

End of Days

God spoke to me last night. No, I am not schizophrenic or a Jesus freak. Nor am I a conspiracy theorist (well, except for JFK's assassination, of course--unless the principles of quantum mechanics somehow apply to bullets fired from book depositories with inhuman rapidity to perform a dance macabre through the bodies of governors before striking their intended target), but I know precisely the series of events that will result in the end of the world and will eventually give birth to a new universe. It came to me in a dream. No, really, it did.

It all started pretty much like a bad Hollywood disaster flick (sorry, I know that's redundant) with well-funded mad scientists doing what comes natural in fiction as well as in fact. "Build us a big Hadron Supercollider, and we'll find the elusive Higgs boson God particle. Maybe we'll even come up with a unified theory that incorporates the pesky behavior of subatomic particles and allows us to demystify quantum mechanics once and for all." It turns out, not surprising to anyone, other than scientists of course, that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and that allowing children to play unsupervised in a chemistry lab or with a super-duper, neat-o particle accelerator is not such a good thing after all. Who'd have thunk it?

The first hint that something was just a bit off-kilter came in the form of assurances by project scientists delivered with the smug expressions and thinly veiled contempt with which they usually approach any communication with the unwashed masses, that yes, miniature black holes could probably be created by subatomic particles accelerated at nearly light speed through a 17-mile circular particle accelerator and forced to collide in a massive release of energy, but such black holes

would quickly dissipate. “No,” they smiled complacently, “there is absolutely no danger in these experiments.”

The second hint of a problem (and by hint I mean claxons going off, red lights flashing, and Robby the Robot’s accordion arms waving wildly while proclaiming “danger, Will Robinson!”) came when the Hadron Supercollider suffered some unspecified problems that caused it to be shut down for months on end after its first full-scale test. When the 17-mile supercollider was once again brought back on line, headlines proclaimed the countdown would begin again for the end of the world. Smile, snicker, hah-hah. What was not reported was the actual reason for the shutdown, since no one, including the geniuses running the experiments, knew the real cause: a miniature black hole that did not quickly dissipate in the lab as expected and caused a nearly catastrophic shutdown as it drilled an invisible hole a few molecules wide, eagerly sucking up anything that crossed its tiny event horizon, as it accelerated slowly but inexorably downward, worming its way through the containment chamber, rapidly vacuuming vital bits of the temperamental equipment on its way to the center of the earth.

Not to worry, though, it is still relatively small despite its voracious, unquenchable appetite, though it is exponentially increasing its mass as it swings like a pendulum through the earth’s core and beyond it in decreasing arcs that will eventually settle it at the earth’s core. It will be many months and perhaps years before we begin to feel the cataclysmic seismic effects of its inexorable violation of the earth’s core, and longer still before the entire planet and every living thing in it is sucked into its vortex, followed thereafter by the moon, and then the outer planets as the growing black hole continues its feeding frenzy, eventually consuming the entire solar system and Sol itself.

But that would be many years, perhaps millennia, in the

future given the diminutive size of the black hole at present. And scientists still believe that the equipment failure was unrelated to its actual cause since the unreported black hole the initial full-scale test produced dissipated soon after its formation according to their classified reports. Therefore, the supercollider was repaired, and billions or Euros later, the scientists have their plaything once more and science is free to continue its happy march towards oblivion. If it ended here, we'd have little to worry about in the short term, other than perhaps ever-increasing seismic activity. Even the hungriest little black hole needs a great deal of time to ingest a planet from the inside out, and if later laboratory-created black holes don't ingest other vital pieces of sensitive equipment on their way to joining their older brother down the rabbit hole in their inexorable journey to swallow our blue planet, we'd probably kill off our species through war, pestilence, famine or other forms of humanity's endless capacity for galloping stupidity long before daddy's and mommy's little darlings consumed the world.

If my prescient dream had ended there, I'd shake it off with a smile and go about my day without another thought, compartmentalizing the certain knowledge of future doom in the nether regions of my mind, right next to the knowledge of the unsustainability of our ballooning federal and state deficits and the possibility of an asteroid hit that would once again eradicate most plant and animal life on this planet.

Unfortunately, scientists are not the only ones who like to play God. They are just more tragic and contemptible in their efforts at doing so because they should know better. They are like amoebas attempting to extrapolate the secrets of the universe by examining in minutest detail the drop of fetid swamp water atop a floating leaf that they inhabit. In a very real sense, scientists are among the smartest amoebas, all hail their

boundless wisdom! But others like to play in the hedonistic God sandbox, too. And here is where my prescient dream grows infinitely darker.

