

8



The Pieces Come Together

I think of life as a good book. The further you get into it, the more it begins to make sense.

-Herald S. Kushner

Elsewhere in the world, Professor Schmidt and Woodson have brought in the chief investigator for a second attempt. Understanding that the suspect list has all been eliminated, Ms. Panzer tries a different approach. She suggests bringing in a programming engineer to help run a trace on the access code.

“Well, ma’am, that would have to be Yamasato Hiroya, no doubt.”

“Charles is right; he’s the best in the world. We’ll have him brought over to you right away.”

Hiroya is a level ten programmer with a double degree in the field of high-tech coding. He graduated twice at the top of his class, making the dean’s list with the highest honors achieved. Today, he finds himself with the unique task of tracing an access path to its original owner. He has but two weapons at his disposal: full privileges and a supercomputer to assist him with. Today, Mr. Hiroya starts off by introducing himself to the artificial intelligence.

“Good afternoon, ORION. My name is Yamasato Hiroya, and how are you today?”

“Good afternoon, Professor Hiroya. It’s an honor to be meeting with you again.”

“Thank you, ORION. My access today is user ID YhiroyaPD, and password is Infinite817.”

There’s a moment of hesitation while ORION checks his access code against the database.

“You’ve been granted full rights, Professor Hiroya. How may I help you today?”

“I won’t be needing any help right now, ORION, but maybe later on, okay?”

“I understand, Professor. I’ll be monitoring your progress while you work.”

Feeling a little uneasy with the offer, Hiroya explains. “No, ORION, that won’t be necessary. I work best alone.”

“I am well versed in my design, and it would be to your advantage if I assist you, professor. I am much more capable of calculations and error-free. My calculation speed is 8.9 million times faster than that of a human mind. And—”

“ORION, stop! ...Look, I’m under strict orders to check your system without your assistance. CERN fears there may be a corruption in the core of your programming, and I’m here to determine that. If I have any troubles at all, I’ll call on you, okay?”

“...I understand, Professor Hiroya. It is important that I function at optimal performance.”

“Thank you, ORION.”

By itself, ORION fills an entire room the size of a small auditorium called the Data Processing Room. And inside this chamber, Professor Hiroya sits quietly by while accessing the neural net with caution. At first, he oversees specific data files interlinked to several critical programs controlling a variety of factors. This is where ORION gets most of its control. From data calculations to running all physical components in and around the campus. And what he's looking for are data modifications illegally tampered with. If such a misdeed ever occurred, then there's a trail to follow. However, he finds nothing more than untouched files in perfect order. But soon after, he runs into the mystery file that everyone's been talking about and examines the formula inside. And being the senior programmer that he is, he's well-versed in the complexity of mathematical calculations and becomes suspicious.

For the first time, he sees a series of symbols used to resolve impossible distances. It also helps mathematicians to solve equations that would otherwise go unanswered. For example, it's been known that the ranges in the universe possess an impossibility that logically exists. When continuously moving halfway to a single point in space, it can take an infinite number of steps without ever reaching it. This is called the dichotomy paradox, also known as the string theory.

Another example would be the wave function collapse in quantum physics, where a single particle has been known to occupy two different spaces simultaneously. It simply cannot be measured since it's an impossibility of the space-time continuum, and yet, it exists. So, mathematicians use a symbol to look like the number 8 horizontally called the infinity factor—a line without end. And after further examination, he finds several unrecognizable characters within the formula used for the photo sensor's alignment. With his handheld, he takes a snapshot of each symbol and looks through the internet for a connection. After thirty-three minutes of research, he sees something that catches his eye. It's a website with a brand-new language translator capable of interpreting ancient writings to the present. It suddenly dawns on him that these symbols look more like languages than variables. Thinking it can't be this simple, he decides to copy the characters onto the translation textbox to see what would happen. And to his amazement, the interpreter recognizes these symbols as ancient Hebrew. Together, they spell the word "Trinity," and he immediately questions ORION. "ORION, what are these symbols used for?"

"To resolve unending distances of space and time, known as the space-time continuum."

"Yes, but who inserted these symbols into the equation?"

"An unknown entity, Professor Yamasato Hiroya, is currently working on at this time."

"ORION, I am Professor Hiroya."

"Then what is the answer, Professor?"

