps there was enough water to sustain life, when the oceans dried up, due to a thin atmosphere and intense bombardment from the Sun, and perhaps they all built themselves a mantle with the hopes to survive, but merely, perished. I remember this was an explanation that Tom Kennedy offered, but he didn't believe in what he had just said. I looked incredulously at him. 'That's a real possibility Tom..., I ought to show you more of this stuff, and get your head going'. I said with more humor. There were specimens that were mature, and young, so there was nothing to account for any normally accepted theories of evolutionary paths. They couldn't possibly have evolved into that condition. Major Kennedy thought about what I had said, it did seem strange, but then so did the whole trip since coming to Mars. I read once that history never repeats itself,

when it does, the first time its unique, the second time, it's a farce. Major Kennedy understood what I was telling him, namely, that the early life forms of the Earth and the ones I had seen on Mars couldn't have evolved in two different places in the solar system. Therefore there had to be a more simple answer to the mystery of the findings despite the complexities that the evidence proposed. That fact could not explain why the creatures were in their cocoons. Neither could it explain why they were so close in form to Earth like creatures. Everyone knew what a dinosaur looked like, but there were other species that seemed to go back perhaps to the beginning of life itself. I mean there were creatures there of crustacean, chelicerate, trilobite origin as well, though not as large as the saurian. If my theories were true, this is a farce, a farce of universal proportions perpetrated by whom... God...? Nothing made any sense. I had seen creatures like them in the Smithsonian Institute. The creatures there had been flattened by some ancient landslide, so they were merely two dimensional records, that antiquity had left mankind. The fauna had comprised of marvelous forms of adaptation elegance. Originally they were thought to have belonged to the taxonomic group called Trilobotoidea. Under extensive re-examination, after Wallcott's clerical miscalculation, they had been reclassified in other references. Namely, along with certain forms very close to the Trilobotoidea, but there were others that had stranger names one called Hallucinogenea, it had pod like protrusions for legs with a ovoid shaped body. Another was called Odontogriphus, a simple bivalve creature. Anomalocaris squid like in its proportions, Branchiocaris, a massive exoskeleton with a tubular tail and biramous appendages from the front, looking like Sanctocaris, a horned chelicerate with large exoskeleton head the one I saw was over eight feet long lying there wrapped up inside its cocoon. All major taxonomic groups of the Earth's fauna had apparently sprung from these Precambrian relics. These groups were Uniramia, the birds, Trilobotoidea, the ancestors of Horse Shoe Crabs, Chelicerata, the ancestor of the bumble bee, Arthropodia, the ancestors of the mammals, and several other groups that have still today very grey lines of classification, making their taxonomy within paleontology indistinct. Now of all places, these creatures, or very good replicas of them were on Mars. Pondering the object under the table at Zond reminded me of these fossils that I had seen; somewhere in all of this I was convinced that there was an Earthly connection. Strange as it was, it was nothing to compare with the strangeness of having something like I'd seen on Earth, almost identical forms, here on Mars. Except the proportions and size of the creatures at Nylosertis were massive compared to those from Earth? I was hoping that Makarov would

have been able to tell us something, when he analyzed the samples he took from the site; unfortunately this was not to be the case. Now nothing remains from his investigations. This was only a small part of the problem that faced me; the worst part was Commander Griphius refusal to disclose these facts, and what he had in store for the Jovian team. I knew he was readying for something, so naturally I had armed both Kennedy and myself, and had instructed Makarov to do likewise but he refused, he said he was incapable of killing. After a heated altercation I let the issue go telling him I was not responsible for him directly, since I couldn't make him arm himself, I could not guarantee his safety. I pointed to the object under the table, asking Kennedy if they could have evolved inside their mantle. From the specimen that lay before us Kennedy assured me profusely that it was impossible since they had wings, and feet, some were webbed. So they had to have been terrestrial at some point in their lives, otherwise why would they have such appendages?' We were both absorbed in silence at this point in the conference, staring aimlessly at the creature. Then, mainly because of the silence that I found weighing upon me I told Kennedy about the documentation on Mars from the experiments, he was surprised, and then a knock came at their door. Slowly Tom rose, and approached opening it, there was Makarov getting ready to furtively knock again. He entered the two men's rooms, this time he wasn't carrying anything. He seemed excited; he had obviously rushed over to the bunker panic and fear written over his face. He was nearly caught by Malevitch in the records room, only managing to escape, by hiding in the air filter system. Makarov drew long breathes as we listened. He went on to tell us that it was impossible to obtain the documents. I had managed to see the security system before not realizing what a problem it was to enter the area unauthorized. There was no way that anyone could open the safe without the correct identification'. I hadn't thought about not getting access to the files, now I had to work other possibilities, I thought of confronting the Commander of Zond. But that was not really possible, since I knew that the Commander would be prompted to an act of violence. Direct confrontation meant possible death in outer space, a very easy thing to cover up. So I returned to my original position that we had discussed, before Makarov had come in the room. I asked Makarov if the findings had anything to do with the atmospheric project work that they were so sure about. Makarov, who had satisfied his requirements for air, considered the question. He told us that Griphius and Malevitch didn't want any more work done on the findings after the initial discovery and excavations. If it had anything to do with what they were proposing in their theory,

then they hadn't told anyone which wasn't surprising. My curiosity was tall; I had been wondering what Griphius and Malevitch had thought of the finding's if anything at all! Makarov told me what I needed to know. That they wanted them left alone, they had convinced everyone that there was more important work to be done. Occasionally he would see Malevitch leaving camp and had timed him. The distance he must have covered was approximately the same time that it took us to reach the findings and return, allowing for stop over time variability. Malevitch was going to the findings in secret. Now the question that was begging to be asked was what did Malevitch discover that we had failed to bring to light...? Admittedly he had much more time to find out but still he had indubitably found something that made him return according to Makarov at least a dozen times over the course of the six weeks since they had been discovered. It was then that Makarov looked nervously at the door; we heard feet coming down the hallway. The last thing any of us wanted was to be discovered in the room with us. Soon the plodding sound of feet passed and we returned back to our discussion, Kennedy and I had already drawn our revolvers ready to shoot. Major Kennedy had been trying to synthesize all of the speculation into something concrete. He surmised what I had considered, that they have found something that showed the reverse carbon/oxygen molecule transference the one missing part in the whole puzzle at the findings. They must have, otherwise, why they would stop all normal research into the findings, if there wasn't something that they were not letting onto. Makarov interjected staring down at his feet; he was reluctant about telling me. He was sure that I wouldn't believe him, I know that now. There was something else that he didn't mention before, something that explained all the strange behavior that was going on around us. Makarov paused, trying to compose the next sentence, he was obviously laboring over the thought that he held in his mind. It appeared that Commander Griphius has convinced everyone that he had the answer for the atmospheric test all sown up. The crew had believed him that they would all get rich when they went back to Earth, and intended to sell the results to the highest bidder. Everyone believed them; upon reflection they had no choice, because Griphius would undoubtedly arrange for an accident if you opposed him. I was astonished when I heard this, now I knew I was surrounded by two made men. I looked Makarov straight in the face. They intend to do what...! I said in a coma of rage, they're not serious...? It must be the truth, something I had heard a great deal of during my brief stay. Looking around I could see that Makarov spoke in earnest, and I could that there was nothing usual about this place, on the contrary one look at Jones was

enough to convince anyone. On Earth he was a brilliant scientist highly regarded, but there on Mars Griphius has reduced him to nothing more than a janitor. Now I had grave thoughts about learning of the reason for all of the secrecy that I had felt about Zond, it was all becoming clear to me. Makarov's explanation was fitting in with my impression of the place and the people. The radio was destroyed so that they could keep their secret was destroyed three days after Malevitch returned from the findings. I knew then that he had found something there that was of supreme importance. There was a silence in the room that you could cut with a knife. I realized more than ever that we were in great danger, if Griphius or Malevitch found out that we knew about their intentions we would all end up dead in outer space for sure. I know desperate people when I meet them, and I had met them. My plan was straight forward we were taking Makarov and getting out of there ahead of schedule. Tom Kennedy suggested we call Houston and tell them everything, that wouldn't have helped us. I suspected incorrectly that Griphius didn't suspect anything about our tour of the findings, so I suggested that we just kept a face on the situation, when the time was right we would leave for Jupiter. I was now getting the edge on their situation, after twenty four hours at Zond; I had the taste of what was really going on. Then I issued orders to the first mate. We were getting out of there; I checked my watch, 'twenty three hundred hours, now I hoped that our plan could be implemented without any problems. As for the Chief, we would take him with us, we couldn't leave him there...!' I remembered how I had persuaded Commander Griphius to allow space for the Chief on the Cydonia, if we took him now, Griphius might suspect something. So I relented, though reluctantly, we had to leave him, otherwise there may have been suspicion. I regretted the act, I still do, I had the remainder of the crew to consider. I didn't like the idea of leaving him in such dangerous surroundings, but he didn't resist the orders and left the room to prepare for our evacuation. Makarov too, soon left, after checking the corridor for anyone who may be inadvertently passing. Soon he had gone, leaving me alone in the room to stare vacantly at the object under the table.

Later that sol-day I called upon Commander Griphius for the last brief of our stay at Zond two, there was some finalization of the supplies to the Cydonia that needed to be ratified, though everything had been transferred. He seemed pleased to see me, explaining in exaggerated tones how sorry he was that he hadn't had a great deal of time to spend with me. He mimicked some excuse about the project and so many final details to take care of, trying to initiate some degree of hospitality. Naturally I knew that

Griphius was playing the host, which he had purposefully avoided me during the entire stay mainly because, I thought he wouldn't have to labor over my detailed questions. I merely smiled beneficence at him in the hope of appeasing the situation. He had learnt, as I had planned' of our early departure and inquired into the reason. I felt more comfortable with him asking the question rather than presenting him with my decision, explaining that we had orbital problems onboard the Ganymede, and required manual organization. Since we would be several hours ahead of schedule I explained that we didn't have sufficient fuel to return back to the surface. I knew that if there was going to be a show down this was going to be the time and place. I had poured over several ways of making sure that he wouldn't be able to entirely escape from justice should the worst occur and we were all killed. I also knew that since I hadn't observed any space codes whilst being there I knew that Griphius would not, as was required by space code, record the conference of the commanders in chief. On this point I was absolutely correct. Knowing that the future was uncertain I had secured the perscomcon to the interior of my space suit allowing me to record the meeting without his knowledge. For your benefit I have selected the remains of the meeting and have it with me now'. Commander Essen withdrew the small disc and handed it to me. I placed it into my machine and it began. The strong haunting voice of Griphius filled my usual peaceful room. Immediately I began to see the face that I had wondered about more clearly, and I realized exactly what danger the Commander had been in all of those years ago.

'Surely you could return to Mars afterwards, we have prepared a little going away party in your honor, added Griphius, sugar sweet.

'Regrettably I have to decline. How successful do you think you have been on Mars with the atmospheric research?

'Our mission is nearly over here, we are returning to Earth, we may have what they are looking for', he told me insolently with a touch of arrogance in his voice.

'What may I ask is that...?' I asked the Commander insincerely. 'Well since you are going into deep space it wouldn't hurt to tell you, we have found the link between the oxygen/carbon strands. We have traced several excellent models that lead us conclusively to the solution. We think we have the answer to the Earth's problem, in a word, we have the solution. Several of the carbon sediments at Chryse Planitia and Nylosertis have led to real understanding about what happened to the oxygen on Mars, from

this Malevitch and I have devised the reverse process, all we have to do is copy it on the Earth to reverse the greenhouse effect.

‘That’s very impressive; wouldn’t it be best if Earth decided your work warranted such an assumption.’ I added insolently. ‘Ah..., I see we have a doubting Thomas amongst us. Well Commander we have traced these strands over several billion years, so not only is the truth on our side, so is time and it seems the universe’.

‘It would still be better if Earth decided, wouldn’t it...?’, after all there have been plenty of men who have believed that truth was on their side...’, I persisted towards him, knowing I was speaking to the rational insane, if such things can exist, People like Hitler and him were on the same planet. ‘Perhaps..., they can’t really decide unless they have the information...!’ Griphius laughed menacingly as Commander Essen spoke. ‘And you propose to withhold that information...?’

‘Your putting thoughts into my head Commander..., that’s most unqualified of you’, added Griphius through his smiling laughter. ‘On the contrary, added Essen, ‘I wouldn’t be at all surprised if you did have the answer to the atmospheric project. I was merely suggesting that you wait till you return to Earth, before you make assumptions’.

‘It’s not an assumption, we have the right material, Malevitch has substantiated it with other evidence, it works, that is all we have to know’.

Commander Griphius was getting heated in the conversation; he wasn’t used to anyone doubting his authority, or truth, regarding the research for the mission. He seemed to imply that everything that was scientific and provable in the Universe, was strictly his domain. No one else had the right or the reason to grasp what he was telling them. It was as if he was telling Essen for his own benefit. ‘I am bound to tell you Commander Griphius that all research and evidence that you have procured here on Mars belong to the International Space Congress. Also any theory that you purport to, is also their property, and will in due time be checked. This much I know, you know, unless you have lost touch with the world’.

‘On the contrary Commander, I haven’t lost touch with the World. I have made this mission a success, almost to the point that I was considering abandoning your mission for you. After consideration, I decided that it would be best if you were out of the way on Jupiter, perhaps you will never come back, and all your secret’s will be dead like you’.

‘You have no authority to do such a thing, besides you don’t know that you have the answer, and with so much riding on this mission, how in God’s name can you say such a thing’.

‘Easy Commander, very easy, don’t have any fear we wouldn’t do anything, if you don’t return from Jupiter, then you will have known this for nothing. You see there is nothing recording the minutes of our meeting. This is illegal.

‘I think I’ve heard enough, this place is a sham, and you’re heading it. I suggest that you make your way back to Earth, give yourself up, what ever your planning, and hope for leniency’. ‘That’s nonsense; I haven’t done anything, what could I possibly confess too?’ Griphius was singularly disarming ‘The fire in the radio bunker, that wasn’t an accident. Major Kennedy tells me that it looked most deliberate. You know how hard it is to start a fire on Mars. This one looked as if it was fuelled with methane and other volatiles’. Naturally he denied it all with simple ineluctable bluffing, ‘That Commander, is sheer fantasy, I didn’t start any fire in the radio bunker’,

I pursued him cautiously with my argument asking him how to explain the fact that he had asked me if we had brought a spare radio set from Earth, when we had already left Earth. The fire started during our journey there, how could we know to bring a radio’.

‘I only anticipated the possibility, that is all, nothing more, I think your imagining things, perhaps you should see someone about it...?’ said Griphius disarming me temporarily. I suggested he considered doubts if he had any...! And to get back to Earth, place them under arrest, abandon the idea of ever being the world’s savior on the atmosphere project. Believe me the Commander and most of his men were deranged, paranoia, illusions of grandeur, call it what you like, it all stank. I had nothing more to say. He wasn’t through telling me, ‘Before you go..., I presume you are taking Makarov with you according to the new flight plan...?’

‘That is in the flight plan as arranged, why do you ask...?’

‘No reason really, I just wanted to make sure that he would die, along with you and the other man. Speaking of which, the Chief..., your leaving him as planned...?’

‘Yes’, everything is the same as we previously agreed; nothing else has changed despite our differences’.

‘That’s good,’ said Commander Griphius it would be best for him, after all there’s no sense in sending an innocent man to his death with a lot of fools’. I really thought I had blown the whole

charade when I alluded to Griphius plan even though I hadn't actually spoken directly of it. Some providential element in the universe was looking after me then I'm sure of it. As I strode out of the office I passed Malevitch, who was his usual silent self, but all ears and eyes, I caught Malevitch's furtive glance in my direction transferring contempt to Griphius who had resumed laughing. I didn't like the look, but then I didn't like the man either, but I could recognize the danger, and contempt, that it harbored.

Within an hour we had secured ourselves into the shuttle, and had left the surface of Mars, bound for the Ganymede. Before we left, no good-byes were offered, except from Shatalin, and Wilson, two of the project's top scientist's. They offered their hands at the disembarkation zone in the main bunker. Throughout the entire episode I noticed how nervous the two men were. I presumed that they didn't want Griphius or Malevitch to see them. Makarov felt lucky to be getting away from Griphius, even if it meant going to Jupiter. On the faces of his friends he could see that they wished they were going with him. Later, onboard the Ganymede, I told him about my brief with Griphius. Makarov was overcome with the familiar fear that he had experienced during his Martian tour. He knew that the Commander of Zond wouldn't leave anything to chance. Of course Commander Griphius hadn't left anything to chance; he knew that Makarov had taken Essen to the findings. Malevitch had seen us leaving; remember the waxen shadow I had suspected at the space lab, well that was Malevitch. They had already made plans to take care of us; Griphius had ordered Jones to place a computer virus detonating device on board the Ganymede. Even back then, Griphius had recognized the danger that the Ganymede's crew posed to their plans. Jones had placed the virus inside the controls of the computer controlling the main electrical sections, right next to the fuel tanks. The device had been designed for other purposes originally, but its simplicity was that it was small and undetectable. Not even the computer on the Ganymede could check it out through its electronic nervous system. As the Ganymede left the orbit of Mars passing Desmos, we could see the great 'Stickney', ugly on the moons surface. It seemed to portray everything we had left behind on the red planet. Once beyond the gravitational influence of Mars, I opened the communications to Houston control. Before I committed the crew and myself to cryogenics, I sent a message to Earth. The frequency modulator didn't indicate a connect signal to Houston, due, no doubt to the cosmic radiation that we had experienced on the way to Mars. Now as the Ganymede headed into the meteor belt that lays between Mars and Jupiter the interference was more intense. So before retiring to the cryogenic chamber I set the radio

transmitter on the repeater, sending the message regarding the mutiny on the planet Mars to Houston every six hours, in the hope that something would get through. The only evidence that I had to support my assertions was the disc from the findings and the tape we had just played. It was now as we left Mars I realized it would be a very long time before I would pass that way on the return journey. I became disturbed about the way the mission had begun beginning with the loss of the chief engineer. These situations haunted me, I dreamt about the findings time and again during my cryogenic sleep to Jupiter. It would be almost a year before our return to Earth; I didn't really feel confident anymore, something had unnerved me since the visit to Nylosertis Mensae. I had been changed in my expectations of the universe; it no longer had the same shape and purpose. The fossilized city on Mars existed, that was no dream. Also Makarov had determined conclusively that the isotopes detected in the carbon twelve tests he conducted on the specimens from the findings couldn't have possibly come from Mars. The characteristics were definitely from Earth, the Permo Triassic extinction and late Jurassic, five million years old. That fact alone left me shaken although we didn't really have much time to speculate about the results before we went into cryogenics. Everyone felt some degree of uneasiness; I know I didn't really understand, I knew that Kennedy and Makarov weren't thinking about Santa Claus. Anyway we had left Mars alive that was enough victory, so I committed myself to the deep sleep, grateful to be alive and there in my dreams were the chrysalis of the arthropods, acres upon acres of them, I kept staring at them, before I would look away scratching my head distractingly, unable to explain the mystery of the stars. Like an ape, complex thoughts are disturbing the natural order of things, old premises breaking down, before the universe is consumed in fire. My dreams during that time were horrific in some proportions, but always alarming, there was never a moment to stop, racing out across the expanse of space, always returning back again and again to the city of chrysalis at Nylosertis Mensae. By the time I woke we were outside the orbit of Europa I was exhausted. Still unable to comprehend the strange visit I had undertaken, still more unable to rationalize the madness of Commander Griphius.

Two by Two.

Several weeks have passed since Commander Essen told me of the findings. I have no other real evidence that could lead me to anything conclusive, I sought industriously the implications of the story, and playing the discs he made reviewing the taped conversation with Griphius, trying to understand a range of different questions that constantly elude answers. Some questions definitely have no answers. Like why Griphius wasn't revealing the Chrysalis to Earth. I ponder the immeasurable possibilities. For now, I refuse to allow my enquiries to become derailed. There is a certain lacking in my mind as to the conclusion. My parents arrived two days ago. I spoke of nothing to them about my meetings or of the dream. They have come to the place where the gathering of people have began, the island of Iona. People have gathered beyond my window to wait the day, of the promise that my parents had made to the world. I am running out of time. They have spent the last several days in conference, making ready the preparations. To think that the world Congress would be millions of people all present in one agreed place, one voice. This is now possible; this is now the new world of Dilmun, now I know that words living meaning. I had persisted in my questions regarding the final details of the adventure they undertook by accident. After several late evenings of much consultation they came home last night full of joy and happiness. After serving them tea I inquired like an impertinent child into the day that I speak of once more. I told them of my dream, how I saw them in the cave, how I knew of the children, how like the magician Merlin I gazed into the future before my mind was cloaked with a body. How I knew of the Chrysalis on Mars. My mother told me how it was time I knew of their journey, since Oannes was tugging at my sub consciousness, obviously wishing to prepare me for the truth. This seemed most apparent to them, they realized how important it was to understand the past as a condition predetermined, and was meant to be so. So the truth of the day shall be known to me after all. She insisted I knew about the past, to relive it entirely in perfect detail so that my knowledge should be comprehensive and complete like theirs. They traced their steps back to the beginning of Dilmun. My mother began, closing her eyes so that she could gaze back into her memory and tell her story.

