

*A brilliant young cosmic mutant is being pursued by an enemy species who seek to possess his secret knowledge of building the greatest weapon of them all.*

**REPORT ON THE COSMIC MUTANT:  
A Tale of Immortals Fighting for Their Lives**

By Lang Ramdin

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THE COSMIC MUTANT TRILOGY: BOOK 1

# REPORT ON THE COSMIC MUTANT

A Tale Of Immortals Fighting For Their Lives



LANG RAMDIN

Intergalactic Reporter  
as told to C. Spann

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First Edition

**PRAISE FOR 'REPORT ON THE COSMIC MUTANT'**

"In this book, science-fiction becomes science-friction."

----- Virgo Supercluster Times

"Here is a prime example of gonzo journalism in the wilds of outer space."

-----Outer Space Gazette

"In these pages the wheels of your mind will never experience a flat satire."

----- Intergalactic Express

"The author suggests that your thoughts and mine are the universe thinking about itself."

---- Andromeda Galaxy Chronicle

"It's an irreverant take on the fact that science and religion are undocumented twins."

---- Great Attractor Dispatch

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## **PART ONE:**

### **THE LONG JOURNEY TO EARTH**

*Two major species were long at war in the universe. The techno-sapien species battled against the superorganic-sapien species in multiple galaxies. At stake was universal evolution vs. universal devolution.*

--- ENCYCLOPEDIA DIGITANNICA

#### **CHAPTER ONE: THE BEGINNING OF MY REPORTER'S JOURNEY**

##### **1.**

The scientific manipulation of quantum entanglements brings news and entertainment at near the speed of light across the vast reaches of the stars. Like kids on all worlds I grew up watching the universal war unfold on intergalactic media. Scanning newsbeams on the Outerspacenet my ambition was to become a reporter for Intergalactic Media Network. Covering the many battles still raging for countless millennia in every galaxy I work at the very bottom of this large quantum communications corporation, laboring every day to boost my career to the top of the news reporter food chain. Like everyone else, I want our Universal Government to beat down the vicious Nihilii enemy we are fighting. I hope to be reporting each battle right up to the final bomb blast.

Another reason? Yeah, there's this one other thing.

My reporting rival, Harmgar Punchal, son of the royal family of the planet Dumvish Q13, is the top name in news reporting for Intergalactic Media. He easily stole my girlfriend with his fame and riches, and then, using his family's connections, he has helped her to become a shining star in the business of cosmic entertainment. Every planet knows of the popular actress with the golden name, Frus Vannava. When fans are asked if they enjoy seeing her sensual 3D virtual-vids, their answer is a mouth drooling 'yes!' Can I ever get her back? Even in the middle of a giant war, there are always nagging personal problems to solve.

And here I am, a poor techno-sapiens still traveling around in my low-cost techno body, heavily saddled with severe technical limitations.

My work puts me online every hour of the day and night struggling to earn enough digits to buy a high-cost internal communications network wired into my techno-system. Until then, I make sporadic work calls carrying a cheap com-vid in my hand. Asking my com-vid if it has received any return calls from Frus, after so many of my attempts to contact her, I always get the same sassy answer from that smart mouth hand-held mechanism.

"Boss, she says in her eyes you are a loser because you are an unnatural form of life. Your immortal techno-sapiens species is a product of 'unnatural science'. She is in love with a handsome member of her own natural superorganic species and telling everyone her superorganic lover is superior to any inorganic techno like you. So face it, boss, she's engaging in anti-techno discrimination. You ought to sue."

Across my mental circuits flashed the memory of Frus' bigoted parents screaming at her one night when they discovered us together embracing out on the street. Her parents' hatred of techno-immortals ruined our relationship.

"Get away from that damned techno-immortal" her father blasted in a voice loud enough to be heard a mile away.

Her mother was just as angry and loud. "Daughter, we superorganics welcome death at the end of our natural life span for it is natural to die! He and his unnatural techno-species want to live forever in their damned techno-bodies! Leave him, dear daughter. We never want to see you with him again!!!"

After that negative scene Frus left me and our love bond was broken. Instead of acting lily-livered and weak my fighting mood made me work hard for success to get her back in my arms. I grimly went on with my reporting over the following years amid rumors that Harmgar planned to kill me if I became a threat to his high status in the intergalactic news game.

Rocketing to the planet Circum 12 for my next news report I landed in the high-tech city of Z-Drogfa, the scientific center of several galaxies. My reportorial subject in this time zone was none other than Dr. Werdna Nedarb, the highly esteemed Universal Government Director of Cosmic Evolution. His task is forever to be tracking the progress of evolution on trillions of worlds. I was intrigued with the rumor saying Nedarb had finished working on a secret report about the mutant that might change the entire direction of the million years war in which we are so deeply involved.

## 2.

On and on I went walking down the busy Hallway of Evolution to Nedarb's quarters. The Hall is well named. Evolution creates a variety of species. Many of them were drifting past me up and down its pathway. Several semi-transparent virtual-sapiens ambled alongside a crowd of bright green skinned plantae-sapiens. In the darker less well-lit areas friendly bio-luminescence sapiens were lighting the way with their ever glowing bodies. I saw a loving digital-sapiens couple walking by holding their computer accessible hands.

As I kept on strolling the long hallway, snarling robotic beasts were hissing and growling at visitors. Roaming about showing their sharp metallic fangs they were reminding us to be alert because we were not yet free from violent predatory evolutionary activity on the majority of worlds. Our murderous Nihilii enemy saw us as their prey, ready to eat us like hungry animals.

And to emphasize what the snarling little animal robots were telling us about our enemies in the war the dominant image of our most deadly enemy flashed onscreen overhead. We saw the smiling face of Lord Lizardo, leader of the intergalactic terrorists shoving billions of planets down black holes. Above his huge head we read the words: WANTED BY THE UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE UNIVERSE. His drooling tongue hung down his scaly chest. His huge eyes reeked of evil. I remembered his famous words when said: 'evil is very exciting as opposed to the half-asleep boredom of being good. Ah, yes, psychosis is far more entertaining than the dullness of being sane.'

At that moment, another predator was stalking me. Above my head I heard the faint buzzing of a tiny flying rogue drone recording my movements. My com-vid kept receiving an annoying message asking me where I was going.

"Report your direction right now to our online feedback! Report your direction to the online feedback right now! RIGHT NOW!!!!"

I knew who was sending me that nasty call. It was none other than Harmgar my reporting rival in the news media food chain. He sent the drone to follow me, checking out my reporting activities with Director Nedarb. He was always acting as a beastly predator and wrongly thinking of me as his vulnerable prey.

On the other hand, many females both techno and superorganic were giving me pleasant looks. One called out "hey, techno-boy, you free tonight?" I never had much of a problem attracting those of the female equation from any species on land, sea, or air. It's just that my crazy techno-coding was perfect for a long-lasting relationship with Frus, if she could ever break free of her parent's loathing of my immortal self.

Moving forward my eyes were bombarded with the sight of giant electro-images lining the walls showing the faces of the Scientific Gods of Evolution. Non-believers like myself see them everywhere. Even my

parents were among the devoted scientific faithful. They drilled their ideas into my head from the days of my childhood. I was never a follower but I will keep my personal skepticism quiet while explaining to you in detail what all of this means in the larger context of my report. I want my earthling readers to understand that the politics of our Universal Government was founded upon the principles of scientific religion based on the mathematics of cosmic evolution. The universal war is being fought over these same scientific religious principles.