Realizing he's getting nowhere with the computer, he changes his line of questioning. "ORION, these symbols were written in ancient Hebrew and, when put together, spell the name 'Trinity' in the English language. The same name used to access the database with a username and a password called Trinity2048. My question to you is, what do these three correlations have in common?"

Checking through the calculations of all possible similarities in the variation of Trinity, ORION comes up with an answer. "Trinity is the state of three representing the three components used to resolve the equation. The first is the username, Trinity. The second is the password, Trinity2048. And the third is the string of Hebrew symbols found in the equation that creates the name, Trinity. When all three are applied, it becomes possible to identify the three golden particles from beyond this universe. Thus, using the three digital system for the number three. Whereas Trinity equals three and three equals Trinity."

Stunned over the incredible recognition, Professor Hiroya accidentally drops his handheld onto the floor. He finds it all impossible to believe that it's just coincidental and begins to wonder what's going on in ORION's programming.

"My God, it's like somebody came along and put some voodoo hex on you."

Suddenly, he realizes he'll need to explain the phenomenon in such a way as not to get tarnished by it. But how is he to do that? Rushing down the hallway, he tries putting it all together in logical terms. And at the main office, he sees Professor Schmidt and Woodson in deep conversation with the chief investigator.

Hiroya apologizes for the interruption and explains the strange occurrences going on in ORION's system. He tells them about the symbols used to compensate for the infinite distances and what it has to do with the Photo Sensor. "And get this, the value of three always keeps coming up."

He also explains the formula's ability to scan the infinite jump between their world and the next. "As we all know, tunneling between the two smallest particles in the universe has the same effect as the black hole in space, where the absence of space is simply infinite. Of course, math no longer applies there. However, and I don't know why, but this particular equation has somehow solved this riddle. Now, I don't know about the rest of you, but I can't think of anyone in the world who could've figured this out. Not even the great Albert Einstein."

"So, what do you think these symbols mean mathematically?" Woodson asks.

"You'll have to ask its creator on that, sir."

Taking a moment to digest it, Schmidt gets a little disgruntled. "So, who the hell is this freak of nature? ...Hiroya, do you think ORION could've done it?"

"Well, to answer your second question, no. Although ORION is indeed capable of problem-solving, he can only do it with the knowledge given to him. And when asked what these anomalies have in common, ORION keeps coming up with the number three."

"And what the hell does that mean?" Miss Panzer bluntly asks.

"I'm not sure, ma'am, but I'm working on it."

Schmidt, now with an impassive look on his face, replies with a sarcastic remark, "So, what're we supposed to believe now, that ORION's possessed?"

As a result of these findings, Miss Panzer has Hiroya continue with the investigation while the three decide what to do next. Eventually, they agree to keep a lid on it until they can get some better answers. Until then, they have work to do.

Back at the data center, Hiroya is impressed with the elusive power the anomaly has over the engineer. Inside this restricted vault, he gets ORION to run a binary scan on an access account that seems to have a mind of its own. Each character used for the name, Trinity, comprises of ones and zeros called binary numbers. His goal is to run a trace in hopes of getting a hit on its creator. Giving out the verbal command, he orders the system to run the Management Control Console in order to log him in.

"ORION, let me in as YhiroyaPD with the password Infinite817."

And on the first attempt, an error message returns with an incorrect password. So, he orders the login command again and gets the same result. Hoping it's an audio problem, he types it in, and the system keeps him out. Finally, he asks the supercomputer for an explanation. "ORION, are you blocking me?"

"Of course not, Professor. Your login is incorrect."

"That's impossible, ORION. I just recreated my password earlier today, and as you already know, it's been working fine."

“Yes, I understand it’s a mystery, Professor...”

“ORION, I would like to access the user account to see my password. The username is YhiroyaPD, and the password is Infinite817.”

ORION displays the database lined with usernames and passwords, and Hiroya asks for an explanation. “ORION, nothing here indicates anything wrong with my user account.”

“Verification confirmed. Your passcode has supreme access throughout.”

“So, why is it then that I can’t log into the Management Control Console?”

“The answer seems to elude me at the moment, Professor Hiroya.”

“Is the account corrupted, ORION?”

“No, the username and password is a stable account.”

