



With planet earth on the verge of annihilation, a young boy with the guidance of the creator of all embarks on a dangerous journey to a parallel universe, with the intention of saving his father and planet earth.

Everything Becomes Nothing

by Norman Sinclair

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It's just a matter of time before

Everything Becomes Nothing



NORMAN SINCLAIR

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reminded him of times when the sun's rays tried to make their way to earth through thick, heavy clouds. Although he could not explain this glow, he felt relatively sure that the answer to why he was standing there was in that jewelry box.

He debated whether or not to take the object from the box now and leave. But he felt he already knew the answer to this question. *I have several days to pass before they make communication. Taking the object now would be futile because it would be missed. They would only trace it back to me, and this time they might just make mincemeat of me.*

He turned to leave and head downstairs when he heard a voice in his thoughts. *"Take the amulet now and begin the journey. There's nothing like the element of surprise; they won't expect this. Take the amulet and go to Junction Pass; everything will fall into place once there."*

As he slowly pushed open the door, his breath caught as the rusty hinges creaked. His heart almost stopped when she rolled over, and he was sure that she would wake and discover him. She merely turned back over and resumed sleeping.

He furtively made his way to the nightstand and opened the box. What he saw made his jaw drop open for what he was seeing, he could only describe as a medallion—one like he had seen on television being worn by the goddess Isis on a program. The difference between them was that this thing seemed to come alive when he looked at it. He reached in to remove it from the box. At his touch, all of his fears and insecurities disappeared; he boldly removed the medallion from the box. As he locked his fingers tightly around it, he felt something like electricity shooting through his body—but not the type that would harm him. This electricity only seemed to energize him.

Joey walked out of the room, and without thinking, slammed the door shut. He walked down the stairs, forgetting to step only on the safe spots and then left the house through the front door. Not until he was halfway to Junction Pass did the thought occur to him that, with all the noise he had made while leaving the house, *Why didn't Kendra wake up?*

He stood at the entrance of Junction Pass and looked over the tall grass that led to the cliff. He seriously contemplated turning around and running away as fast as he could from this place. But Joey knew he had nowhere to go, and his destiny was about forty feet ahead of him. The

boy did not know what to expect if or when he approached the cliff. *What if my information is incorrect? What if my body isn't strong enough to endure whatever is ahead? I'm just a kid, and kids shouldn't have to face this kind of situation. This is not normal...but then, what's normal?*

So many thoughts of uncertainty were tearing through his mind, but he was sure of one thing: *Even if I turn and run away from this place as fast as I can, I somehow know that I will reappear here at the appointed time.* He stood in the same spot for a while, pondering what he should do when his legs began moving involuntarily toward the cliff. At first, he tried fighting this impulse and then decided to let matters happen the way they should. When he was standing at the edge of the cliff, he reached into his pocket and removed the amulet. His fingers tightened around the object, not because he was fearful of dropping it, but because he needed something—anything—to hold on to. For some strange reason, this amulet brought some kind of assurance to him—a reassurance that told him that if he did what needed to be done, all would be well.

As he looked at the tiny waves at the bottom of the cliff, he thought, *What should I do now? Should I just step off the cliff like Mike? Maybe I'll also float in thin air...or maybe they'll be removing pieces of him...and me off the rocks at the bottom.* He wasn't sure what his next move should be. Suddenly an oval-shaped doorway opened in front of him, and he stared into the black emptiness of space. While trying to decide if he should step through this opening, he heard a voice speaking in his mind. *Someone or something is trying to communicate with me.* For no real reason, he held the object he carried between himself and the opening. Instead of protecting him, the device acted like a universal translator. He could clearly understand the voice he had been hearing in his mind.

“I am the only one. After me, there are others; before me there are none. I am the creator of all, and I have created life forms in different universes. Some of my creations, namely the Madroid race, have disobeyed me, wanting more than I gave to them, they are one of the most advanced life forms I have created, but like the human race, they are hungry for power. The more power they have, the more they want. I made them more intellectual and advanced than the human race, and instead of building, they chose to abuse what I gave them. They have

preyed on weaker life forms, destroying civilizations because they can. They used the knowledge that was bestowed upon them and began interstellar travel, visiting other worlds, manipulating other beings, and then annihilating them. Some of them were exposed to solar radiation and have become uncontrollable, diseased.

“As you have discovered, your world is their next destination. I can take steps to eradicate my creations so I am once again the only one, but I will delay this judgment for your sake. You, Joey, must stop them. You and the other one you call *Father* must use the device you now have in your possession. You must defeat them by working together. Once you step through this entranceway, you cannot turn back. If you reject this quest, all that was will be no more.

“If you decide to go forward, you must first step through this entrance to a place that is similar to your world. This place called Omega, which is approximately 1000 AU from your planet, will be the first stop of your journey. Very few Omegamites survived the Madroids’ visit and their nearly total destruction of their world. Those who remain constantly battle for survival.

“Once a passive race, the Omegamites were the pride and joy of all my creation. What the Madroids left was bloodthirsty scavengers who will do almost anything and everything to survive. You must be careful of these savage collectors.

“For this reason, you must keep this object close to you, and trust no one. You must seek out one Omegamite, who goes by the name of Bak, and the object you hold in your hand will lead you to him. Bak will answer your questions and guide you on your journey. I have also assigned you your guardian angel named Runt with whom, I believe, you are already familiar. You can trust Runt, and he will supply you with moral support. Do not hesitate to call on him along the way and do not wait until it’s too late. Once your physical form ceases to be, all that was will be no more. Find your father, and all that was will be once again. Because of the length of this journey, I will make you sleep. When you awaken, you will be there.”

Joey suspected that once he stepped through the gateway, he would likely never return to earth. *If I don’t go through the gate, it will only be a matter of time before the Madroids consume earth, and everything I have ever known will be gone anyway. Some choice I’ve been*

given...I'm too young to make that kind of decision. Young or not, he closed his eyes; slowly and deliberately, he walked toward the opening.

At the doorway's entrance, he paused momentarily as the smell of the unknown filled his nostrils, and the air began to thin. He began gasping for breath, and he remembered the year Baker's Cove experienced the coldest winter on record. When he had stepped out of his house one cold morning and had inhaled the brisk air, he had felt the hairs in his nose become brittle—as if someone had removed all of the oxygen from the atmosphere. Struggling to breathe the freezing air, he had slowed down his air intake to allow his body to warm the air and prevent his lungs from aching. As he stood at the entrance of the gateway, he began taking shallow breaths of air like he did in the freezing cold until his difficult breathing subsided...and then he stepped into the unknown.



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