I know that on your Earth world religion and science are at odds with each other. Your science calls religion a 'myth' and your religion calls science 'lacking in the Ultimate Truths'. But out here in our universe the two have merged. It has been proven that science can make religious beliefs into scientific realities, and evolution can make ordinary people into divine beings. My news rival was about to report on these facts.

As I walked down the Hallway all of the large vids mounted atop the walls ran a news flash narrated by none other than Harmgar Punchal himself. So widespread was his fame that everyone in the hallway turned toward his giant image onscreen.

"Look! See Harmgar Punchal the most famous news reporter of them all" said one individual. Others rushed over to stand in awe under the screen.

"Shhh, listen to what he has to say," said another.

Harmgar's image appeared smiling, showing his friendly fangs.

"Greeting my Cosmic Buzz news viewers. I promise all of you that I, the greatest and best news reporter, will soon have a serious talk with none other than Dr. Werdna Nedarb, the Director of Cosmic Evolution."

Announcing his aim to have a future interview with Director Nedarb hit the head on the nail for me. It was then I knew why he had sent his drone tracking yours truly. Harmgar was suspicious that I was the one chosen to do the Werdna Nedarb interview instead of him.

Harmgar rambled on. "My future interview with Director Nedarb, will talk about scientific religion's promise to help all of us evolve to a higher state of existence. Listen to this old newsclip with Director explaining his evolutionary goals. Watch as he takes us back to the time when ancient gods ruled our imaginations."

Suddenly we all saw Dr. Nedarb onscreen with his wise eyes and giant beard. The people in the hallway listened in hushed silence to hear his words.

"People of the Universe, I want you to know that you can use science to evolve into gods. The formula for high-tech scientific religious laws is grounded in the primary code for the Physics of Divinity:  $G=mc^2$ . With it you can learn to use the cosmic energy within your mind and body to evolve yourself to equal mass at the speed of light squared, and you will attain divinity.

"As you know, the Nihilii enemy hates this idea. They despise the fact that evolution can help you or me, as individuals, to become high-powered divine beings. Unlike the old low-tech religions worshipping immortal gods in their cloudy heavens, high-tech scientific faith proves that all of the old fabulous divine images were really mythic representations of the immortal powers that you or I can achieve through the science of self-evolution."

Harmgar smiled and said "Watch the Director take us back to the time when ancient gods ruled our imaginations."

As Nedarb spoke we saw images of the ancient gods flashing onscreen.

"The old religions told us the ancient gods and goddesses were powerful individuals who represented the forces of Nature. The Sun God gave us Light, the Ocean God was ruler of the Seas, the Sky God tossed around thunderbolts. Over the centuries the myths of the ancient low-tech religions foreshadowed the discoveries of high-tech science. Above my head is the slogan describing this astounding transforming of myth into reality."



**RELIGION IS A SCIENCE & SCIENCE IS A RELIGION**

"What does this say to us? It says that our beliefs are related to our desire for survival. Religion is the science of human survival in low-tech form before advanced science appears. Science is a religion because it makes low-tech survival myth into high-tech scientific reality. In other words, high-tech science grew from the efforts of scientists to fulfill the survival dreams of low-tech religion."

Harmgar asked him to define his terms. "You mean to say that low-tech religion evolved as a survival mechanism in the hearts and minds of mortal beings on every world?"

"Exactly. It was shown that every individual could realistically evolve divine powers using their higher intelligence for future evolutionary growth because science fulfills the goals of religion. All that is needed is the technology to make it happen. We now have that technology. I want every living being in this universe to know that we are products of Nature and can use our natural abilities to scientifically achieve divinity!"

Your reporter knew this information well. The shift from low-tech mythic religion to high-tech scientific religion was happening long ago on your Earth. Your Earth scientists were evolving new technologies that could make the myths of religion to become actual realities.

The Director went on telling the crowd these same basic facts:

"In the old myths the gods could fly in the air, and then scientists invented airplanes. The Ocean God could swim deep inside the oceans, and then scientists invented submarines. The Sky God threw away his thunderbolts when scientists invented nuclear weapons that could potentially destroy the entire planet. All the Gods of Old inhabited the heavens and then scientists built rocket ships to fly into the heavens of outer space."

Nedarb went on telling how religious ideals were transformed by science.

"Divinity is now open to all of you, the common people. When you or I can fly in the sky, swim in the ocean depths, and sail to the heavens in a rocket ship then godhood has become a universal democratic system within Nature. You and I can work hard as techno-immortals to become divine beings!"

Director Nedarb's onscreen talk was still wowing the crowds of scientific worshippers in the Hallway of Evolution. Their mouths dropped open with excited thoughts of attaining a higher divine existence. I couldn't wait to meet him face to face for my interview to tell him the only divinity I wanted was my promotion to top reporter on the Cosmic Buzz or I'd be suffering as a techno-wreck for the rest of my run down immortal existence!

"And what is the work of techno-immortals?" the Director asked. "Your quest for divinity is for you all to awaken the universe to her divine destiny. Our young universe is alive and growing her cosmic mind. As the future immortal brain cells of her cosmic mind you will be making godhood a factor in our universal democratic society. The existing Scientific Gods we worship today are updated aspects of the same forces of nature as those in the distant past. Science has helped them to supersede the Gods of Old. For the first time in the history of religion the attaining of godhood has become a democratic choice through application of the  $E=mc^2$  formula."

It was then the images of the Gods of Science flashed onscreen:

"Look at today's scientific gods my people. You see the God of Gravity, the Goddess of Electromagnetism, the Gods of the Strong and Weak Forces, the Goddess of Quintessence, the God of Entropy, and the various Quantum Gods. They are highly evolved individuals elected to their office of godhood to keep nature operating. I urge you all to evolve yourself into divine beings over the next few centuries by practicing your scientific faith so that you can run as candidates in the next Divine elections."

The Director kept thrilling them with his ongoing talk.

"Scientific religion teaches that Heaven is a democracy. All gods are elected to office Thus was established our Divine Democracy fighting for its life in this terrible cosmic war. Our enemy hates the idea that any

normal individual can achieve divinity and then run for office. If you are elected a God of Science you work to keep our universe alive and functioning. I welcome you to see a vid of the last Divine Election."

The hallway crowd cheered when they saw today's elected gods running for office in the last election. The candidate for God of Gravity was seen campaigning alongside the candidates for Goddess of Electro-Magnetism and the Gods of the Strong and Weak Forces. They were mostly impressed when the candidate for Goddess of Quintessence promised, if elected, she would continue the work of her predecessor to keep universal evolution moving forward to improve all aspects of Nature.

The most riveting moment for the hallway audience was seeing the various candidates running for the office of President God (as Cosmic Mind is known on a governmental level). The one to be elected would use their evolved cosmic intelligence to serve a multi-million year term governing all universes.

Nedarb offered his conclusion to the election coverage we just witnessed.

"And what other faith makes it possible for voters to elect their deities? And what other faith makes it possible for you to become a deity? The  $E=mc^2$  equation has transformed misty low-tech Metaphysics into hard-boiled high-tech Metabiology. The evolution of the Gods of Science begins when you all work together as immortals to serve Nature."

The crowd was on edge with cries of 'I wanna evolve to be a scientific god!' being heard all the way down the hallway.