It so happens that terrorists pay attention to science. Science, after all, brought us TNT, the A-bomb, the H-bomb, weaponized anthrax and lots of other cool goodies that are wonderful additions to the terrorists' toolkits. As it happens, one particularly well-funded, well connected group in the Middle East thinks it a grand idea to blow Israel off the face of the earth before that even better funded, and better connected state has the chance to do the same to them or to their proxy states. They have acquired a gaggle of disaffected, under-employed Russian physicists and funded them generously to come up with "outside-the-box" ideas for a doomsday device on the cheap. They did not have 17-mile supercolliders to play with, and Jihadist physicists are a rare breed. But not to worry, they had something better: money, lots of it, and the ability to entice scientists who view themselves above pedantic, bourgeois notions of ethics and for whom science is the only religion.

Undaunted by any notions of right and wrong and guided by the simple principle that "if it can be done, it must be done," these brilliant men and women soon developed a working experiment that presented an elegant solution that their benefactors immediately approved.

Their plan was exquisitely simple and required very little by way of resources beyond two suitcase nukes that could be easily obtained either from Russia (cheap, old-world loose nukes listed simply as "missing" from the former Soviet inventory), or spanking new, state-of-the-art but untried ones from the secret Pakistani stash. They opted for the Russian suitcase nukes, in part because they did not want a trusted ally compromised in the event that their experiment failed to attain the desired end.

The two suitcase nukes have been mounted at precise distances from one another in the cargo hold of a modified Boeing 747 passenger plane from a terrorist-friendly country, and are equipped with the best military-grade timers available, obtained from a close U.S. ally in the region. The simultaneous detonation of these nuclear devices will force the collision of countless billions of subatomic particles accelerated at nearly light speed through the old-fashioned process of nuclear fission to strike one another, thereby creating large numbers of miniature black holes like an endless row of poor-man's supercolliders working in unison. Granted, the effect will be somewhat messy and difficult to quantify, but these are matters of little consequence to scientists interested in practical results rather than peer-reviewed publications or Nobel prizes in physics.

These black holes will almost instantaneously absorb one another and anything that crosses their diminutive event horizons, growing exponentially into a sizable singularity like billions upon billions of mutually attractive droplets of mercury coalescing into a single, massive uniform mass. The initial devastation of the simultaneous nuclear blasts will pale in comparison to the aftermath of the singularity's effect as it forms and begins to absorb everything in its path, growing exponentially as it falls to the center of the earth pulled by the earth's gravity, absorbing matter in ever-greater quantities as falls through the earth's core and continues beyond it nearly to the earth's crust on the opposite side of the globe impelled by its accelerated mass, only to yield again to the attracting force of earth's gravity, falling downward to repeat the cycle in ever decreasing arcs before finally settling at the center of earth's molten core, devouring it faster and faster as it's mass grows.

The timescale for the catastrophic end is uncertain, but the effect inevitable in fairly short order. We will perish from

cataclysmic, unprecedented earthquakes, volcanoes, and tsunamis long before every atom succumbs to the irresistible pull of the voracious singularity.

The attack has not come yet, but is imminent. I have seen the airplane in a hangar. I know that a simple cover story is being planned to allow this Trojan horse to be welcomed into Israeli airspace. As I write this, unsuspecting Muslim families with school-aged children are being recruited by the terrorist organization aided by an international charitable organization under the auspices of the United Nations. “Children for Peace” will be the name of the organized event that will unite Arab and Jewish families for discussions on initiatives that private citizens of good will can take to bring peace to the region for the benefit of all people, all races, all religions, for all time.

The Israeli defense forces will detect the well-shielded nukes just before the Children for Peace plane crosses its airspace courtesy of American-provided AWAC planes and satellites equipped to detect radioactivity in the minutest quantities. Jets will be scrambled and will be met by the “honor guard” fighter escort of the peace mission which will include high ranking officials from several Arab states. Israel will give the order to shoot down the plane after tense minutes of weighing the no-win scenario of allowing a potential nuclear threat in its airspace or shooting down a civilian plane on a diplomatic mission with high ranking neighboring diplomats on board. Before the order can be carried out or the fighter jets can engage, the bombs will be detonated, less than a minute from the Israeli border. The EMP emitted by the twin blasts will leave Israel and its neighbors blind, deaf and mute. Military and civilian planes will fall from the sky throughout the region, generating stations will grind to a halt and nuclear generating plants will begin the inexorable process of meltdown. All local electric grids will fail. Traffic will come to a messy, bloody halt as trains, buses,

automobiles all lose control all at once, even outside of the blast radius, and long before the devastating effects of the fallout can be felt. Countless Muslims, Jews and Christians will meet horrible deaths oblivious as to the cause as everything with a transistor in it is irreparably fried in a circumference of hundreds of miles from the actual blast.

