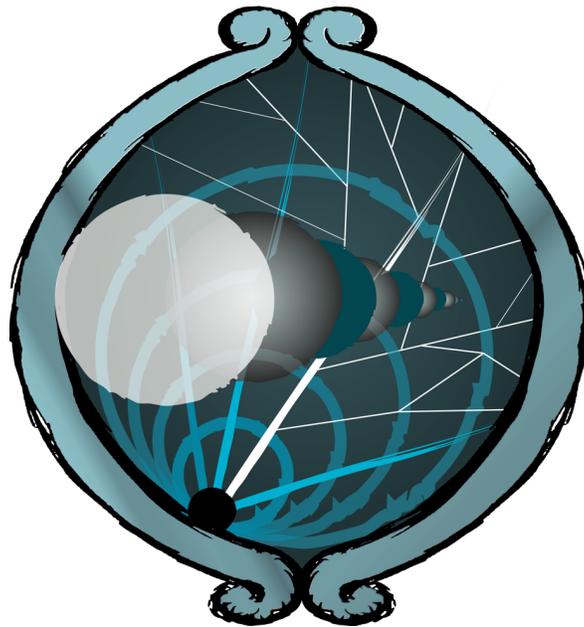


Splinter Theory

J. S. Anthony



a story from the

children of the storm

Anthology

Chapter I

Resolution

Or: wherein I outline motives for all that follows after

These frightened wretches bother me.

Why must humanity content itself to wrestle over those things which they ought to revel in? Why again to rejoice about all manners of horrid abominations they ought rather to run from! I have grown so tired of all such conventions. We are such paltry creatures: fleshbound and in fear of reason. Its chill surmounts our love of truth. It festers our dark reliance.

I resolve, therefore, to let no harm befall this most noble and true exploration.

Let turned to ash fall all the gods! Likewise, fall these mortal hearts. I must, by pledge and obligation, commit to press beyond these social norms. Of all these worried weaklings, I must dare to shoulder the burden of cold resolution. Why must our kind be disposed to warmth? What gains have such trivialities? *Truth is cold*. Reason is righteous. Therefore, if I must cast aside all feints of *niceness*, for the exercise of this pursuit, so be it. Be gone thou affectations! I must endeavor elsewhere!

Thy constant interference isn't welcome.

So have I begun, to address beyond the boundary. That unspoken dread which chills the mind to apathy shan't unnerve me. Where others' bones lay strewn in heaps, their plight forsaken at the hem of hope...there I actively plunge my grip. On I go: into the dark, into the cold, into the fell unknown.

That is the notion that plagues me most. Tampering with things, like time and space and knowledge, is prone to challenge decades. I wonder if I shall overturn past victory into tragedy. Shall I overwrite some feat of greatness? I cannot know. *But that is my task*. I shall guide an uncontrollable force of nature into its proper direction. I must tell it when to heel. I command it when to march: where to turn and where to remain. Or else it shall become *my* master.

But this is also preferable to ignorance. Oh well.

I must press on! Because, for all the possibility of being made the thrall of Chaos...there is no meaning apart from all that lies ahead.

There is only the question.

Oh the languid hearts of humanity! They are constantly set to rest upon mere feints of knowledge. Never, it seems, are they to dwell with the cosmic cradle of blissful nescience. All our kind,

myself included but for my acknowledgement therefrom, are poisoned by this atrophy. All elect to flee uncertainty—rather than embrace the single and only truth we may ever grasp as finite beings!

For there is that one constant of the universe.

Tis *not* absolute verity, *not* answers: but *questions*.

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This brings me to my present situation.

It all began when approached by a man named Dr. Harold Kendrick. Kendrick was a professor of applied physics at Xanadu University, in the state of Jefferson, United States. I had heard of the man before (from an article published here or there), but I had not followed his work in any great detail.

Things are usually so, between scholars in differing academic fields.

When he found me, I had just finished a lecture on Theoretical Reasoning at the State College of Southern California.

“Hullo there!” said he. He brushed his way down the aisle past fleeing students.

I did not waste energy in response. Instead, I continued packing things until he reached the desk.

“I say, Dr. Anderson? Christopher Anderson?”

“Ah...yes?” said I, looking up. The interaction now seemed unavoidable.

He continued to introduce himself. Then he smiled, as if expecting me to make some remark which would allow an ease of conversation. But, as any of my students know well, I abhor any kind of social grace. Any such rhetoric that exists for the sole purpose of perpetuating pointless conversations ought to be steadily done away with.

So, there came an awkward moment where I simply stared at the man who awaited a response.

He then coughed to the side, as to alleviate this tension, and finally proceeded.

“Yes...well...I have come down to speak with you about a certain project, which I and the rest of the faculty up north feel we could use your particular expertise on.”

“Oh? And what is that?” said I. Gathering my bag to my shoulder, I immediately departed the lecture hall. I did not care much for the gallantly smiling man who seemed determined to bother me. For now that class had finished, I had begun reentering my thoughts from where I had left them in this morning. Wishing nothing more than to so delve, I left for a quiet place until my afternoon classes recalled me.

Much to my dismay, the scientist continued to follow me: a politician on campaign. His smile also followed. Such features were likely a thing most found to be quite charming. I would disagree. It only served to accumulate my dislike for the whole of the person around it.

“Well...” he persisted in tow of my flight, “the fellows and I at Xanadu, would like to offer you a temporary position to work with us on a task of some extreme implications and of some potentially grand importance.”

“Hmm. Is that so?” said I, continuing to walk through the sunlit halls.

“Yes, indeed! You are one of the greatest minds that the field of speculation and deduction has every seen; we need your mind on this project.”

At this, I stopped for a moment to square upon the man.
His flattery was not unfounded, but it's intent was obvious.

“You are a Scientist, are you not?”

“Indeed, sir,”

“And I am a Theoretician—a *Philosopher*?”

“I am aware of that.”

“I can only assume one of two conclusions. Either, you are either in charge of overseeing a task you oughtn't, or your request of me is simply to have my name attached on your project. Which is the case?”

He stumbled over his words a moment. This gave me my answer.

“Ah. Yet I perceive your pride is such that risk of failure would incline you *away* from tasks you feel you couldn't deal with. *Hmm, yes. Now I see.* You were given a task that has since exceeded your abilities. *That makes sense.* Only, I struggle think of an example, within clear reason and within your field, which would require aid from me and mine—*how interesting indeed.*”

“Er, yes... I had hoped that this task would interest you. And you are most correct in your thoughts, sir,” said Kendrick, regaining himself. “Furthermore, I know for a fact that you are only here by choice. A man of your capacity, teaching at State? It's a wonder, sir! I have it on good authority that you are here for no other reason, but that you are bored. Thus, what I offer you is not a fixed position nor a high salary; while these may tempt lesser men. You, I tempt with a *question*. One that I, nor anyone else, can possibly hope to answer.”

“*Hmm,*” said I. Of course I was intrigued, though I'd resolved not to show it. This chap irked me. I'd determined to despise him. “What sort of question?”

“We are engaging in an experiment of wondrous proportions,” began Kendrick, obviously transitioning into his elevator pitch, “which may revolutionize the means of transportation and human longevity!”

Of course, his mysterious subject was immediately obvious to me.

“You are working with *teleportation*, then?”

Kendrick's brow rose with shock. His eyes darted to and fro—a rabbit wary of looming falcons. “How could you possibly know that?” he rasped in hushed tones.

“Obvious,” said I. “I have been following the scientific trends of Xanadu for some time, and I had long thought teleportation was being pursued. You confirmed that suspicion just now under your guise of ‘transportation’. Furthermore, I know that you must be going about this through a means of particle disassembly, and thus your gormless thoughts of the application in the fields of longevity.”

The strain on his poised demeanor was quite clear to me. The fluid prose was beginning to crumble under the weight of disposed pride. This excited me, perhaps more than his offer.

It could be said that vexing others was a fault of my pleasure. Though, it's more truthful to say I simply have little care for other's temperaments. Furthermore, I make no habits of suffering another's lack of objectivity.