'We were high, very high above the Earth, clouds and mist swirled before the great Heliomdisc, we lay down to rest, a great calm and peace was present in our bodies and minds. It seemed that we were to see something more than we could have expected,

some experience was going to befall us; naturally we were excited and impatiently waited for the ship to come to its destination. The Heliomdisc large as it was, moved with such speed, that the outside flashed before my eyes in staccato like images. Places I had seen before in magazines, told me we were somewhere over South America, though I wasn't really certain. It wasn't very long before it began to descend; there before us we could see the great beaten patterns of man that had laid bare most of the Amazonian rain forest. We had come by a southerly route towards the continent of South America, using the cover of night, during which we saw the strange works of Oannes. We had been taken to the belly of the ship; where the chambers had been prepared for the last part of their work. Other chambers were already full, and through the strange magenta blue lights we could see something that was truly spectacular. The chamber was full of the animals that had been on the long list of creatures that had been doomed to extinction. Oannes had taken them from the Earth to save them, for what final end I do not still know. He spoke a great deal of a place called the great attractor, a massive planet somewhere that is a million light years in diameter, fantastic but none the less true, this was where they would all live. We gazed into one chamber; I could see a white rhino, presumed to be extinct in the wild, due to poaching. It was standing motionless surrounded by the same blue light that was occupying our own bodies; passive and at rest with its surroundings as it floated insides its chamber. It was being prepared to enter into the circular dance. Beyond the chamber where the edge of the room ended lay a great open space immense in size. Spinning in a great circular body was the collection of animals that had been gathered from the Earth. They were spinning in and endless circle of blue light, as they moved colors flashed from the outline of their bodies. It was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. And their bodies seemed like stars evolving around a centre that had a blue Sun. It was spectacular there were thousands of species of every kind, even insects, fish, birds, reptiles, mammals, all taxonomic groups in colored uniformity, like the already dead, brought back from the past end of their kind. As I watched the animal being made ready to enter into the spinning dance, I could see in its eyes a sense that it understood, it seemed docile, and not at all like the stories we had heard about, as being dangerous and fierce, and none of those ideas were ever true. Suddenly I realized that the animal could see me, that it seemed to understand my presence. Then a very strange thing began to happen, with my new found power of telepathy I hadn't realized I could see the thoughts of animals, but soon I realized I was able to speak to them without words, but never could I have realized that the

animals in the children's care had the same potential, they did, and we could share in thoughts that seemed to encompass more the feelings of love rather than the ideas of semantics. It was then at that moment I realized that love is what binds every living thing together and is the very miracle of life. As I looked into the animals eyes, feelings, not words began to stream into my mind. Feelings that seemed older than time, feelings that defied the very existence of words. They were older than anything I had ever understood before. But I didn't understand with thought but through association of experience. Let me try to explain to you Gabriel it was as though I had stood there on the African plain, thousands of years ago and for all time, there with the rhino there on the great Serengeti plains, fixed in some great existential purpose. I turned to recognize my existence and for that split moment in time the rhino and I were connected together in some fantastic scenario that seemed to beat a rhythm that went back to the very beginning of life. I stood frozen, intently absorbed in this experience, although it would be hard to translate these ideas of communication into English, I understood that the animal was telling me that it knew to its very core its similarity to me in that we both possessed life, and that it had always known this and so had all of its kind. I felt deep shame when I knew this for I knew that Humanity had never known such profound ontological experience. So I shed tears again for what I knew we had done. More than this I had realized what had happened to it over the centuries, and how it had suffered the worst patricide and the ignominy of death under the scourge of the oppressor man. Again I was mixed with shame and my gorge rose towards anger that beat itself to the front of my mind readying itself to scream out against the black art of my kind. Yet I did not do this, instead its eye silently smiled forgiveness at me. It knew it was going somewhere to take its place amongst the rest of the animals, that it was not forsaken. It also told me it was glad to have survived the wickedness of humanity, but that it wasn't bitter about what had happened to its species. It told me how I was a very special person that they had known about me and Marcus, that we would save the rest of the animals of Earth, we were goodness incarnate. Then the chamber began to spin slowly and move outwards towards the invisible screen containing the circular dance, moving slowly, spinning faster as it reached outwardly. I said my goodbye to the proud beast. As we walked down the rows of more animals they to be readied for the dance, all I could do was to focus on their eyes before they were released into the blue sphere. Everything was eyes, all looking, and all telling their each and every tale of the end for them on the Earth. Like passengers waiting on a platform never to return to their place of origin again.

The emotion that existed then was exalting and depressing, for the sad eyes of the animals told me how they had been condemned to suffer for all of time, and that Jehovah had not laid a place for them in paradise like he had us, that this was wrong, but yet there was a promise about the future that had never happened before so these things didn't seem important. The animals had never known falsehood's, that they were pure of soul and body and knew what was in store for them in the great plan of the universe because of Oannes. For after all weren't they the children of Jupiter also, had not the ancient God made them his children when men still revered the Earth? In the other chambers Marcus was busy watching all of the species that had been gathered from the arctic ocean, fishes, crabs, whales, penguins, seals, and more. He wanted to know how many there were, but the number of statistics seemed unimportant. Slowly over the period of the journey we learned that they had every life form since the beginning of life began upon the Earth. This fact staggered our comprehension, after all how many had there been since the beginning. We soon learned when Oannes told us the remainder of his story. Marcus wanted to know how many animals there were in the collection, suffice to say that the figure was quite large. It seemed that these creatures were only a small part of the collection. There were millions of other life forms that were waiting for the day, but I will come to that later. Suffice to say that he had taken everything from our world that we had not regarded as valuable, for them there was a special purpose for the future.

We entered another larger chamber in darkness; through the dim light we could see all the chambers were empty'. 'There was nothing in there', said, my father interrupting my mother. 'I had eagerly gone ahead of the rest of the group. Oannes had said that there was soon going to be, animals from the continent of South America, creatures never seen before not even by himself. One of the last places on Earth still relatively unscathed and had remained mostly unspoiled by changing weather conditions. I looked around the chamber and could see that the chambers were beginning to glow the familiar blue light in preparation to receive more animals. The idea of the entire collection of all earthly life forms were in the possession of Oannes seemed an incredible feat of industry. He still had the last part of the collection to complete, and we were to be with him for the very last part. Apparently it had all been arranged because he spoke of 'waiting for us at the appointed place'. The animals knew Oannes was coming to get them, there wasn't going to be any running through the bushes in pursuit, it was time to submit. We were eager to see the animals come to us. Almost immediately the great bay doors of the empty

chamber opened up revealing the buzzing sounds and smells of the Atacama Desert. It was early evening the Sun was hovering upon the horizon, all around was the seeming deserted landscape, there didn't seem to be anything alive. The Heliodisc had landed in a great canyon of red rock; I remember them glowing red in the evening sky. As we left the vessel I still pursued the questioning of the reason for Oannes to collect the animals. I knew he was saving them from extinction from mans world but I also learned that they had also been saved from the hand of nature. What I mean Gabriel is that Oannes had acted as protective agents for the animals against other destructive forces, namely the event of natural catastrophe. Over the span of the Earths existence and since the beginning of life here the planets natural disturbances had placed life in perilous situations. Tidal waves caused through earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and other such calamities had killed millions of species in some cases wiping them out from the entire face of the Earth. Due to geographical range that these creatures had managed to inhabit, some were not extensive enough, so if an earthquake hit an area that had a unique species they would all invariably perish, and never return. Oannes had taken them away to save them for some other reason that I will come to later, but mostly he had saved them. For now I would like you to understand that what he was doing was for a great design that had been intended since the beginning of creation. The question that you so eagerly seek to have answered, will soon be answered, be patient your hard work will be rewarded. People of the Earth have never known or seen Oannes, although he had left signs of his existence, mostly to warn them that they were not alone. If you are sure of the future, then all of this will have more meaning for you. What signs did he leave for man and woman to see...?' you may ask. He told us how he had left circles in the wheat fields in England, and France, and scored the letters A.E upon the great pyramid at Cheops. The letter E.A is the great star of the Vela X that went nova in the Sumerian culture. They built the Ziggurats to signify its importance. At night a star would throw its light upon the Arabian ocean, looking like a man coming from out of the waters. This became the Merman, Oannes, from which all knowledge sprung, and has since the event signified the birth of the cuneiform alphabet. Other cultures especially Chinese also recorded the cosmic event, Oannes left man and woman the letters on the Ziggurats to signify the return of knowledge and the beginning of a new event, as it happened five thousand years or so ago. 'The great star dweller Oannes came and gave you the art of writing. The first sign or symbol was a star; the star is in the Vela Nebulae, Oannes Star, and the place that gave much light to the foundation of our civilization.

Five thousand years ago'. That was precisely the words that he spoke to me. I remember so much when I think about it. We had heard about the massive letters, it was in our monthly subscription to, 'Search' an electronic magazine. But we really all thought it was a great hoax, there were a great deal of hoaxes during the age of crisis, but no greater than the church of God. As we entered the clearing, animals hiding in the bushes, warily came forward to see the vision of the iridescent blue children of the Earth. They had never seen Man or woman like this before. They knew that humans were dangerous and couldn't be trusted. Even large animals would never attack humans unless they were man-eaters, like the tigers in India, and the salt water crocodiles of Australia, both rogues. Nevertheless they stared at us, pondering, if to come from the cover of the bush. When the animals saw that we were with Oannes, they all came forward in a silent shuffle towards the Heliodisc, offering them up for selection. The teaming life poured out of the range of rocks. There were so many creatures coming out, that we had never seen before; some had never been discovered by the naturalist's. Some had lived and had never been seen to have been caught. On this evening, as we watched the animals enter the Heliodisc, we knew more than just the animals go in 'two by two' There was so much that was missing in the knowledge, that man had created about the animals of the Earth. Now we could see for ourselves just one small part of the animal kingdom that we had no knowledge of. There were no sounds coming from the animals, as they stole secretly from the undergrowth, rich textures of the evening sunlight fell against the rocks and sand, blending with the diverse creatures into a carnival of the animals. It was a beautiful sight to behold. They even knew the place where they would rest inside the Heliodisc, until they would go to be a part of, and build Dilmun. Oannes knew what animals had been taken previously; the years of orchestrating such a monumental task had ensured complete fidelity. The animals also knew what had been taken, and who would also be chosen, so there was absolutely no duplication. The animals always knew about Oannes it seems, he told them to make room for man. That is why they always moved away from us when we took over their lands and habitats. Several hours passed this way, watching as the life flowed into the Heliodisc of Oannes. During our wait he told us about many things about the Earth, how we would dream the landscape of time again, and know so much more than we did. How we had been chosen among the animals as the species to be prepared for the work of the world, this is all true. Mostly he inspired faith and trust in us, and in the work that would be complete when we would rest from our labors and know that our actions were right.

This was his second gift he would make to mankind, after language, though it would take time and much work, before this promise would be fulfilled. He would build the world again at the great attractor; a world with a diameter of over a million light years, with its eighty suns. There he would have all the life again. He could you know, he had every ecosystem from the beginning of life of the Earth. The purpose of all this cosmic expense was for a very simple purpose. It was simply for the writing of life's expression into the void of space. He said that it was necessary to have had life's activity in the stars before the universe recoils upon itself. There was a great deal of things said about how the next universe was going to turn out because of this. It was of supreme importance however that all life should be allowed this time, other wise the next part of universal development after the blue shift of the universe would never be truly realized, or have evolved. Mankind was a part of this; he had the chance to evolve not just in this universe, but in the next one as well, if he was patient enough. Without this time, matter would be incomplete, something wouldn't have been finished, entire futures rested with him, though he seemed that this was of no importance, everything was going to plan as he had expected. Except for the one mistake he couldn't have foreseen, the one you know of from Commander Essen, the Chrysalis, at Nylosertis Mensae, that was the mistake in the fabric of creation, so like the animals all imperfect everyone, so too was the collection of all the imperfections. The primitive skeletons on Mars were all ancestor of the Dinosaur. The serpent only got into the garden. Oannes had placed the Chrysalis on Mars, there for safe keeping, they all perished. Now again the atmosphere comes to threaten his work. Only this time it's not the indifference of the universe this time it's from his hand. Mankind has become a megalomaniac. He said that he was tired of megalomania in general. There were the Angels pursuing him always so he hid among animals because the Angels could not name them, and he could not be discovered. Oannes was always surrounded most of the time with a collection of beautiful animals. They would always be present when we would sit and talk about the world, the true story of creation. He told us how he could not despise the Democrator for his thievery of Sophia's thought, but everything was best that he should come first in the process of creation. We learnt many things from him, one would be, when the Angels of the Archons have searched the darkness of space, for the light, that is theirs alone. Then Oannes will no longer be able to hide among the stars or animals, and then the great conflagration with the Angel of Time will begin. At the centre of the stars, they will be waiting for him, to prevent the returning of the animals to the light of the Mother. Animals and

Angels do not mix at all well. It's not the animals who despise the Angels but rather the opposite! The angels would let the animals die, because the animals are not possessed by the darkness of creation. Because the animals cannot know of the power of the Angels, nor do they care to. Their natures being singular without duality, have purer senses, they have remained silent, knowing they will never return to the singularity of the nothingness, in the work of the Father. When the One and Only placed us higher than the Angels, they became jealous and vengeful, though not all do his bidding, for there are seven Democrators, all having their own angels. Why do you think he would say, 'I am the one true God? There is no other to rival him. So the One and Only said, if the Angels could name the beasts of the field, then he would place them above man. Alas they could not name the animals, for they had never known the word, or the naming of life, so we were placed above them, and the animals became less than men or angels, and the Father gave power over them, we know what we have done to them. Then the One and Only went to Eternity, and placed himself above his creation, so that he could not look into it again, because of his own brilliance. Since it is the Angels, the eighth and seventh Archon, and their Sons that rule the stars, not the One and Only. Only they alone, are rulers of this Universe. With all things under dominion of the Powers and Authorities, Oannes is forced to hide from them, and everything that is visible. He himself was invisible before being sent from the second thought of the Mother, revealing himself to the animals and the few. The gift he made, of giving writing to man, filled the Angels and the Archons with rage, but that Oannes should give the animals their soul in the singularity, made greater noise among the Archons and Angels, so that they hunt the heavens for him day and night, wrathful, with deep enmity inside their burning eyes and hearts. They have tried to lay snares for him, laying false hopes of life in strange and desolate places, where they can contain him, to call upon Idolaboath; for this is a great mischief inside his creation. This is justified to call upon him from the Pleroma, to determine his punishment if he is caught. Oannes has seen the invisible name; he has heard its sound, the word of a hundred letters, distant thunder. Oannes heard the voice of the Angel that will announce the end of time, we saw them when they came to the halls of Jupiter, they shrieked when they beheld the children of creation, for they will not make war upon us. The Angels cannot have power over the Meirothea, or her Son, because the thought was never Idolboaths' to build creation at the first instance. Neither did he confer with the first man Christ, or with the Mother. As I said, he stole the first thought from her. All the Angels and Archangels, worlds, stars, all that is before us, all

that is within it, the struggle and meaningless of life, the duality of existence, the contradictions of truth, original sin, and mortality, all this once existed for the vanity of worship of the One and Only. This never was before, when everything was perfected in the grace of the thought of the Mother. There was no thought, only nothingness within its everlastingness, and we were all within it, known to each other, everything made explicit and perfect. Neither can we say that the first man and woman fell from grace, for they had not wished to come from the light into their bodies. So they took from the great tree, standing at the centre of creation, so that they may look up and know who made them, and know that the Lord God Idolaboath is a thief. For the Serpent Saclas was blamed for this fall, but now we see what a great misunderstanding creation has been, for the serpent is woman, who is the thought of the light. This thought is pure and needed to be wrestled from the ages of the Father who ruled everything of the stars. Woman was always caste away into blame by the Archons and Fathers, but really it is they who are the darkness. It is they who represent ignorance and death, and they cannot abide the rejuvenation of the feminine soul. This thought of the light of Eleleth that is female, was caste down, only to lead E.A., away from the One and Only. The first man has a name, it is Christ, and the first woman has a name, it is Prunicos. The wedding chamber is perfect, because they are in the singularity, before the thought was caste into the matter of the Stars. Only Oannes can return us to Dilmun and Eridu to fulfill Meirothea. The three of us, your Father, You and I, are the Meirothea, we are the great love and promise of the Mother Sophia Pistas. Now that the Archons and their Sons, had finished with this Aeon, the world then, was drawing to a close, they had finished with us! We went to find the dream that the Mother had given the first thought to, the age of the Father was finishing, and it is still ending. This is what you wish to know Gabriel, but that time has not yet come. There is still a great deal that you do not fully see, this will be important if you are to understand'. I did understand, I was seeing further than my parents realized, regarding this epic day. There was something more at work here. There were these deities tugging at each other, in some great cataclysmic struggle. My mother was right; the world then had been abandoned, by the Archons, and the authorities of the Father who ruled this world. For there to be this day, I knew that Oannes would have to win over the last heroic day, and triumph. I realized the struggle that was taking place in creation, was of profound importance, in order for life to be balanced. But who can know what this struggle will be like? How many more Aeons must occur before the All becomes the One again? His mother

Pistas Sophia, what power is left to her? Now she is within the Pleroma. Could she have known that Christ would establish her, when she sent her Son to Man? I was familiar with a particular story of creation, the 'thought that dwells in the light, the light that is called Eleleth'. Begged another question by Sophia, after the first thought was stolen from her, the thought of the light Epinoia, knew this request, because Sophia feared of becoming disorderly forever. She rested with Eleleth, and the entire house of glory agreed upon her word and the higher order yielded to her. Later she was cast out to the outer regions of the light, banished by the One and Only. Christ, who came to balance creation, later brought her back. The first thought of the Mother is Barbelo, Sophia, one, and the same. They cannot see each other because of the desire that is in the Mother, no one can look upon her. She is both male and female; she would swallow you in her desire. Hermes Tresmegistus speaks of a bisexual Ruler'. My Father poured a glass of water for himself, his long slender arms gently turning the jug, the clear bright water falling into his glass. He had never really been very masculine; I noticed his long straight hands, as they poured out the clear liquid. I knew, because of his gentleness, his loving heart full of caring; that there was a female in him. Unlike other men, he had the power to reveal the female form. After he drank, he resumed the story of Creation.