But none of that will matter. The singularities will coalesce and fall to earth, beginning their inexhaustible feeding frenzy that will, in time, consume not just the earth long after all life in it has died due to the catastrophic seismic activities and world-wide unprecedented eruptions along known fault lines and newly created ones all over the world; the moon will follow in turn, and our entire solar system in due course including Sol.

The plane is built. The plan is unfolding and will be carried out, whether in weeks, months or perhaps even a year, I do not know. There is nothing that we can do to stop it. My attempts to contact U.S. intelligence and law enforcement have been unsurprisingly futile. Unsurprisingly, they are not interested in dreams, prescient or otherwise, or messages from God, unless he cares to call them collect. Thanks to the Patriot Act, all of my communications are now monitored—cell, online, landline, and there may be men in black hanging around the neighborhood, though I have not seen them and frankly doubt messages from God much interest them, either.

I guess I should consider myself lucky to have kept my freedom. I guess there are simply too many cranks and outright nut jobs loose for the government to give much thought to dreamers with delusions of grandeur. At least I'll have my freedom until Armageddon comes to pass.

If there is a silver lining to all of this it is that I know what neither mercenary nor traditional scientists know; a small grace perhaps, but a great source of comfort to me. I know precisely how our universe began and how it will end. I know what came

before the Big Bang that gave it birth and what will come after the colossal crunch that will be its eventual end as entropy sets in and the weak gravitational force begins to contract the universe once it reaches the apogee of its expansion and matter begins to coalesce into larger and larger black holes.

I also know that there is not one universe, but many, an infinite number, in fact, in infinite variety of sizes, all coexisting within the fabric of space time. The math is beyond my ability to comprehend, but the intuitive leap was clear in my divinely-inspired dream.

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The current models for black holes holds that they will absorb any matter that crosses their event horizon and that they have, in essence, an infinite capacity to absorb matter in their nearly infinitely compressed centers. So powerful is their attraction that light cannot escape them, and it is posited that crossing their event horizon will distort or perhaps stop time. With all due deference to physicists who can do the math, they are wrong; I have it on the best authority.

Black holes can amass incredible amounts of mass and energy and extend the reach of their event horizons—the pull of their gravitational force—outwards as they grow. The mass of a collapsed star may be compressed to a circumference of a few kilometers. Compress it further still, as when a truly massive star is involved, and at some point it becomes a black hole. In extreme cases, we know there to be massive black holes in the center of spiral galaxies, including our own Milky Way, slowly, inexorably sucking in stars, planets, and everything else into the cosmic drain that is their vortex and causing the spiral form of these galaxies just like water spiraling down a terrestrial drain.

But there is a limit to the amount of mass and energy

that can be contained in any black hole. Exceed that limit, and the fabric of space time that is bent further and further under the stress bursts just like an over-stressed aneurism under the pressure of an arterial wall overcome by too much blood pumped under too much pressure, or a rubber balloon overfilled beyond its capacity by an overanxious birthday boy.

Matter cannot be compressed ad infinitum, nor can the mass and energy captured from thousands of stars and their accompanying solar systems be forever retained at the center of the singularity or converted to and expelled as radiation. Eventually, every singularity reaches critical mass and burst outward expelling in a few nanoseconds its retained mass and energy through the torn fabric of space time, giving birth to a new universe in a flash of fury, an unfathomable release of energy and mass, a new big (and sometimes little) bang. The energy is released not in our universe, but into a new one, disgorging the contents of the singularity outwardly to expand in accordance to the compressed matter and energy in its universe of origin. The rift in space time is then sealed and a new universe joins the omniverse. If we could view the omniverse in a macro scale across all of space time, we would see an infinite fireworks display of cosmic proportions. The size of the singularity required to burst space time varies depending on the region of space time it occupies.