“Nonetheless,” I continued, “I’m still unaware of why you’ve sent for *me*. There’s nothing worthy of note in this matter to engage my sort.”

“Well...” stuttered the otherwise collected man, “there was something unexpected that came up in our last run with our experimentation...”

That is usually what happens when a person is out of their depth, I thought.

“...which brought new factors into play.”

That caught my attention.

“New factors?” I asked.

I could see his thoughts backpedal through his eyes. They fluttered.

“Yes...err...results, or rather side effects, that were unprecedented.”

“How interesting. Very well,” I concluded outright. “I *will* join you, then.”

“You will?” said the man. A spark lit his eye, mingled with confusion.

“Indeed. I will see if your *new factors* may suffice to retain my attention.”

I was, of course, not yet *fully* persuaded. There were no clear facts. There was however, enough mystery to bind me. In truth, I’d already thought to agree once my suspicions on teleportation were confirmed. To put it simply, I’d found messing with this man an enjoyable event. Yet, with regard to what actually lay ahead, my powers of speculation are such that I knew whatever came would hold more interest than my position at State.

Thus after a few more meaningless words with Kendrick, I made quick work of fastening together my things and taking a leave from the State University. I packed my few things and was on the next flight north, to Xanadu University in Jefferson.

Chapter 2

The Question at Hand

Or: wherein I am brought to Xanadu University, and begin my research.

When any principle is traced back to its foundation, you will inevitably find a question as its source. There, at the head of all streams of knowledge comes this reigning might of all philosophy. Indeed, our greatest minds all come so close to this witness — to at the last moment avert the purity of their aim. That in the final hours of their great pursuits, they moved that fateful step. Again, to turn past reality to what is deemed *pragmatic*. Again, they rather discern what thoughts may produce a solid workable soil for life, rather than they which accord with reality.

In this, they polluted the pure river of the cosmos.

They concluded that there must be a bedrock belief which lays at the fountainhead of all others. A belief which must be assumed, because, as the ultimate truth, it is necessary to support the rest of a person's views about the world. This system...is flawed. It assumes itself. Stating an axiom in defense of the theory of an ultimate axiom is self fulfilling prophecy, and thereby a self-refuting one.

At the furthest point, back to which you travel, there is *not* a truth. Indeed, if looking into a matter, all you see is truth therein, then you have stopped short...in fear of the unknown.

In fear of the cold you tremble. In fear of the dark you close your eyes.

If the road ahead seems to end...if your quest for knowledge seems to conclude...then you have not ventured far enough to see around the bend! For there is where paved road ends. Now the gravel goes forth. It runs on into the mist and toward the wild lands.

As much as a longing for foundations may bring humanity *near* to bliss...the fear of the unknown will always bind them back into a riptide of anxiety! Take courage, all spineless sentience! Push past all that supposed bedrock and open your eyes! There are no absolutes on which are to rest. *To rest*, is the height of self-deception. The duty of the mind is to press on past all of this! So, live up to the intellect to which you have been gifted. Dare that the question lingers.

Perhaps if you all pressed past the bedrock you blindly lay upon, instead to rejoice upon the unanswered questions that follow thereafter...you may invent *true* peace of mind.

For, no matter how far you back up a 'truth,' you will not find solid rock. You will not be left with truth but with a question. It asks *why*? It asks *how*? You say that matter and energy is all there are,

when all things regress? That begs a question. You say a god is the thing from which all other things come? How can you know this to be so? At the very heart of every pillar of truth, behind every wall of reason, there always lies...the void. Another chasm. Another question. That, you see, is the duty of the mind.

The Mind: the single most precious force in all of creation.

Its function is to consume the questions of the Universe, to translate into answers.

The Universe: the great architect of information.

Its function is to build cosmic cathedrals, which all Minds may then discover.

For the Mind seeks out the crevices, and shines the light of revelation!

The Universe then takes these answers, and with them creates further minds.

Minds grow upon their elder's shoulders, from these old answers unearthing new questions...

These they resolve, and so pressing the void — the Universe may grow!

People say things of the Universe move toward chaos. This is a good thought. For the Universe is the yin, to the yang of the Mind. Each stands opposite of the other. For the things of the Mind move toward the ordered solutions, while things of the Universe move toward the chaotic unknown.

So goes the eternal cadence of the cosmos! These two entities of the ninth-dimension play off one another.

The Universe of Chaos. The Mind of Order.

The Fixtures of Entropy. The Figments of Reason.

This is the *purpose* of the Cosmos. This is true *meaning*.

My opponents debate me, often claiming this thought is only veiled nihilism. To this I scoff. Nihilism is the belief that 'all has no meaning.' But such a thing is impossible to know for certain; that belief itself *begs* a question. Again, one may say that purporting the foundation of the cosmos lays on a question, *too begs a question*. "Aha!" they may say, "you are also circular in this!"

Foolishness. Therein lies the beauty of this framework.

It would only prove the very point! For the indictment of circularity may only prove a valid objection should the necessary foundations exist to render questions useless. But they do not exist at all. There lay the infinite abyss of *the unanswered*. The question begged by this theory, the basis of question, remains then the only doubt which must work to further the theory itself. All other doubts may undo a thing... But doubt, that glimmer of query, this the very fuel of our unquenchable idea.

This thought is the only claim irreproachable by skepticism.

Questions run like a line of fire about the rim of creation. Fear you the blazing heat? Fear you life about the ashen anterior and more still the uncharted lands beyond? Be still. View this thing from above...and all terror passes. It is giving way to the beauty of this dance!

For the Minds are that ash left behind — ordered and resolved, forever changed into their dormancy. The Universe is that the natural untamed wild that stands before, untouched by the coming fire. The fires are those sacred questions. The holy agent of remittal cometh!

All other thoughts, are self refuting. This alone may only further prove itself!

Thus do I call folly all the shivering, which leaves our kind dwelling in fear. They are ever to rush back unto safety if the warmer waters are ever breached. They are content to feel accomplished for their aquatic feats about such temperate shallows. But I say look about that dreadful edge!

Cast your eyes unto the sides where your Minds hath hence avoided contact! Fear has no place about what noble entities we are instilled to reason by! Look! Turn! See where the blue gives way to black? Notice its awesome mystery! Feel the coursing questions stir within you like a wildfire! Resolve, and do not flee. Determine, and set forth thy soul. Dare to bask above the chilling depths, and let their frigid darkness swarm around you.

For the Mind is born—the light destined to shine about those chasms.

I cannot fear an hour longer before such faceless wonder.

Here I go—forsaking comfort, friendship, and even decency!

I falling into coldness, turn callous to all thought of surrender.

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The flight was not a long one, though it ran up past much of the western coast. Thus, after only a few hours, I set disembarked upon the forest state. I dismissed the cab that was waiting for in me, leaving it to shuttle my luggage to the college, and instead opted in favor of walking. The route was a pleasantly scenic one, through the damp, misty, mountainous streets that wove between walls of great trees. Even in the late autumn, many of the trees still displayed a vast array of color, like an earthen rainbow of golds, reds, greens and faint browns.

The air was refreshing, and allowed my head to clear a great deal from the flight as I walked. The mist clung about the air for much of the afternoon. The first glimpse of sunlight broke through the cloud cover around 3 o'clock, just as the air began to nip about the nose and the fingertips.

It was about this time that I arrived at the college and find Kendrick waiting for me. This was an added bonus of the walk —it frustrated Kendrick greatly that I presented myself three hours late. Not only that, but I arrived with demand for a shower and a short rest, rather than rested and ready to work. For this reason, I was rushed past the grand exterior of the Xanadu campus, and into what would become my quarters, without so much as a quick tour of the wonderful estate.

After I relieved myself and was refreshed, I came at last to the eastern wing of Redwood Hall, where Kendrick and his immediate colleagues worked. I was further pleased that Kendrick had felt it necessary to persist in his facade of welcoming joy. For it was plain to me that I grew in him an increasing frustration, which brought me great pleasure.

“Ah! Dr. Anderson!” said he. “We are so glad that you are finally with us! There is so much to catch you up to speed on, and I wish to do so quickly. There is a time sensitive matter that requires immediate action!”

