**Pyrostasis Resurrection**

**Part XXII.V – Dark Matter & Energy / Secrets of the universe / Multiverse**

“...Beautiful...”

Dante Romano exited the room after re-encapsulating the tri-dot syringe kit into his quad Kevlar C60 armour suit.

The word was spoken by this pilot, Lt. First class, Mike Gruntess.

“I am a princess in an Ivory tower, and you are?” Biological functions return to my cortex. I recognized him, but he never spoke to me before, I wonder why now he is showing signs of interest.

“What's your name, princess?” He inquired as he sat in the vacant seat at the end of the class, next to me, in the usually reserved for the 'back-row-of-the-bus rebels' attitude, or in rare cases teacher's pet. In previous years the latter would situate themselves at the 1st or 2nd table on the left side of the class, where their cone of vision could potentially focus mainly on the teacher, or commander. And in shooting ranges they'd take the left-most station to ensure no shell cases came flying in their direction, before the shell case protection triangle emerged... I didn't know at the time which title would suit him better. But I was somewhat curious to see.

“I'm Corporal Ophelia Summer, first name Corporal, sir.” I smirked politely in his direction.

“I'm Mike, first name Lt. First class if you insist on ranks with me, soldier girl.”

“Keep your distance fly-boy, I'm damaged goods. Haven't you noticed they have assigned me my very own Psyion priest? Not every girl can say that about her mental instabilities, you know?”

“Yep, I had noticed, then let us for the sake of argument explain to me everything you know that could be explained via quantum mechanics if you will...”

He seemed dead serious as far as I could tell.

“Why?” I truly wanted to know.

“You're excellent at by-the-book definitions in briefings, I wanna see how you explain stuff when you are not intimidated by a higher ranking officer shouting commands. I only see you guys when I'm on drop-ship duty before you engage in your death row/suicide missions. Come on, don't do it for rank, do it of your own volition. If you want to go to your room you may leave any minute now, or if you have another duty, feel free to go...” He gestured with his hands.

“I will want to go to lunch pretty soon, if you don't mind, sir.”

“So, what is it then?” He kept his sincere gaze at me from point blank range.

“Fine. The teleporters that we use do it via quantum entanglement, after scanning every molecule they re-create the individual on the other side via finding in the other side particle box their entangled counterpart...”

“Spooky action at a distance, as Einstein called it -” Mike interrupted her.

“Right. Also when we transform to other bigger than human life forms, or vice versa, the missing or extra bio-mass is conserved in dark matter form, and keeps surrounding the bio-mass of the original person via dark energy. It is hidden in the vast spaces inside the nuclei of atoms by forces brought forth by opposing quarks, gravitons, fermions, and other Higgs-Boson particles such as Mesons, basically a combination of half integer particles with Bosons which have full integer particle spins.”

“A good use of Gluons on the Boson side of the equation. That is why we harvest a lot of Tantalum 180 isotope which is relatively stable for our Reaver wormhole drives as well. You're pretty good, soldier girl.” He had thrown one of his somewhat condescending smiles. He had a nasty habit, which he likely picked up from his fellow pilots to have this kind sure of himself more than he deserved it. It had felt is Iroquois descent had filled him with some ancient pride as well. It felt weird thinking how is Mohawk hair-cut would fit in a helmet, especially the very tight and suffocating of human life helmets need to use, when they submerge in their cockpits.

“Ask me about any quarks, leptons, plasmons and phonons any time, fly-boy, I am smarter than my team-mates... Even if at times they were led to believe this was not the case, I'm rarely gets the credit I deserve from them.” I really meant it, I wonder why I had felt before that my wisdom was something that must be shunned away from?

“Hey, Ophel,...” Ricci's voice suddenly interrupted my line of thought, “We have food to distribute along the compound if you don't mind...”

“Oh sorry, sir, we bring lunch to all the guard duty posts now, so they don't have to rely upon battle rations, which are very nutritious but lack something we humans call flavour. Maybe you remember what a guard duty is like, since you pilots are always at the base, when you're not flying or dropping us in the field.”

“Sure thing, happy distribution then, I'll see you around Corporal Summer.”

“Aye aye, sir.” Me and Ricci left the room. He handed me a box of hot plastic plates.