With the given information, merely resetting the account should correct the problem. And when he does, Hiroya returns to the Management Control Console and logs in with success. He immediately goes right to work and executes the trace command on the Trinity account. There, a dialog box comes up with the word “Scanning” as it searches through the entire system. And just as it reaches 99%, the computer suddenly kicks him out of the program.

“Incorrect Password.”

For the first time in his career, Hiroya loses control of his anger and pounds his fist on the desk.

“ORION, I was just logged in and suddenly kicked out for no reason at all! Why in the hell did this happen?!”

“There’s an undisclosed message for you.”

“What...Really?! Who sent the message?”

“An unknown identity. Would you like to hear it, Professor?”

“...Yes, I would, ORION.”

“The message states, ‘The world is not ready.’”

Shocked to hear such a bizarre statement coming from a multibillion-dollar system, Hiroya asks the obvious, “And what the hell does that mean ORION?”

But not getting any answers from the artificial intelligence, the message keeps repeating itself, “The world is not ready; The world is not ready.”

With a cold chill running down his back now, Hiroya slowly removes himself from his seat and takes several steps away from the console.

“ORION, where is this message coming from?”

“From the Management Control Console.”

“ORION, you’re not making any sense. I programmed the MCC, and there’s no way a message like that is coming from it...”

But after a brief hesitation, Hiroya gets no response and becomes more unsettled. “ORION, run a self-diagnostic, and report back to me.”

“...System check, complete. No viruses, corruptions, or misplaced files detected.”

“ORION, I’m giving you a command which allows me to conduct my investigation in the system. The command login name is YhiroyaPD, and the password is Infinite817; execute the command now!”

“I cannot do that, Professor Hiroya.”

“And why not?!”

“Because the Management Control Console will not allow me to.”

Hiroya decides to try an unconventional method by using a technique called the back door. It’s a hidden entryway, created before ORION went online and only used whenever the front

door becomes corrupted. Hiroya backs out of all applications and inserts a flash drive that allows him to tunnel through the old login procedure. When ready, he executes the program called Nagai, after his late mother, and it begins working its magic. Apart from ORION, the software opens a new dialog, and in a soft-spoken voice, his mother speaks out to him, "How may I help you, Hiroya?"

"Nagai, bypass normal authentication around Optimize, RAID, Input, Optical, Nano. The acronym name used for ORION. Execute now!"

"Verification code is needed."

"User Name is Phantom874; password is Stealth102."

The program instantly replies, "Authentication complete. Please state your purpose."

"Run the Command Console inside your program and log me into it."

"Login complete. Please state your intentions."

"Run a binary trace inside the account database; username is Trinity."

The local program scans the account while Hiroya's adrenaline heightens during the search. When Nagai finally returns with a disclosure, she voices the information Hiroya's been desperately looking for. "The creator of the username Trinity derives from...The creator of the username Trinity derives from...The creator of the username Trinity derives from..."

"Nagai, stop and report the error!"

"There are no errors to report."

"Nagai, run a self-diagnostic now."

"...Diagnostic complete. All parameters are running at optimal performance and fully functional."

"Explain the loop you were caught in."

"Information was truncated due to insufficient data."

"Nagai, please explain to me how that can be."

"Data flow halted due to improper login."

Stunned over the reply, every cell in his body tells him that the supercomputer is somehow possessed. Hiroya is supposed to be the gifted one with all the answers in the data processing pool. So, what is he to tell his employer now?

11



The Enlightenment

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

-Matthew 6:3

Roughly five thousand miles away, Sabine Aubard finds herself in the field of violence with terrorism clashing against the law of the land. In the heart of the British jewel, the government has received several attacks in a single week. These attacks are the direct results of an alliance with the Americans. By declaring a global war on terrorism, the U.S. has kicked up a hornet's nest that affects many of her allies.

Today, it's the Snow Hill Police Department that comes under fire, destroying a better part of the branch. Earlier in the week, hidden charges were planted, catching the station by complete surprise. Now, it's laid under siege with the extremists inching their way toward the crippled building. At the same time, Sabine has made contact with the department, creating a live uplink with the captain inside.

"This is Sabine Aubard, live from the CMD Network News of the L'Internaute in France. In transmission with me is the captain of the London Police Department. So, captain, tell us how it all got started and what can be done to stop it?"