I followed Kendrick and his entourage through a succession of double doors until we arrived at what felt not unlike a hospital. Though, because it was furnished a bit less generically, it was perhaps more akin to a hospice. At the end of the labyrinth, Kendrick led me to a large glass wall, which contained an unconscious man, spread on a bed, in the room beyond.

“Who is he?” said I.

“We are not sure,” said he. “His *arrival* was rather haphazard last week, and immediately thereafter he fell into this unresponsive state.”

“Hmm,” said I. “It would be recommendable for you to tell me everything that you know, at this point.”

“Indeed, Doctor,” said he, “only, if we are to go any further, I will need your written concession that any and all findings you conduct in this inquiry are the property of my staff, and furthermore that you will not discuss anything about what I am about to show you with another living soul.”

An associate of Kendrick’s approached me from the side with a clipboard and a pen.

“Hmm,” said I, thoughtfully.

“Your word, Anderson.”

“Indeed,” said I, withdrawing my own pen from my vest pocket and hastily scribbling upon the document the twenty roman characters that constituted my legal identity. “There, I have promised my secrecy. And you have promised me questions. The law be damned that I will keep no secret unless I am captured by its mystery.”

“Fair enough,” said he with a confidence that was enticing to even me. “I think this shall satisfy you. Follow me.”

At this point he led me down another long hallway — I began to wonder just how immense this eastern wing actually was — which led thereto an elevator. Upon entering this lift, we quickly descended thirty-six levels down to a laboratory of sorts.

“How much do you know about our work?” asked Kendrick.

“Only that you analyze random particle movement and experiment with void technology.”

“Indeed! This is very well! And do you know what this device is?” asked he, indicating my attention toward a large semi-circular archway which was connected to a platform and a great assortment of large cables and static-electrical crackles around it.

Oh god, I thought within, *I am James Spader*. “I am sure that you will tell me,” said I, with clear disinterest.

“This,” said he, “was to be the first of many ground breaking pieces of technology. It is a spacial-temporal distortion device.”

Kendrick paused, as if for effect, and I simply looked back at him, unwilling to indulge his desire for me to ask him to continue. He would have to attain his fantasy of adoration another way.

“Yes...well, the basic idea was to generate a field within this arc, capable of vibrating and withdrawing quantum particles throughout the void space between all matter. This, in effect, would cause any person or thing, once affected, to potentially operate on a separate plane of the physical dimension from the rest of the physical world we inhabit.”

“Which means?” I questioned.

“Well, you are aware how much of every atom is composed of empty space?”

“Yes,” said I.

“And, you have also heard of the theories regarding the multiverse?” said he.

“*Hmm...*” said I suggestively.

“Yes... well I have read your work on that matter as well,” said he. “Our differences in theory aside—I’ve postulated that *all* space within our universe is, *in fact*, filled. The idea is that the matter of other universes throughout the multiverse actually populate this space we find around us. Or, in other words—”

“—that all the universes operate in the same dimension *physically*, and are *parallel*, even in a non-metaphorical sense to one another!” I interjected, finishing Kendrick’s thoughts. My own mind began to run with the implications of this idea, which I can grudgingly admit at this point began to answer further questions I had heretofore been pressing up against. Fires elated within my thoughts.

“Yes, that exactly!” said Kendrick excited to see me beginning to become engaged. “The idea was to pass a person from this universe to a parallel one by shifting their constituting particles through our own void space. The final thing we had to ascertain was: the way to tether particles to our own dimensional field, that they may resolve their movement here, and not in some other place. This is what we have been working toward for the past eight years. Such a person could phase through the field on one end, travel the breadth of the earth to an identical field elsewhere and emerge! Think of the possible applications for such a device!”

“I can think of few.”

Kendrick’s wonder immediately vanished into a flash of anger.

“Indeed! Explain yourself!”

I laughed in spite of him.

His exclamation was like that of a child demanding of his parents an alteration of his bed time.

Chapter 3

Beginning to Reason

Or: wherein I am shown Subject A, and the glowing sphere.

“You are operating on faulty notions regarding the multiverse,” I explained. “To think that it would allow for movement that would be meaningful in *our* physical universe, all depending on how fine a slice of dimensional parallel to us may run. Yet your chief assumption, for all its novelty, is that such a multiverse even exists.”

“Of course, it does,” scoffed he, “to suggest otherwise would deny the entire progression of scientific thought of the twentieth century. There is no other feasible possible explanation for the precision of the measurements of this universe, other than to suggest that they could have been otherwise.”

“I am not here to argue with your ignorance,” said I, enjoying his rising ire at my churlish quips. “As you said, philosophy is not your area of expertise. If you would be so kind as indicate what use I am to be for you?”

“Yes, indeed,” said he, still quite cross. “It was two weeks ago that we first began our inanimate object trials, with some measure of success. The first few objects melted upon passage, but eventually we began to see good results.”

Boring... thought I under my distain. I had again become doubtful that anything of interest would come of this. Therefore, I had resigned myself to make life as difficult as possible for Kendrick. This would serve as payment for my time. Though, upon further hindsight, I deem I must have said this aloud. For Kendrick responded to it. He paused, as to better collect his temper.

“Fine,” said he feigning eloquence no longer. “What concerns you, is another device entirely?”

“Oh, I see. Very good waste of time all this was then,” said I.

“That remains to be seen,” said he coldly. “This other device arrived with the man you saw earlier, about a week ago while we were preparing to run our first biological trial.”

“Arrived from where?” said I.

“From *there*,” said he, gesturing back towards the arc.

It was at this point that I began to acquire would could be called *actual interest* in what the man was telling me. The theoretical possibilities of this were endless. A man emerged from what could only be called another dimension? Truly fascinating! *Truly*. Kendrick could tell that I was engaging; I could tell that he was glad for it. Though, as soon as this *actual* intrigue began, I ceased to care for fostering his displeasure. There were greater things to think on. Questions were here to dawn! Thus, unto the very and only purpose of the mind, I moved to venture.

“We had activated the Arc,” continued he, “and just finished tuning its frequencies to the specifications we had prepared based off our previous trial. At that moment, a current of energy shot through all of our circuitry and disabled all of our controls. The field began to quiver and ripple, until the energy around us surged into it, and it broke the containment arc and dilated uncontrollably. Then, with a final burst of brightness that blinded those closest to it, the field vanished. All that remained amidst the broken arc was the man —clutching a journal under one arm, and this small device in his other hand.”

I looked down to the countertop where Kendrick had indicated with his hand. There was a glass box that contained a small orb. Its many creases cracked about its surface glowed with a pale white hum. It looked to be made of a shimmering, blue, metallic substance (though, of which metal I could not tell) yet it appeared not melded but rather *woven* by means of its construction. Or dare I say *grown* —if such a thing were possible with the construction of a metal sphere. The seams between the sapphirine layers of the sphere glowed with a piercing crystal white light. Even from within the secure cubic container, I could hear whirring chirps and clicks...yet even as they sounded like machinery, I couldn't shake the notion they held also certain organic tones. They were bats echoing in the air, whales sounding in the sea.

I took a step closer and observed it more carefully.

“What are your conclusions, Kendrick?”

“Very limited,” admitted the Scientist.

“*Hmm*. Still, what is their content?” said I.

“We believe the distortion which our device produced was used to bring this man here. Though apart from that, we do not know much. This orb represents a level of technology of which we cannot understand. We do not even know what type of energy it is using to function.”

“*Hmm*,” thought I again, “you are not wrong; your arc *allowed* the man entry.”

“Indeed...”

“But you are wrong to think that you have simply created a teleportation device of some kind.”

“Oh? Doesn't the presence of this man confirm as much?”

“No. Not necessarily.”

“How so?”

“Good god, Kendrick, use your brain, if for a moment.”

The Scientist frowned, restraining his response. Yet he persisted, “please, Anderson. Aid my understanding or leave. I obviously am not grasping your implications.”

I relented.