My com-vid was getting edgy. "Hey, boss, you are supposed to be walking up to the Director's office to do an interview with him. How come you are standing here listening to all his abstract intellectual stuff on that visi-screen?"

"I am a reporter, my com-vid buddy. He is saying what all these people believe to be true and I am hired to report that fact!"

I too was getting edgy wanting to meet Director Nedarb face-to-face in order to prove to Harmgar that I was the one to do the interview. Still, the excitement of the crowd delayed my departure down the hallway.

The old Nedarb newsclip went on enthralling them, helping them to learn that the low-tech myth of heaven has a 'high-tech scientific equivalent'. Onscreen flashed the sight of an advanced scientific laboratory rising above the stars.

"My job is to show you that the old concept of 'heaven' is now the well-established Divine Laboratory of the Twenty-Sixth-Dimension. The work of the Gods of Science is coordinated in this amazing Divine Lab founded to be an ultra-scientific workplace for helping all life to evolve higher consciousness. Every operation in the running of Multi-Universal Reality, from the microcosm of atoms and molecules on up the stars and galaxies, the multiple universes and higher dimensions, is the duty of highly evolved immortal divine beings starting their journey as ordinary individuals like you, and then evolving themselves far higher to join in the eternal work being done inside our Twenty-Sixth Dimension high-tech heaven."

My com-vid was shaking up and down in my pocket.

"Hey, Boss," he shouted out "No small hand-held mechanism like me could ever achieve divine status!"

Nedarb's online oratory right then and there proved him wrong.

"Our democratic Universal Government guarantees the right of any individual, or hand-held mechanism, to grow your cosmic intelligence to the maximum level."

"Wow," the little com-vid squeaked, "He is saying my humble mechanical self can achieve more in life than just being clutched in your cold hands or stuffed inside your dark pocket!"

At last Nedarb concluded his former onscreen talk.

"When anyone of you are seriously working to increase your scientific knowledge, you can achieve divine status in the universal system. By self-evolving yourself as a scientific techno-immortal you are deemed eligible to be a candidate in Divine Elections. You can then look forward to run for office as one of the new high-tech Gods of Science who govern Nature. Elected to office as a scientific god you will work to keep our

universe operating more efficiently than did the mythic low-tech gods of old. You will be working to help every future individual to evolve up into high-tech heaven."

My feet were ready to dash over to his office to start my interview. It made me cringe when Harmgar came back onscreen with his announcement that he alone would be interviewing Director Nedarb.

"My friends, don't wait long for me to bring Director Nedarb on my program for one hell of an interview. Signing off now" he said with a smirk on his face.

It was now clear to me that Harmgar was wary of my taking the Nedarb interview away from him. He was jealous knowing I had already scooped up tons of information for my soon-to-be talk with the Director. So like you earthlings often say when you dismiss a problem I really didn't shiv a get.

As I rushed along the Hallway of Evolution I saw people bowing down to pay reverence to the divine electro-images of the Gods of Science promising them a bright evolutionary path to an immortal future. I heard them vowing to become the future brain-cells of the evolving universal mind.

Am I a scientific worshipper? No, I am a confirmed skeptic. Harmgar taking Frus away from me made my skepticism far worse. Despite my being critical of scientific religion, it was good that I was familiar with its teachings. My parents were steeped in their evolutionary faith and teaching me the holy equations daily. This was a big help for my interviewing Director Nedarb. His work involved him and his staff keeping a steady watch every hour on the progress of the evolution of new gods in every galaxy when millions of new solar systems were joining in the fight for higher cosmic intelligence.

Damn, just then my com-vid buzzed with an urgent call from one of my many extraterrestrial ex-girlfriends.

"Boss, online it's her, that virtual-sapien girl you used to date, the one who looks like a gorgeous ghost. She's hot for a rematch and calling you every day to wrap her virtual arms around you once again."

In my lonely years of life, going from planet to planet trying to get a job, I was a love-hungry maniac briefly matching up with countless love-hungry females of many species. Tired of dealing with my past romances I told my com-vid to not put her through. I was determined to finish my next important interview without another ex-girlfriend calling to tell me she was still feeling hot for hours of crazy love.

"Cancel the call. No more past girlfriends do you understand?" I said continuing my walk to interview Nedarb.

I marched onward trying to keep my personal problems far away from their interfering with my advancing career. Just before reaching the elevation platform on my walk to interview the Director a well-endowed alien female stepped in front of me shaking her ample curves.

"Wouldn't you rather come with me big boy? I'm hot for the likes of you."

The com-vid did a quick scan of her motivation for inviting me to spend hours making temporary love. My techno-love wires were strongly urging me to follow her until I was notified this was one of Harmgar's tricks.

"Danger...Boss...female alien is being paid.....to distract you from seeing the Director....to stop your interview.....she is paid.....paid ....by.....Harmgar!!"

And so my rival was doing all he could to stop me. He knew of my previous wild days of lust and thought he could still divert me from my big interview that night. I turned away from the gorgeous alien and kept on going forward.

And then something strange happened. Half-hidden behind the electro-statue of the Goddess of Quintessence, a young semi-humanoid boy appeared out of nowhere and staring silently at me with weird sparkling orange eyes. Two small antennae were sprouting out of his head. His skin was tinged blue, his hair a light shade of purple. I would later be told the boy heard the rumor that I might be the reporter announcing his existence to every galaxy but I hadn't been shown any visuals of him at that point. As soon as I spotted him he vanished. I walked on wondering if I'd just seen an illusion.

3.

A guard took me up on an elevated platform to the Tower Of The Cosmos where the high-tech instruments capturing all the information for ongoing cosmic evolution were situated. When I entered Nedarb's huge office one of his assistant robots spotted me.

"Sir, you have a visitor," the robot said.

"The reporter?" Director Nedarb asked.

I was so pleased to meet the Director I forgot to caution the robot assistant to be sure to keep all the doors closed to shut out Harmgar's mechanical drone still quietly flying high and following me. Forgetting the nasty little drone, I didn't hesitate to introduce myself to Director Nedarb. Big mistake. I had no idea the drone would soon be attacking me in the middle of my interview.

"Reporter Lang Ramdin here, sir, to record the significant information our headquarters says you wish to relate to me. I have read your famous vid-book *Our Semi-Conscious Universe: From Big Bang to Big Being* as background. You cite evidence that science has discovered the universe is alive after her birth in the Big Bang. Our conscious minds are helping to evolve her cosmic intelligence growing behind all the stars and galaxies. As we grow our individual intelligence, so grows the mind of our universe. And right now, here in the Tower of the Cosmos, you are helping our universe to become a fully conscious Big Being. And she is beginning to communicate with us."

"Ah, yes, we have achieved much with our work," said Nedarb. "All universes are born unconscious. The key to scientific-religious phenomena is the teaching of evolutionary behavior to awaken our universe to full consciousness because we are all potential agents of her cosmic evolution. Say, where is your news crew? I don't see a group hauling in all that giant recording equipment they use for major cross-cosmos news interviews."

"Sir, I am a new reporter soon to be hired by Intergalactic News Media for their number one news show, The Cosmic Buzz. If I do well with my interviewing you tonight, they will release it for showing on the Buzz at some future date. If we get a number one rating I soon will have a full crew working with me and carrying the best gear. Today, the only equipment I have to record our talking is this small, cheap com-vid of mine. But do not worry. Nothing will go wrong with our presentation. All the visuals will be clear and sharp and the sound excellent. Right, little com-vid, pal?"