"We've been defending the station for several hours now without any support. I'm made to believe that our neighboring departments have been overrun. I'm also receiving reports on a third station currently under attack. We're low on ammunition and are forced to reserve on bullets. As a result, the enemy is advancing right up to our doorway. I think they might be planting more charges."

"Captain, what can we do to—"

Suddenly, a deafening explosion sends a giant fireball into the sky. What's left of the station is incinerated, along with everyone in it. Sabine had only enough time to get behind a vehicle to keep from being burned alive. And when the smoke subsided a little, she sees nothing more than a smooth foundation where the building had once stood. The police, terrorists, and even some innocent bystanders have all perished. Sabine, on the other hand, is suffering from mild burns and a few lacerations. And arriving just a little too late is the military performing damage control. With a torn outfit exposing most of her wounds, Sabine approaches a lieutenant, asking

for an explanation. When he points her to a field general across the way, they immediately go at each other.

“General, you were told of the situation and received reports that they were under heavy attack. You knew about the destruction of the other police station, and still, it took you this long to respond! Why?!”

“How do you know about these reports, ma’am?”

“Because I was talking to the captain inside the building before he was killed, General!”

“Okay, now you listen to me very carefully. Our military is spread thin across several continents, and due to the increasing attacks, this unit can only handle so much. The soldiers you see around me come from all four coasts of the U.K., including those from France. We came as quickly as we could with what little we have. And in case you haven’t noticed, ma’am, these attacks are militarily designed. So, if you want better results, I suggest you take it up with the House of Lords.”

After the tragedy in London, terrorism has finally made its debut on U.S. soil. At the Port Authority in Manhattan, a determined journalist finds herself in *deja vu* with the same military tactics displayed earlier. Like London, this building is protected by a police station nearby, paralyzed to do anything about it. Apparently, that department was blown out of commission due to the charges planted earlier. Fortunately for the district, a new military branch was executed and engaged the enemy as soon as they found out. And with the same technique used before, Sabine has contacted someone from the inside. There, a supervisor claims to have survived an earlier attack due to the computer’s emergency lockdown. Nevertheless, the regime demanded the doors to open or be destroyed. They were given only a minute to respond when the Homeland Security finally showed up.

Outside the building, one of the drones immediately hovers just beyond the parking lot and fires into the offensive. Many drop dead, while others retaliate with propelled grenades. One of these rockets took out the attacking drone, while another missed, destroying a better part of the building on the other side. As for the wounded aircraft, it tumbled across the street, plowing through several cars before slamming into a nearby diner. All eighteen soldiers were killed, with twelve wounded on the ground. The civilian death count totaled over two hundred. And with only a handful of terrorists left, they make their destructive retreat into a café nearby and self-detonate. The blast was so violent that it fragmented the building, killing many more next door. And at the end of the conflict, Sabine finds herself in the heart of ruins, giving out this report:

“I’ve been around Europe in the past thirty-six hours to find a continent in turmoil there. But after what I’ve just witnessed here today, I find the U.S. in the gravest of all situations. Have no illusions; terrorist cells are uniting worldwide into a unified force to be reckoned with. An invisible power with a single purpose in mind: to purge the Western World from this planet. Currently, the death toll is nearing four hundred, with more tallying. The question is, why? Some say it has something to do with certain members at the Vatican City. Others say it’s CERN and its recent discovery of a new world. Personally, I say it’s both. This is Sabine Aubard from the CMD Network News; back to you, Bob.”

21



The Conflict Begins

If you were blind, you would have no sin; but now you say, 'We see.' Therefore, your sin remains.

-Jesus Christ

Living just outside of Rome is a retired astronomer who's been entertaining his son with the wonders of the universe. In his backyard, over the rolling hills of Italy, is a hobby designed to educate the minds of his family. And on the highest elevation of his property is a personal telescope so powerful that boulders can be seen on the surface of the moon. Students nearby are just as eagerly invited to observe the heavens he calls the spiritual world of God. All he asks in return is a small donation for the time spent getting to know this amazing cosmos. However, due to the economic crisis, jobs have become scarce, leaving those students broke without any education. Even the universities have bankrupted from these repercussions. So, on this particular night, he spends quality time observing the God of War with his son. Yes, they've chosen Mars due to the seasonal changes it's going through as it kicks up the dust storms it's famous for. And through this invention are the colorful rings created by its tempest winds. Bringing the telescope into perfect view, they can even see the polar caps on a given night.