“You assume that this man was taken *passively*, from his prime location to this one. Because of this false premise, you find the additional presence of this mysterious orb baffling. However, these two

things are not a coincidence. Human pride —projecting our dissonant self-reflections like uncomfortably awkward adolescents upon our views of the universe. It is comical —that when we theorize on extraterrestrial life we naturally assume we will be inferior. Yet when we approach our fellow man we automatically assume that we will be of greater intelligent, until proven otherwise.”

“I am not here for a sermon. Your point, Doctor?”

“My point, is that it is far from likely that your arc happened to stumble upon the ability to transport a person from a second location to this one. What is more likely the case, is that this man, whose technology seems beyond ours, was engaging in an experiment of his own. All your arc has done was function to complete a circuit. You have built half a bridge and met another bridge halfway across the channel.”

At this, Kendrick’s brow raised up. The lights began to flicker on at the implications I had grasped at the onset.

“You are saying that...” he began, though I felt perfectly within my rights to interrupt him, given that his thoughts were fathoms behind my own. The irony of this fact notwithstanding my previous comments on pride.

“That you are definitionally out of your depth? Yes. I am saying that,” said I.

“Where then is he from?”

“To know with any certainty, I will need unhindered access to both his device and to yours, any video of the event you have, the subject’s journal you mentioned, and unhindered access to the subject himself.”

“All right. Though we have no video, all power in the building was fried during the event.”

“Very well,” said I, turning to leave.

“But what are your initial thoughts?” said he.

“I think you have tampered with something you do not understand,” said I.

After this, I left him to rethink his vocation —glad so to be rid of him. I was fortunate that my inquiry would not require much more of his *assistance* moving forward.

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I returned to the level where the man was being kept alive, and studied him carefully.

He looked human.

This was an important thing.

Of course, you may think this is a silly observation, but that would be because you are ignorant. If you grasp my line of thought, then congratulations; you are not incompetent in entry level logic. Obviously, when dealing with the level of the unknown that I was engaging with, all the bases must be covered.

I spoke briefly with the MDs who were attending the man, and they explained to me his condition. Apparently, he was comatose due to an imbalance of neural activity. Much of their explanation lay beyond my preliminary understanding of medicine. Yet some key factors stood out. Namely, that his condition was not purely neurologically *physical*...but also *psychological*.

“It was as if,” said they, “his brain was struggling to calibrate to a new set of code. Because of this, he is in some form of shock.” Whatever his condition was, his entire cellular structure was disassembling as a result.

This was useful.

However, most helpful to me was the acquisition of the man’s own personal notes. I was first rather upset that Kendrick had not immediately given these to me, but I had grown tired with being vexed by that imbecile. So I decided to treat him like a child, and cease to expect anything intelligent from him. Thereon I sought rather to avoid him when I could.

It was in the notes that I discovered the reason for their lack of prominence to Kendrick; the journal was written with characters I had never seen before. By no means illiterate, I speak six languages: English, Japanese, Latin, Greek, German, and Arabic. And yet, I was unable to even detect what *looked* like grammar as I flipped through these pages. One of the scientists, from whom I acquired the journal saw my frustration, and offered a sound insight.

“My theory,” said he, “is that very little of this is actual text. I think a great deal of the journal contains mathematical solutions.”

That was a good thought, and I concurred.

The scientist then informed me that Kendrick was looking for me, so he could follow my investigation. So, I thanked him for informing me, and made all haste to leave the chamber before he should return. Kendrick’s aura was so actively superficial that proximity to him would suffocate any ability to entertain depth of thought. His chattering mind gilded the space mine attempted to explore, interrupting me. If I were *Harrison Bergeron*, he was the equalizing chirps rattling my ears.

To say the least, I brought the notes back to my room across the campus.

I was glad to be rid of the facility, and finally able to be alone with my thoughts.

Sitting down at the small plain desk in the corner, I pulled out the documents that contained the man’s notes on the back and spent a great deal of time pouring over the text before me.

A first, I attempted to treat these like the *Dancing Men*, but without avail. Much of the work was indeed mathematical equations which used an understanding of numerals and values too different from our own for me to make much sense of them. However. Such lack of information could illumine pertinent rational deductions.

Firstly, there was a placement of distinctly textual characters used as headings for various sections and commentaries along the margins. By observation of this, I conclude the mind of the Subject functioned in a manner at least similar to our own.

This may seem trivial, but this fact tells me a multitude of things in coalescence with everything else I had learned. With such observations, I wrestled through a great deal of thought. All this sprang from one line of reasoning to the next.

I came to call these reasonings my *Splinter Theory* and have recorded the sum of my conclusions in the text which follows after, as best I can. Furthermore...in hopes that you lot may be more able to decipher this mystery than I...

I shall *try* to be civil in my explanations.

Chapter 4

The Elementary Dimensions

Or: wherein I summarize the nature of the Universe, part 1.

To explain my thoughts on the matter of this man and his appearance, I must first briefly discuss the dimensions. This is because, I wish to employ language without qualifying each statement by countless parenthetical explanations and defenses for my ideas. Thus, I have endeavored to outline the framework of my dimensional theories below, as to better aid comprehension.

Again, I am well aware that such things as Dimensional theory are heady for most, and therefore unpalatable. If this is so, you may continue to follow my progress unto my eventual conclusions, and my fateful end. Skip this section if you will, and the immediate fifth section thereafter it. Proceed to the sixth and final chapter if you wish to continue unhindered by all these complex musings. Yet if you wish to know more deeply my thoughts. Here are they...

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It is currently well thought (in my academic sphere) that there are *mainly* four: four dimensions by which we frame and operate in reality. I, however, do not think this to be so.

In summary, I prefer to view the dimensions as a series of ‘tiers’ tracing far back and forward to the indiscernibly infinite. Each of these dimensional tiers comprise a set of *four* dimensions (one of these four, however, is a point of zero relative dimension). Furthermore, each of these sets operate in a differing particular way, according to which creatures inhabit them.

That is to say, *how* the dimensions appear to a person, is greatly relative to which tier they primarily inhabit. That is because, each tier basically repeats itself, on and on. Creatures simply find themselves existing within a particular tier, and by this placement, their ability to define their surrounding tiers is constrained. Allow me to explain further, and break that thought down. It is thought by my race, that we inhabit the following ‘four’ dimensions:

0. A point
1. A length
2. A height
3. A depth
4. A time

That is to say, that we perceive our world to be measured spatially across three ways, as well as to require a fourth manner of reference in order to account for the movement of space across *a set of alterations in form*, which we experience *as time*. However, it is also acknowledged that our third dimension (comprising all of physical space), seems to operate as a single point *relative* to time! That is to say, that while time seems to operate as a line (a first dimensional length) by which all the iterations of the physical space (like a zero dimensional point) are measured in their succession.

This thing had me thinking.

It is a wonder to me, that we should have such parallelism—such similarity between dimensions 0-1 and between 3-4. By this, is became reasonable to me to entertain the possibility that such parallels may continue...*beyond the fourth*.

This is the moment where I urge close attention.

From what we have mentioned above, we currently have imagined the existence of four dimensions, but I will distinguish them not according to the contemporary linear fashion, but to highlight instead the corollary idea I've recognized and highlighted above.

To present this idea, I employ the following re-representation. A *re*-imagining of the dimensions.

| <i>(modern labels)</i> | <u>TIER X</u> | <u>TIER Y</u> |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------|
| 0. <i>(point)</i> | . a point | |
| 1. <i>(length)</i> | - a line | |
| 2. <i>(height)</i> | + a plane | |
| 3. <i>(depth)</i> | * a space (that is also...) | . a point |
| 4. <i>(time)</i> | | - a line... |

As you can see above, the pieces are neatly falling into place.

(I recognize that this is all currently highly theoretical, but if the reader labors with me a bit longer, I may show them the explanatory power and therefore plausibility, of this idea).

We now have the beginnings of not simply dimensions in order...but multiple *tiers of dimensions*. As the first three listed here (Dimensions 0-2) exist in a separate tier from the fourth dimension. And further to the point (the pun is relevant), dimension 3 exists both as a *space* in one tier, and as a single *point* in another.