My com-vid was very upset after me calling him 'cheap'. "Yeah, boss. I will do my best right up to the moment you toss me in a trash can" he growled.

Director Nedarb said he trusted my little com-vid to do a good job.

"And you have come at the right moment for interviewing me. Our universe is beginning to awaken to her higher intelligence level. While you are interviewing me tonight I want you also to do a brief talk with her, our awakening universe."

At first, I thought he was joking with me. But I soon realized Director Nedarb was giving me this even bigger story to report that night. He was handing me the awesome opportunity for talking one-to-one with the universe herself! No reporter had ever imagined they would be able to do a cosmic dialogue like that. It would be an incredibly big boost for me in the intergalactic news game.

"What? Me interview our universe? I had no idea that coming to talk to you tonight that my first major interview would also include my talking with the universal mind growing across all the stars and galaxies!"

He persisted with his offer for me to soon to be interviewing the universe herself.

"You are a natural for it. I am told you have a background in cosmic science with your parents being devout followers of scientific religion."

"My sister and I were taught well by our mother and father that both religion and science are founded on our basic survival instincts. Sister is now working as a prominent figure in the higher scientific religious circles teaching top-flight infinite survival classes. And my job, of course, is to cover your major news story about this strange young cosmic mutant."

"Good. We will be talking today about the young mutant. As you know mutations are common in evolution. In fact the origin of all Reality stems from a mutated micro-particle that long ago evolved into God. I'm sure you have heard of the 'god-particle'."

I could see he was testing me in order to prepare for his talking about some deep scientific facts during my interview with him. I ask my earthling readers to absorb as much of my interview with the Director as you can. In that way, you will be able to know how it relates to my reporting on the quest to find the incredible cosmic mutant.

"Oh, yes, the God mutation," I replied. "According to the Physics of Divinity he emerged when nothing existed but the Primal Vacuum of potential energy in its lowest state of zero temperature and non-motion. God evolved from being a microscopic particle into the highest intelligence of all."

"Ah, you have credible knowledge of what we shall be talking about today."

"Sir, as a kid I was taught the science of 'mass being equivalent to energy'. Nothing existed at first but the potential energy of the Primal Vacuum. And within that state of potential energy there was no mass."

"Correct so far, keep going."

"In the Primal Vacuum only temporary xx and xy particles were popping in and out before quickly vanishing back into potential energy. I learned this went on and on until one mutant xy particle lived much longer than any semi-particle before. Acting as the god particle he then began attracting billions of random xx and xy particles. His doing so began the creation of mass. And this started cosmic evolution."

"Let me hear more of what you have learned."

I had to dig deep in my brain to remember all I had learned about this subject. There was no stopping me in order to start my interview.

"The 'god' particle manifested itself as a powerful intellectual force. Known to us as the 'Nth Hyperforce', it kept evolving its' energy to equal mass at the speed of light squared and quickly attained divinity. Developing its' intelligence further he became the calculating Eternal Computer of Cosmic Mind, expanding its' consciousness and mathematically creating space, time, and mass itself. Cosmic Mind then connected countless xx and xy particles to create life in the first of many universes. That first universe was the original beautiful cell in what is now the glorious Cosmic Body of multi-universes. In this way Cosmic Mind created his divine mate, the Cosmic Body. She is the 'Supreme Software' organizing all of his calculations into life forms that evolve out of her vibrant multi-universal mass. Or, as the space poets say, 'a lonely god created his mate, the mother of all multi-universal reality'"

"So far, so good. What's left to tell?"

"Working together, the Eternal Computer of Cosmic Mind and the Supreme Software of the Cosmic Body are continually mating to give birth to every new universe in a Big Bang. Our own universe was born as a growing cell within the body of her multi-universal form. Therefore, all of the countless multi-universes and the higher dimensions are the results of their divine scientific mating interactions. God is an all-powerful intelligent male energy, the Nth Hyperforce, exchanging his vitality with the all-powerful female Goddess of X-Energy who, at the same time, is exchanging her all-powerful female energy with him. Acting as the Holy Polarity both keep condensing their divine energy into infinite mass for infinite life to be born in every Big Bang. In this way they are sharing their life-energy with us all. As techno-immortals, we are evolving our intelligence to help them keep their birthing of new universes to go on forever."

Whew. I was out of breath reeling off all these facts to impress the Director that I was qualified to interview him.

Director Nedarb nodded his head, content that he could go into much more scientific detail during our interview without me being too empty-headed to do a good reporting job. Nedarb went forward to launch the interview. I listened carefully with him describing to me his work.

"On every wall of my large office, you are seeing the multiple universes onscreen. Scanning this multitude of universes daily, charting their varied progress toward acquiring consciousness, I still marvel at the sight of it all. Clearly visible you see the compelling shape of the multi-universal Cosmic Body with old and new universes sparkling within her. New infant universes are endlessly being birthed to become intelligent cells in her vast physical structure as she forever exchanges energy with the dynamic Nth Hyperforce of Cosmic Mind. Look, there is a new baby universe emerging in a Big Bang from zero potential energy to join the Cosmic Body of Multi-Universes. Our universe was created in just this way. The true nature of SuperReality, as outlined in the equations of the Physics of Divinity, shows us that each universe is born to achieve its place within the whole of the multi-universal Cosmic Body, or it must cease to exist in the evolutionary competition."

"Sir, we techno-immortals have the job of making sure our universe grows her consciousness to survive this tough competition. I believe our future media audience will understand what you are saying."

Nedarb went on.

"As Universal Government Director of Cosmic Evolution, my job is helping our universe evolve into full consciousness to become a member of the multi-universal Cosmic Body. Of course, it is only we immortals who can carry such a huge task to its' final conclusion. And, let me tell you, we have discovered a strange mutant who is working on the very same aim on his small planet."

"Sir, I have been ordered to look onto this mutant's history. I am told he wants his people to become immortal techno-sapiens like us. I also learned that his playing around with time and space travel he blundered into starting the universal war quite by accident millions of years ago.

"True. That's the maddening paradox of this kid's involvement. His time traveling to stop the war before it started ended with the war beginning anyway. And then his planet Earth fell into the grip of the Nihilii who secretly are preparing for the earthlings to be fed into a black hole."

"Sir, it is well known the enemy is wanting to feed all planets and star systems into hungry black holes."

"Well, the young child genius has been working to have Earth's people fight against becoming a black hole's dinner. He wants them to join us to win a final victory over the Nihilii. This includes helping his human species overcoming their short, ignorant mortal lives. He is trying to tell them that when they are living scientific extended life spans they will grow their intelligence to join us in the awakening of our universe to her full potential self-awareness. Such is the work we immortals must always be doing when living our endless existence. And there you see gathered around me a well-known group of immortals. They have long been working to evolve the consciousness of our universe. Meet the government's Council of Young Ancients."



## CHAPTER TWO: THE YOUNG ANCIENTS

### 4.

I moved my com-vid over to the group of youthful-looking immortals sitting at a table, their stern faces looking like they hadn't smiled for centuries.

"Only immortals can do the Cosmic Work after the divine creation of universes," announced Nedarb to my com-vid camera. "When evolutionary mutations within a universe develop cosmic intelligence this is their purpose for having achieved scientific immortality. And now we have an amazing cosmic mutant helping us in this effort even though he is still a young vulnerable mortal.