'The great Idolaboath through the Aeons of the Aeons began to make real Aeons of the thought from his power. And he established a great order; some say it had three hundred and sixty five levels to it, like the days of the year. Those were builders of systems, rather than truth, so the One and Only made the Archon of the seventh and eighth circles, and gave them dominion of the universe. They in turn had their Sons, and then forgot Him. Saclas, who had already emerged when Eleleth revealed himself, had been thrown down into the darkness. The female form of Eleleth the thought of the light, was not entreated by the powers of powers, when it first revealed itself. It is the Female form of the light, the morning light, he shall be returned to Eleleth, and be restored. This power of the written word brought to the fallen world of darkness was salvation and knowledge, through the Five Seals, to deliver us to the love of the Mother; I had never thought this before. Christ is the spoken word of the light, so Oannes is the written word of the light. Not the light of this world but the light of the truth of Prunicos, for she is also the Mother of Christ. Now there was a great reestablishment, because Christ went to the Mother, and brought her back from where she had been cast out to the nether regions. She had become pregnant with her second thought, many years before, and that thought was Oannes. She desired us to write down the passing of Aeons, something

that didn't sit too well with the Archons and Angels. Oannes came as a thousand stars exploding in his Mother Sophia, already decided of the Meirothea, seeing the works of the false creation, the false dynasties of Kings, the power that men held over other men, as the Archons held power over them, for the world was enslaved by the Father. The darkness of the Father possessed all of creation. She had seen from the darkness, the passing Aeons, and the way the Authorities governed the World. How men were unable to signify for posterity their suffering. So she made Oannes from the memory of her first thought, to deliver us to the word and the truth of creation. He was originally conceived in the first thought, she hid him from the One and Only who would likely steal him as well. Muse of the Alphabet, was hidden inside his Mother's desire, where no one dared look for him. His Mother sent him from her, telling him how he can hide from the Angels among the animals. She told him to collect the animals of the Earth, which was his great love, to return their forms to the singularity. She told him to inspire the world of man like nothing before, and give us the alphabet. In my dream, at the dawn of Homo Sapien, I saw a young woman and a child collecting food on the ancient shoreline of a southern ocean. The Sun was closing the day at the edge of the world; something was coming from the darkness of the evening night, the dawn of Eridu. Suddenly in the distant void of the stars a great explosion of light filled the southern sky. It shed great clusters of burning matter, across the darkening sky. There was an intensity coming from the centre of the illumination, emanating from the universe, a new dawn was beginning. That night, the sky was clear of cloud, in the distance of time and space, the great cluster of light was filling the southern heavens, burning brightly. Some nebulae were exploding, but not right there and then for the people of the Southern ocean, they witnessed an ancient message. Sophia had sent her message a long time ago, all things in the stars are bound by the law of light. The light from the constellation falling on the Ocean had taken Aeons to arrive, for Sophia was in the outer darkness, far from creation. It seemed to the masses of people that had gathered day and night to witness this event that the light reflecting on the ocean, appeared as a fish man dressed in silver light emerging from the waves. So the people, who had never seen anything, move in the sky, other than the Sun and the Moon, who lacked the art with which to measure or write, were deeply moved by this occurrence. So great was this impact, they were compelled to record it, through their piety; they were driven to inscribe the first record of human experience, inventing the alphabet that we know as cuneiform or demotic. The first word was 'Star', the second, was the name of the Mother, 'Nin-Mah', a

pagan term that is now 'Sophia', and the third was 'Fishman'. Because Oannes came from the Southern ocean appearing as a silver fish and through him all knowledge was possible. I was the apparition of the reflection from the burning star reflecting on the surface of the southern ocean. But many more arts came from this apparition; including the art of measurement, mathematics, Ziggurats Pyramids all this could be established. This knowledge was hidden for centuries, considered 'dark' or 'evil'. Books were banned, or shut away from the masses, libraries were burned, bigots who dwelt in fear, in the literal word, unable to abandon the power of the Father. 'For those that only see the body shall only live in the body', censored great truth about the Father, fearing they would fall from power of the institutions of the Archons. They had all begotten sons, and desired immortality through them, and through the power that they were invested in, and corrupted with. The Father still dominated the institutions of the Aeon. Oannes came to us through this supernova, though it wasn't the first time a birth has been declared with stars. He had revealed the promise of the Mother, and had never shown himself to us, though we gave him form. We know this Constellation, the Vela X, or E.A. star. My Father stopped once more, there was silence that was sharp and penetrating, with the persistence of memory, for my Fathers words were still with us. My mother opened her eyes, she lay reclined and still. I could tell she was tired. She carried on from where my father had left off.

'Soon the day will be here, there is less than three days left. The time has come down to one final act, one day alone from all the ten thousand million days of creation. Let me tell you another mystery that is soon ending. The Aeon that is passing, could not tell who the Voice of the Thought was, for now the Voice was many from the written word, though it had taken centuries for the knowledge to emerge. The thrones of powers were shaken by the voice. So the Archons and their Sons went to the one and only Archigenetor, telling him, 'where is all your boasting now the world is being destroyed? Did you not say that you are 'God and the Father, who begot us, and there is none other than you? Now there has appeared a voice belonging to the invisible sound of the Aeon that we do not know, now that the world has fallen to destruction, ignorance and chaos. Even the Archenteron of our birth, whom they boasted, even he didn't know the sound. Listen sons of the light, this is the sound of the mother of your mercy. You are ready for the mystery, hidden from the Aeons, so that you may be perfect. I am androgynous. I am both Mother and Father, I copulate with myself and all who love me. I am the womb that gives shape to the All, by giving birth to the light. I am the Aeon to come. I cast a sound into the ears that hear me; I

transformed the forms into forms until when a form will be given to the All. Already I have seen signs of the time emerging, the glory of the mother. The night sky, pregnant, is sounding again. Orion is moving across the Universe, another messenger, Dorados the daughter is being born. Oannes, sent to return the souls of the kingdom of the animals, because the powers discarded them from creation, is to speak again to Adam and Eve, as it was at first in Dilmun. Oannes, the Trinity of the word, Voice by virtue of Thought, Word by virtue of the Sound, sent to illuminate the darkness of the world. Its first task, once awoken, was to describe the attributes of his mother Sophia the guileless. This light did not come from the powers that had dominion of the universe and this world, for some said that they were the darkness, not the light. Christ knew this when he said to the Father, 'Why have you taken me from the light and placed me in this body?' For the everlasting light is in the singularity, when there was only the Mother, and her sister the first woman Prunicos. These are the contemplations of my life. We are the inconsolable, unable to tell any one of this day, for the Angels are listening to everything. There are men who know the love and the promise of the mother, perhaps the son may redeem the Father? Human love always conquers over everything. Love songs always speak of the Meirothea, the light of the Mother. I know it to be true, and all that is contained in the love of the Mother, is the love in all of us, for the Father is vengeful like his Angels. For this journey we know this to be true, though it has taken all of the attributes of faith and courage for the hundred years to pass, and the world to be redeemed from devastation, now the future is really upon us though all shall remain, but a new God will emerge. Indeed a new future has emerged because of it, and another future will soon be known to us. That is why we have gathered the people of the world to witness the promise. There are many details that we wish you to know about our dream, and about our power. What is invested in us is only a small part of the power that shall be invested into creation and its forms. Man and Woman will have something greater than a mere three score and ten years, of religious servitude for a God has left this universe to the powers of destruction. We were with Oannes in the last place on the Earth, where he hadn't sought out the animals for his collection, and had named the unnamable. He stopped from his observations and turned toward me, his gaze fixed long and hard at some imponderable feat. He told us of the completion of the collection of animals and life forms, undertaken since the beginning of life in this solar system, he told us. 'Nothing new will evolve from the Earth from here on in time. The carbon process is taking over; life will not survive in these harsh conditions.' I pinched myself

to see what I was seeing, which was a stream of animals of all different shapes and sizes, marching into the ark of the Heliodisc. The blue veil of my skin, gave way to the impressions of my fingers, I felt nothing. Oannes told me how I would understand everything in time, for now, he wanted us to understand that what he was doing was from some great design that people of the Earth couldn't see.

'One day, if you are sure of the future, then this will have more meaning for you', he said. We waited in silence as the teaming life poured through the great doors of the disc, some were turned away others disconsolately shuffled back into the undergrowth. I wanted to know why that was so, Oannes told us he had selected that particular species before, either way they understood that they had been immortalized. Then a series of questions poured out of Marcus and me, 'how do they know when to come to us, how have you saved all of the plants and seeds, did you collect them all by hand...?' That question was answered, because all of the animals held samples of the seeds and plants in their mouths and hands. There was the answer to the question. And how do they know...? Oannes told me it was because they can hear him talking to them. I then asked if he had all of the animals that have been made extinct. He had everything from the Earth, since the beginning of life. I could only think of a very obvious story about Noah, as I watched mesmerized, the infusoria of animals going into the Heliodisc. In one text Christ talks about the father as 'dark and terrible', I mention the Second book of Seth. In that Jesus spoke of things that would not accord to the modern image of him. The one who calls himself the one true God decided to destroy the world, being tired of his creation. Oannes pursued everything that was threatened by this tempestuous deity. Before the time of everything came into appearance before the savior of the world came, before everything happened there was only one thing waiting pregnant, and that thing was the great supernova of the Vela X star. Hence he came forward to lead us from the darkness unto light. For if we would have chosen from the tree of life then the Gods would bow down and pay homage to us. Such is the heartache, that this universe is made of and though we have all tired from its pedantic games and rituals we are nevertheless a part of these dynamics and should do well in them as we have made possible since the end of the age of chaos. That was after he had been here to the Earth that was when the world was in upheaval, the hand of God was once the event of disaster, like in your old books from the past he despised his creation. The part about the beginning..., the beginning, that has not yet begun, the part about the beginning of the world, of the place that we call Eden..., or the ancient word of Dilmun. This is still yet to happen;

in fact you think that it has already happened, that we were thrown out of the place called Dilmun, Eden, and Arcadia. Well the beginning has not yet started, the beginning is about to begin'. I was confused, everything I had ever known about the beginning of the world wasn't the same, this Oannes was telling me we were about to embark upon something that was so different from the history of the world. This was something that had immense consequences for all of mankind. I felt the anxiety again in me from the beginning. So Oannes told us of his desire to prepare us for the last part of the works. So that all of those people who are outside of your window will learn of the triumph that is written into the future. He told us that we would make preparation, when he is gone, then we will have the power to know what to do. You have seen the preparation that has been done over the last hundred years the world is a different place. Places where there are constant worlds unchanging perpetual. Our purpose is simple; everything is an action of the correct proportions, having a benefit for everything that we meet. We are the messengers, we will make ready another ark, the ark of the world..., and that is what we have done.'

My mother went silent at her last words, she had come close, but not quite close enough to tell me the fact that she wished me to know, for I am sure that if I could come to the truth myself, then nothing would be defiled in the promises that were made so long ago. My mind was empty for the vision that I sought. For I knew of the past with all of its dark secrets, full of death and treachery, and no light came into my thoughts. 'You will be free to go...' my mother continued, taking me away from my thoughts, 'but you will be changed, you already know the power of your own mind, you will never have the same life again, I can assure you of that. As the time moves forward with the sea of life you will know more and more until the future awaits you in all of its most finite details. So you may prophesize like the Gods, only you will prophesize the future of Dilmun'. Then she was silent from this expletive burst of visionary enthusiasm, before regaining the story of the dream. 'More and more life poured into the Heliodisc, hours passed into the night and there was still no end to the column of species all arranged in there taxonomic groups, phyla, and genus. As the sun came up, and human life stirred, we could hear the sound of mankind as he was ripping into the desert to grow food, now that the weather patterns were dumping tons of water on its dry shores. We could hear him with his bulldozers, and chain saws, and we could smell fire on the horizon, and the growing sense that soon we would be found. Now we both felt that we wanted to go away with Oannes, to get away from the confusion of mankind. It was for the first time in

our lives we could see that mankind was a threat greater, than anything else we had ever known. So as the last creature gave itself up, we were beckoned back into the ship. Somewhere in the cosmology of time they knew that they had a singular definite purpose, the key to the future was in faith and trust, and that part hadn't changed. After such a great deal of time and effort to have accomplished his task I expected something to mark the occasion. Oannes simply closed the doors of the Heliodisc and ascended into the air, seeking the cover of some large cumulus nimbus clouds were ready to pour out its deluge. I had expected much more, after Aeons of time had elapsed since he had began, but he was never moved by simple ceremony. We retired to our chambers to rest. Oannes said we shall see more, but we will also dream, 'We would see everything of the ninth aspect of Alexandria, to know everything that is, will be, and has been.'

Tired after watching the creatures being collected, I was still full of questions, before Oannes left us, I asked him, because I was shaking in my faith. 'Would the world be alright?' I asked meekly. He smiled kindly at me, for he could sense that I cared, something that he had not experienced too much of before, so he took both of my hands and told me.

'All shall be well, and all other things shall be well of the Earth, because you are here now with me, now the future is upon us, and we shall not fear anything again. So have no more fears, but rather trust in time and see, you will be most surprised'. He beamed a smile that radiated through me I will never forget it. I could feel the love that was there, I knew something now that was to stay with me all of my life'.

Again my mother rested upon the thought that had come to her from the distant past, I could see how she tenderly embraced the memory with much affection. I left in my thoughts, I was beginning to see something new emerging from the evidence that I had obtained so far, let me put it like this. This place called Dilmun, no one had heard of it before, but its simile is Eden. Oannes now has all the animals, we have nothing upon the Earth, practically empty forests abound, rivers flow to the sea, but there is no fish in them, there are no animals on the earth. My world is desolate of these things. I have videos, photos cans, and all the plastic reality of the real thing. Though my world is clean and sterile, nothing is free and wild in it. I know that my parents prepared the planet, over the hundred years, for some reason. In two days the parties will meet, here a meeting of the souls, outside of my window, this much I deduce. My mother gave me the idea, when she spoke of the 'Ark of the world'. Oannes is returning to the planet, it is ready for the re-habitation by the

animals, I have never heard the real sound of bird song, other than the recordings from the twentieth century. He can defeat the angel of time by doing this. Because he will return the world to when it was, before the great expeditions went forth. This was at last beginning to make sense of the blank areas of my mind. There were so many thoughts all with loose ends that failed to have rhythm or reason. If this is the truth, then I shall withhold it till the day proclaims itself. Though I make mention of it here in this journal, as my witness to my own deductive powers. Some deductive powers it has taken me more time than I expected, when I first began all those years ago. Of course, I cannot say with any certainty my deductions are correct, mostly because I see glaring errors from the evidence. For instance, Oannes has every animal from time, he couldn't put all of them here since some would have no habitat, also there would be too many of them. Perhaps he will only bring a few..., perhaps he doesn't bring any! Perhaps he doesn't show. That too is in my thoughts. I too doubt something I cannot understand. These are hypothesis, nothing more, idle speculation. I decided to return to the evidence at hand in order to sustain something more regarding the search and rescue mission. There was still the mystery at the bottom of the crater Mike Farmer would with a little prodding possibly reveal what he saw. I am intent of trying to establish something more tangible to the personae Oannes. Somehow there was a metaphysical connection between my parents and him. I am convinced they never left the interiors of the encapsulators. I am reminded of the sixth vision of Ezra, 'the man who came from the sea. It had come down to them over many years of oral myth, so I presumed that there is always a good reason for such phenomenon among simple people. When I spoke to Mike about the matter, I first had to confide in him about the dream I had; before he would agree to corroborate with me. He too had undertaken several investigative leads hoping to surmise correctly the event of the Day. He knew nothing of Oannes, until I told him. I hope I have done correctly, for the first time I have fears that I may have been incorrect, though I can see no harm coming from it. Perhaps I feel the release of my secrets to the outside, dragging me out of my thoughts. We met only several hours ago, after a brief discussion he handed me the disk, on it was his journal, concerning the end of the journey. Now back in my room, I have read it, this is what it said.

The Witness.

'It was not very long before Hank Blue and I could see the lights from the two remote units coming through the dark waters, towards us. I was glad to see them since the computer had informed us that we were running low on both fuel, and oxygen. Anything from the outside world was relieved from the monotony of the descent through the narrow chasm. Commander Blue was proving to be generally hostile during the last part of the tour. He didn't say anything. I knew he resented my presence with a passion. I failed to understand why, but within such close proximity of someone like that, ones self defenses seem to be on constant alert, and perhaps ones own protocol gets subordinated. I knew mine wasn't particularly subtle, my sympathies lay with Hank, but he didn't make things easier. Hank was reticent about having to break off the search and return to the surface. We had taken on fresh supplies from of fuel and oxygen from one of the modules that had returned earlier, so we took heart and pushed on into the depths. The Neptune was now descending through a chasm of two solid sheets of rock that lay vertical to each other; the terrain was becoming more dangerous by the minute, so the Commander turned to manual computer assisted navigation to avoid the possibility of a collision. The terrain had turned inwards in its direction and was getting smaller and smaller, making any normal procedure of maneuverability close to impossible. Hank Blue wanted to know where the bottom of the crater was he threw out his expletive angrily into the air as I and Virginia, ducked to avoid the mind bomb. We were still busy attempting to fathom the bottom of the chasm; she turned to Hank in desperation, telling him it was nowhere to be found from the readings we had projected. Hank threw a look at me, then said something like, 'so where's it...?' I was reading the deep seismic map and couldn't see the cry for help on the face of the Commander. He lit up in rage because he said I ignored a request from him. I insisted that I assumed he was asking his lieutenant. After all I wasn't in the armed forces. It didn't help our relationship. I told him I was unable to give any fix on the bottom of the crater since there wasn't a bottom to get the fix. Instead I could see that the gorge down which they were traveling was precipitous and was getting dangerous, due to the fact that maneuverability was becoming almost impossible. I anticipated that at any moment we would smash into the side of the cliff face and be pinned down. I think everyone aboard had the same feeling, we were going into our deaths, the perspiration poured out of us. Somehow we couldn't just stop and give up. With every inch that we descended I became more compelled to go to the very bottom since, as I

convinced myself, the bottom was only a few more meters away. Or the shuttle would turn up. All of us felt that we were on the right track, since the skid marks had clearly shown the precipitous drop the shuttle had taken. Occasionally I had thoughts that perhaps we had missed the shuttle, perhaps they were going to find it soon..., but perhaps we weren't. No craft had ever gone to these depths before, so as the hull of the Neptune spasmodically groaned and creaked, everyone aboard felt that it would be the last thing we heard, before the pressure, would crush us, and the water would rush in.

'Give me something to go on for the next course; said Hank Blue, 'I need something to go on. I slipped my hand over the keyboard of his computer.

'Bearing eight, zero, seven..., Commander, that way is more open to us, we have left the projected course by thirty four degrees, there appears to be something up ahead showing a flat surface opening up to us, but there is still nothing below us.'

'That's bloody great,' said Hank Blue sarcastically, he was tired, the mission was beginning to tell on his patience, and the fact that he was undertaking the most important mission of his career, the rescue of his son, and now Dr Rand who was watching everything from the surface, worrying about her daughter. Hank was beginning to feel the pressure, that wasn't related to the depth of the Neptune, but rather the inside of his head. Commander Blue turned on the control panel that communicated to Lakeshore Control. On his monitor he could see the main communication officer who threw the camera by remote control onto the small group of technicians around him. In the group Commander Blue could see the face of Ann Rand, tired and withdrawn from lack of sleep. He told Lakeshore that we still haven't found the bottom, or the Shuttle. We are in a descent pattern with a thirty degree change on the computer model, the terrain was becoming more hazardous, if we couldn't go any further, then it appeared we had missed it, we would have to retrace our steps. The communications officer told us they were tracing our steps. So far they hadn't been able to help very much, most of our information was really obsolete due to the fact that we were in uncharted territory and no other members of the team had anything yet to offer? Hank Blue agreed, we were in the dark, but we must have been close by thunder...! Hank, intending to make a rerun, when this projection came up empty, seemed to be a world away from the rest of us. I knew he was going to comb every inch of the place until we found the Shuttle. Then the officer raised his eyebrows and looked at Ann Rand. Ann silently placed the small headset on and nervously spoke to Hank. She was naturally

fearful for the news, neither wishing to adjourn from the control room or wishing to hear the results. Her voice was shaky and had immanent signs of breaking up, unlike the first time when she had spoken to Commander Blue. She had sat at the control room for the last fourteen hours and was lacking in sleep. Despite this fact that she had been encouraged to leave the control room, Ann had remained adamant that we would find the shuttle. Hank offered the usual solicitudes saying how it was proving not to be easy, how he was sure we were on the right track, sure that the terrain would give way to a bottom, and the shuttle would be resting on it. We continued to keep up our descent pattern, hoping we didn't run out of fuel and oxygen, or smash into the sides of the chasm. Commander Blue was conciliatory to the woman who was obviously suffering all the worst fears that any parent could be put through. To say the least we were pressing on through the immense darkness, and there was no way Hank would abandon the mission. Although I often wondered during the descent what it would take for him to stop. Probably nothing, I was sure that he had approached the condition of manic, when it came to getting the children out. Personally I thought it was a mistake at the time to have allowed him to run the mission. That was because we hadn't got off to a very good start in Ottawa. I knew he resented me for the way I had used the situation for my own reasons. Then I wasn't just doing this for myself necessarily, hell I was also thinking about the people who would have to eventually have to drink the water. There had been too many inconclusive reports approved for projects that led to human deaths and illness. The age was full of such incidents. Also the enigma surrounding the apparition I had seen was always at the back of my mind urging me on to take more risks in the hope of discovering something. That really didn't seem to matter to anyone though; they weren't very concerned about drinking water at that point in time so I guess my concerns simply sat on the back burner. Nevertheless I couldn't help or prevent the resentment that was forthcoming from him. Sooner or later I knew our delicate balance would break down and something final would emerge, something that may prove to be dangerous to everyone on board. It was one of the mitigating factors that led me to undertake a plan, something that would get me out of his way. I nevertheless decided to strike out alone when the time was right. I had decided to go on down the crater, independently of the other two. I was sure that once the Shuttle was found, Blue would return. Quite naturally, it was logical, but insufficient for me and what I had undertaken from the outset when I first saw the disc shaped object pass over me. Also the words of the Shaman were rattling through my brain as I sat there, I suppose I too had become obsessive about the mystery,

so that nothing would prevent me from knowing the lakes secret. Suddenly on the monitor and on the sensing array in the control, room a series of lights flashed information onto the screen. Then through the confusion of information the monitor printed out, 'Life form in the area, ten, eight and seven. Commander Blue turned abruptly from the camera and conversation with Ann Rand, his attention fixed onto the monitor. He stopped the Neptune, throwing the main switches of the Neptune's lights, suddenly through the portholes a world came alive throwing the darkness into living color. Silently we waited with baited breathe, watching the cameras make a pan across the surface of the jagged serrated surface of the rocks. Another sensor inside the control room of the Neptune, and Lakeshore flashed another signal, 'Dead life form', became visible. Then one of the cameras zoomed in on a lone object that was wedged in the crevice of the rocks. The camera moved in a staccato pulse towards the form, my heart beat heavily. I prayed it would not be Liana or Marcus. Suddenly I felt the inexplicable horror of the moment, and for, whoever was down there. As though I had been pushed into an experience that had already determined the effect upon the individual that was one of the first times I ever felt helpless and lost. Hanging lifeless from the side of the ragged surface of the rock face was the body of the young Lieutenant from the shuttle. His face still inside his space helmet, had been contorted in the agonies of suffocation, he had died in great fear, totally alone, waiting for the oxygen to run out. It that had been the case then I can only say it was the most inhuman way any poor soul can be released from this world. He was so young as well, I was sure he had expired where we found him because the death throws were inexplicably written onto his face. Who really knew, perhaps he was dead before he was thrown from the shuttle, or that the pressure for too much for his space suit. The effect upon everyone was unimaginable horror and sorrow. We were made painfully aware that the world beyond our cabin was a hostile and death delivering reality. Bad news is nearly always followed by good news, this was no exception. Here was the classic case, as we had found the body of the lieutenant, it had also told us we were on the right track for the shuttle, despite the thirty degree deviation from the course laid down by the computer. Who would have known that in the last moments of life for the young man, would also be the beacon for the living. In the silence inside the Neptune, Hank Blue dispatched the Module one, to retrieve the body and take it to the surface. Everyone seemed to wait for the appropriate words to speak, but there was nothing to say, death seems to give to the living the aura of hopelessness. Commander Blue who had obviously seen death before, seemed renewed at this horrific

vision, watched as the module reached out across the dark water towards the young man's body, an ambulance too late. I think death to him was a normal experience when confronted by its results, but every time it is different, this was no exception.