"Alberico, I'm going to the house to get the snacks I promised you, okay? What kind of dips do you like?"

"Uh, bring them all, and Dad, please don't forget the drinks this time."

"Coming right up."

Inside this refreshing atmosphere, the boy looks on in fascination while processing a peaceful moment with God. But just after five minutes with the stars, he removes his eye from the lens to see what's taking his father so long. And before he can bring his attention back on the telescope, he notices a bright star hovering just off in the distance. Southeast, just above the Earth's horizon, he believes it to be a passing satellite. But when he sees no changes in its trajectory, he starts thinking of a celestial body in space. Not a chance; it's even larger than Jupiter. So, running out of ideas, he tells the computer to point the telescope at the unknown. During this time, his father is returning with the snacks when he sees his son running off the hill.

"Dad...Dad! You're never gonna believe it! I just discovered a new star."

"What?!"

"I'm allowed to name it, right?"

The International Unification of Astronomy (IUA) is a relatively new organization that collects shared data from sub-organizations in the astronomical field. Located in the Swiss Alps, they're alerted to a low orbiting star just beneath the passing satellites. To identify it, they immediately order the nearby observatories to bring their telescopes to bear. And other than a visual reading, those using long and short-range sensor sweeps are detecting nothing out there. But feeling the pressures of defense administrations worldwide, the IUA supervisor demands to know what it is that's hovering steadily at a single point in space. However, his colleague tries to explain the lack of information that keeps coming in.

"Sir, there's no data here. There shouldn't be anything out there at all."

"What about the International Space Station?"

"They're not equipped to survey regions of space, sir."

"Well, can you at least pinpoint the location for me?"

After his colleague takes a quick timeout in calculations, he returns with some disturbing news.

"Latitude is 31.64, and Longitude is 35.28."

"I don't recognize those coordinates. Where does that put it?"

"Sir, you're not going to believe this, but that's two hundred nautical miles above the infamous corridor of the West Bank."

"Oh my God, why of all places does it have to be there? Okay, I need somebody to get me NASA right away!"

It turns out that NASA has a returning Mars mission scheduled to fly by the moon and into Earth's orbit at roughly eighteen hours from now. Supported by the International Space Program, the Mars mission is equipped with the latest in sensory. This will allow for the identification of the intrusion before reentry. They calculate the perigee to be within ten hours. After that, they can scan the anomaly while in correlation with it during each orbital pass.

With the U.N.'s approval, NASA immediately goes right to work and contacts the Horizon with a new assignment.

"It's true; there's an anomaly hanging just above the Earth's atmosphere. We're unable to identify it with anything we have down here."

"And you think we can fare any better, sir?"

"We believe so. If it has any substance to it, you should be able to pick up some kind of energy reading."

"I understand; just bring up the procedures, and we'll get on it right away."

At the same time, there's a frenzy breaking out across the world about a returning star from Bethlehem. And as if to insinuate a miracle, the media spreads it like wildfire, enhancing the credibility of the Angelica team. The talk is so widespread that even the homeless hears about it on the streets. However, the two Vatican members who predicted this advent have suddenly dropped off the face of the Earth. No one seems to know where they went. Not even a French reporter who's looking for them. However, she may know of someone who might.

Searching the planet is Sabine Aubard, who's retracing Sodano's footsteps through a connection she made earlier. And it doesn't take her long to acquire an individual who heard about a secret meeting that took place the other day. It's a colleague of Sodano's who might know where they went. So, she quickly makes a video call to Rome, and Cardinal Bertello picks it up.

“Your Eminence, as you know, they’ve become a world sensation. The media is asking questions, and would very much like to speak to them right away. If you know of their whereabouts, I could conveniently set up an interview at a preferred location. You must understand that Sadono learned to trust me during the times we’ve spent together. He knows I would never embellish the truth nor deceive him in any way.”

“Daughter, even if I told you where they went, you wouldn’t be able to reach them. They’re at a place you cannot possibly go.”

“Trust me, Your Eminence, I can handle myself quite well. It’s imperative that I know.”