"The Council welcomes the young mutants' goal for it is their declared goal as written in the Universal Constitution. They are the legislative-branch of the Universal Government, assigned to pass laws ensuring the evolution of our universe into an awakened conscious being."

I ask my earthling readers not to be shocked with what Director Nedarb said next about the age-range of the Council members.

"Ramdin, all members of the Council are hundreds of thousands of years old in age. It takes that long for them to be eligible to run for office as Council members."

The ancient ones all looked at me with eyes hardened by the realities of their long life.

"Many think immortals should be old and gray," continued Nedarb, "But, thanks to techno-science, not one of them looks older than twenty-five. And I must say that sometimes they act like a bunch of teenagers."

The grim-looking Council suddenly all roared with laughter at that remark.

I saw one young-looking Council female lean forward to give a young-looking Council male a long-lasting kiss on his lips.

"Being young for thousands of years love only gets better," she giggled.

This made me feel a twinge of pain thinking of Frus' parents raging against me that last night we were together smooching in the street. My love pangs for her returned briefly seeing the two immortals kissing so passionately.

I told myself to hold steady and get on with the interview without wimping out over my shattered relationship.

"Hey," one of the Young Ancients exclaimed, "we immortals like to have fun sometimes as a break from our working hard over a quarter million years raising taxes to fund the conscious growth of our young universe!"

Just as he finished speaking, they all returned to looking somber and thoughtful as the interview got off to a start. Director Nedarb wasted no time starting our interview.

"Mister reporter, you have me on camera speaking to those in many galaxies who are watching us. We are fighting a universal war. We want more worlds to join us when they learn what we are fighting for. They must see that our universe is not just empty stars and galaxies. She was born in a Big Bang and is a living, growing young universal being. Look at the screen above me and you will see the basic structure of our universe is a web of galactic filaments looking much like a living nervous system. And all of us living on every planet are the multitude of self-aware microscopic particles existing within her universal nervous system. You, Reporter Ramdin, are a small self-aware particle of the universe. As such you are one tiny example of the universe being aware of herself."

I knew where he was going with this. To better inform our viewing audience he wanted to do a back and forth between himself and me as the reporter. I quickly joined in the game.

"Sir, how can you say that without hearing me coming right back to tell you I think you may be spouting a false concept?"

"You were born in this universe, right?"

"Right"

"Your body is formed from the microscopic particles known as atoms and molecules in this universe, right?"

"Right."

"Your sensory perceptions are recording those small portions of universal reality that you perceive everyday, right?"

"Right."

"And, like all of us living creatures, you are a self-aware microscopic particle within the huge universal body. Having learned how huge the universe is, science teaches us that we are microscopic cells within the body of the universe organizing her highly evolved future universal mind and body."

"OK, I am a self-aware micro-particle, among many, in this universe. So what?" This was a question many of our viewers would ask, so I asked it.

"In simple words, Mr. Ramdin the universe has given you life as an intelligent microscopic particle. You were born within her cosmic system and you are using her energy to live your microscopic life. Therefore you have a deep-seated relationship with her. Furthermore, you are one of her potential brain cells. Isn't that having a deep, personal relation to your universe, my fellow self-aware microscopic particle?"

"Yes, sir, I am beginning think you may be correct."

"Our highly evolved minds are examples of matter achieving self-awareness. As intelligent self-aware universal particles, we are the potential brain cells of our universe. Our cosmic task is to be organizing her future universal brain and nervous system using the energy of stars and galaxies. When we have done our work correctly our universe will become a self-aware immortal brain cell in the greater multi-universal Cosmic Body. Our job is to keep Mother Universe alive until she attains full consciousness within the larger body of the Mother of All Universes. Are you aware how we will accomplish this important cosmic effort?"

I recited what I already knew to keep our future media audience glued to their virtual onscreen media.

"Director Nedarb, I know that advanced science long ago realized that stars and galaxies exist so that every star civilization can eventually come together with the others, organizing their power to create a complete system of cosmic intelligence."

"You have learned well. As conscious beings in every galaxy, we must be working together to increase our intelligence and fighting to bring our cosmos into full consciousness. Universal growth depends on our living highly evolved lives. We are fighting an enemy who is seeking to destroy the universe by first of all devolving higher thought patterns into utter stupidity."

"You are saying, sir, our greatest task is to defeat the enemy before they make us all so stupid that we allow them to end all existence! Isn't that our ultimate goal?"

"Reporter, I want your future news audience to see up close the enemy singing and dancing and praising death as a glorified form of non-existence. We enjoy looking at the night sky to see the sparkling beauty of stars and galaxies. The Nihilii see only filthy garbage in the heavens above. To them all existence is perverted filth that must be eradicated."

To make his point Director Nedarb touched off a horrific onscreen vid of a Nihilii fleet using anti-grav wavelengths to push a minor solar system into a huge black hole. We heard the planetary populations screaming as they were being swallowed up into the black hole's singularity.

"Against the dark Nihilii vision of cosmic murder, we fight for the brightness of a fully organized, alive universe. I want your viewers to know exactly how we are going about organizing our universe for her future conscious destiny and hoping your news audience will someday join us."

Onscreen came the dizzying sight of unstable wave-lengths dancing up and down in wild configurations. Nedarb faced the vid-camera with images of empty glowing galaxies, a supernova or two exploding, stars crashing into each other, and the false vacuum not being truly stable.

"We want you all to know that our universe, in its present state, is not fully materialized. Her cosmic body is unstable because as yet she is incomplete. Our advanced science will further stabilize universal evolution and bring it into its total complete form, but only when we have evolved our minds to use the technology for transforming matter and energy into a new highly evolved cosmic environment. How can our higher intelligence help this work to be accomplished? The answer is that we are using a Galactic Networking Module or GNM device to connect all individual minds together as the universal mind."

He held up the amazing GNM tool. "You can walk into any one of the Council offices on multitudes of planets and be hired and paid to be a working universal brain cell using this Galactic Networking Module invented not long ago. Linked to the Outernet our use of the GNM is helping to connect populations, on every planet and every galaxy, to grow the brainpower of the emerging universal mind. How's that for your news story?"

"Sir, awhile back I did a report on the brain-cell workers at various Council offices on many planets. Using that new GNM module they are happy teaming up to help the universal thinking process grow and develop to a state of maturity with their neurotransmitting inter-galactic information. They are networking all galaxies into a well-rounded cosmic intelligence."

Our interview charged forward with the Director's remarks on dark energy and dark matter.

"Cosmic brain power is working because science has learned to control dark energy and dark matter. We are building the mature universal body by gaining greater control of dark energy and dark matter to create stability within a fully materialized cosmos. Our control of dark matter and energy has given us almost a hundred new elements, including the two-hundredth element, divinium. When we have fully downloaded all dark energy along with dark matter we will merge all levels matter and energy in this universe into an atomic structure of pure divinium-based cosmic self-awareness."

There appeared onscreen a dazzling projection of what the universe will look like when she is transformed into a well-organized and fully conscious state of existence, and powered by the collective working mind of the evolved living creatures within her acting as her brain cells and neurotransmitters.