The fabric of space is not uniform; there are infinite variations in its relative strength and stability so that some regions may be able to withstand singularities that have swallowed up billions of stars form multiple galaxies without rupturing while others may rupture upon the formation of a single singularity such as occurs from the collapse of a star significantly larger than Sol. The universe created by the rupturing of such a small singularity would be ephemeral and incapable of forming new stars from the matter ejected. Not so

when massive black holes that have swallowed up thousands or perhaps even millions of galaxies reach the breaking point; these will eject their stored mass and energy in big bangs of their own that will generate new stars and planets in a new universe of seemingly infinite size to the average man, woman or amoeba observer.

When the universe reaches the maximum rate of its expansion, it will begin to contract as the weak gravitational force pulls back matter into an ever-decreasing space. As the fabric of space time compresses, it will be strengthened, allowing for truly massive black holes to merge before bursting forth into new universes. The process continues ad infinitum, with new universes expanding, collapsing, and redistributing their mass, spawning ever-smaller versions of themselves, replicating self-contained, self-replicating omniverses of their own. Like a fertilized egg, with cells splitting in half, growing exponentially into an organism that is greater than the sum of its parts. The universe is organic, a living, evolving, growing organism in which each universe in an endless number of omniverses is just a cell, replicating itself in an organic process we can no more understand than a self-aware electron, neutron or lepton in an atom within one of our body's cells can understand us. The universe is a part of God, or the collective consciousness, and none of us can ever grasp the full organism any more than a cell in our body or its smaller component parts can hope to know us.

But we are more than the smallest particles in an unfathomably large universe. Self-awareness links us to that unfathomable body—to the mind of God, or to the universal spirited element, if you prefer—in a way that is much more vital than our seeming insignificance within it. We are the universe. The universe is us. We **are** God; God **is** us, to borrow a phrase from Heinlein. We are linked to all the omniverses that ever were and ever will be by our consciousness, energy that flows from all

the omniverses through us, and connects us each to it not just in the particular segment of space time we currently inhabit, but to the very fabric of space time itself.

The brightest minds on Earth are no better qualified to unravel the secrets of the universe than the aforementioned brightest amoeba in a drop of pond scum, being equally limited by their perception of reality and their meager capacity to grasp the mind of God. The only difference is that the amoeba does not fret about such things and is blissfully free of any arrogance or delusions as to its capacity to understand the inner workings of the universe. It does not take a scientist to quantify, measure, assess, test and prove the essence of the universe.

Western philosophy in its inexorable march away from Plato and towards the children of Aristotle with their blind faith in the scientific method, their belief in only a reality that they can touch, taste, smell, see, hear and quantify, rejecting all else, has brought us no more closer to the attainment of truth than the most careful deaf and blind man attempting to understand an elephant by spending a lifetime examining the end of its tail. Knowing all there is to know about the observable world is about as useful as knowing all there is to know in a drop of pond scum to the exclusion of the rest of creation.

A scientist will never take the leap of faith required to truly understand the universe since they have faith only in what they perceive and process using the scientific method in their personal drop of pond scum. It takes a poet, a philosopher, a dreamer or perhaps simply a madman or a fool to grasp the essence of what lies beyond the incredibly limited range of our own knowledge and senses. To know precisely how little we know about anything, take what the best minds can tell us about quantum mechanics. “Spooky action at a distance.” Really, Einstein, is that the best you could do?

There is more truth in William Wordsworth’s Intimation

of Immortality (to say nothing of Plato's Allegory of the Cave which obviously informed it) than in the collective works of Einstein, Hawking and others whose names are synonymous with genius. And unlike Einstein, Hawking and other prodigious scientific intellects, Wordsworth (and Plato) have never changed their minds, been proven wrong or reversed themselves in the essential theories they espoused. The truth is that a child in a happy home knows more of the true essence of the universe than the collective knowledge of scientists from the beginning of time.

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The plane still sits in a hangar with its cargo of hate in a Middle Eastern country awaiting its flight. I can do nothing but wait and perhaps dream another lucid dream. I have no illusion about being believed or having any power to change the outcome. Nor do I have any delusions about the universe attempting to contact me directly again. My only hope is that some who read this may take a leap of faith of their own and prepare for the coming end of days. And that they may take some solace in the knowledge that even a black hole will not destroy our part in the collective mind which will survive and flourish somewhere else in the omniverse. Who knows, perhaps others will receive the "gift" of this knowledge in a dream delivered directly by the collective mind which is always with us, always ready to communicate, if we are only receptive to receiving its messages.

Beyond our corporeal veil, beyond the limitation of our space time, beyond the duality of our natures as saints and sinners, beyond good and evil and beyond the hopelessness of existentialist despair, we are eternal, we are connected, we are one united by the spirited element and forever cradled in the mind of God.