This idea, laid out as I have above, led me to further posit the possibility of still higher orders. Could there exist further dimensions to which we aren't aware? While these would necessarily continue *beyond* our awareness, they are not beyond our ability to *imagine*. (Unfortunately, for how beautifully

complex reality is —*nothing* exists beyond the vulgar grasp of an overly simplistic metaphor. Yet I must use what limited faculties I am bestowed with—there is little alternative. Yet I digress.)

Could there then be an infinite progress of such tiers?

Could they run on and on in either direction for eternity, gathering or diminishing in complexity?

Observe:

| <u>TIER X</u> | <u>TIER Y</u> | <u>TIER Z</u> |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|---|
| . a point | | |
| - a line | | |
| + a plane | | |
| * a space (that is also...) | . a point | |
| | - a line | |
| | + a plane | |
| | * a space (that is also...) | . a point |
| | | - a line |
| | | + a plane |
| | | * a space (that is also another point...) |

Considering this possibility, now leads me to wonder how we may attempt an understanding of dimensions as are higher than those to which we are native. Some of this came simply to me. That is, rather than to attempt a grasp of higher dimensions (as looking up from our own), I instead am quite easily able to view how a creature operates in our own tier, and project that above.

Namely, that any creature native to a higher tier would naturally view *their own* dimensions as much as we would view *our own*. We look around us and see all the current moments of physical space, and we experience alterations of our physical space (comprised of all angles of physical planes in an infinite conjunction), across an irreversible line of movement we call time. This time moves one way, and lays beyond our ability to reverse or manipulate, because (while we may have a *limited experience* its existence), it does still lay *beyond* our physical tier.

Therefore, a creature of the next tier would view time much as we view *physical* space. They would view things about them in a sort of *temporal* space. They would look around them and witness length and height of time, as we do space. They would be able to move about such length and height as we do our own. And lastly, they would experience a similar series of alterations across an irreversible line. This line may be what *they* would call time.

Any physical length of theirs is a *temporal length* to us.

(Yet for the sake of clarity, I will not refer to their experience of time *relative to them* as ‘time.’ This would be confusing and a mincing of terms. More to the point, I think it important for us to capture what sort of thing a third tier may manifest itself as relative to us: we who are *two whole tiers* below it. For

while they must experience their own sort of higher dimensional time by which they judge change of their temporal space around them, it must be a thing entirely distinct from our sense time. For to us, it is sundered by an additional tier of dimensional distance.)

I should think there to be only one possibility for what comprises this higher tier.

It is the tier of *information*.

Indeed, for how much we seem bound to our own dimension, we impact even this highest tier of our comprehension, evinced by the very ability we have to *entertain* its possibility. The furtherest we can appeal in thought, is thought itself. There is no higher dimension, no higher realm we may ascend to bear witness of than this!

Thus, to conclude this brief lecture on dimensions, it may be formulated from our cosmic position in the universe for their to be three tiers, to which we have a measure of interaction. It can be thought that these tiers span further, on and on, but this cannot be *known*. Thus I will limit my scope to only that which I may observe.

I am a philosopher, not strictly a scientist. Yet even I must draw the line of speculation somewhere in order to proceed. So here I stand. Therefore we are left with *ten* dimensions, broken into *three* tiers of our experience. I will name them now, and drop any amorphous placeholders.

See below:

| <u>TIER P (Physical)</u> | <u>TIER T (Temporal)</u> | <u>TIER I (Informational)</u> |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--|
| 0. Point in Physical Space | | |
| 1. Line in Physical Space | | |
| 2. Plane in Physical Space | | |
| 3. <u>The Physical Space =</u> | 3. <u>Point in Temporal Space</u> | |
| | 4. Line in Temporal Space | |
| | 5. Plane in Temporal Space | |
| | 6. <u>The Temporal Space =</u> | 6. <u>Point in Informational Space</u> |
| | | 7. Line in Informational Space |
| | | 8. Plane in Informational Space |
| | | 9. <u>The Informational Space ...</u> |

From here unto my following thoughts regarding the man and his appearance, please employ this diagram. I may refer to Tier P (for instance) rather than its full title for the sake of haste and brevity. I may likewise call the whole of the temporal plane simply ‘D5,’ as a further shorthand. In order to make my thoughts regarding the mysterious man and his arrival clear, my following thoughts could not be broken up. These dimensional notes, though lengthy, will be yet straightforwardly worded with some grammatical ease.

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I must presume upon a singular thought. That is, that my methodology regarding dimensions is both *accurate* as well as in likely *accord* with the understanding of my readership.

For, if it weren't *accurate* then the transmission of this text to any readership would likely *not* have occurred at all. Next, if it weren't *initially* in accord with my reader's understanding, its arrival to them ought itself to be evidence enough to become so. That is to say, that if I am incorrect in my methodology, then this document will not ever reach someone to disprove me... Though even if it does, should any disparity exist between my understanding and that of theirs, then its presence in their hands would be enough to foster a revisiting of their own thoughts.

Moving on.

Hopefully this re-imagining of the dimensions may operate as a means of instruction. These present events only reinforce the legitimacy of pursuing the questions of this line of thought, and further of dispelling what notions I deem reductive to progress in this area. It can be harmful to reduce the mind to an imaginary construct of Tier P. For its presence is self-evidentially impossible without the existence of Tier I, and bafflingly so.

For indeed, while tethered to the physical, as much as our temporal faculties are, it also experiences a change in state of information, as much as a change in time. This is not to refer simply to the tangible code, which physically corresponds —that would be foolishness. Instead I mean that ethereal thing, the pieces communicated bewilderingly by that code...that thing which carries *meaning*. Without the existence of the mind, and the dimensions of information, such would be impossible.

Within our own 4D line, would there ever be enough dissimilarity between us and neighboring lines that we may witness such a juncture with clarity? Indeed, such junctures may actually be frequent in our reality, though beyond our ability to observe. That is to say, Tier T contains a plethora of 4D lines comprising its 6D space. Much in the same way as our physical (Tier P) space is filled by lines that make up an intangible sort of mass.

These 4D lines diverge across the 5th dimensional plane as dissimilar potential possibilities occur. That is to say, 5D movement accrues as new angles of travel are taken along 4D movements. This is much in the same manner as altering the angle of elevation or depression would alter an object's velocity according to height, while its *length* of travel continues much as it had before.

This is important, for now I begin to introduce the crux of what theory I must encapsulate all of these ideas. It is an idea which fill form the basis for my thoughts regarding the man and his appearance, and one that requires my dimensional theories as a prerequisite to comprehend.

This idea...is of the *splinters*.

Splinters are the term I shall employ to describe any fracturing of *simple* dimensional lines, by which spacial complexity is achieved (such 'simple' lines are they of length, while complex ones are diversions through height, or leaps about the depths). In other words, to use the example above, horizontal movement is *splintered* in order to achieve a change of height, as well as change in depth. Yet all such splinters simply serve to populate the realm of physical space. The entirety of this 3D point of existence can therefore also be defined as a collected sum of all *physical* splinters.

In the same way, all change of information in the third tier can be traced by activity among the splinters in the temporal plane beneath it. Splinters occupy the 5th dimension, they are the theoretical center amid the dimensional tiers as much as they actually constitute all dimensional activity therein. Everything that follows is contingent upon them and how they interact with surrounding forces —the physical forces beneath it and the mental (informational) forces above it.

Allow me to break this thought into smaller bites.

We know that in our own physical space, each and every atom is occupied by mostly ‘empty space.’ Thus it is accurate to say that all matter is mostly *emptiness*. However, what the idea above purports, is that this empty space is actually the residence of matter from 5D splintered timelines. Each time a potential diversion from a line of reference (which we will identify as our 4D line) occurs, this space is filled up by that alternate set of physical points.

Thus each and every second the universe expands. For each and every second an increasing number of possibilities accrue which press upon the emptiness expanding the physical plane. *Time* itself, therefore, and its increase of splintering possibilities, is what furthers the physical expansion. Much in the same way, Information splinters its *own* possibilities and fills up the emptiness about temporal matter. *Information* itself, therefore, is what furthers the temporal expansion. And so on, and so on...