"The energy requirement of all civilizations always necessitates a growing amount of energy. No energy source was better than the energy sources already existing in star systems. We are building gigantic spherical shells around stars to absorb every quantum of energy at 5000 octillion watts per second. This is quintillions of times higher than any minor planets' energy use. The vibrations of planets will then become electric and smooth. Solid thin shells will be surrounding every star. Hundreds of thousands of meters of a thin divinium membrane composed of dark matter will enable these massive spheres to organize the energy of their particular star system to help power the life force of our universe. Advanced engineering is allowing it to keep strong its structural integrity, never to collapse from the force of gravity. Across the universe we are connecting the filaments of galaxies into a unified system, all of them vibrating together, with us feeding our advanced consciousness into their organized structure.

"In this way our universe shall become a conscious universe when we have downloaded our growing intelligence into every galactic filament of the cosmic nervous system. At present she is able to communicate with us and I will keep my promise for you to soon interview her."

"But, sir, where is the gigantic work force to help accomplish this great task? The enemy is working to rot the brains of the young on every planet. They lure these youthful generations into downgrading their brainpower instead of charging it up to full capacity."

"Our work, Ramdin, is to raise young scientists in every galaxy to help us do the downloading of our intelligence into the universal system. That means raising the young on every world to become super-intelligent techno-immortals like ourselves and working with us to strengthen the life-force of our universe."

Onscreen flashed the faces of individuals from various species.

"Over time my staff has visited innumerable worlds to recruit their inhabitants. The majority of them are still living a very short life span. I am now looking straight at the camera with my words directed to those worlds where individuals live brief, mortal lives of seventy years at the maximum. Their mortal eyes look out at the universe at night and see only stars empty of any thought-patterns."

Faces of individuals from various species on various planets appeared onscreen. Going from individual to individual the vids showed them not understanding Director Nedarb's words when they were being told of the Universal Government's grand scheme of scientific immortality for all.

"Would you want to live forever?" was the blunt question he was asking.

The individual being questioned couldn't understand the concept.

"But, aren't we all supposed to die? Isn't our dying nature's plan?"

Nedarb went on to ask the next individual on another planet the same question. "Please tell us if you would ever want to be immortal?"

All he got back was a puzzled expression on the person's face.

"Uh...what would I do forever?"

Turning to the next individual he asked, "And you, sir, would you wish to live an infinite life-span, forever and ever?"

"What's this forever you are talking about?" was the tepid response. "You can only be dead forever."

"As you can see, reporter, they mostly give us blank looks when we ask them to join us as immortals working to bring the stars and galaxies into full consciousness. They are terrified when we tell them we are living hundreds or thousands of years to accomplish this goal because they believe Nature has given them only one simple job to do in life. After that job is done in their brief life span they are ready to die. Do you know what is the job Nature gives the average mortal?"

"Yes, sir. Nature gives them the sole job of reproducing their species."

"Well, as techno-immortals our job is reproducing universes. Once a new universe is born it needs to start evolving within itself many wise, long-lived species to help its' infant consciousness grow to full measure; much like our Council Members here who, despite their deceptive youthful appearance, are wise and farseeing immortals.

"Their job is to link all of our immortal conscious minds across the stars to help evolve the greater mind of our universe. Allow me to introduce to you Council of Young Ancients primary spokesman, Lrac Nnaps. He will give you some necessary background data before we launch into your more in-depth interview with me. Your future universal news audience needs to learn that techno-immortality is the key for us achieving our prime goal. Listen as Nnaps tells your news audience the importance of immortality for the care and breeding of new universes."

My readers know I am a religious skeptic but very familiar with all the data being given me by Nedarb and the Council. My asking them questions was aimed at the future media audience of our interview who knew little or nothing of the subject matter being discussed. It was very important for thousands of still neutral worlds to know the basic issues the Universal Government was fighting for so they would agree to join us. Council Member Nnaps looking very young, yet sounding very serious and wise for his enormously great age, immediately responded with data to share with our future news audience.

"Reporter Ramdin, we immortals are necessary as workers for the birth of new universes. Long ago we downloaded our short-lived organic bodies into long-lived techno bodies and became the original techno-species with our incredibly extended life span. It was necessary to acquire these tough, durable bodies in order

to think with fast-moving digital calculations and using our intelligence to reshape the universe. Growing more intelligent as universal brain-cells we help the progress of universal mind to achieve its' highest potential. And being immortals we grow our infinite wisdom to share with those helping us to grow in cosmic consciousness. This transformation deeply changed the way we thought about aging because our techno-bodies can renew themselves forever.

"On primitive planets, one's age is still determined by the number of orbits their home world circles around their parent star. One solar orbit is one year. When science extended our life spans for extreme technolongevity our Universal Government stopped counting our ages in brief solar orbits or years. To give you a better idea please, tell us Reporter Ramdin, what is your age based on the orbits of your home planet?"

"In my solar system I am only thirty solar orbits old" I replied.

"OK. Now think of your age being measured by the number of Galactic Years you have lived."

"Galactic Years?" I asked in my inquisitive reporter style.

"Instead of doing a solar countdown we Ancients calculate our age in Galactic years. One Galactic Year is roughly two hundred fifty thousand solar years. This is the time it takes the average solar system to orbit around the center of an average galaxy. Counting age in this way we Ancients are barely one whole Galactic Year old. This means that our life spans reach a normal state of old age in almost two million Galactic Years. Numerically speaking, we Young Ancients are now in a state of eternal youth. Living with our ever-renewing techno-bodies we can keep going on for trillions of Galactic Years in a state of eternal youth. At the same time, we are filled with ageless wisdom from our centuries of living."

I heard a squeaky voice. It was my com-vid mouthing off again.

"Hey, you people are living thousands of years? I can't imagine me lasting more than a few lousy years until I start rusting."

Council Member Lrac Nnaps immediately responded to my com-vid's remark. "We are all products of advanced techno-science, including you little com-vid. Tell your owner to never cease repairing your mechanism to keep you going on forever and ever. This is the way of your future and ours."

"I sure wish my future was being a high-cost communications network installed into my bosses' fuzzy techno-brain to help him think more clearly" sassed the little device.

Director Nedarb laughed. "Well, well, Ramdin, your com-vid device is leading us into the main subject of our interview. With our allies in untold galaxies, we are encouraging millions of species to join us in gaining the ageless wisdom that the Council members here have been enjoying for many millennia. They are reaching out to our future allies to join us as techno-immortals doing the eternal cosmic work of the Gods of Science, linking the Hyperforce of Cosmic Mind to the Cosmic Body for the never-ending birth of new universes. The Council of Young Ancients here is building a vast network of species educating themselves to become the future immortal brain cells of our awakening universe. Their work for the Universal Government is succeeding in thwarting our enemy's plan to extinguish cosmic intelligence on all fronts."

"Because that amazing GNM device is helping to spread high-level intelligence here, there and everywhere" I interjected.

"Indeed, Reporter Ramdin, this amazing networking module is making it happen everywhere. Sending messages zipping through many wormholes, and receiving responses back from all over the universe, the Galactic Networking Module is helping the growing mind of our cosmos increase its' conscious interactions within the multi-universal environment. The pay is very good and using the module, provided you by the Universal Government, you can work at home to receive and send messages stimulating the universal nervous system."

Lrac Nnaps broke into the conversation. "Our government gives any new immortal individual this opportunity because we live in a universal democracy. We want all of those still living their sad, brief lives on low-level mortal worlds to know that our Universal Government guarantees the right of each individual to

self-evolve themselves by downloading their personality into a durable techno-body. Increasing their intelligence to the maximal cosmic heights, far beyond what any brief life can ever achieve on lower evolved planets, they can enjoy networking the exciting wavelengths of cosmic consciousness on the highest dimensional level. As techno-immortals we are doing the work necessary to extend cosmic intelligence from the low-level Primal Vacuum on up to the highest Twenty-Sixth Dimensional level, and every individual born has the right to join us."