'We still have a mission to accomplish', was all he said as he pressed the 'descent' button, and the jolt of the motion sent us all back into ourselves. We had become habitual in our survival to make the Neptune continue its dive. Inside Lakeshore control, Ann Rand disturbed but relieved that the children were not among the victims of the crash. I saw Commander Blue smile benevolently at the camera hoping to project his will into the woman. Ann was visibly upset. As the Neptune passed the horrible sight of the dead pilot we all, I think bowed our heads in acknowledgement of him. Apparently Hank knew him, he had lived for flying, and to meet his end in such a place, was surely irony itself. Around the body, more pieces of the shuttle lay strewn across the dead surface of the cliff, pieces of fuselage, glass from the cockpit, Hanks assumption about the crew not making it, were coming true, he bit his lip in deep regret and anger at such a loss of his friend the Captain, he hadn't completely given up hope. The Captain of the shuttle was resourceful; they may have made it into their encapsulators in time, as the facts proved on this occasion, not all of them made it. General Sheer, who had returned from Washington, hours before the find of the Lieutenants body, must have been awakened to the news. I could see on the video monitor from Lakeshore as he bumbled half dressed and asleep into view passing Ann Rand who had taken Commanders Blue advice and was going to get something to eat and some fresh clothes. He could see that she was suffering inside from the experience of seeing the body of the dead man, even though he had only been told of the fatality. He looked sorrowful into her face. Ann in one of her more downcast moments didn't see the General, or his gaze. She told me later how she had felt something slip inside of her; she had seen the future written into the face of the young Lieutenant. She depressed me at the time, I remember that. General Sheer placed the headset on, sat down at the control panel, looked at the crew of the Neptune, and realized that all of us were extremely tired. Momentarily I'm sure he flashed the thought of recalling us, at the sight of his Commander who had developed large dark lines under his eyes. 'Hank my boy', said the Sheer, 'how is everything...?' Commander Blue replied, attempting to place an up tone in his voice. Hank merely perked up for appearances sake, uttering platitudes, of no real descriptive value. I knew Sheer was already contemplating recall if nothing was forthcoming very soon. I knew that if that was the case I would have to make my

move. Of course I wasn't sure at that time if Hank would have come back up from the descent. I was sure he was determined to break all of the rules and possibly even perish along taking us along with him. There was nothing left to do, to continue for now, the air was full of the suspiciousness that a higher authority would determine if there was any chance left for the children to survive. I knew that if there wasn't any sign of the shuttle soon, we had run out capability to dive. The Neptune was reaching its limitations. Since the sub had approached the two mile range prior to finding the Lt. Now it was becoming a very real possibility. Sheer wanted to know what we had discovered of the shuttle. It was mostly parts from the cockpit, and heat shielding plates. Virginia offered the news despondently. Hank downcast like Ann, told the General, he didn't think it would long before they were upon the target. Hank was unable to give up the pursuit for the shuttle, and the General knew it, and the heavy burden of the mission was beginning to get too everyone on board the Neptune, then I interrupted everyone, the tidal flow had indicated there would be ten degree drift to starboard at this point, for a free falling object like the shuttle. Blue acknowledged me, turning away from the camera, adjusted our course, and the Neptune turned ten degrees starboard. Hank didn't wish to convey any thing that may make the General abandon the mission so he forced a smile onto the monitor, Sheer reciprocated. The next thing everyone knew there was a great cracking sound, followed by a scraping, it shook everything inside the Neptune, Virginia pale and scared turned and looked at Commander Blue in terror, as the Neptune crunched hard against the side of the chasm again. I knew that we were not on the right course; I stammered to Commander Blue that he had made an error. I couldn't help myself from bleating out the expletive. Hearing my tone and turning angrily toward me, readying to redress me, turning down the cameras that reported our visual signal to Lakeshore. 'You said ten degrees to starboard, that's what I have done, damn it man you have the maps, that's why we brought you along. Check for damage Virginia', he blared! I knew he wasn't interested in the truth anymore, I could see from the instruments that Blue had left the course correction override on. He was more intent on fixing the blame on the civilian. Virginia rushed to the secondary panel that monitored the Neptune's systems, she turned switches, readings from the system started to flow onto the screen.

'The hull seems to be still intact, all oxygen..., ballast tanks, are..., alright Commander, we seem to have been lucky.' We had been lucky, another ten degrees to starboard and we would have encountered a shard of granite that would have ended all the doubts of ever finding the shuttle. Commander Blue angrily

turned to me. 'Take this as a lesson, that was a lucky break, if you continue to make errors then we will all pay for it dearly'. I was angry that he would make such a bold assumption. Naturally I disputed it, 'another mistake'. I told him I had given the right set of co-ordinates for the terrain, and the tidal flow that we have been following, the speed of the currents. They were hard to define because we were moving, and there were a great deal of these influences, making course projections difficult. I refused to accept the responsibility for the mistake. Blue stopped the sub; he wanted to get on my case without any distractions. Virginia obeyed dutifully, as the Neptune came to a standstill. Lakeshore control came through, asking them to report there status. Blue said we seemed to be ok, and then switched of the radio. Blue didn't like the way that the mission was exposed not only to danger but also I figured he saw it as a direct threat to the Generals impression that we could continue safely. He continued in a threatening abusive tone. 'Look, I know that you don't give a damn about getting these kids getting out alive, I also know that you only want your own end out of this, namely the seismic mapping from this trip. That doesn't worry me, normally you wouldn't be here but we need you, but if you can't do the job right, then I suggest that you take one of the probes back to the surface, and leave it to Virginia and myself'. I argued defensively realizing it would be another mistake to oppose him any further. He had already given me an idea. He would have none of it and stubbornly stuck to his theory. I guess it was the situation; I didn't pursue it any further. I wanted to get it over with and out of there all alive, this is what I kept hoping for. As for the children well I cared a lot, except no one had bothered to ask me what my feelings were, so I didn't say anything. Now I filled in the blanks for them, Commander Blue backed off. I felt that I had offered a reasonable explanation to Commander Blue, he had remained steadfast in his view that I was at fault. My thoughts of contempt towards the Commander merely enlarged, I wished the mission was over.

'You could end up getting us all killed, if you don't take the time'. It was then Virginia interrupted him. She had been silent during the entire episode. She argued the peaceful road back to harmony if it ever existed. Suggesting we continued on track, since no harm was done and we were wasting time arguing. That brought him back from the precipice of his anger. The reality of the mission prevailed, the reality that had been playing through his head for the last twenty four hours. Otherwise I didn't honestly know what would have been the outcome. He calmed considerably, probably due to the fact that he had some respect left for her life, if that was all. The Neptune was still stationary,

hanging between the two faces of rock, Hank Blue decided to look about outside, to see if he couldn't get a visual fix on our predicament. Virginia reached across the board, and turned the on the exterior lights, immediately the monitors for the outside camera flickered, then the color of matter came into them. The cameras panned over the rocky surface and we could see the ancient landscape buried since the beginning of time. Several of the large stratifications of rock, were piled haphazardly on top of each other. Then quite unexpectedly, the cameras began to throw strange images upon the monitors. A great slab of rock revealed a series of lines and impressions on its surface that gave the outline of some form to what could only have been ancient paleontological remains. Massive skeletons of ancient life forms began to become visible, huge mastodons and dinosaurs, a stegosaurus, or what could be the closest relative of one, suddenly loomed up before us. There were hundreds of these creatures, all thrown together in some bizarre image of life. Struggling from life into death were smaller animals together with larger beasts wrapped around each other. Perhaps predator and prey hiding together, as the world groaned like a sleeper who moved in the night, sending them into hiding or panic, to escape the avalanche of rock and upheaval in a certainty of death. We could see the Sub was not badly damaged and had remained free from any snags that may have prevented our continuance. Strange as the moments were then inside that bucket, after the last fiasco of emotion Hank seemed pleasantly surprised by the exterior vista. He wanted to know what we had come across. Since Virginia had no real idea, other than it was some skeletal remains from a bygone age, merely looked in my direction drawing me into the sphere of inference. 'Klimersturtz....', I told him. I was fixated on a large reptilian looking beast, that was surrounded by three flying saurian's who had been interrupted from their meal of the reptile, by natures calling. Hank merely insisted on his ignorance in these matters by returning the term incorrectly. 'What the hell is that, he added, letting his contempt from the previous near miss with death, pervade into his question. 'Klimerstertza? he said derisively. I told him with equal contempt, 'its Klimersturtz, a term used to describe the effects of what presumably we are witnessing. It means quite literally catastrophe, when the Earth was very unstable geomorphically, huge earthquakes and tidal waves prevailed in the early stages of life on the Earth. One theory holds that the Earth changed its axis throwing the entire planet into upheaval. In minutes, the entire planet or certainly large parts of it were thrown into a great cataclysm, rendering life on the planet in deadly peril. To my knowledge this was the remains fossilized, as it was happening at the time, no doubt these

swamp dwelling amphibians were covered in a massive mud slide. We sat for probably a minute or so, as we observed the surface of the massive rock. Three saurians, eating a large crocodilian creature, thrown together in a hideous finale, their bodies smashed together in almost unrecognizable forms. Virginia pressed on with the descent and we passed down through the chasm past the fossilized remains. There must have been a huge collection of them, for it seemed we gazed for ever upon them. Hank said, 'Out there are the fossilized remains of there last acts upon the Earth before the great upheaval'. Since I had very little respect left with the Commander, I decided to give him some commentary about what he was witnessing. I told him the theory of the upheaval and the predictable pattern that geology conforms to. They were buried, before perhaps millions of years later other movements in the tectonic plates threw them up out of their graves. We came across three vicious looking saurian's were locked together in time, one was biting the neck of the crocodilian like amphibian, while the other two had wrestled down its massive body and was biting at its tail and other parts of its body. The other Saurian of the hunting trio was buried under the crocodile and had been severely lacerated in the neck by the defenders huge horny plate that protruded from under its head. It looked like it had lost the attack. I could see that Commander Blue had taken a fascination with the spectacular view of the past and present mural. So as the crisis passed the Neptune dove further into the depths of the crater. We were going deeper and deeper into nowhere. It's a strange sensation when you descend to such depths, because the sense of movement is lost. Also there is a strange and wonderful sensation that time stands still almost dream like and apparition, possibly verging on the surreal, and we were reaching for the future, and like just now, the past. We were quiet for the next part of the journey since the terrain had closed smaller than before, and the Neptune was constantly maneuvering around large obstacles with still no sense of the bottom. The descent of the Neptune was now going in to its thirty eight hour, and still the bottom of the lake, had managed to elude us all. We were diving further into the crevasse, deeper, and deeper, without the secure knowledge that we were going to find anything. Commander Blue realized that within the next few hours, or less, we would have to stop the descent, due to the limitations of the hulls capacity to withstand the enormous pressure that was being exerted upon it. Now, the terrain had become treacherous and harassing. We had started to move down between two jagged sheets of tightly placed rock faces, making progress slow and difficult. We diligently worked the controls, to avoid massive rocks that stuck out from the crevasses sides; we were defiantly

working hard under pressure to stay alive. Outside the Neptune, the module was plotting ahead the terrain, feeding back the view of what was to come. And the sight of what lay ahead was not very pretty. Nothing had prepared me for this part of the universe; the place was as dangerous as I would ever want. Virginia was as calm as a cucumber, unscathed by our predicament. She calmly gazed onto the sensor array, her fingers waiting for the signal to relay to the steering mechanisms. I had proven reliable for this part of the journey, mostly because I was acutely aware of the danger that lay just beyond the hull of the Neptune. Inside no one spoke, every function for driving the sub on was done in total silence, mainly because the steering demanded such concentration, any distraction could possibly foul up the entire operation. Because of the recent near miss, Commander Blue had taken on a sultry silence that indicated he was not in a very receptive mood. I had managed to register massive amounts of data for the report that I still wished to finish, but even I was beginning to realize that it was really a paltry affair under the present circumstances. However all of the sensing arrays were fully deployed and the recording tapes had to be changed intermittently, on the main computer. Commander Blue said nothing when I reloaded the heads again and again. It was true he had agreed to the terms laid out in Ottawa by me, he felt that something more was at the back of my mind. My motive for the journey didn't seem justified. Of course he was right since I had said nothing about the apparition, or about my visit to the Indian reserve. I had noticed Hank eying me suspiciously when I returned that day, but nothing more had been disclosed. I guess I was burning with curiosity at the time. Who could blame me..? The opportunity to discover more than I had realized possible before, pervaded my mind almost to point of obsession. Now I had the real chance to know, knowing has always been my business. Suddenly, another important signal was flashing up as the screen reported it had located the shuttle. It was really such a let down after a long and arduous journey. As the shape of the shuttle came through on the monitor, everyone smiled briefly before the realization that the apparition of the dark grey hull would pose to us. The sight wasn't very pretty. The shuttle had come to rest nose down, between two pinnacles that were sticking upwards from the main body of rock. Two life forms were reported as being still intact. Nice language computers very objective. Commander Blue wasn't very pleased when he saw the awesome sight. Still below us were the unimaginable depths of the crater. Somewhere on the other side of the world, was its floor. But we soon realized it was lucky for everyone concerned that the shuttle had been grabbed by the columns of rock, snatching it from the dreadful depths that lay

menacingly beneath it. Everything structurally seemed intact, except for the front cockpit section, the nose, was severely damaged. We moved closer to the wrecked shuttle, and turned on our array of lights. Commander Blue opened the communications systems to Lakeshore control with the good news. Everyone cheered, Ann Rand was ecstatic with the news. The shuttle hung precipitously over the chasm of darkness; seem to sway from time to time, from the currents that were exerting a moderate downward pressure upon it. Quickly we assessed the situation. It was possible the whole thing could swing over the edge, and we would find ourselves once more going after it. As we went closer to the hull, another scene awaited everyone. Still strapped inside their suits were the dead crew, they hadn't managed to deploy their encapsulators in time. Their faces blue from the cold, their eyes rolled back towards heaven. The bodies crumpled horribly from the pressure of the water. One of the crew men lay hanging from the cockpit wrapped in nylon cables, his hand trailing out from his body like a flaccid appendage waving in the currents, still saying good-bye to the world. We located the two children and were close enough now to see them on our infra red scanner. They were in the rear section, inside an encapsulator. The monitor showed the section of the shuttle and then General Sheer told one of the operators, 'Give me a technical overview of the shuttle'. Immediately the operator coded in the information, the General, and Ann could see the section with the large family sized encapsulators. From the over lay of the actual shuttle they could tell how the section was made, and see the release mechanisms, that secured the encapsulator. Hank Blue came onto the monitor again, with more bad news, 'I'm afraid the whole place is flooded General, what do you suggest...?' General had determined a plan from it. He suggested we would be able to release the encapsulator, by getting the module, in through one of the main bay doors, and then releasing the clasps manually, assuming there are still, intact, otherwise we would have to burn them out with laser torches. Hank seemed to friendly up to the General but he didn't think it was a good idea. Instead he anticipated the shuttle could slip over the edge.' Ann joined in the conference while Virginia and I sat around listening to the professional minds sift through the strategy. They didn't want to risk an explosion on the bay door, since that could throw the craft over the edge. In the end Hank stuck to his plan and went in alone. Commander Blue ordered module one, to the docking section of the Neptune. Within less than fifteen minutes the Module had replenished itself with oxygen from the holding tanks, Commander Blue had donned his suit and was making ready for departure. He ran through the check list quickly not wasting anymore time than was

necessary. Virginia barely able to keep up with him, confirmed operational functions, Hank released the module away from the Neptune towards the shuttle. Within minutes he had reached the main bay doors to the starboard side of the shuttle, there wasn't very much room to operate the module in, and several times Hank scraped the side of the rock face, sending fragments of rock crashing into the bottomless depths. Soon he had raised the laser torches to the main doors, and was beginning to cut away at the 'secure' signs that were clearly indicated on the fuselage. Hank could see the perilous depth of the water below him, the depth was bewildering, and he couldn't imagine anything as deep as that ever existed. He concentrated on the job at hand burning through the huge bay doors. Soon he had cut through the clasps the held the door fast, he moved away slightly, as they fell away into the silent darkness of the lake. Other floating detritus from inside the shuttle came floating away through the newly made opening, surrounded with bubbles. Then he moved in towards the opening, once inside the hull, Hank could see the chamber doors of the encapsulators, some hung open, revealing there drowned interiors, he could see from the flashing sensor array on his control panel that the Oannes lay somewhere in the deeper parts of the shuttle. Hank moved in closer through the narrow isle, towards the large unit in the centre. His thermal sensor array was telling him where the Oannes were, and for the first time in nearly a week, Hank felt close to his boy. When Hank reached the encapsulator, the sensor inside of the module was peeping faster than before, so he knew that he had reached the right place. Working almost blind, he located the clasps that secured the encapsulator to the fuselage, and began to release them manually, after success with the first two he ran into a snag, the third one was damaged, so he readied the laser torches, and began to cut through the magnesium clasp. When it had been severed he turned instantly towards the last one, and without trying the release. He started to cut away, finally the whole chamber was free, and it bobbed away from the floor reaching the ceiling with a silent thud! Now came the hard part, because the return journey was going to be very awkward. He secured the encapsulator in the robotic arms, and began to make his way to the bay doors, through the narrow isle across some more smashed junk, and then out from the wreck hulk of the shuttle. Several times Hank was either caught up in other pieces of the shuttles interior, or he found it hard to manipulate the obstacle around inside the shuttle. Pulling the encapsulator behind him, he suddenly crashed into one of the sides of the shuttle. Briefly, the shuttle moved, sliding over towards the edge of the pinnacles of rock. Everyone both on board the Neptune, and inside Lakeshore Control were watching,

there was a grabbing of seat arms, and bated breath, as they waited for what looked like the end of the rescue, as the shuttle slid sideways. Then it stopped. Hank too had stopped moving during this moment of apprehension. But realigning that he had been given a second chance removed the module from the side of the shuttle and continued to work his way out through the detritus. The operation was secured as Hank came out from the bay doors carrying the encapsulator, Virginia reported to Lakeshore control. 'He's made it out with the children.'

At the control room, Ann Rand kissed the General fully right on the lips, everyone cheered the heroic deed. Hank had radio silence to the Neptune during the whole operation, he thought that any noise would merely interfere with his concentration, but as he approached the Neptune, he opened up the radio channel and spoke to Virginia. 'We have the precious cargo, Virginia could see that he was smiling for the first time since the mission, now all they had to do was to get them back from the chasm, safely on the surface of the world. When Commander Blue docked the Module and released the switch to activate the pumps, we waited as the chamber gradually emptied, but then something went wrong, suddenly from one of the panels in the Neptune began to shower sparks. Quickly I raced up from my seat, grabbing a fire extinguisher, dowsing the flames. Inside the chamber, the water had barely been expunged, was still only several inches from the ceiling.