Thus any shift across ‘dimensions’ as formerly imagined, would simply be any nudge across the 6D space, moving a thing onto an alternate 5D splinter. The atoms of such a thing’s formerly occupied point upon their 4D line may be altered only slightly —such that perhaps only a single atom throughout the whole of the universe may have shifted, and yet in an ‘alternate dimension’ they now remain relative to any other potential course. This is to circle back to a point I made earlier on: that dimensional shifts occur much more frequently than we realize. And until we identify what *actually causes* them, it will be impossible to *observe* any such occurrences.

The next time any of my readership enters a conversation, wherein one party remembers a thing said with a slight difference than another party... and there is no way to confirm or deny the distinction...perhaps they *both* remember rightly! Could it not be that some shift occurred? A slight plasticity of particles pressing throughout the void space of the physical realms, may cause the fractures of splinters to nudge here and there, leaving the beings therein to come to some confusion against one another by such an argument! The Mind, perhaps, being tethered strangely about the lines of information, bleeds about the lower lines, and muddies all the waters. But this is just a thought.

We cannot know this with certainty, simply because we regularly witness time’s trajectory in a singular line —relative to us. We do not witness any height or depth to its movement. And yet, this is simply a dimensional limitation of our kind, not to be thought definitive in any means against the existence of such temporal stratum.

This is where the thing of the humanity comes finally back into play, for now we have enough of a framework to discuss *movement* across dimensions, by means of tangential splintering.

Again, as time splinters out from the base line (wherever we make starting points of reference) to form planes (and from the planes to fill up the entirety of temporal space), a temporal creature may move freely about temporal space as much as a physical creature does physical space. *Places* physically

forward or behind *us* are accessible to us via movement, as are *times* accessible temporally forward or anterior to the hypothetical *they*.

Thus, to view such movement of theirs from our own perspective, we have a multitude of temporal potential exercising expansion to fill up a temporal space. In the same way as the potential exists for one to move forward, and by this a physically ‘forward’ available space exists and splinters from any current 1D line, so too does the potential for one to move and manifest any number of 3D points of varying measure, thus by their iterations producing the available space for splinters from any 4D line.

To put it simply...

1. Each time an alternate state of points within a Tier is *possible*—it *necessarily exists* in the lines of the Tier above it. For *if* a physical point (below) does not have a time line passing through it (above), *then* it cannot exist and populate space below it in the physical tier.

Any possibility below necessitates existence above in higher tiers.

(...and yet, *at the very same time*...)

2. Each time an alternate set of points within a Tier *exists*—it *necessarily creates* the expansion of the Tiers below it. For, in order to have movement (above), it must discharge its potential by fracturing (below) into distant possibilities in the lower spaces.

Any movement above creates potential below in lower tiers.

(...and yet, that very movement must somehow be circularly *dependent* on lower possibility!)

So is the ineffable mystery: that lower possibilities necessitate upper existence, yet upper existence itself if the very thing that presses against the lower places, moving them and allowing them the very ability to have those potential movements and gain those possibilities.

Finally, we are come to the critical point.

Chapter 5

A Great Reticulum

Or: wherein I summarize the nature of the Universe, part 2.

From whatever point long ago once began the great work of expansion (the existence of the Tiers below to necessitate existence of Planes beside it, and the movement of Tiers above to generate the expansion of Tiers below it) so has come the universe in its many parts.

For since this point, reality has *splintered* continually. There are *not* a trillion 4D streams of time all pouring from the same cataclysmic source (which I shall call the prime singularity). Instead, these 5D tangent lines have been generated like so many splinters, fracturing out at every instant, populating the void spaces of each of the three dimensional groups. This frictionless web branches out *ad infinitum* most likely until all of the void space is full... Yet the beauty of the thing comes in its constant and incessant advance out from the center. The Void shall never be filled by possibility! For those possibilities work to press out from within and create the space necessary to continue its growth. Therein lies the beautiful balance.

This is the constant movement of the cosmos—*the questions and the answers.*

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Therein also lies the issue.

Please understand, the subject has not simply made what natural and harmlessly common movements potentially occurred all around us. The subject (hereon ‘Subject A’) has more likely moved *through* time (or outside of it), and this a whole other level of difficult.

Please notice that we are discussing moving *through* time, not *traveling back or forward* in time.

The possibility of traveling *in time* is not the question. We travel *in time* constantly. Constantly we move forward, along our relative 4D line, and likewise we alternatively splinter about 5D lines, filling a 6D space.

Yet neither, really, is traveling *back* in time the issue. True, we do not do this *normally*, but for me, I think that to travel back in time would rather be like traveling forward; I would experience everything moving in reverse, retracing all that I have just done, and then, at a point of play, I would resume to progress into the future. The infinitesimal moment of the present, if you will, would simply

switch from converting future into past, and for a time, convert the past into the future. It would be rather dull, really. Besides that, there is really no way to know that the thoughts I have would progress in an alternate dimension than time, any different than does space (although this may be, as I mentioned earlier) and thus my mind would rewind alike to the 3D space around me back along the 4D line, and thus I would not be able to affect any change from memory. This brings the issue of defining the ‘*present*’ to mind.

(I have in another published article postulated the possibility that any *strictly linear* reverse upon our relative 4D line would actually be the most impossible thing, for the very reason that the mind is likely tethered not to the physical alone but to the Informational Tier. Because of this, I reasoned then that movement in temporal reverse, whilst leaving the *experience* of the informational capacities in the mind intact, would in fact cause splinters to exist *against the grain* of the rest of their populace. The up and outward branches would suddenly be offset by harmful downward angles arching back as negative possibilities accrue. I therefore reasoned that such things, if actually possible, would *destroy the delicate fabric of time* and in fact be the most destructive force imaginable. But, as I will say in a moment, I do not think this is the case with the current Subject, therefore I will not insert those findings here.)

Much everyone agrees that the present is a tool which functions to transfer future into past, and also permits the mind to experience the breadth of things with a chronology rather than via an eternal kaleidoscope. That is to say, that Time is an invention of the Mind as an informational entity, in order to make sense and process the breadth of information progressively, rather than at once.

However, who is to say that we all experience the present at the same time? If the above assumption is the case, perhaps my perception of the present is actually past for your consciousness! And, when in I speak to you, all I am interacting with is an already past version of yourself and you are actually remembering this already. This is a postulation I will call a *relative present*.

Yet with a *fixed-pace present* (this is the common view), any bypass into the future (through the 6th) would mean that a person is in a splinter that is *not necessarily in the future* of where they were. This is because, to their position, they have never left the present. If they moved strictly according to a change in temporal depth, with no 5th dimensional movement, then they may never leave the present at all, for in the single point of informational space that temporal space itself occupies, they are again “in the present” from their point of view as well as relative to the fixed pace of the universe.

We cannot exist in the future, but *only* the present.

I find then, that the man, Subject A, has a few distinct possibilities concerning his appearance.

He may have arrived via any of the following:

1. 5D juncture (another timeline happened to intersect our own for a moment, and he crossed over.)
2. 5D collision (another timeline ran alongside ours, and he sort of bled over onto us from the force.)
3. 6D leap (he moved through temporal space to reset on our line—our splinters never touched at all.)
4. 7D displacement (this requires more than a single line to explain... See below.)

I had first, you see, imagined that Subject A engaged in some 5th dimensional activity. This would have been resolvable. That is to say, had only some juncture occurred, then the thing would have been natural. The worlds are perfectly set right. Our two lines would have simply passed through one another—sharing, as it were, a single point in time for a single moment, by which proximity he appeared. Yet, even if the second possibility had occurred, we could still solve things simply. Had his timeline simply run alongside our own, like to two cars on the highway, and he leapt from one car to another passing by, we could right the balance easily while they are still near. Literally every instant we wait, that timeline is further splintered and by the accruing potential, pressed further and further away from us. No, but I fear the third possibility is the thing.

To do is engage in *6th* dimensional movement, is to move about in the *space* of time. This dimension begins to transcend our timeline entirely and carry us from this 3rd dimensional point in the line of time to a new place in that space. This is movement not *in* time, but *through* time.