Director Nedarb carried on the discussion staring straight ahead into my com-vid. The interview was progressing well, so far.

"Your universal news audience must know that each one of them can acquire the highest level of intelligence. A long-lived, wise individual is the key to all progress for keeping our universe alive and aware. Using their acquired wisdom any new immortal can someday be elected to govern the various functions of the universe to maintain its' cosmic life span. This is important because we are fighting against the Nihilii enemy who wish to keep all of you ignorant under the heel of their death-loving dictatorship. They seek to end the life of our universe and destroy all of the progress our Universal Government has so far achieved."

Our universal news audience was often feeling hopeless that victory in this long drawn out war against the Nihilii could ever be won. In the newsroom were always receiving endless reports that widespread depression and anxiety based on fear of a Nihilii victory was common. I even suffered from bouts of this same depression myself when hearing talk of the joy of techno-immortality. Remembering Frus' parents telling her I am a cursed techno-sapiens, I was sinking into a foul state of mind. Interviewing the Director about the vast goals of our war efforts and at the same time being dragged down into a hell of personal problems was making me feel the onset of in-depth depression and the weakening of my survival instinct. While I was drifting into this dark mood, Nedarb was ready to introduce the leader of the Nihilii terrorist forces to my future news audience. But first it was necessary for the Director and the Council of Young Ancients to explain in my news report why evolutionary competition between the UG and the Nihilii came to bloody mortal blows in the war. Director Nedarb explained that universes are products of natural selection for a higher purpose.

"Let's continue our talk with a look at the giant visi-screen up there. You see flashing images of a vast assembly of multi-universes with endless shapes and sizes. As Director of Cosmic Evolution, I observe each young universe competing with all the others in the evolutionary struggle to advance and become potential cells in the multi-universal structure of the Cosmic Body. Some can advance themselves in their struggle while others fail and devolve back into the void of potential energy.

"Now, there you see a far-flung baby universe with its' galaxies and solar systems just starting its' post-Big Bang evolutionary progress to become a cell in the structure of the Cosmic Body. The Cosmic Body is immortal and every universal cell within her must also be immortal. This is the primary goal for which these young universes are competing with each other. How far will this infant cosmos go to reach full maturity? Look over here to see a fully evolved immortal universe newly awakened to the intelligence level of the Twenty-Sixth Dimension. It has joined all the other mature universes that have successfully integrated themselves into the total multi-universal system. Such is the destiny of all universes who are advancing themselves to full maturity."

I have to admit my eyes marveled at the sight of a newly created little universe as it was just beginning to expand beyond the Big Bang of its' conception. I then moved my com-vid over to view the image of the fully evolved individual universe.

"There you see a completely evolved universe who has acquired the full form as a new cell within the structure of the Cosmic Body. Huge and glowing with a shimmering radiance that silently speaks of her far-reaching intelligence and wisdom."

"I see her pulsating with intelligent radiance," I said with awe.



"We will keep using this magnificent GNM technology for our universe to be evolved as a totally conscious cell within the whole of the immortal Cosmic Body of multi-universes," said Nedarb proudly.

"Yes, and on many worlds, the multi-universal Cosmic Body is reverently called the mighty 'Mother of Universes'."

I was very impressed with the sight of multi-universal evolution on the giant screen. Council member Lrac Nnaps spoke for the others when he said: "It is the ultimate goal of the Council of Young Ancients to live forever and join those working in the Twenty-Sixth to help them direct the unending birth of new universes for the Cosmic Body. Our task will then be supervising the production of ever more new universes and monitoring their evolutionary progress. Right, Director Nedarb?"

"Absolutely," Director Nedarb responded, "That being said let's now take a look at our own young universe. And, please remember, reporter Ramdin, as a major segment of your interviewing me I am welcoming our universe to soon be speaking to you for your interview. This is now possible with the Council of Young Ancients helping us in this great effort. They are growing a conscious network of crowd-based intelligence all across the galaxies developing the cosmic mind of our universe, with ourselves as the cells of a fully conscious universal brain."

Council Member Lrac Nnaps filled me in on this point with his hand firmly on the Galactic Networking Module. "Our advanced science is using this GNM technology to wire together and network our collective minds across space and time. Countless species are joining to become the awakened consciousness of our cosmos and giving it a voice to begin communicating with us. Watch as Director Nedarb shows your viewing audience how this is happening."

Waving the holo-gadget in his fingers, Nedarb kept narrowing the vast onscreen assembly of multi-universes down to the local stars and galaxies of our own small, growing cosmic system. Using his sharp eye he was observing the inevitable development of life, galaxy by galaxy, and checking out a small number of planets among quintillions of worlds.

"Our universe is still in the early stage of her intellectual development with only the first stage of her future self-awareness completed. Next we must work to expand her self-awareness. Within any young universe, the job of micro-beings is to upgrade one's individual consciousness in order to promote the higher group conscious level of a future universal brain. This means that we are the potential universal brain-cells of her future awakened mind. But we still have a long way to go to achieve that evolutionary aim because we are at war fighting to prevent the death of our universe. The work of our enemy is to cancel any possible universal consciousness from ever existing. We want all to know this war has its' roots in the competitive nature of evolution itself."

I saw the Council of Young Ancients nodding their wise young heads in harmony with that remark. Nedarb went on to speak to our future news audience about the evolutionary clash between us, and the Nihilii, in the Universal War.

"Evolution is forever producing fiercely competing species. All are in combat with one another to win the game of survival. Onscreen are primal forms of evolution starting on that one world there. See them in their earliest murderous phase when new forms of life must battle to survive in their multiple bloody food chains. For all these centuries we more highly evolved technos have been fighting against the tough gene-enhanced superorganic Nihilii. Our side in the war is battling to increase the intelligence level of our universe equal to the intelligence level of all other advanced universes. Failing to do so we will lose the Universal Evolutionary War and free the Nihilii to kill our universe and all who live within her."

## CHAPTER THREE: INTERVIEW WITH OUR UNIVERSE

### 5.

"Up there onscreen you see many scenes showing the Nihilii enemy shoving helpless planets into the open mouths of black holes."

This is where our interview went into a deep dark space. My instincts were hanging on the rope of my hope for learning more about the cosmic mutant, and zeroing in on Nedarb's promise to have me interview our newly aware universe. But first he wanted to put our news audience on edge about the gigantic stakes in the war game. He interjected the image of the enemy terrorist leader onscreen to give me a taste of the story yet to come. A monstrous face crystallized, snarling with blood dripping from his fangs.

"And there he is, Lord Lizardo, chief Warrior Death-Priest of the Nihilii Black Hole Terrorist Attack Forces. You've seen him on the news with his warriors ravaging planet after planet in order to kill off any of their evolutionary advancement."

Director Nedarb went on talking to our future news audience, telling why the enemy was dedicated to ending all universal progress.