'The pumps have blown out on chamber two, Commander.' Virginia reported frantically. Hank Blue had realized that they had stopped working, when the water level had failed to decrease. It was the outside pressure it was too much for the pumps. Hank released the cable to the shuttle, and head for the surface, leaving him there in the module strapped to the Neptune's underside. Virginia shut the chamber containing the module to 'secure. I switched the reverse exit pattern through my computer; soon we had the Neptune moving finally in an upward path. The shuttle silently fell into the watery depths; we watched it limply disappear into the dark waters to its final resting place. The opportunity to recover the three bodies of the dead airmen had proved to be too hazardous, so there were no second considerations for retrieving them. They would be buried where they were for all of eternity. Virginia offered up some last rite for the dead crew, speaking clearly the lords' prayer. I felt touched by her words so I joined with her and Hank in the last stanza. Inside the Module, I knew that Hank could look down in front of him and see the encapsulator with the two children inside, he had done the impossible rescue and it was successful so far. I could tell he was pleased, since his mood had swung altogether in the

opposite direction. This was my cue; I slipped away into the lower chamber on some pretence, going into the launch section of the Sub. I had returned module two during the operation of the rescue since it wasn't required anymore for the search, but mostly because I had decided it would suit my purpose for what I then knew I had to do. I left the sub without Virginia noticing me. I could see her face through the porthole as I slipped away from her. Her face: the same resolute expression of calm concentration that only cracked a little with surprise when she saw me. I saw her lips move and the crackle on the radio headset telling me to return, and then Hank offering his usual protestations. I refused any transmission or any recognition of their requests and continued on my downward journey. Below in the jaws of the Neptune I could see Commander Blue stuck inside the partially drowned Module. I hoped he would make it. I waved nonchalantly at him I knew he was angrier than hell at seeing me slide past him in the opposite direction. I had predetermined certain facts from the sensors as to the source of the crater floor was another eight hundred meters, so with that I just let the module descend at its own speed. For all of the time I had waited for this opportunity I wasn't now in that much of a rush. I knew I was exceeding the limit of depth, but only just. If I reduced my descent speed I would be able to off set any disturbances in the pressure that was evident from the terrifically strong tidal flow. As I descended, I could see the massive side of the crater hanging like some great Gothic gargoyle. Inner chasms ran in crazy patterns back from the craters edge, ending in some impossible cul-de-sac. I was reminded of my predicament and stared ahead of me for the reminder of the descent. I knew that no one could come after me, and I could begin to see dark shapes coming up ahead indicating something more tangible than water. As I let the module drift down I suddenly felt a sick thud, and then a plume of dust underneath me billowed up around the modules lighting array. I knew I had reached the floor of the crater. Scanning the surface of the rocks there was very little to see, but I sensed out most of the area before turning my attention to a section of rock that lay some hundred meters away, at the near side of the crater. A large undulation of rock rolled inwardly indicating a large recess. I decided to investigate. To the starboard side of me I could see the bleak shattered hull of the shuttle finally reseating in its watery grave. When I got to the recess of rocks, I could see it was in fact nothing more than another opening, leading back inside the wall of rock. Strong currents emanating from it, told me to enter inside. Perhaps this was the answer to the mysterious flow of water, but of course it wasn't. I have never discovered the cause of the phenomenon. I moved the module further inside of the caves

mouth, moving the lights upwards to sweep the unexplored terrain. Several large sections of rock were obstructing my view so I entered the opening carefully moving the module up into the yawning piece of rock. Now I could see the entire length almost of the cavern, the lights giving out at the edges some five hundred maybe more meters. This cavern was quite large but it didn't hold me there for long since I realized there was a ceiling going upwards some two hundred meters. I ascended the gloomy depths; at least I could ease the pressure on the tiny hull. My flow-meter was telling me that the current of water was flowing downwards over the vessel so I knew I was going in the right direction. At about one hundred meters high on the caves ceiling I realized the currents were sweeping right coming out of the side of the rock face. At this point I was beginning to get nervous since the opening told me that it was narrow and full of things to get caught on. I still had an almost full tank of air, and the fuel was still pretty good so I decided to press on. As I entered the narrow channel of rock I realized that ahead of me was something that was more mysterious to me than I could explain, both afterwards and even now, I have kept this all a secret for so long. Now I figure, I don't have much longer to live, I can tell it in peace and let the chips fall where they may.

I could see a large diamond of shimmering color, through the turbulent waters, what is more this band of color grew larger and larger until most of the tunnel I was moving up, became almost totally illuminated by it. The colors moved across the surface disappearing when I tried to focus on any detail of them, leaving me almost blind by the intensity of the photons. I moved closer upwards towards the source point of the light. Occasionally I would scrape the side of the tunnel bringing me out of my dazed condition, into the life threatening reality of my situation. Upwards towards the light I slowly moved through a small collar of an opening, ahead I could see a flat oscillating shape some twenty feet wide dipping and changing shape. I should have known, but I wasn't really expecting it I mean to say who would have thought that the water had an end, but it did..!. Suddenly I realized I had broken the surface of the water and was bobbing around in what I could call a large subterranean cave. Impossible you may say, I am old, I don't have any reason to lie; fame and power passed me by a long time ago. Anyway with everything changed, since the time of these days, amid the upcoming event we anticipate, why should I lie? Though I must admit, after they found me unconscious, I thought it had all been a great dream. I know it hadn't. This was real, and more than real, for the inside of the cavern was brightly illuminated from somewhere high up in the canopy. I thought I had surfaced but the depth gauge inside

the module told me I was still three or so miles deep. Slowly I opened the canopy of the module expecting to be greeted with an unstable atmosphere, but that wasn't necessary for the place was full of air. As I climbed down I removed my helmet and through the silence of the place I could hear the sound of large roars that slid away in silence before repeating themselves again and again. I walked into the general direction of the sound, moving past a pool of water that hid pieces of light in its body. Then over the ridge until I could stand out from a reasonable height, and look across. It was a vast place I couldn't see the end of it, away in the half darkened distance. Below me was a great sparkling ocean, and its waves were pounding on its shore. There was certainly enough water here to sustain the projects needs. This lake, ocean sea, I can't call it any of them, perhaps it should be called a lagoon, anyway it seemed to hold more than just the simple body of water. This water seemed special as though it had originated in some other world, rather than here. Away across its surface I could see bubbling foam spewing from a great cauldron of water. Presumably that was the source point. I was later to find out there wasn't anyway I could navigate the module. My investigation of the area was extensive, after such an arduous descent to get here I wasn't in any rush. This is what I found. Along one wall of the cave I could clearly define several markings on the surface of it that seemed to have been made by some animals. I could see that the mud had hardened leaving clear and distinct markings of small paws and bird feet. The idea of the place being inhabited was totally against my general principles of belief. But here they were. I flashed back to my vision of the shining object I saw, and the story of the Shaman, my skepticism was beginning to break down. Further down near the pool I found the imprint of a small foot, but this time it was from a human. There were several of them all running across the cavern towards the lake sea if that is what one could call it. I was shocked to say the least for I began to see things that I never dreamed possible. The entire place seemed to be filled with some inexhaustible light that reflected all colors from its surface like some great ancient cathedral. I could use adjectives but they would fail to convey the enormous size and beauty of the place. I followed the trail of little foot prints, I could distinguish that there were three sets of them, clearly one of them belonged to a person of heavier build than the other set. As I came around the rise of the ridge towards the cliff face I stopped to gaze out across the cavern's vastness. Suddenly the distant horizon changed into a star filled sky, I recognized some of the well known constellations. They were flickering like they do. I saw a massive constellation in the southern hemisphere growing and growing in size, exploding across the universe throwing out

its arms changing its shape like a crab, throwing light and matter in every direction. I was riveted with fear and amazement as this great Magellenic cloud grew and grew across the distant surface, until it had encompassed the entire area of the heavens, for that is all I can call it. It reached up over and above me, so that I could throw my head back and stare into its mystery. I knew that it was a constellation of this universe, which one I don't know, for it grew in size and shape continually as I gazed into it. Then the renting forms that swayed above me began to tremble, and what seemed only like gas, turned to cracks in the canopy above me. Loud cracks screamed across the echoing chamber. I realized quickly it was time to get out. I ran down of the ridge as large pieces of rock were already loosening themselves ready to crash towards me. I had five hundred yards before I could enter the Module. I still had to submerge and avoid being hit by rock. As I swung out into the centre of the pool, the module was already beginning to fill its ballast tanks. Within moments pieces of the cavern were falling in. Pieces of the ridge were sliding outwards; soon the great sea would pour across everything. I still searched for the tunnel that I had slipped along previously, hopefully nothing would be blocking it, or I was soon a dead man. As I dived into the pools depths I could see pieces of the cavern massive chunks of rock falling past me like great pieces of cake. I turned on the modules engines at full speed, I was beginning to think I may be right about the entrance getting blocked, and for several moments I panicked, I dove full speed towards the location, I can't remember those last few minutes because I was clipped by a large rock at the entrance to the tunnel and knocked unconscious. The rest you know, after I was picked up and taken to hospital suffering with severe concussion. How I managed to slip down through that tunnel of rock and out to the lakes surface I do not know. I took one small piece of rock from the place, I have wrapped it in a box, and I give it to you. I end my deposition'. I lay down the text; in front of me was the box with the piece of rock from the cavern. I reached forward to draw some light from the candle to see it. I lifted the lid, inside was the specimen. It needed no light because it produced its own, a vivid blue glow motionlessly emanating from it. I placed it away from me on my desk to stare at it. It meant such a great deal more to me than its previous owner, for I was certain that I had something that belonged to Oannes. I recognized instantly the cave, when Mike described it in his deposition. To have now, a living witness to confirm such material is indeed auspicious to say the least. Finally something is showing me the future, though time is running out on my venture, too many mysteries are still outstanding.

Facts of Time.

Why for so long why my parents had never told anyone about their experience of the accident and what seems to have happened during their isolation inside the encapsulator? Because they wished the world to make it happen to embark into the Promise in faith for the world to share together, this is what the universe had left, a trail to substantiate their mystery to return a mission to the bottom of the lake perhaps? Instead the mystery has been preserved, no expedition has been mounted, and nothing was conclusive concerning the entire affair, beyond the photographs of Tithonium. Even those were subject to intense scrutiny, but there was nothing left, a probe to Mars still failed to substantiate anything. World opinion had accepted my parents because of their power to solve humanities problems, largely by their ability to see into the future and the secrets of science, and no doubt because they were children. This fact alone was quite astonishing; besides, there were pressing facts at hand, all the world at large really knew about them, was concerned about getting the planet fixed. It is this figure Oannes, I can find very little about him in myself; which doesn't surprise me, or in the ancient Sumerian text where he is recorded. It as if there is a block of knowledge that I cannot access, denying me the source of his existence, I suggest that he does logically no longer exist in any way, in this universe either physically, in phantom, spirit or dimensional, yet he is there, in the living word made flesh. I suggest that he is perhaps in each of us in the universal archetype of our subconscious, like history and genetic evolution, primitive instinct of the first kill, and birth within the tribe, he is the art of writing down the passing of the Aeons. What I'm saying is that the sheer opportunity of my parents being exposed to such a thing is to say the very least incredible! For in as much as they stand within us all for the first man and woman they are also the last place within us all at the very end of infinite subjectivity. I see it is not as if the power of the word and idea are given by some other power from outside this world, but that the very inner being within time, ontology and existence have evolved within us over the passing of terrestrial experience, that this power was always there ready to become unleashed within the species, making extinction still one further step away or perhaps forever. Oannes, the fish man, Son of the mother, Oanna Daughter of the Mother, the Sea. That part of the brain we all never used was used, the subconscious in the world became enabled, the rational faculties sharpened razor fine, feelings tuned superfine. Something had enabled them to experience the inner terrain of the crater, this much I know, if I believe my dream. Certainly the deposition of

Mike had proven the caverns were the same place, and my parents had dreamed the place as real. In the dream they were there, as I am writing this now in my reality, so was Mike Farmer. When I saw my parents in my dream, they had no physical body; there were footprints in the sand, and the piece of glowing rock. I am assuming those footprints belonged to my parents before they were changed, meaning they must have been removed from the capsules. How can you get body tissue through steel doors and tons of water...? I have sought other explanations. Many thoughts on such phenomenon where the mind leaves the body, this thought has fleetingly passed across my mind, but invariably always comes to a dead stop against the side of my cranium. Most of those cases and studies were where the subject's subconscious is willingly drawn out by the individual undergoing the experience. Parapsychology should not be ruled out as the tool towards understanding these transformations within evolution. Evolution comes in many ways if we perceive the limitless boundaries of ourselves. Certainly traveling the darker regions of the subconscious mind has led to many strange, terrifying and bizarre experiences. In my parents the region of the brain that suddenly entered activity also allowed for the body to assume a different level of activity making it possible for existence and experience to become possible at a completely different level. Movement without movement is figured in the thirteen stairs', who said that? It seemed that something else was awakening in them, something that had waited to evolve, as though a new arm of nature was moving out to embrace itself from the clutches of natural selection. Something that was evolutionary in nature, drawn out of environmental and physiological causes. I say evolutionary because of the symbol Oannes, his gift of writing and the alphabet, placed us all on a totally different path for the future. It was the greatest gift of all, and evolutionary, if one not only considers species, but also nebulae within evolution's scope. The same nebulae Mike saw in the cavern, like Moses saw the burning bush, each of them prepared for the new age that was arriving. The sign in the sky was the Vela X supernova, the same one that lit up the mind of Sumerian imagination to make them record the event. Some of the first symbols of ancient societies are of a blazing star. Now some six thousand years later, he reappeared again in the human subconscious of my parents. Indeed, I know my own faculties, how powerful the human mind is. I utilize far more than my fellow man. Secondary processes of human evolution; this is what my parents and I are. In the collective unconsciousness there are thousands of archetypal forms, all symbolizing something from the primitive terror of our past. The primitive have glanced across the shoulder, as they were

running through the forest, and have turned towards something more than fear. Every experience is gathered there, wedged by similarity of classification against each other in stratification, the engine of emotion, conditioning the reflexes. It is like a cathedral erected to being and ontology, existentialism of the Homo Sapien, wherein all that has occurred to us; in all of its finest detail, is recorded genetically inside the chemistry of our brains. No one had the keys, other than my parents. This fountain of human endeavor, common in all of us, must be the source of my parent's remarkable powers, and experiences. There is so much that is still not truly revealed to us. I had brought the piece of blue rock out from the darkness where it had lain hidden for so long. After several moments of scrutinizing it I felt empathetically that it must have come from the place where my parent's adventure began. Even more importantly I concluded without reservation that although possessing no real power of its own. It was a most powerful symbol of Mike's journey into, what could only be called another world. Finally something had come down to me beyond my own experience that justified and gave credence to the strange world that I am investigating. The coloration of the rock was the same as the color of my parent's bodies when they appeared to me in their transformation, some small co-incidence but really something that has particular importance to me at this juncture. Perhaps it is coincidence that can provide these occasions to allow my mind to drift through all of the possibilities in the hope something will emerge to clarify my burning question. I had done it before when I was required to provide some insight into properties of virtual particle theory. After exhaustive work I was really quite fired up in my concentration. Though my parents were always there to solve the problem; should myself and the scientific team be unable to come to the answer ourselves, I nevertheless went back to my apartments that evening feeling positive and confident that I would soon understand. Perhaps it was the effort I had placed upon the research, or as I said, something interacted inside of my own consciousness that determined the outcome. Whatever it was, I had managed within the space of a few hours to completely re-evaluate the work and to bring it to a successful conclusion. I am hoping I shall be able to accelerate my thought once more in the hope it will enable me to draw a truthful conclusion regarding this mystery. I have traveled to the west coast of the island to be with my parents on the last day, and to know of the final detail of their story. My mother joked with me, saying I had lost my bid to discover the promise of tomorrow. When I told them Mike's story, they looked surprised, saying nothing. When I showed them the rock, something came alive in my mother's face, something that was

long almost forgotten, suddenly remembered. She seemed transfixed by the faint glow that emanated from it. It was then that she became more serious. We had walked out onto the edge of the cliffs where the garden ended leaving only the remains of an ancient amphitheatre that ran down to the shore. She had requested some of her closest friends meet us there, for her deliberations. The mystery of my parents would finally be disclosed. She held the little rock, stroking its smooth surface, as though she was touching something or someone else, she was remembering something, something I only thought may be possible before she spoke to the hundred or so close friends that had gathered to listen. I recognized some who had been there fifty years ago. Now though older, but not old, they have come to witness the conclusion to this odyssey as my mother began her story.

'I awoke to find myself alone in the darkened chamber. A sense of remoteness from my surroundings suddenly left me as I remembered where I was. So deep was my mind in the dream state, so remote, so very far away from, the ridiculous, so free was the consciousness dreaming, that is I, the 'I' had experienced quite literally the entire history of time. I had mingled and lingered in the chambers of the sea and all that is made of the universe, but mostly it was the history of humanity that dominated everything, filling me with its sense of wonderment, it was as though every normal occurrence was running simultaneously, but in very fast time lapse. Also I moved in between the vision. On my left the solar system was evolving, to my right the Earth inhaling comets of rock and debris as it motioned to get into its orbit. I fell to the Earth, where fire and rock mingled and cooled. Ice mass and pyroclastic materials endlessly churning in the young planets surface, I felt the extreme grief of its horrible vision, for I knew what was to come. The age of man. Rationally we can't understand it, yet rationality is only one way of comprehending. In our case the perpetual barriers in comprehending the creation and time were demolished, experientially I was the whole of everything, exploding from a minuscule dense urge, terrifying, chthonic, and groaning into being ness. The first sound was this groaning, the first light came soon after, as matter jumped into what we perceive as existence. The One moving into the All the 'I' stared into the exploding cosmos, when the hurtling masses, were occurring everywhere, turning into fiery rocks. From the darkness came the pricks of light we call stars. Some came into existence slowly while others were made and destroyed all in a moment. As this took place simultaneously, my mind etched out the vast sums of quantum mechanics, astrophysics, and as it turned out very useful

molecular theory, sub-atomic particle behavior. We needed that knowledge very badly. This is how we came to our knowledge of things, by seeing and hearing and memory, somehow we have this capacity to understand all things, somehow we have allowed the good side of our natures and have lived there for the good of everything and one. The good that made us, gave the dream the vision of time, this is the urge to life, to giving, as in passing of seed, planting, and eating, and in knowing all things. The world is a different place now, it has many forms of knowledge, and all have given us the respectful depth of their experiences. The setting sun will also set on a different world tomorrow, tonight is a last farewell, next time it will have to shine upon the face of man and woman, with a new light, the end of History is upon us all. This I am sure in myself that something is about to begin that will change everything utterly. This is why I came to tell you my story, not because you do not know what I am saying, of course everyone does. Because this story is the only other story that will really survive all things in the journey that is to come. So it should be recorded and told as often as possible. Also it is because we stand here on these cliffs, this night and tell these things as a celebration to survival and the quest to knowledge and truth. Even more than all of that!, the living word spoken on the wind to carry toward the ear of the listener is holy, for it is the Prunicos incarnate, singularly defines who and what we are, It carries the very emblem of the living word in all places, further than we could have ever imagined, perhaps all the way back to the Father! Then the meteorites, still speeding away from some distant point of the singularity, became ensnared by the mass of the Sun. Slowly these frozen pieces of chondrite collided with each other, creating mass, I saw the Solar system created. My consciousness was drawn towards one piece of fiery mass that was the Earth. As the mass grew larger and larger, being constantly bombarded by meteorites, millions of them filled the heavens; the mantle shrunk down, and the ice melted. Decaying isotopes sank to the young planets core. The heat threw itself back up onto the surface as red hot magma. When the process was over, the melted ice had made the Oceans, and rising from the black muddy blue surging oceans of Earth was the continent Pangaea, and the name Eridu, blessed Isle, Stella Maris, became it's name and the legend still persist in Mary. Eternal virgin of all creation, because there can be no defilement, nor lowliness she is pure eternally. She is life! Rising from the waters coming forth from the face of the deep, she comes to us and speaks. Once more I know that the promise will be fulfilled mysteriously it will speak once more to us we must be vigilant to hear the word and the action. Like the forces at work deep inside the Earth, I could