“How much time have you listened in on us, Ricci?” I took the box. I try to convey a judgmental look towards him, but I'm not sure he got my drift.

“Long enough, I hope I wasn't interfering with your love affairs.” He gave me a nudge with his elbow. I took it lightly, even though it had hurt me quite a bit. Ricci is just a pile of muscles, and sometimes he is not aware of his own strength, but he means no harm.

“If you're dropping anything, I'm not coming back with you to the kitchen, this place gives the heebie jeebies, and you know it. Tread carefully with your crate, and I'll be doing the same with mine.”

“What was that all about?” He asked,staring at me oddly for 624 mili-seconds too long.

“None of your fucking business, ese.” I gave Ricci a friendly punch, he would know if it wasn't.

“I thought we are on a better terms than that, I keep tabs on all the girls Hicks and Phillipes are dating for you, then all of a sudden some hotshot pilot is engaging in conversation with you and 'Mums the word'. Fine, I don't have to keep my side of the bargain if you keep to yourself, Ophel.”

“He simply tested me for my Higgs-Boson knowledge, man, he was probably set to do this to examine a theoretical future promotion for me, like they always test Mecha-pilots on scientific stuff before promoting them up the chain of command. There was no ulterior motive here as far as I could sense.” I turned my attention to the 'Just add water' writing on the battle rations, which in requires exothermic output. Basic redox of H+ and OH- ions being reduced and oxidized so the process can be easily recycled for another use, once the substrates have been replaced with new cathodes and anodes, of course.

“Sure thing, Ophel, I'll let you enjoy the benefit of the doubt this time around, but I've seen things your mindset so corrupted by the likes of Hicks have altered your vision of reality. This dude was definitely scoping your internals for a possible healthy something, if you know what I mean.”

“Whatever, Ricci. But speaking of the devil, has he given you any words of wisdom to pass along to the likes of me, poor damsel in distress, stuck with him in this lonely outpost in the middle of the fray?”

“As a matter of fact, he did convey something that you should hear: 'I did love you once.  
You should not have believ'd me, for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. I lov'd you not. Get thee to a nunn'ry, why woulds't thou be a breeder of sinners?'”

“So I was the more deceiv'd than hath Hamlet let in. Tell Sgt. Drake Hicks that all I said is F.U.”

“I will tell him to go Fornicate Under Consent of the King, if you insist, but I doubt he'll be very happy to know you hold Alpha team leader in such a low regards. Me and Kacey, got your back, all the way as always.”

“I'm not sure about the KGB junior assets, the Krayler twins, but Frinz Aran is a stand up guy.”

“He was a field analyst while Nicole was his informant, right?”

“That's what I heard. And Frinz, stood up to his father, never wanting to become another functionary in the Kingdom of Malawi, most who oppose the elephant hunter PMCs are never seen again. I'm kind of proud of him. Prince of Lilongwe is in our midst.”

“Yeah, what about the Zhang and Hworang? Do you trust those Delta team sorry asses?”

“Gong-Li and William are fine. I wouldn't know about Sgt. Ueamatsu though.”

“He can't be as bad as Sgt. Mack or Sgt. Kristie, but Sgt. Shem-Tov might be a bad ass, but tends more to care about his team them himself.”

“I'm not sure I feel about Mustapha, as he would take care of me and Jacques before himself. But overall he's been good to me, unlike Hicks, or Krayler.”

“Don't underestimate in their first name, it might cost you dearly.”

“Sorry Sergeants of the aforementioned names: Abdul, Hicks and Krayler.”

“I don't mind, but they would, Ophel, you're in enough shit as it is, try to keep yor head above water for once in your life. I know you had a rough childhood, we all did. Do you think I had good time running guns with my uncle Asado Loco from Nicaragua to Angola. It wasn't as fun as it sounds.”

“Maybe you should have stayed at Juvi for a couple of years more instead of drafting your ass here.” I smiled towards Ricci but he had sunk to his past. His uncle did a number on him, which now does reflect on the boy. His smile rarely waned away for this long before. “Hey, Ricardo, snap out of it, man, you're scaring me.”

It took him a few more corridors to return to himself, but it had eventually happened. Self note: Do not ever bring up Ricci's uncle, it has a very down bearing effect on him.