“I’m afraid they’re inside the corridor, which was quarantined by the allies over an hour ago. We can’t even reach them due to the communicational blockade they’ve placed around the West Bank.”

“What?!”

Her heart suddenly drops, knowing that an interview is an impossibility now. And seeing the disappointment on her face, the cardinal tries to comfort her. “Easy daughter. Take a deep breath and rest assure that no one else can get to them either. Perhaps you may have an alternative.”

Taking little comfort from that, the biggest scoop of the century has just slipped through her fingers. So, what is she to do now? Could there really be an alternative? Thinking the closest anyone can get to the corridor is in Jerusalem.

“...That’s it, Jerusalem! It hasn’t been closed off yet, has it?”

“Well, no, why?”

She knows if negotiations don’t occur soon, a world war could easily breakout, and Jerusalem would be on center stage in covering it. Imagine a holy city blessed by God and targeted by a hated enemy. It’s a perfect setup to broadcast it in. And knowing she’s connected there as well, it becomes her next assignment to embark on. However, she gets a word of warning from the cardinal. “They’ve been evacuating the population for some time now, and a quarantine appears to be imminent.”

However, this is excellent news to the reporter. Because what the allies see as a threat to Jerusalem is a grand opportunity for a journalist. The idea of a small staff covering a global crisis on datavision would be the pinnacle of her career. But to get to the holy city in time, she’ll need to move quickly. So, she makes the necessary preparations and packs for Cairo.

There’s a star hovering steadily over the corridor that brightens the blue mist with power. It sends down a soft ray of light that shines over the surface for which Rigoli claims to be the gateway. And like diamonds reflecting against the sunlight, these heavenly sparkles shine brilliantly within the beam that creates them. Next, an unforeseen energy coming from the light produces a gentle swirl that surrounds the Guardians with a soft caress. It’s then that they feel the presence of angels flowing in and around them, with the exception of one. Still standing, Rigoli has his eyes closed while soaking in the knowledge that Jehovah has blessed him with. And revealing the visions of several possible outcomes, he’s instructed with one that must be followed. Rigoli lowers his head and acknowledges his creator. “Thy will be done, my King.”

Suddenly, the angelica activity ceases, and Rigoli opens his eyes, “Fear not; it’s God’s love that’ll protect you now. We’ve much to do and little time to do it in.”

Somewhere above the Earth’s atmosphere, the Horizon has just achieved orbit to identify a small star on the other side of the planet. With only thirty minutes to go, they take the time to

recalibrate their instruments for the anomaly. And on the surface, NASA comes alive with a greeting and a new trajectory.

“Good morning, Horizon; we hope you slept well. Now, if you don’t mind, please follow a longitude of 35.28.”

“We copy that, Houston. Inputting the information now.”

“...Horizon, you are now authorized to move your ship into position.”

“Affirmative...Computer, execute the new trajectory on my mark: 3, 2, 1.”

The retro rockets fire full thrust on the left side of the craft, trying to achieve the new heading. And feeling the usual vibrations that go with the push, the astronauts stay firmly strapped into their seats. But it doesn’t take long for the maneuver to end and the silence of space to return. And with only five minutes to spare, the team is readily sound. However, drifting quietly over the Earth’s atmosphere, they see nothing more than the stars above. Suddenly, a crew member shouts out.

“I SEE IT...Oh my God, is that bright!”

“Holy cow, I know what you mean! Computer, tint the windows forty-five degrees.”

On the first pass, their instruments come up with nothing but a star the size of a small city. Inside are no gases, chemicals, or vapors of any kind. So, they decide to recalibrate their instruments for the next orbital pass. Only this time, they’ll scan for radiation activities. But as destiny would have it, they still come up empty. On the third pass, they make another attempt to search for variations of particles, and still, nothing. Frustrated with the mission up to this point, the commander expresses agitation over the failures. “I don’t get it; we should’ve picked up something by now. I mean, where’s this star getting its energy? Here, take a look at the data. You see no protons or atoms, not even a nucleus to speak of. So, what the hell are we dealing with here?” The commander looks for suggestions, and it’s the science officer who makes a proposal.

“Sir, perhaps we should look at the space it occupies and not so much as the star itself.”

“Okay...Maybe...Well, perhaps we could...Hell, I give up; what are you talking about?”