see everything, and slowly as creation unfolded I could rationalize as though my consciousness rose in and out of the textures of nature, conceiving and committing to memory indelibly into my consciousness the facts of time. As the planet turned, that very Sun shone down upon the lone continent, not with sunlight, but with fierce radiation and heat so that everything was scorched with pure intense colors of the steaming waters. The world had its first dawn. But it was a dawn that came over a planet that was barren of life, no oxidization, no rocks ran red, no oxygen had been formed. Nothing was conscious, time went by quickly, the world was changing, there was sunlight and darkness, primitive seasons, poisonous rains hailed down onto the land, but still no atmosphere, no life, just rocks, water, and volcanoes, bellowing out their magma and ashes across the continent. New islands rose from the waters, and then fell back into the depths of the oceans. Then the sunlight filtered through the seas, sediments rose up into the waters of the World and they were joined in the primordial soup with the radioactive isotopes spewing from the core. Then the great miracle occurred, simple single cell life teemed into the empty oceans in there trillions. Cyanotypes simple algae, diatoms were changing carbon molecules; of which there was abundance, through photosynthesis, into oxygen. Trillions upon trillions of bubbles of oxygen poured from the oceans of the Earth into the naked atmosphere of poisonous gasses. Slowly the world had a new color, blue, the color that makes all life possible, it painted the skies and made the rocks bleed. The thunder broke everywhere that was the first sound. In the oceans, came the color green, from the prokaryotic life, algae, and the single cell cyanophytes. The brown hostile continents changed their colors before the dreamer, and they flourished in the cover of primitive vegetation. Oxygen became abundant, single cell life developed into multi-cell organisms; the birth of the Pre-Cambrian explosion filled the relatively empty oceans. The Uniramia, Annelids, Chelicerata, trilobites, Crustaceans, all wriggled in there billions over every inch of the Earths ocean floors. The Cambrian explosion was a vast shoreline with crashing waves, suddenly became alive with a million, billion crawling legs, biramous appendages, all came out of the sea, moving across the continents covering the land. The world was filled with arthropods, as metermerism of their forms changed into a thousand shapes of adaptation, and wonder. Slowly over the time before the creation of clocks the great continent Pangaea, began to slowly break apart, slowly very slowly. The life that inhabited its surface was swept into the sea, changing rapidly, more rapidly than the Earth. A thousand million forms of life walked, crawled, swam across all the earth, but nothing had

conquered the air until the primitive reptiles had emerged. Then the dinosaurs, big powerful, they grew massive, exerting awe into me, for they were not at all like we had thought of them. A mere eighty million years passed, the dinosaurs had evolved very little. Then the world moved on its axis, as a great comet smashed into what is now the Yucatan peninsula. The world was covered in dust sunlight couldn't penetrate through the thick shield. A nuclear winter prevailed, the Dinosaurs died in their billions, they were soon extinct. Hiding in the forests were the Mammals, primitive creatures, who filled the space on the land, left by the rotting dinosaurs. Life would settle down to existence but would soon be filled with a freak of nature, a great flood, then the ice age, then another recession of the polar caps, then another ice age. Everything was happening quickly; forests were made, and destroyed in the wink of an eye. Animals came and went in the scheme of things, but nothing was permanent, everything was moving, changing, evolving. From the forests and the trees came the first primitive homo-erectus, migratory, hunter. Slowly over time he changed, developed tools, came out of the forests, and built caves in the sandstone rocks. The lush lands of the Sahara desert gave birth to a collectivism of relatively organized Homo Sapiens. Then deep in the corner of space, a great supernova exploded in the night sky. By day there were two Suns. Powerful and spectacular was this vision, that humans gathered in their thousands to watch the great experience of the supernova. The consciousness of humanity was so inspired by the event that it was compelled to record it somehow. I saw the birth of the alphabet, and the two letters that flashed before me was A.E., and I remembered the Oannes when he told Marcus about the messages that he had left mankind. Then the letters built the art of measurement, a vision of a Fish man coming out of the ocean towards mankind to create writing and build the Ziggurats of the great cities of Ur, Babylon, Kadesh, Sodom, Gomorrah, the cave dwellers colonized the world and they grew in fantastic numbers. I saw the Pharaohs building the pyramids, The Greek cities rose out of the stone of the valleys, the Peloponnesian wars, and its unification. Plato, Socrates, wrote the great books of the future, for worlds that would advance themselves through the great men. The Roman Empire rose, Christ was crucified at Golgotha, I am sure it was Simon. Then the Roman Empire fell, Nero burnt the library of Rome. From the north came the Gothic masses sent from the Baltic's, as another ice age came upon their lands. The dark ages of Europe after the Holy war in the east, the birth of the Reformation and the Black Death, the first printing press in Gutenberg the Renaissance, the discovery of America, the conquest of the Inca's, the apple falling on Newton's head,

Darwin on the Beagle and the birth of the industrial revolution. Then the wars of the revolution like nothing on Earth had ever experienced before. Rutherford splitting the atom in his kitchen the discovery of the electric light, the first world war, the second world war, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Vietnam, Man landing on the Moon, the rape and polluting of the planet, moving towards its destruction. I saw the world as we unleashed our achievements in a new uncaring way for the rape of the planet, the world being destroyed, and now instead of animals dying at the hand of nature it was now dying at the hand of man. Suddenly it all ended just like it had began, and I felt the rush of consciousness bringing me forward in time to the present. It is impossible to describe what I saw it would take so long to envision, suffice to say that I saw everything that ever was in the history of the world, nothing was spared me, nothing was missing, and everything was revealed within the boundaries of causality. There in the middle of the dream came the face of Oanna, she spoke to me many times, saying only one thing before melting into the stars, 'Fear not death by water'. That was the warning. So as I sat in the darkened chamber, these images of the dream permeated my mind, I could still see the vast destruction of the worlds, that had come and gone. The millions of animals more weird and wonderful than anything I had ever seen before all had been swept away without a care. And the achievements of humanity, as it rose out of the world, only to fall into ashes of destruction, like Pompeii, Carthage, Babylon, and so many more falling towers, Jerusalem, Athens, Vienna, and London, unreal'. These images weighed me down in depression, and I began to sob heavily for the all of the life that had been swept under the tide of evolution. I felt deep sorrow in my heart. I had been changed, although Marcus still lay unconscious on his couch, in the darkness. I sobbed quietly alone. I was not the same person, that started when I left the forest, for I understood the value of life much clearer, I felt I had stared into the face of God, through the thousand myriad creatures of the world, and had looked back into the red shift into the beginning of the first dawn, and had known all things as they really had happened. This thought was perfect in my mind, I felt the clarity and sharp perception of its presence, and slowly I could revisit the experiences, as I could think of them at will. I realized I had been changed dramatically, not only spiritually if that is the appropriate term, but that my mind had scope that I never new possible before. It was as though the sense of space inside my brain took on many more corridors and chambers, everything laid out like a vast library. Because I had seen all things I knew what to question in order to get the answers. Before I could look into the infinite well of my being, the girl in the Orion Nebulae flashed, I spoke the

same words, saying, 'Fear not death by water...' It meant nothing to me. What did it mean, I was far away from water, and I had been guaranteed safety by the..., I remembered Oannes..., 'the Oannes gave me the dream..., how did I know its true, why did I know that it's true...?' My mind raced through the millennium again searching the distant past again looking for something that would give me understanding from the oracle of Oanna, but it wasn't any good, that would have to wait. Despite this mental block from the dream experiences, I realized I had incredible power over my thoughts, I realized that I could know anything simply by asking the question and by doing so was instantly made to know the truth, concerning the question. I asked questions that had there origin in the dream, I asked how many species there were in the whole history of time, and the figure began to spell itself out to me. When I saw the figure, it never ended the digits were endlessly amassing, I fled back from the burden of incomprehension. I realized it was only a number, a paltry article compared to the vision of the real thing. Then I asked how many days are left for the Earth, instantly I saw the figure again, amassing endlessly in columns of digits. I knew that my question about the end of the World had been answered. I knew that it was true.

Marcus awoke from his sleep; slowly he pulled himself into a vertical position on the couch and rubbed his eyes, then looked around him in the darkened room. As he turned through the shadows he saw me sobbing alone in the dark. I stopped crying, raced out of my seat to embrace him. I looked at him in amazement, and discord, because amazing wasn't what I was thinking. More like frightening, or terrifying, he knew what I knew, straining my eyes at him through the dark interior, he told me about the fantastic vision of the world. He saw everything, the worlds exploding, the seas rising, the buildings falling, the animals dying. For me that was the most horrible piece, the terrified people and animals being killed when the earthquakes came, and when the earth swallowed them up or when the bombs came or the fire came, or what ever came, for it was always the face of death. Yet the vision was exciting there were a million dawns of gardens full of flowers of the valley. Gardens of incalculable beauty Sun washed tides and a thousand evenings, ancient and incalculable. I remembered my poem, I recalled some of the words, and they began to make more sense than before. I saw how I already knew all of what I had experienced, except, I never really knew what I was experiencing. 'I stood upon the land and sea, and all that was happening, was happening to me'. Marcus seemed shocked at the visionary experience that he had undergone. He knew that something more powerful had come to

him, that Oannes had made good the promise to us. He told me not to cry, it was all worth it if we could learn something from it all. He embraced me tenderly for the first time in the darkened chamber; it was then that I knew I would love him forever. There were other things from the dream that I had realized since waking. Greater things are still here now, alive and in us, forever, as they were then. I told him of the unfailing powers of my mind when I think about something as a question, my mind tells me the answer, and somehow I know that it is true. It was then at that moment we realized our powers beyond our telepathy and communication to the animals. Very calmly Marcus told me about Oanna, though like me, he too didn't know what it all meant. 'One simple mistake in the entirety of all creation', I remembered that from Oannes when he first met us. When I saw the girl in the Orion Nebulae, she came three times to me, she told me to, 'fear not death by water', Marcus wanted to know if that meant we were going to die by drowning'. I went deathly pale, repeating the words, 'fear not death by water'. Something inside me wriggled like a worm, I shivered, and he felt it. 'It's an oracle, death isn't a part of it', was all he could say. All the animals killed, all the people dying, it was terrible, so much waste...? 'Having given consciousness unto itself, so that it could be known', I knew that the consciousness was more real than the word on the portcomp, history was alive and in me. Suddenly, Marcus realized something, as he stared at his hands he could see that he was no longer blue like the Oannes. As he rolled back his tunic to reveal his arm, we could see that it was pink and visceral. He grabbed me and pulled back my sleeve, sure enough I too had changed back. I rose to go over into the light of the room where I could see myself better, I danced in the light of the darkened room with joy. Forgetting the vision of death I saw in my dream, or the words of the woman in the Orion Nebulae. Marcus preferred the way we were, so did I, but I like being flesh and blood. The wall of our chamber opened, and through it came Oannes surrounded by animals. 'I trust that you dreamed well the beginning of the singularity and all that came ever after...?' He said nonchalantly. We were surprised to hear these words from him. He knew everything that had happened to us from the beginning, he needed to show us everything that had happened since time began, so that we would know and be ready for the future. He was a powerful sneak, I felt sometimes my female sense of privacy interrupted, but it wasn't really prying. I wanted to know what the right question was. It was because we had seen everything of the past, seeing the very last few seconds of the dream of the world as my mind raced towards the present moments, two men were afoot in the universe; they were taking murder into the stars. Inside my

mind, I could see Griphius and Malevitch, asleep inside their compartment bunks at Zond two. I watched them for a further duration; for Oannes assured us that we were in a parallel reality. What we saw wasn't a very pretty sight. Griphius and Malevitch would bring a great war, the war for the end of the world, and it would not be Oannes who would stop them, but us. It had been four days since the Ganymede had left the Martian space station, Zond Two for Jupiter. The Commander had known all the long that Makarov had taken Commander Essen to the 'findings', but had said nothing since he knew that the detonator would make sure that their secret's and bodies would be lost forever in space. He also anticipated the fact that they would transmit a message to Earth regarding the findings and the state of the personnel at Zond Two. Griphius wasn't concerned about that either. Mainly because he knew that there was too much space interference for the message to get through. He had monitored the Cydonia's communications capacity, and had observed the same thing as Commander Essen. It would be several weeks, perhaps months before the signal could be picked up by then, and they would be in cryogenics. He also knew, that the Earth wouldn't be in any position to do anything about the knowledge that Essen would send, since Griphius was convinced that the solution he possessed had such bargaining power. He also banked on the idea that the Earth would find the entire issue specious, beings it's entire nature, and besides there would be no one to argue contrary to his position. Griphius had been back to the findings, to ascertain more information about them. This is what the records disclosed to the men on Mars. The relics were at least one hundred million years old, that they were from Earth, that much was certain. Beyond that the Chrysilis at Tithonium as they became known were the works of something else divine in the stars. They were the work of the Oannes. The entire system of sarcophagi was like one vast eco-system. Each creature intertwined and connected to other specimens at the site. Even more disturbing they had been carefully housed in their coffins in exact mathematical arrangements, unlike anything that could be made known, or science ever imagined. The creatures were dinosaurs, of infinite complex variation, that there were also lower earlier life forms that existed before the dinosaurs, at the findings. These other life forms were similar to the life forms that they had found in Australia and northern Russia in the Ediacaria fields and Tommotian fields respectively. Griphius was disturbed by the idea that such things existed on the red planet. At night he would awaken from terrible nightmares about powerful aliens in the universe, who had purposes more despicable than Griphius. It was on such a morning that I saw him. He awoke sweating and

burbling indecipherable. The dream he had just awoken from, was the one where he would see himself alone on Mars waiting for them to come, they were the massive intelligent arthropods, coming for him. When he found them they were inside their missiles, a powerful force of magnetisms was emanating from their bodies. Time and time again Griphius would approach the massive forms and hurl a great iron chain at them in some vain hope of binding them like Polycrates. Of course it was his nightmare, the chain caught fast in the metal rack vibrating below him, the twitching sounds of the life inside the pods hissed and danced the massive bodies began to lumber forward as the chain still traveling through space smashed against the side of the missile, with a clamor that bellowed throughout the entire universe. Griphius cowered in fright, sweating terror from his face, as he moved forward once more in the same way again and again he moved forward for another assault. None of his aspirations were ever completed. They knew about his plans, they knew about everything. He had convinced himself the findings were sending him messages through his dreams, paranoia was setting in. Secretly, he began to despise their existence. This morning he found himself looking out across the Chryse Planitia, towards the distant mountains; in the cold early Martian dawn, covered in sweat. I knew he was thinking about them. Griphius rapidly became a haunted man, who could not give up what he had previously decided. This morning was a most auspicious occasion; he had made a decision to destroy the findings. Malevitch, that morning over breakfast had said that they looked suspiciously like they were from the Pre-Cambrian period on Earth, some three billion years ago, that perhaps there were some value in there existence. It made no difference to the Commander of Zond Two; he had different plans, as he hungrily fed himself in mindless haste. His mind was still in its fear and terror of the dream, it was the coffins in which they were all arranged, that unsettled him, or rather the force that had moved them there or the power of the life forms in what they symbolized. That perhaps there were more powerful forces loose in the stars, perhaps darker than Griphius, which even his plan, was being watched. It was, I was watching him, because we were in the same time, though I was not where my body was, because I was with him both in his dreams and in his living experiences. The scientific team of Zond had not the slightest idea of the origins of these creatures standard scientific examination had shown that they were basically early dinosaurs, extending over a vast period of time. Yet there was nothing in the central nervous system that could even allow for the slightest possibility, of them being intelligent enough to form for themselves the elaborate maze of crystallized coffins, brain

size alone forbid it. So speculation became rampant, nothing made sense. Not everyone on the station gave into the Commander's ideas of forgetting about the entire theory. At night even though the Commander had restricted open conversation regarding the find, some would discuss the possibility, and chance that their theories could be true. But only in the privacy of their bunks could one offer a reasonable explanation to the mystery at Tithonium Chasma. The work on the atmospheric project had been completed on the Martian surface, and the Commander was satisfied, and ready to make the journey back to the Earth as soon as possible. In the early morning light of Mars Commander Griphius had instructed the remains of the crew to assemble in the main conferencing room for the orders to be given, concerning the return to the spaceship Cydonia. One of the team who had helped Makarov and Commander Essen get to the findings was present along with Jones. All other personnel had been dispatched on a mission to Tithonium. Malevitch had seen something, and had not believed the feigning Commander Essen when he complained about a stomach ache. Consequently he had observed the two men leaving the station, and had reported it to Commander Griphius. Griphius announced his plans to abandon the Martian station and return to Earth. Three of the men had still to return from the last mission. Nikolai Shatalin who sat opposite the Commander and Malevitch, both men knew that he had helped reveal the dreaded secret of the 'findings' to Essen. They had remained silent. The Commander still had some preliminary questions regarding the readiness of his crew, so he began by asking the small man with glasses, Jones, if they had finalized everything according to his plans, given the previous night. The two shuttles were ready waiting loaded as ordered, the final part of the mission has been set, detonation systems have now been completed, the Tithonium mission was due to arrive within the hour.' Shatalin looked up from his port comp; a querying expression came onto his face. 'What was their mission Commander...? I thought everything was complete in regard to the atmospheric tests.' 'And so they are...' said Commander Griphius smiling benevolently; now all that was left to do was to complete the work at Tithonium'.

'That had been abandoned at your orders, weeks ago', uttered Shatalin. 'Again quite true, but we had forgotten one thing, we hadn't laid down the detonation devices for blowing them to pieces, was Griphius' glib riposte. Shatalin's face became dark; he grew stormy under his brow, shouting at the Commander.

'Your not intending to blow the 'findings' up is that what you sent those men out there for yesterday...?'

Of course Shatalin had guessed the obvious.

'That's preposterous, they could reveal something to us that we have never known before, the scientific community is going to have your head...' said Shatalin angrily. 'Think about what you're doing...'

'That's exactly what I am doing', said Commander Griphius, 'those dusty old skeletons don't mean anything to me, this mission has been chosen to return with samples and information to enable Earth to get out of the chronic mess she is in, we have that information', the Commander tapped a small plastic container on the table.

'If we would have stopped to investigate, this project would never have got done, and where would we be now. Most certainly not in possession of the facts that we have, and certainly not as rich as we are going to be when we get back to Earth..., you didn't seem to mind going along with my plan in the beginning why change now...?'

Shatalin was resolute at the Commander, 'I had no choice, it was either that, or be met with some unfortunate accident like Mercedes, he didn't like your plan, so you had him killed'.

The Commander had heard enough, he pounded the table hard. 'That is enough; you can't run backwards, the choice was yours to enter into the agreement, despite your baby-faced lies.'

'So why can't we proceed, as we agreed before, we found those things out there...?', why do we have to destroy them, it has no purpose, there is no reason other than wanton destruction, unless you wish to cover your record and, save yourself the trouble of a tribunal on Earth, is that it Commander...?'. Shatalin continued more vehemently than before. 'It can't make any difference..., if that theory of Malevitch is correct, you will be the most powerful man on Earth'.

'Wrong', said the Commander, 'we shall be the most powerful men on Earth.'

'I don't want anything to do with it, unless you leave the findings alone, promise me that...'

'I can't promise you anything, and I don't want to, but for old friends sake', the Commander looked at Malevitch, 'perhaps we could leave them for some future explorers of this God forsaken place', perhaps'.

'Yes', said Shatalin, 'just leave them'.