Here we no longer fracture off to alternate heights, no indeed. We imagine time's line as a pencil tracing its course along a paper. So to change the angle of its travel may alter its potential path across the blank sheet... yet to the pencil it has never left the paper, it is still traveling forward and along its own path. But should we lift the pencil...off the paper and to the drifting unknown which lay above its simple faces...here the systems find no bearing, here we lose ourselves. For may we ever return to the same progression as we once were? The bounds of *elsewhere* grow infinite, where once the pencil was bound by its path needing to travel across in order to arrive. Now it may simply arrive, having experienced no change in time.

So doing would place a thing (or in this case a person) in an alternate present that has no necessary correlation to the present they knew. For to splinter away, is simply to move upon alternative iterations that relate to your own past. But to jump through depth —this may land one as near as a splinter or as far some inhabitable and unknown world of fictions.

What has happened now is likely a breach of that order. He has fled about the depths of time, and now breached too thick a veil. But would this explain the deteriorating state of his mind? This second set of evidence begs exploration of informational breaching as well. For if he has moved so far from the informational line to which he is native, his mind may very well undergo such rejection of the rules or reason which govern this information-line.

This is my current thought regarding the subject. A breach of the highest dimensional order.

At least, such a thing is possible. (Of course, the similarities of the Subject's human physique allow for more dimensional proximity than I think any informational leap may allow. Unless, the humanoid form is simply the *necessary physique occupied by minds when translated into our informational line*... I shall have to think more on this).

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However, having in part postulated the Subject's appearance, I now must postulate *ramifications*.

If indeed there is this ongoing process of splintering realities, and if these splinters are formed by the differences of all possible occurrences of chance at each point along a given 4D line, then even now there are a great multitude of 5D splinters branching out from this very moment! Each of these have different paths being created each instant. However, while it is logical to assume that the void space is increasing at a rate to commensurate to the increasing amount of splintered material being created as time progresses, then the formation of this collision may have sparked an avalanche of splinters being created at such a rate that they may overtake the rate of the expansion of the void...

Here comes the danger.

This could have a few results. Could indeed the void space spill over about its brim? If such a breach is made, such a thing as over expansion is at least *feasible*. The hope is that the balance of higher and lower orders I imagined earlier is such that any breach, no matter the magnitude, would still result in a balanced cosmos. That is, that *any* existence would necessitate a circularity of existence above and below. This would allow for balance even if the new potential was be unprecedented.

But I will prepare for the worst.

If the splinters are generated too quickly, that is inorganically, may they overcome the rate of expansion? May they 'run out' of space to fill, and begin to be pressed against one another? This would cause an increased number of breaches between them. Portions between splinters would begin to be forcibly merged causing catastrophic effects. It would grow like some storm amid time itself. This point would be irreversible, for it would affect every layer of every reality.

It would be in many ways, as formative as the Prime Singularity itself.

It would become a *sub-singularity*. And such an event would reshape the beautiful balance of the entirety of creation, down to the smallest details. Such a thing would certainly need to be remedied before any damage occurs.

Equal and opposite force needs to be taken. How else to balance the misalignment? Such a movement may (of course) only serve to compound the damage...but it is the only avenue of mending available to us at this point.

The splinters, each and every instant, continue to fray...

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After passing a few days in my study, I have just now heard back from some of the men working research on the subject's clothing. They found some odd results that have forced me to recapitulate some things. The spores on his clothing, along with his clothing itself, and his body, would arrange him to a time in *our* past. When Kendrick realized this, it spun him upon a foolish mode of inquiry —seeking to find who produced this device and sent this Subject into the future. I am certain my readers can glimpse why this is reductive. For, as I have labored, being temporally *anterior* to us does not necessarily indicate that his existence or any of his technology must exist in *our timeline's* past. For he could be from the past of an entirely different splinter, sundered from us by eons of temporal space —as incongruous with our timeline as anything ever could be.

This is, of course, the most logical thing to assume. For while he is chronologically historical to us, his technological advancement is far superior. Further, the sheer number of potential splinters in existence cast doubt on his relationship with our own.

The issue with most 7th dimensional concepts is that it assumes there are many beginning points from which things may have started. This is not the case. We can *imagine* many beginning points. Yet any splinter that we trace back far enough will lead that heretofore mentioned *prime singularity*. One could argue again to the multiverse and say that there are *other* singularities with other fractured splinters boiling out from them, and this would require the 7th dimensional movement (within a 9D construct) to operate over to them. But were these other universes to exist, the very laws of nature we are based in and we understand, and (for that matter) base superlatives such as reason and thought, may not even exist in any understandable way, so we could not travel there. Because we are minds. The Mind breathes reason as like the body does the air. To venture where reason was not, would leave us to suffocate as much as go where air us not. This, I think, is why the Subject fades from life even now.

Who is to say that metaphysical realities of reason and mathematics are not so, but relative to our universe of informational dimensions? If there are other universes, the whole other cosmos with its own dimensions in operation, these may be incongruous in their entirety (I have alluded to as much already).

Again, leaving our present and venturing outward may not leave us on the present of the stream we came from, any more that one could lift their hand from a rope made of ten thousand fibers, replace their hand further down the rope, and hope to land on the same fiber. We would need a map of the fibers running to and fro. We would need more precise means of instrumentation and transit. Unfortunately, we cannot even know if our current runs along another stream to begin with! We may operate on a faulty offshoot line, ready to collide with a supernova, because of events to minuscule to seem relevant at the time.

Thus, I define the 7D as any movement along one intertwined rope of splinters to another. The rope itself being, in reality, a point without any *informational* dimension (a point = zero dimensionality in that particular tier). For *if* the 4th moves along forward or backward on a single splinter, and the 5th moves away laterally into an alternate splinter, and the 6th jumps through depth along the present (or non-present) of possible time, *then* the 7th jumps from one entire temporal space into another (moving across an informational line).

Interesting.

It is obvious to me, therefore, that the mind has a capacity equating it to something of the 9th dimension. That is, *information*. Surrounding all material is the void, and it continually expands, only to be filled with the creation of material. You may think that matter cannot be created or destroyed, but you would err in this. It is more correct to say that *matter* can neither create or destroy *matter*. It is nearsightedness of the scientific elite to assume that there are no higher dimensions from which comes the potential to generate and or eliminate material from those lower.

For indeed, if the future timeline wherein a thing physically exists is destroyed or altered, then the existence of the matter contained in that line is also necessarily destroyed—wiped from existence. The same can be said of a change in *information* eliminating certain *times* beneath it.

That being the case, I need not explain any further.

If my experiment succeeds...it should be evidence enough.

If *matter* is the composition of the void space of the Physical Tier, then *potential* is the composition of the void in the Temporal Tier, and *questions* are what composes the void in the final and highest Informational Tier.

As I have already labored with you, it is the function of the mind to answer the questions produced by the expansion of the Informational void space. This would lead me to believe the mind is more than a physical faculty capable of dealing with facts and using resources to arrive at conclusions. If indeed it is capable of filling 9th dimensional void spaces, then it is composed of higher dimensional material. (I allude to the notion of the soul, but I will not depart from my use of the term 'mind' because I think 'soul' confuses the ignorant with connotations of wistful spirits and non-intellectual life forces and the like). The mind is more than *reason*, however, for it also includes *volition*. And *that* is the critical factor here. So long as the lower universe is only composed of lower elements, then there should only be one particular stream. Why then the splinters? Because the *mind* acts in accordance with its *will*, and not with strict accordance to the laws of nature. It may disobey them.

Should the physical space be composed and operated entirely according to physics, splinters wouldn't ever be generated. It is the imposition of the Mind upon the physical world that allows for the potential discrepancy of timelines to exist. Therefore it is the mind, which bridges the gap—the missing piece in the chain of causality. For what permits alterations from the strict progression of all occurrence? It is volition—the force which from the highest tier may act within the lowest ones, instigating and reacting upon itself, as the universe molds and reacts upon it!

The mind, therefore, is the causing force of all void spaces, across all three groups.

It acts physically through the body manipulating the physical void. It generates potential and volitional choices that splinter filling the temporal void. Finally, it addresses the production and solution to the questions populating the informational void.