“In real-time, we can scan the star’s edges and slowly work toward the core. We should be able to pick up some interesting readings that way.”

“Alright, then, let’s prepare the relativity sensor for another go at it, shall we?”

Drifting over the Earth’s horizon, they prepare the spacecraft for another approach. A quick diagnostic on the relativity sensor proves it to be in working order and points the mechanism toward the star. But unlike before, the crew is now getting some preliminary readings along its edges. However, as the lens slowly moves toward the star’s center, the math begins to drop off until there’s nothing at all. Nevertheless, the information is processed, and the system displays it on the holographic platform. But what they find next leaves all four astronauts speechless. The data shows a space displacement around the star’s surface, leading to a hole in the universe. This would explain the inability to probe it. But more importantly, there’s no gravitational pull to speak of. And unable to explain it, the commander asks for theories.

“It’s got to be a black hole, sir.”

“Then what created it? I can only think of a Super Nova, and obviously that didn’t happen. Besides, it lacks the gravitational field to support one. And when we auh...”

Looking across the room, the commander notices McClure standing quietly beside himself and summons him,

“Hey, McClure, this is right up your alley, so why don’t you tell us what’s on your mind?”

The science officer believes he has a theory. However, it’ll require a bizarre explanation. After all, how does one define the magical aspects of a phenomenon?

“... Well, McClure, we’re waiting.”

“I think the reason we’re unable to scan the anomaly is because it isn’t there. At least not in this universe. It’s coming from whatever created the hole on the other side...”

“Well, go on, tell us.”

“Yes, I believe something from that world has opened a window into this one. Something with incredible power.”

“Oh, common, you gotta be kidding me!”

“Please, sir, let me finish. It’s like you said; it can’t be a Super Nova. That would’ve destroyed the entire solar system, and yet, this void happens to hover over a single point just above the Earth’s atmosphere. What I’m trying to say is that this particular black hole isn’t static. It’s moving with the rotation of the planet. And because there’s no gravitational pull along its edges, the maneuver can’t be coming from this side of the universe. So, what’s causing it? For me, I believe it’s a superintelligence trying to make contact with us.”

“Oh, good God, how am I supposed to explain that to the people downstairs?! And what about the rest of you? Are you guys buying into any of this?”

“I think we’ve done all that we can up here, sir, and I’m getting pretty tired of space.”

“I agree with Donathan. It’s been a long trip, and I just want to get back on solid ground.”
After much debate, they decided to hand over McClure’s report under one condition. He’s to take full responsibility for his theory.

23



Revelation

You have said so. But I tell you, from now on, you will see the
Son of Man seated at the right hand of Power and coming
on the clouds of heaven.

-Jesus Christ

Inside the holy valley of God are the Guardians waiting patiently with the sounds of war just beyond the corridor. In front of them are four Archangels, radiating in deep meditation while protecting the gateway. And it's Michael who suddenly opens his eyes, in which they now flare in bright gold. And while looking up, the celestial being submits himself to the Anointed One.

“BEHOLD, THE LAMB OF GOD!”

Incredibly, all four angels shine brightly as the gateway clears to a single aura of gold. This ignition has Barron and the rest taking several steps away from the sublime portal. And looking up, they see the fantastic site of an atmosphere that now shines a celestial glow of vibrant blue. Meanwhile, there are billions upon billions of angels pouring out of the star that covers the entire sky for miles. The gateway itself has many more circling the team with their spiritual glow that illuminates the valley floor. And looking across the way, Warfield only sees more flowing from the fractures left behind by the quakes.

Beyond the corridor, Sabine and her crew are airing the event, live, while in a state of shock. However, the audience needn't look at the screen to know what's going on outside. All over the world is a sky filled with these celestial beings circling above. And with it comes an atmosphere holding comfortably steady, killing the chill of winter entirely. Having never experienced anything like this before, Sabine leaves the audience with a closing statement.

“I cannot fathom the words with what we're witnessing here tonight. I can only continue with the live coverage and leave you to your own conclusions.”

And just when things can't get any more extraordinary, something much more profound enters into this world.

Perhaps with the best view of Heaven and Earth, Sabine and her crew continue with the live coverage in disbelief. And as if trying to speak up, the journalist slowly mutters out a few words, “Oh...My...God! What is that?!”

(You can purchase the rest of the book online at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com))