'No...!' Shouted Commander Griphius. 'They will be destroyed. Shatalin pressed home his point one more time. 'And when we

get back to Earth, what do I tell my kids when they come back here and find the ruins, Oh yeh..., I destroyed them, they weren't very important, just another piece in the missing puzzle for you kids to fathom out..., I'm sorry Commander I can't allow you to destroy them, I want my objection noted in the daily minutes'. The Commander broke into hysterical laughter, Malevitch as well, while the small man called Jones sat quietly sniggering in the corner of the table, seeing the preposterous comment. Suddenly Griphius stopped. 'You can't allow me to destroy them, you have nothing more to do with it Lt, and that's final'. Then Griphius seemed to compose himself superficially, preparing to speak more convincingly to the two men. 'The other important aspect of why this meeting was called, was to inform you both, since you are the secondary pilots for this mission, that Malevitch and myself will be taking the core samples to the Cydonia in shuttle one. The remainder will come immediately afterwards in shuttle two, is that understood Jones...?' Jones nodded approvingly, 'meeting over'. Griphius and Malevitch left the conferencing room, leaving Jones and Shatalin alone at the table for a few moments. Jones really had nothing to say, he usually didn't speak much anyway, but this time Shatalin was forced to say something to him. 'Have you got nothing to say at all...?' asked Shatalin. Jones was trying to think, he had almost refused to obey the Commander when he stored the detonator on the Ganymede, but now he couldn't remain silent anymore. 'It doesn't matter anyway, there's nothing we can do..., they have all the weapons, you know that, why do you look at me like that...?' Shatalin was staring intensely at Jones, as though he had performed some great disservice to him, which he had, indirectly due to his weak character, or the total lack of it. 'Because your such a weak bastard Jones., that's why, you just sit there and say nothing as though they own you, why didn't you say something perhaps we could have done something...'. Jones only told Shatalin that he only wanted to stay alive, and he suggested that Shatalin did the same if he wished to do so as well. In disgust Shatalin left the room. He realized that he had almost given away his secret of helping Malevitch and Essen, but had stopped himself in time, now he had to think quickly if he could stop the Commander and the mad doctor Malevitch, but he couldn't think quick enough, they were due to leave the surface in a matter of hours, so he felt a growing sense of helplessness. No doubt Jones had spread the word. The Commander had removed all of the weaponry along time ago, as part of his plan for absolute control, and power on the planet, so Shatalin gave up the idea of killing him. The idea of smashing his head in with a bar, crossed his mind but that wasn't very good either, Shatalin was a very small built man, who would be

physically overwhelmed by the large almost grotesque Commander, and of course there was his henchman Malevitch to take care of. No doubt once he had the Commander senseless, he would give himself up. Really, there was no way that this idea would work. Instead he went to the transportation section to wait for the mission to return from Tithonium. Shatalin hoped that one of the men on board the crawler coming back from Chryse, Lt Wilson, would help him. He had proved to be a valuable ally during the time they had been together on Mars. Shatalin hoped that he would be able to persuade him to go along with his plan, and stop the Commander and Malevitch. Later that Martian day when the crawler came through the compound Shatalin learned the worst. Wilson had taken a severe fall during the planting of the explosives; it had severely ripped his space suit exposing him to the radiation. By the time the man was brought back from the accident, some four hours had elapsed, severe radiation poisoning had begun to set into the mans body. As they took him from the crawler, he screamed in agony from the pain. By the evening Wilson was a casualty of mortal proportions. He broke out into sweating and vomiting, followed by buboes covering his entire body, blood came from the cracks of his skin. Nothing would ease the violent death that awaited the man. That night, as they waited to board the Cydonia, the station was filled with the mans' dying screams, in the early morning hours of the Martian dawn; the God of war had claimed its second victim, for the intrusion into its solitude. There was nothing to do but to leave the body in its container, since there was a fierce storm blowing in, some of the other team members had said that would like to bury the man, but the Commander had refused permission. The plan was this, the Commander and Malevitch were going ahead in the first shuttle, and the remainder of the team was to follow in the second, appeared to Shatalin as something that he may be able to avoid. Shatalin had decided to make other plans; he had decided to remain behind. So as the Commander gave the orders, Shatalin, quietly planned his escape from the presence of the conspirators. Later that evening when everyone was busy with their last minute preparations, Shatalin placed a full space suit with helmet, in the rear seat that he would occupy on the shuttle. He left it sitting upright in the seat, looking, he hoped as though it was inhabited. Inside he placed a small radio receiver, transmitter, and stole back to the compound unnoticed, carrying another transmitter with him. He hoped that he could fool everyone at the moment for take off, by pretending he was on board. Later that evening, as the crew ran through the procedure for take off, Shatalin could hear everything, and respond with the appropriate replies. He had learned that there was a delay switch on the detonators at the

findings, and was going to attempt to de-activate them, once everyone had left. The risky part of the operation was that he didn't know how long the delay was set for, so he knew that there was a risk of being blown sky high, but there was also the risk that he would die once he was left alone on Mars. Either way, it did not sit very well with him, but he had made up his mind, he wasn't going any further with Griphius or Malevitch. He was sure, they didn't have the answer to the problem that faced Earth, and even if they did, he had always thought that the solution belonged to everyone, not just the private few. Everything went to plan, the shuttle containing the Commander and Malevitch took off into the Martian atmosphere, and the count down procedure checks, on the second shuttle went according to what he had anticipated. Hiding inside one of the main generators Shatalin had informed his crew members that he was ready. So as he heard the engines from the shuttle fire into life, he breathed a great sigh of relieve. That was only a brief reprieve from the fear that he had constantly felt during the Commanders stay on the planet with him, as he left the bunker to stare into the Martian sky, to get with all haste to the findings. The second shuttle was making its way into the blackness of outer space, towards the Cydonia; suddenly it exploded into a great fireball. Shatalin hung his head in dismay at the sight, then remembering the detonators, raced over to the Crawler and started its engines. He wasn't going anywhere, because on board the Cydonia, Commander Griphius, and Malevitch watched as the wreckage from the shuttle plummeted to the Martian surface, then Malevitch, pressed another switch on the remote port comp. Shatalin spun the Crawler round, he heard a deep rumbling far off, and then a great fireball erupted into the Martian night, he knew that Griphius had done the deed, the findings had been destroyed. There was nothing else for him to do, other than to wait for the Ganymede, in the hopes that he could communicate to them on their way back from Jupiter, some eight months later. Commander Griphius and Malevitch were the only ones alive, or so they thought, they had silenced everyone in a moment, and destroyed the site where the creatures had lain for centuries. Now they were ready to take their secret back to the Earth, to be rewarded as they felt fit. They had discussed the possibility of what the world would pay them for the secret, they were pleased that they had achieved the finest thing that anyone could be attributed with, 'the saving of mankind'. They had known that Essen and Makarov had seen the sight but they had set the micro circuit detonators inside the nervous system of the Ganymede. Now as they prepared to make way for the Earth, Commander Griphius looked down at the red planet for the last time, turning to Malevitch he told him.

'Earth will pay for this, be sure, Malevitch my friend...?' Then the cabin of the Cydonia was full laughter. Shatalin was not a dead man despite the shortages that he was aware of, in the way of food and water, he hoped to refurbish part of the burnt out radio system that had survived the fire, it had been kept under lock and key. Shatalin broke open the room that contained the equipment, and began sorting through it, he was determined to stay busy while he waited for the Ganymede, and to go to the findings in the hope that some of it had escaped the destructive hand of Griphius and Malevitch. Inside the locked compound he found the dead body of Wilson, stretched out in its container where they had left it. Now, he could give his friend a proper burial, had been denied him during Griphius' reign of terror. Shatalin felt the ache of the certain knowledge of a dead friend run through his heart, he stopped to look at him as he had died in the terrifying spasm of radiation poisoning, a gentle reminder for him to move cautiously in the future, if he was going to survive the harshness of Mars. It was going to be a lonely wait and a long one, but he was glad to be away from the mental harassment that had pervaded daily life on Mars. At last he could die in peace, away from the murdering plots of Griphius. Then the vision faded, leaving Mars with its sole occupant, and melted away from my thoughts. I sensed something far away, that was evil, something that would hatch into a dark end for the world. I turned back from looking away, to see the Cydonia falling further and further into the chasm of deep space, in frustration at my two companions. I could see your father was feeling the hopelessness that had began to creep into me. We looked at each other, both of us catching a reflection of our thoughts, two minds as one so to speak, we shared the same fear. There was nothing we could do; somewhere in the future we could possibly do something for now it wasn't possible. Ahead of our journey lay the Ganymede, heading silently towards Jupiter; it would arrive in some eight months. Once more we were reminded of the perilous situation on board the space cruiser, and I felt the human tug to reach out and fix it. Our time had not yet arrived. Oannes counseled us in the mind universal, no sooner had he told us, before we were back inside of each others thoughts, and there in our thoughts was Oannes. I asked him who he was, he told me, 'not who I am, but what I am', he was the Immortal, descended from his mother Nin-Mah, sister of Ialdabaoth, 'the one who calls himself, 'the one and only''. The girl of the Orion Nebulae was his sister, 'she will guard for you against death'. He told us, the strong exact pronunciation of the last two syllables rang through my mind with unforgettable clarity and I fell away from the union of minds because I was still reaching into the present parallel reality thinking long and hard

about the consequences of the people's lives I had seen destroyed. The dream moved on and there was much more for us to see, because now we were to enter into a different world almost a different dimension of being. Now below us was the massive planet Jupiter, rotating silently in space. Its eight moons accompanying it like heralds announcing its magnificence. It was a magnificent sight. We moved closer, not like the space cruisers would gradually so that the size and dimensions slowly grew upon your perceptions. This was rapid with only our minds locked together controlling us. So that if I stopped to look at the view, then Oannes and your Father would stop also in time and space. Then Oannes would tug us towards the destination, for it was him that guided us towards our destinies. I began falling; we were heading for the great Red Spot, ahead, lay the bubbling mass of Io, Callisto and Europa to our left. Passing them quickly, like they were nothing but dots we continued to fall towards Jupiter before being swallowed in the great swirling mass of gasses that loomed before us, surrounding everything. Suddenly we stopped moving, though the sensation of movement was more inert than real speed. Most of the experiences were not parallel to normal experiences we were what could only be called subconscious hyperspace, so everything was silent but our thoughts, everything was in motion without rhyme or reason through normal associations of cause and effect. Beyond us lay the outer regions of the planets atmosphere of the massive red hurricane; I could see the inner walls of the gaseous structure turning anti-clockwise. Voluminous masses billowed and spewed violently into towards; I felt fear, like never before. Natural instinctual fear for I knew I teetered on the very edge of life itself. Oannes assured me I would come to no harm I would be safe. As he spoke into my thoughts the Heliodisc began to transform its shape, turning its surfaces and all that it contained, outwards towards the rest of the massive structure like cathedral of the swirling gasses. As this was happening I realized forms were emerging from it, becoming apart of the landscape, creating a vast cathedral like hall. Emerging before us was another similar structure like I had seen from the visions of Tithonium. Except these structures were more real to me, they were glowing alive and radiantly emanating joyfulness that rushed across the spaces towards us and filled us with the chatter of a thousand million creatures, that were contained within them. They were all glad to see the Oannes back among them once more. I recognized twenty or more in one structure, they were from the group of marsupials called lemurs, the closest mammals to sapiens, though these were again not from my time or from any time that humans could attribute to them. They were an early elaboration of the modern

version. Each of them purring and chattering busily towards Oannes, we knew what they were saying, though English or any language could not describe the sentiments or ideas that were imparted. Ahead of me lay the huge tetrahedron forms containing all the animals of time from the Earth. I could not tell you the size or scale of these monuments to life; suffice to say they were beyond imagination or scale, certainly larger than I had seen at Tithonium. Tall columns spreading out before us without end, without effort in any way they began to open up and reveal their contents. I stood to gaze in wonder at the sight of marvelous life, for the creatures joined again, like in the Heliodisc a circle of energy and color, and began to dance the dance that we call life. Round and around they went spinning happily, energy fused into light, as they spun in the great dance. Millions upon millions of different forms, each one placed in the correct line of evolution and within its taxonomic descent. I could see and understand simultaneously, how they had evolved and metamorphosed through time. In some animals the circular line suddenly ended, failing to make a perfect helix. While others climbed high into the halls dome to be joined by the creatures and animals we had just arrived with. Then all of the lines ended and there was no more dancing or color or anything containing life except the great swirling columns of the halls of Jupiter, and I realized once more the tragic end to the life patterns that once divested themselves on my world. I realized how some species had totally failed, while others had soared to unimaginable adaptations. Oannes, pointed to them all, 'This, the thousand million myriad marvelous movements of the creatures of the Earth, from all of time, from all places, for all reasons, for the all of the one and the vanity of creation', and as he pointed to the immense columns, the dancing continued more crazy than cruel. We were swept up in the infusoria of the dance, so that I held hands with chimps and dogs and cats and all the creatures of time as they flew around me as we moved through the circular lines of the columns. One column contained the birds of the air; Oannes offered his arm to a bird that was at the very base of the collection. Its massive shoulders seemed to support the others that rose above it in their transformations. Below it laid a massive bronze book, with the inscription of the Aleph upon its cover. When it saw Oannes it opened its four wings and flew to him. It was archaeopteryx but it was more than that, it was the bird that carried the messages of the written word to all of humanity. As the warm magenta color left its body, we could see the bird, was a golden color of incredible intensity brimming with a burnished coloration that I had never seen in nature before. The four great wings that it possessed I had never seen. It had feathers, Oannes told us it was

the first bird of the world, it was a most sacred bird since it guards the word, and the truth of the word. I could hear the Oannes telling the bird that soon it would be going away, soon the long wait would nearly be over and it would be time to go. I could see deep into the sharp eye of the bird, I could see its mind, the burning intensities of its soul, the depth and purity of its noble being, the pride that is in all life, the desire to be true to ones origins. Then the bird flew off, back into the helix, to guard the book, the color of magenta blue running back into its body. Oannes took us further into the chamber of columns; we passed the butterflies in there trillions, their natural colors flashing from there magenta blue forms. Oannes told us that they were no longer real, and were only imitating themselves, the flashing colors that came from their forms was the excitement of perpetuity.

‘What colors I saw...! All the life we had seen in our dream was now living and safe. Nothing could ever taxonomically classify the forms of life that we saw; it would take a million lives to write it all down. Creatures that were never known by mankind were there, all possessing no name; they had been missed by the clerks of the world. These animals that possessed no name were especially puzzling to the angels, for they had no visibility, yet they could see the things that they performed. These were the animals that hid Oannes when they found him; it was also their tricks that defeated them. Did he have every animal from the Earth? Yes, everything that has ever existed on the Earth was there, every animal, every cell, every virus, the seeds of the world, of the trees and the flowers, all that was once contained within the thousand myriads. Massive chambers rose up before us in thousand columns high that had no movement that contained only the seeds. Tiny chambers opened revealing the contents, one system of containers contained acorns, which I thought was appropriate since we were in the halls of Jupiter. Every variety of creature was there, and thousands upon millions of others in their containers. Lay out before us, across the great palace towards the swirling masses of the planet. Oannes told us, ‘Some animals perished because of the changing world that you belong to, creation was never perfect. He would have none of it. Neither would he have me messing around in his universe. It was his mother Sophia who would do that, by creating the great A-E star Vela; she did it for me at my requesting. This world proved to be geologically more stable than the Earth, but it wasn’t the case, with Mars within three billion years the planet’s atmosphere, dried up, destroying the creatures that I had placed there, I too had not perfected my works’. I told Oannes that they were all reptiles and their descendants on Mars; he said ‘the serpent only

gets into the garden once’. So even the saving of creation is as imperfect as creation itself. As we spoke, the columns in the distance began to disappear, one by one, rising from their plinths, turning horizontally in mid air before falling back into Heliodiscs, leaving the hall of life empty. As the columns turned outward onto the last of the Heliodiscs I knew it was time for Oannes to leave us, he had told us so. I felt a sudden sadness rush into me, for I had not cared at all for any harm that would happen to us. Suddenly I did, he was taking all of the animals as well, everything was disappearing, I panicked, seeing everything making ready for a great journey. Oannes told us where he was going. It was to the great constellation Dorados; there he will defeat the angel of time, now he has all the animals of the earth, for he had already told us that nothing new would come at the end of the world. So it seemed it would be the end of the world after all, Oannes was leaving us to die here, or elsewhere it didn’t matter. I remonstrated with him begging him to take us with him. It was impossible for him to take us with him, because we had something left to do. He wouldn’t have told us so much and given us so much only to let us die, he wasn’t like his Uncle. He reminded us about Griphius, we could stop him, and we had acquired the knowledge to do so. This comforted me, that I was no longer helpless. We would always be together we still are, he had embraced us into the universal mind, and through the singularity we would meet again. I could see that Oannes was sad at what he was saying, were all very sad to realize the immanent departure of friends. It seemed we had been together from the very beginning. And of course we had, but that was all so very unimportant now. Now that the vast hall was now empty, of all of the columns of animals, as we stood in the empty silence of the great hall of Jupiter. In this perfect silence, we felt our minds embrace the good-bye, it was then Oannes told us, ‘Remember..., prepare the Earth, make it beautiful, make it live again. Then, when the last act is done, and you have built Dilmun, of Eden, then on this day’, and he told us the day, which will be tomorrow. ‘We should look into the southern sky. Something from the future is pregnant ready to be born. Something that is good, for a great deal of knowledge shall come from it. The Animals shall come back to you through it, fear not my two beautiful children of the Earth, this will come true.’ I knew then that it was true, like I know it is true. Everything else that they had been told by the Oannes was true. And so at the end of all our journeys, we were all going to arrive at our destinations, and know the place for the first time. Oannes went into the last Heliodisc that stood waiting like the others in the empty halls of Jupiter. He told us, ‘When I have gone, go to the end of this chamber, there you find the

couches of the living and the dead, there is nothing to fear, go upon them; for there is greatness among them, and rest. You will know how to reach the end of your journey’.

‘So we embraced the Oannes for the first and last time, I had never felt so much love, I could never describe what I felt towards him Gabriel other than to tell you that it is the same as what we feel towards each other. For I am sure he has taught me to love. He turned and disappeared into the Heliodisc, silently they lifted into atmosphere of the great hall, moving up and out of sight, so that soon they were gone. Briefly there was a peace and a silence, but the silence didn’t last long as I told you, soon the shrieking and tympani’s of trumpets and gongs began to break upon us. From the swirling clouds of the halls of Jupiter came the thirteen Angels, falling from the heights upon us, seeking Oannes, and found only us. When they fell upon us they shrieked and hid their eyes, for they could not gaze upon us or we would destroy them and their powers. They wailed and groaned, knowing they had lost him once more. They called upon us with subtle reasoning to betray him and his destination. We told the Angels of time that we knew nothing of his plans that we would never betray him to the powers and authorities of the Archons and the Father. They writhed in frustration at our answers, though they could not harm us for we are above the Angels. In a band of golden confusion they left us again. We went to the couches where the dead, a million names, Mozart, Marx, Mill, Machiavelli, Michelangelo, Madame Recamier, and Malroux, of every letter of the alphabet, lay the billions upon billions of sarcophagi of this vision of history.

Murder in the Stars.

Late afternoon and my mother and I had sat by the sea; the hours spread before me regarding the past like some ancient tale, for I kept telling it and retelling it to myself, trying to revise the salient issues as they sallied forth through my mind. It was now mostly over, since my mother had told us all the last part of the story of Oannes. It helped me understand the mystery of this hidden day, in two hours it will be the twenty first. Now it is so close, I hardly care or really know if I will ever find out. I have satisfied more of my inquisitiveness during the processes of investigation, making my place in all of this seems more appropriate. For I have without a doubt felt that I have never really belonged in the scheme of things, unable to not only understand but to also try to see why or realize my part and how I must play it. Perhaps it is not too important to know such things since there is no mystery and there could never be any realizations of all that we are or could ever become. Now I know that the Caucasoid is happening. Stories have been surfacing about a large constellation in the southern skies that is beginning to emit fierce waves of interstellar radiation. For several days the southern constellations have been observed by powerful radio telescopes. Once more there are great movements of significance in the universe. I know almost what the days is, namely that the truth is in the stars, the new knowledge will be from there beacons, but perhaps there is something greater than we have ever observed before about to begin? However I feel that this journal is almost complete. Only small details remain and I intend for posterity to finish what I had begun. Though my parents had told me they could never speak of this day they realized I had been considered for the knowledge that I desperately sought by the simple act of my dream. It was that alone that let them know I had a place and a specific purpose in the grand design, this I am sure for why else would they reverse a decision that they had adhered to all of my life?. Now I have told my mother where the glowing blue rock had come from, she never knew Mike’s story, she had never asked him anything about his private odyssey. She asked that I leave it with her, for it seemed to awaken a great deal of the past in her. Now the evening of the last day has nearly come, the day has been sunny and bright, I have opened my windows to the twilight, and the air is full of summer. The honeysuckle that grows outside my window sends strong fragrances towards me, I tickled the blossoms with pollinators to ensure the plants future. Yes there are no bees to do it for us any more. So I perform the task for I love the flower that I call