Thus, alternate universes are actually only splinters with alternate minor origins, though a common major origin. There were not a plethora of universes created at the dawn of time, like some great forest. The multiverse is a hoax. No, rather there was one creation which made its progression with normal, singular movement through time, until the first mind was born into it. The mind produces choices, and, regardless of the decision made, every opportunity for choice splinters the universe, as does every action by a volitional mechanism. This is because the mind itself operates through information, and it deals with those questions which guide time itself. It is a *direct* product of the 9th dimension, as it is of the 4th *indirectly*. It is this fact that gives the Mind the power to move independently in the 3rd dimension while ever bound by its laws, as it observes things bound by time—like something constraining itself in order to work more efficiently. The Mind does not fit within any other known parameter, exceeding some equals, yet falling inferior to some imagined higher authorities.

It is beyond me.

Yet this is what I meant earlier: about the fathoming of the mind.

That term; fathom. It refers to the ability to perceive and measure depth. Hence the term: being 'out of one's depth.' If indeed my mind exists in some ethereal way about 9th dimensional information space but no higher—there could be a mind greater, one that operates along a line, a plane, or even a space that represents the total sum of all minds that are, and all the voids of all the minds that are not. Minds themselves become then, the playable space of that most-highest thing.

But that is just a thought, I suppose, which plagues me as it begins to form into its singular form.

That form takes its shape, into what I deem *a critical question*.

I will have think more on it later...

For now...time has caught up with me.

Chapter 6

Final Entry of Subject B

Or: wherein I make good on my former resolution.

There was after this point an unwelcome rap upon the door. I had retreated into my thoughts and acquired the hope that the outside world would not attempt contact without my initiation. I was wrong.

“Anderson? Anderson! I know that you are in there! Open this door at once!”

Begrudgingly, I acknowledged the intruder. Though only with a grunt.

The mechanical lock clicked as it opened and Kendrick entered my room with a crack of light from beyond.

“Good god, man. Have you showered in days?”

“There are more important things than hygiene,” said I without turning away from my desk.

Kendrick passed me by and flung open my window. The light was not at all displeasing, but I was upset at the intrusion—so I made a fuss, groaning and shielding my eyes.

“Why are you here?” I accused, “I am waist deep in thought and have no need of a politician.”

“I am here to see what you have accomplished,” said he, ignoring the jab. “It has been a week and I neither I nor my staff have seen you leave your room apart from one night security chap who found you raiding the cafeteria at three a.m.!” The scientist’s eyes glittered about the room intrusively.

“Only the mysteries of the universe and nothing less,” said I. “And what have you done? Played with your toys?”

“We have managed to mend the Arc,” said Kendrick.

At this I gained interest.

“Ah...and has the orb changed in any way? Has it...*responded*?”

“Not to our observation, but the technology is quite beyond us...”

“The Orb, it is still contained in the vacuum cube? No external forces are currently acting on it?”

“Well yes...except perhaps some measure of gravity and maybe...”

“Good. I will be there at once, for a final experiment—I think that it will determine the result of this entire inquiry.”

“Really?” asked he. “You have a definitive theory, then?”

“Yes,” said I.

“That is excellent! What are your conclusions?”

“Better demonstrated that relayed,” answered I. “Allow me to dress properly, and I will join you in a half hour in the lab.”

“All right, then!” he said, again chipper. “I will see you shortly!”

And Kendrick promptly departed my room at last. I sighed to myself. *What a fool.*

I returned to my notes, and my eyes scanned the final conclusion I had written down:

‘The arrival of Subject A, must therefore be thought to have created an imbalance in our own cluster of splinters. We will likely experience a shift as the result, or have already without knowing it. The only way to balance our splinter, and to correct its course, would be to either undo the action or push with an equal opposite action out against the Subject’s splinter of origin.

If there is any hope of remedy... it must be done quickly. For the further we wait, the furthered is time. The furthered is time, the more compact grows the universe, and the nearer comes what catastrophe is likely to consume us all. There is no time to waste...’

Kendrick was a fool for keeping the Orb in the same proximity as the Arc while reconstructing it. If the orb had not been contained it would likely have caused a second event, and our chance would have been lost. Thankfully, the orb was contained in the vacuum cube it was placed in. The politician was an idiot for assuming the Orb worked according to some activation by human hands. If that had been the case, then Subject A probably would not have been taken here so unwittingly in the first place.

Rather, it is very likely to be the case that the instant the Orb is exposed near to the functional Arc, it would likely catalyze a second sub-singularity.

At this point, with what I was planning...I was banking on it.

You must by now realize what my intention was; our splinter (B) is ricocheting away from the force of the collision with Splinter A (from where the first Subject came). Therefore, an equal opposite force must be acted from ours to theirs to correct the matter.

Well...maybe. I’m not really certain. It’s just an idea.

Truly, this is all likely to prove demonstrably fallacious.

Yet, at least the notion kindles an inkling of altruism in me. My otherwise pointless exploit from this known universe across the dimensions, may at least be colored a somewhat noble thing.

Well...maybe.

I probably would have done this very same thing either way. *Probably.*

There are not near enough questions left on this side of uncertainty allowing my mind to remain here a moment longer. That, if nothing else, is an imbalance that must be remedied.

Yes. That was my goal. There are too many questions left unanswered by my own world. Too many bridges we have built off into the darkness of space with no return, nowhere to touch ground. Too many questions go on unknown...that I may not survive here.

I wonder, who is to say many of the questions, which are hardwired into our psyches through generations of purging, are only common to this small splintered universe? What if other people, on far away earths, developed *questions* with such a dissimilarity as to compliment the *answers* of our world? What if the common knowledge of the alien, resolves the depths of the human's epistemological wonder?

There is only one way to know for sure.

I will descend to the laboratory and attempt to loosen the orb from its containment and seize it into my possession. Perhaps I will stop first to greet Subject A, who lays in his bed decaying from the waist down. His fate is more than likely to greet me on the other end. Perhaps his comatose state follows from the overwhelming weight poured upon his mind. Or perhaps, once his body was transcribed across the splinters his mind was caught up into the ninth dimension. His body lays here in purgatory and his soul went on to immaculate bliss... or horror.

Then I shall follow in his footsteps and ascend to the path unknown, where only the bravest souls traverse. That chasm breached by only the foolish—that void, once crossed, by only the wise.

I have included in my possession the journal of the Subject, that *first* subject, the first contender. Hopefully you can use it alongside my own to decipher what I have written. I have these journals in the hope that questions you have would be answered.

By this, to bring you closer to ascension.

If you are reading this, and I am dying before you, please heed my words. The universe is balanced, travel no further. Do not attempt to return me, do not seek out the passage ways. Those silver strands should not be walked, lest the golden strings of the living be cut.

However...it is also possible that I have dropped dead in my own universe, after trying to pass through the arc. If that is the case, and I lay here on the floor of Xanadu electrified to a crisp —please see my remains to Northwood Cemetery, and notify my children who live with my ex-wife in Maine. It would be terribly unfortunate if I croaked in this process, but at least it was in the pursuit of something noble. This is grand: the journey between the splinters, of which I am the second.

I am Subject B.

But this is also a catalyst of a much more enjoyable thought. For whether I pass through or not, it is reassuring to know that I've trodden on the toes of a certain Xanadu scientist with great success in the process.

And so...I take my leave.

Screw you, Kendrick.

Sincerely,

Dr. C. T. Anderson, PhD.

COMING SOON...

The world is beginning to open in Book 4: *Splinter Theory!* As the penultimate book in first act of the *Children of the Storm* anthology the scene is nearly set for all the interweaving stories to follow... Stay tuned for the final episode of Act 1, and please share this episode if you've enjoyed it!

Book 5:

The Only Child

Project Genesis has found success in the young boy Liam — the height of human evolution. He is capable of surpassing our race in all ways: physical, moral, and intellectual. They looked to construct a servant, one to become the harbinger of a new era. Through his likeness, they looked for a sense of safety under the looming Storm!

They sought a prototype from which to create a better humanity.

They sought a means to rise above any and all threats headed their way...

Yet the only threat they hadn't foreseen, was Liam himself.