Shakespeare's Virago, it reminds me of my days growing up in Exeter. I write these words, thinking of everyone I have known, thinking of what they have told me. Replaying so many discs, listening to their voices captured by the past, transfixed in their world and times dilemma. When I came to my grandmothers disc I felt certain pains of loss, her voice clear and strong was something I had always loved to listen to, and been fascinated by. I loved the sound of her voice, no doubt a cradle development, because she told many stories when I was young. She was one of the few people I knew who could speak so beautifully. I miss her terribly I realize. I wish desperately that she could be here with us on this momentous occasion, and her absence saddens me. Also I realized more than anything tonight, how close to death my parents came, how I would never have been born, how I would have never been able to be there with them and Oannes in the dream. The dream was bridge between the two worlds, maybe more, for I had not been conceived yet through destiny I was in the great scheme of things that is why I no longer feel the urgency to know or to see my place in everything. Without this something else would have happened, something so very different. I am convinced that human history would have plunged into war, what I have learnt as the war for the end of the world. Also I would have never written this journal, you wouldn't be reading this, or to have known what I know now, children of another age whose future is spectacular. Certainly I see how for the first time in human history a definite fork in the path of time has occurred. Since with one vision of time we know of the alternative consequences to what would have been in store for us if there had not been this story to tell. Now much later I sit listening to what my grandmother told me all of those years ago, and commits to this journal. 'I was beside myself with joy and grief when I realized the Neptune had found its way out of the chasm back to the edge of the crater. Soon it was moving easily through the relatively safe depths of the lake, with Commander Blue and your parents safely in stow. The journey to the end of the earth had come to an end. My happiness was so great, nothing could deflate it. I hadn't really thought about them being alive, after nearly forty nine hours submerged without oxygen. I remember well, because all day several forest fires were burning out of control in the area. Now they had begun to threaten Lakeshore control, evacuation was already underway when the Neptune appeared. Amidst the turmoil and confusion of helicopters, and water-bombers we realized they were here. Although a lot of confusion was everywhere we had managed to take the encapsulater directly from the Neptune. Commander Blue and Virginia remained in the centre of the lake, which was the safest place around. I was taken

to the waiting helicopter that was flight ready to Winnipeg Central Hospital. For the duration of the journey I could only sit in the back and look at the grey steel capsule that contained the two children. No one knew if they were alive or not. No equipment was possible on the mobile that would allow us to depressurize it. Some eight hours elapsed before we could physically examine the children. When the bodies of Liana and Marcus were finally taken from the encapsulater, they were barely alive; they needed special pressurized units in which they could administer combinations of oxygen and reviving drugs. For several weeks they remained in critical condition. Their bodies almost at the point of metabolic collapse, their bodies slowed down so that they teetered on deaths door. When we took Liana from the capsule she was only breathing once every eight minutes, so was Marcus. How their bodies had done that, no one knew. Even stranger, when they were connected to an E.C.G. machine, the readings on the graph indicated that they were identical from both children. If there was a slight fluctuation in one, then the change would move equally on the other. No one had an explanation for this, but no one really considered it dangerous for their lives, as all of the other body readouts indicated that they were functioning satisfactory. The doctors were all puzzled by the strange medical phenomenon, one just shook his head, and he was baffled. If brain damage has occurred, then we new need a new definition of 'damage', nevertheless we had to wait until they gained consciousness. The strangest thing is, they are still alive, if you don't mind me telling you. Though I wouldn't have changed anything for the world, gracious me no. They said at the opening of the encapsulater that there was less than zero, zero point six percent oxygen in the container, what they breathed; only they could tell you. We could only surmise that they were both in the same condition. What that condition is, we could only say stable. I was pleased, so pleased that I temporarily ignored the similar brain patterns, and the prospect of having a brain dead child. Though I wasn't thinking of me, I was thinking of poor Liana. I turned pessimism into optimism, if she could come through what she had undergone, and survive, she could come through anything. The two monitors of the E.C.G indicated the moving line of the wave, emanating from the tangle of cords that were coming from Marcus and Liana. I sat next to her bed, watching the tidal wave of consciousness rush across the screen. I looked at the monitors, and then looked into the unconscious face of Liana. The young Etruscan features of the young woman, serene and peaceful, her cool placid features; she was so beautiful when she slept. She lay perfectly motionless; I reached out to touch her hand, immediately I felt the semi cold features, and realized how close

she had come to death. I hadn't seen her since the departure from the Moon, over a week ago so I bent down quietly to sit next to her, I didn't care, if she would be brain damaged, I hoped in my heart that I would get her back all in one piece, but as long as she was alive, I would have her in any condition. I thought about giving up the work on the Moon, so we could be together, I was very close to finishing. I thought we could take a holiday together. I thought about a thousand and one things that we would do together, now that I had her back alive. Later that night, Commander Blue had flown in from lakeshore. He seemed rested. Virginia naturally had accompanied him. When they entered the room I was bent over the face of my daughter, looking at her through the Plexiglas dome. I didn't see him come into the darkened room. Marcus lay sleeping; calmly the monitors would skip very slightly, indicating brain functions. Several weeks passed like this, before any change came in their condition. The unconsciousness that lasted day in day out was terrifying for those weeks. Sometimes I thought there would be a relapse that was mercifully, not to happen. Early one morning a few days before Xmas, I had arrived for my daily visit, I sat there in the quiet room holding her hand, she had been like that for several days, I was wondering if she would ever return to me. I wished fervently that she would come back to consciousness. Inside the dark cell of my cranium I hoped and hoped. Then I felt a slight twinge of movement in her hand, and then as I opened my eyes I saw Liana blinking her eyes and within a moment she had regained consciousness. Slowly she realized where she was, at total surprise that I was there at all. 'Earth', was the first word she spoke, she said it warmly, as she came out of that coma. Marcus too, was almost conscious, he spoke one word 'Thallasa', and the young doctor who came into the room, exclaimed, 'the sea...?' Later that morning Liana and Marcus was sitting up in bed alive!, drinking orange juice, I couldn't help giving them both a big smile, and cried tears of happiness. Liana whispered in my ear, that it was alright now; she always tried to comfort me. I sometimes wondered who was mothering who. She asked where she had been, but nobody would tell her. I told her the first fact since the accident. My voice faltered as I relived the incident for her. I told about the rescue at the lake, and then she interrupted me. I should have known something wasn't quite right then, because she rambled on about something, someone said to her, the girl of the Orion that was it. She told me the last thing she saw, before they came down, was the patch of bright blue, the lake. From this, Liana worked her way from that incident enabling her to remember and understand. I never knew the powers they had then, they told no one for years. I was sure then, that Liana knew

the same power was in Marcus as well. She must have dialed him a thought or something, for suddenly Marcus spluttered, almost choking on his drink, before he realized it was her. 'Water...' she said absently', 'fear not death by water', suddenly her mind raced, and he too, seemed to remember everything. Then Liana spoke the words, 'What was that...?' I asked. 'It was in my dream', she told me confidently, 'the girl in the Orion Nebulae, said it to me'. Commander Blue was naturally anxious to see Marcus, even though Marcus didn't see him, because he was still looking at Liana, He turned away from her, to the embraces of his father. There were warm salutations. I was arranging some Christmas flowers. I noticed Liana remained looking at Marcus, who tried to rescue himself through the embrace by getting rid of Liana speaking to her telepathically. I was sure that was what they were doing, in retrospect, because both of them seemed so distracted by their company, and Marcus he bore an expression that said, 'stop it now'. Of course I wasn't thinking this; I was trying to understand what on earth they were doing. Besides we all try to speak silently to each other, especially in embarrassing situations. He introduced his father to me, but we had already met, we wanted to see our kids, rather than each other. The old epic had come true for the millionth time, father and the son embraced each other in life, he had gone and found his son, and brought him back alive, I was so proud of Hank. While he held onto his son, I knew that Liana and Marcus were telepathically talking to each other! I knew it, they told me later. I never realized for several more days the fact that they could talk to each other telepathically. Lots of tests were done on them afterwards, they were telepathic alright, but that wasn't the only thing they could do, or knew. By now they had been taken to the space hospital in Washington for more conclusive testing, and observation. Everything about them seemed to be normal, not taking into account what I have previously mentioned. Naturally a great deal of intelligence agencies like the C.I.A, wished to get their man onto the children right away. But the children had been forthright about the affair, they told everyone they would co-operate when the time was right, little did I know the time wasn't right? I also didn't I know then, they would work so hard for all of us. The journey that Malevitch and Commander Griphius had undertaken from Mars, had ended two days after Liana and Marcus had regained consciousness. There were surprisingly, only two men left from the eight member team. Murder was never suspected then. Griphius informed the world regarding his 'strands theory'. It was very convincing, for he had ascertained examples of the bonding between the carbon and oxygen atoms, in so called samples of these strands he had taken from the frozen north pole

of Mars. All the material he had inside his head he released to the scientific community, the entire project was available for scrutiny apart from the one and only link that confirmed its possibility, namely the samples they had discovered on Mars. This information would according to Griphius confirm the theory, but would not be released for scientific applications until his demands for an extraordinary compendium of material were met. It was an understatement to say he didn't trust anyone. I found out later why, when his demands came for money and power. It was hard to understand him, after such a lifetime of selflessness, and during such a global crisis that Griphius and his henchman Malevitch could think of only themselves. They wanted quite a lot, besides the money and legal immunity from prosecution. The new space station was also on their list, as their own private observation post, so they could survey all that they would own. Already Russia, and the communist block from China, was bargaining over something they hadn't even seen. The idea alone, of someone possessing such a solution was enough to have the whole world buzzing. After waiting so long for results, people were not altogether too critical. When I came to the hospital the next day, with flowers and a newspaper, Liana was watching the TV with Marcus. When she saw the face of Griphius announcing to the world his theory and demands she instantly went cold and stared bitterly at his image. It seemed she knew who he was, so did Marcus. Later, she told me how she saw in her minds eye, the two men on the Cydonia, Malevitch surgically planting the tiny microchip into Griphius' brain. She told me, though I didn't realize at the time, that the vision was beginning to happen. Now they would have to do something if they were going to stop the war for the end of the world. Before the news reel had ended, Liana and Marcus were already speaking in their usual silences. Soon she turned to me; I hadn't even greeted her that morning. She was most direct, she told me, 'these men, who claim they have the solution to the atmospheric testing.' 'Have it all wrong, they are nothing more than murders...!' I stopped what I was doing and turned to her, I was surprised she knew anything about it; she had been away for such a long time. I said something about being silly or something, I couldn't understand really, how could I...? I wasn't really serious, so Liana showed me, she asked Marcus to lay down the principles of the formulae, with her. As they sat on the bed together, I could see Marcus writing out formulas for the atmospheric work that I had been doing on the Moon, I could follow them as they wrote. Sometimes Liana would silently shake her head, or Marcus would move his hand backwards and forwards or point his index finger. By the end of an hour I was amazed at the results from the print outs that had

accumulated. Everything was correct! I was confused by all the physical gesturing. What really had my mind racing was the fact that they had done it all without speaking. As Marcus typed in the last symbol, into the computer, and committed it to memory, I was already looking at the print out that was shuffling out of the machine. It contained the last of the carbon/oxygenates exchangers. The details of the working principle, the methodology of its application and the engineering required. Possibly some six odd years of work for perhaps hundreds of scientists had been executed without mistake in one hour! It was incredible to say the least. Liana looked at me square in the eye, she ripped of the sheets from the portcomp, I already knew what she was going to say. The results were astonishing, I could see for myself that they had simplified several processes, later the results were mathematically proven beyond a shadow of a doubt. Liana pointed to the photographs in the newspaper of Griphius, and Malevitch, 'they are murders, and they murdered the other team members'. I knew that Griphius and Malevitch had come back alone. Griphius had offered the discs from the Cydonia, recording the last moments of the second shuttle from Mars as evidence. They were already under a great deal of suspicion. They said that the second shuttle had malfunctioned. Liana didn't care; she wagged her head silently indicating the mistake I was laboring under.

'They rigged the whole thing', said Marcus, 'there's still someone on Mars who can prove it.' I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Looking at the way the theory for the atmosphere was achieved, I couldn't help believing them. Gradually I began to listen to Marcus explain the details. He told me about the Jupiter mission, about the crew, when they were due to go down to the surface, there would be a terrible explosion some fifteen seconds after they left the Ganymede. They were going to be marooned in outer space, left to die. Marcus was frantic in his need to communicate to me this information, I could see why because they were due to arrive within Jupiter's orbit within the next twenty four hours. It was imperative that I convinced the right authorities. This proved to be an almost impossible task. Marcus shouted to me something about the golden Jove..., on the pre-orbital function as I left the room; taking the theoretical formulae to Commander Blue as reasoning power for the children assertions, but there was a great deal to explain to him, he was hard pressed to grasp the content of what I was telling him. 'It's absolutely imperative, that you contact the Ganymede, she told Hank Blue, using the familiar, Hank looked at the type written sheets of the formulae. I knew it was all hocus pocus to him. He wanted me to confirm it. I told him it was the real thing, I was

convinced of it. Hank, thought long and hard at the problem, he checked his wrist watch. I already knew that there was little time to warn them. Hank punched in his code for General Sheer, and within an hour had told the General everything. Another two hours were lost in conferencing, but eventually they decided to act on the information. After detailed scrutiny, the formulae had proven correct, including the mechanical dynamics, for the prototype. Finally good news had come, with bad news. Houston One, called Hank, the main control room, for Ganymede, they were to interface communications to him, as soon as they reported confirmation with Jupiter. That was still another three hours away. Hank placed the disc into the computer, it ciphered. It was an Epizootic Virus, programmed to Dysfunction overload to the main electrical installations in C: deck. ALL hexadecimal parameters squared, require FUNCTION of Dbase to trace a mobile virus. Can you realize how long that would have taken then Gabriel, on a space cruiser of that size..? One thing for certain, they faced the possibility of never being able to isolate the virus in order to disarm it. It would take them six hours eighteen minutes three seconds total. It didn't give them very much time, what was C: deck, I didn't know any space pilot jargon. Hank pulled up the mechanical floor plans of the Ganymede on the computer. C: deck was the transportation section, the Europa shuttle craft section. The children were right in the hospital they told me, but I was so confused, it didn't mean anything to me then. Commander Blue placed an alert to all communications to Ganymede, not to launch Europa the golden shuttle. That had everyone hopping, down at Houston one, Ganymede was still coming out of cryogenics, they estimated another hour before there would be a communication. It would be another fourteen hours before any communication occurred. It was the dead of night when the first transmission came in from Ganymede. I had given them all up as dead men, to be perfectly honest. Contact to the Ganymede's computer had failed to break the cryogenic alarm, due to more asteroid showers. There were a great deal of them in those times; several showers had fallen over the Earth. When Commander Essen spoke to Houston he was dazed and confused. Hank spoke clearly to him, explaining the situation. Commander Essen had been joined by Major Kennedy and Lt Makarov; they had taken several port comps to the location of the Europa, to trace the location of the micro-device. It didn't take very long for Makarov to find it cleverly hidden in a sub root directory, controlling the main davit arm, which would have swung the craft out through the bay doors. The main job was removing the detonator; it was a software variety, isolating it proved difficult. We sat back, and waited nervously for the

Ganymede to reply. Commander Essen had thought about Griphius, he was full of questions, how did we know? He told us about Mars, hard to believe, but then so much was so different. He remembered how confident he was, how he had discovered several issues disturbing on Mars. Commander Griphius had failed to communicate to him the findings; I mean the exobiology that he saw with Makarov. I don't expect you to understand, but listen. They found life on Mars! at Tithonium Mensae, there he examined large life forms. Griphius, knew about these findings, but failed to disclose this to anyone. He also bragged at length about the solution he had procured from the Martian atmospheric work. Virginia notified the C.I.A, the two men were arrested. Griphius, and Malevitch, had been at Euro Space Centre in Brussels, awaiting the replies from the world. Griphius had given enough of the principles of the theory, to be checked by theoreticians. He had warned that the chip implant could be destroyed at any foolish attempt to have it removed with force. He was surprised when the security guards, didn't listen to his idle threats of destroying it, when they came to arrest him, and Malevitch. Hank wanted to know about the findings, So Commander Essen told him about everything that he knew. Houston was excited about them, we did not know then they had been destroyed. Apparently nothing was left of them. The Ganymede had the video graphs. After extensive searching at the primary root, for the arm mechanism, Major Kennedy located the impregnation point isolating the detonator. Due to its precarious nature, the defusing was going to be difficult. Most of the brains at Houston control were trying to offer the correct procedure for most of the night. Eventually Commander Essen knew the procedure, after Commander Blue went to the hospital and asked your parents. Later that evening at Houston control, Commander Blue went straight to the communications section, to instruct Adam Essen. The circuits leading to the detonator had to be switched down, during the removal of the device. This meant that the Ganymede would have to run all systems on less than half of its computer capacity, consequently, the ship would have to be manually operated through the main corridor of the Jovian moons, or wait until they had cleared them. It seemed luckily that they had time to wait, so Commander Essen and the two men rested as the Ganymede cleared the gravitational field of Jupiter. By six o'clock the next day, they were far away from the moons gravitational influence, making manual orbit unnecessary. All the crew of the Ganymede prepared the area for the worst, even donning their space helmets. Commander Essen switched of the main engineering banks of the computer, until the circuit that held the chip was dead. Then he carefully removed the offending

object. Commander Blue talked it over with him during the entire procedure. Closing the broken circuit was almost like sewing a vein together. Commander Essen soon had the safety of his crew and ship secured. As the Ganymede passed Calypso, Commander Essen ordered the Ganymede to make a second approach with Jupiter, some five hours away. We used the time to talk about the findings. It was Makarov who showed us the disc of the site. It was truly impressive, the impression it made on Houston was unbelievable, but so fantastically true! These images that were being transmitted showed more than Adam Essen saw, but it confirmed the truth about his claims. Liana and Marcus had left the hospital and had journeyed with us to Houston. When they saw the discs, they instantly knew something was true though I still to this day don't know what it was. I was surprised by the fact that they stared long and hard into the pictures. Liana knew that the findings had been blown up by Griphius and Malevitch. She told everyone, about the man who was still on the planet. Shatalin, Nicholi, I think he was called, yes that's right. The mission to the surface of Jupiter had been re-scheduled. Instead they were to conduct normal experiments on Europa and Ganymede slightly less dangerous I understand. The scientific world had already verified the formulae. No one could disbelieve Liana or Marcus; after all, they had successfully initiated the solution to the atmospherics, incriminated Griphius and Malevitch. The world was already gaining new hope. Work went ahead immediately on their implementation. After Commander Essen had returned from Jupiter, he rescued Shatalin; some six months elapsed before he could testify, against Griphius, now a broken man of fifty eight, and his accomplice Malevitch. They ended their days in Paraguay, or Ecuador. Over time, more people would know, there were some disagreements. Everything your parents had done, had been the right thing. The world is a much better place because of them. They became overnight sensations, but they would take a lot of the sensation away from a world driven crazy with sensation. They had a far greater plan for the world. They married some six years later in two thousand and twenty one or two. You were born some ten years after that. I never knew why they waited so long to have children. You are so very special to me Gabriel'. The year is now twenty sixty five, the world is a very different place now, than what my parents knew, I only saw the end of the old world as it was known, but now, the new world is ready. A lot had to be changed. Outside of my window people have gathered, in large numbers. They are waiting for something spectacular to happen. Very soon something wonderful, something really wonderful, is going to happen.

The great Magellenic cloud Dorados is exploding in the vacant southern part the universe, attributed to Aquarius, that has remained starless since the beginning of the universe is now giving birth to new constellations. Large interstellar cracks are appearing in the fabric of space. I watch as the streaked shape of the unknown has begun to reveal another universe as it collides or touches our own. It seems now that we have some greater purpose than before to reach out towards our origins. Already there are ideas regarding the exploration of such places in the near future. Time travel I am sure will soon be possible, now that the void is filling with the Meriothea. People have stood watching all night and all day the great vision that I speak of, under a sun that is dimmed by the brilliance of Dorados. By night there is barely a change in global luminescence. Now I add all that I have known together, I see now the facts as they really are. Even more incredible, for who could expect what I now write. All across the world appearances of the Heliodiscs have begun, there contents revealing the lost animals of the earth. They are coming forth from the great ships interior as I write, but there have been no signs of Oannes, something my parents have shown great concern over. They rejoice in the fulfillment for now they tell me that the Promise he would send the animals back to the Earth. That the second part of the vision has revealed to my parents is about to happen, that the great Heliodiscs will be the vessels to carry us forward into the universe, that we must seek out the Father and ask him who we are and why did he steal from the Sophia Pistas? It seems the Earth shall be left to the animals. Who would not go upon such a journey? My heart is moved by the vision of creatures moving out from the great hulls of the Sun ships to inhabit the gardens of the world. Now I understand the work of my parents in their preparation of the planet. I saw a flock of swallows, for the first time in my life fly past my window, only this very minute. Sounds I could only hear from recordings have begun to fill the silence of the world. The repopulation of the animals of the world has begun as the promise made to my parents by Oannes is being fulfilled, and Dilmun has arrived. Everything is the fight of the light and the dark, who must you dare follow? Who can lead? That question has been answered, now we understand all things, the hidden is revealed to us, the mystery regarding our purpose no longer silenced. The end of the Father who could not rule a broken creation and the righting of the wrongs have been attested to a new truth, a new dream begins with unlimited horizons. The sound of the sea is breaking through

my ears. Constantly the waves are breaking on the shore,
endlessly calling to all who hear her.

Through earth, air, sea or fire bring me cold night fire that burns
bright blue of the evening stars, at last the golden shore of sand,
air, and sea behold the light of stars, through dark space their eyes
do tell us all things, red tides wash in, red sand, blue waters run
throughout of all time, for ours was once only time return, we
cannot, for the mind is tugging, it is really the mortal. In all time
past, the clock of the future is waiting for us come to us, hear us,
a voice is calling you and you see yourself coming up over a
small crest of sea surf and sand, blue sky and clouds, sea mist,
and wind sun, love without reservation and all humanity is bound
inextricably together through the Promise of the Mother.

Gregory Baker June 2013.
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