"The Nihilii are militant superorganics, gene-enhanced to be stronger than all other superorganic species. Deeply religious in their practice of death-worship they believe non-existence is the final cure for the disease of life. Our psychiatrists point out that they are suffering from a deadly mental disease known as 'mortal mania', or the love of death. Their culture breeds this maniacal malady because to them life is a form of filth and pollution much like the filth and pollution of their polluted homeworld. Coming out of the war-torn Middle Universe with his warriors, Lizardo took charge of the BHTAF at the order of his Empress of the Nihilii, Razaraba XIII. Onscreen you can see the Empress singing and dancing in front of her throne, flapping her giant lizard tail in rhythm to the music playing, and entertaining her worshipful population. She is the leading example of a royal mortal maniac."

The royal female, wearing her crown, danced before our eyes onscreen.

"In this clip, Razaraba is singing her hatred for the Gods of Science. See the Empress dancing, waving an ax around the head of one of her subjects on his knees. You can see onscreen the translation of the lyrics of the song she sings."

I read the lyrics sliding across the screen as the Empress danced in a circle around her kneeling subject ready to be decapitated.

"From your head down to your rear/All life is meant to disappear  
It's true, it's a hardboiled fact/ your life is a disappearing act!"

What was strange to me was the smile on the face of the one being decapitated. It was if he enjoyed having his head lopped off.

"He is a victim of mortal mania. Mortality affects a population in one of two ways. Either they develop a love of death like the Nihilii, or, like us, they work to become techno-immortals. The Nihilii people are afflicted with maximum mortal mania. They enjoy being decapitated by Her Royal Highness so they can quickly disappear into Nothingness.

"And there, watching her onscreen with lust in his eyes, is Lord Lizardo standing alone in a Nihilii public square. You can hear him muttering in his Nihilese language various words of pollution-filled passion at the sight of Her Majesty singing and dancing around the body of her willing victim."

The onscreen translation ran the following loving words spoken by Lord Lizardo in his hard-to-listen-to Nihilese tongue. It was the first time I was hearing filthy language being used as the language of love:

"Fuck you, bitch, oh I love you, you fucking beautiful piece of shit."

My com-vid squeaked with a surprised voice, "Those are words of loving passion he is speaking?"

I had to add my bit as well. "Lizardo is saying he is in love with the Empress?"

"Don't be shocked at the way the Nihilii express their admiration for a love object," Nedarb said. "We would call it foul language because it is unlike the language of love we are used to hearing. Their love of pollution helps them to speak a polluted language. Listen to the Empress in this next clip wooing Lizardo with her own polluted words of love."

She spoke to her admirer with sickening flattery.

"And I love you too, Lizardo, you big tub of turds."

"You must understand" Nedarb continued, "that, in Nihilii culture, with every foul word he or she utters, they are giving praise of the highest order. Like I said, they express their love with their sick sense of humor because their culture worships pollution. They are devoted to the love of decay and death, ugliness, and destruction."

"To prove my point, observe a hungry Lizardo following the common Nihilii pre-meal ritual. He is addressing a prayer to one of their gods of non-existence. Their religion worships three gods devoted to non-existence. First and foremost is the goddess of non-existence herself, Zeroa Vaccuma Potentia, ruler of the empty Primal Vacuum. They believe all reality must return to her Nothingness of potential energy. Next is the Scientific God Entropius, who rules over the entropic forces of universal disorder. Last but not least is their god of the Holy Black Holes who swallows the countless planets the BHTAF are feeding his many black hole singularities. Now watch as Lizardo performs his morning worship of the Scientific God, Entropius."

The vast disorganized image of Entropius appeared, glowering in the darkness. His frowning giant face kept shifting back and forth disempowering all that was solid and stable in his presence.

"Speak to me," said the rumbling voice of the elected God of Entropy.

Lizardo bowed low, chanting the entropy formula " $S = k_B \ln W$ ;  $S = k_B \ln W$ ;  $S = k_B \ln W$ " until calling out in a loud tone "Please know O Entropius, we reject the enemy's scientific gods of progressive evolution. Only for thee O ghoulish Entropius do we, and our allies, vote in Divine Elections. We honor thee for thou art the scientific god causing wonderful disorder and chaos in the universal thermodynamic system. Thou art a measure of the unavailability of any energy system to do work, for the higher is thy entropy, the greater thy disorder. After my morning meal, I shall command my troops to worship thee. I loyally help thee to always be increasing thy entropy when I, Lord Lizardo, fight to kill this universe."

"Keep doing your mission of fiendish havoc," said the eerie cosmic voice of the God of Entropy before he faded away.

"Now," continued Nedarb, "you are seeing Lord Lizardo in the morning preparing to later speak to his troops after he gorges on raw flesh for his breakfast. View him licking his grinning lips at the sight below his feet where three captured organic prisoners are shivering with fright. Because the Nihilii are unable to cook and eat members of our techno-sapiens species, they mostly terrorize the lowly evolved organic-sapiens planets. These flesh-bound organics are their number one victims to slaughter. I'll let you guess what he is having for his first meal of the day."

We then saw Lizardo sitting down at a Nihilii restaurant table on the edge of the public square. It was nauseating for me to observe his fiendish eyes leering at the frightened prisoners. His obnoxious sense of humor was on display when a waitress approached his table. She said,

"Sir, I am ready to take your disorder."

All the servants in the Nihilii realm knew he was never to be asked if they could take his order. In his mind, there was never to be any order even when he was ordering a meal. With an evil smile he told the waitress, "Yes, you may now take my disorder. I wish to cruelly disorder these prisoner's lives by ordering their deaths. Squeeze me a glass of their life juice."

Her assistants quickly herded the prisoners up to a large grinding machine where their life juice was to be squeezed out of them. They cried for mercy and received none. Pushed from the top of the grinding mechanism they fell into its rotating center where giant iron balls crushed and smashed the prisoners' bodies until all of their life juice was poured through a long sieve into a giant glass container. It was then served to Lizardo who drank it down with pleasure.

Director Nedarb made a quick comment before showing us Lizardo addressing his troops as they gathered round the electro-statue of Entropius.

"Lord Lizardo is very much fighting us to shut off the light of the stars and to devolve all reality back into the primal, empty, non-thinking Void. Now watch him delivering an impassioned speech to his gathered troops. Trying to sound smart he tells his soldiers they are fighting a war with two fiercely opposed forms of universal energy, potential vs. kinetic. Their enemy is the multi-universal Cosmic Body herself, the ultimate scientific goddess. She is forever charging up all existence with the vibrant kinetic energy of life."

"The goddess of kinetic energy is their enemy?" I exclaimed acting dumbfounded for my future news audience. Of course, my scientific religious parents knew all there was to know about this single fact.

"The Nihilii believe that kinetic energy, or energy-in-motion, is mistakenly feeding the evolutionary activities in the universe. They hate the scientific progress of the Cosmic Body who is using universal evolution to create the multiple universes within her form. In his speech, he condemns progressive evolution to be unnaturally 'healthy'. He will be telling his warriors that the Universal Government is a product of this unnatural healthiness. Our heroic forces are trying to keep our single universe healthy and evolving to a higher level of life-energy within the multi-universal Cosmic Body while they are fighting to devolve her into the state of zero potential energy or non-motion. Such is the twisted logic this evil clown loves to spout."

Lizardo now had his troops before him. His eyes were flaming with religious zeal as they saw him praising Entropius.

"We all glorify the mighty god Entropius, working to downgrade reality with chaos and disorder and return all to the Void of non-motion. My priestly soldiers, it is to the Void we are fighting to return. Life is nothing but garbage and you are the diseased bacteria fighting to spread the deathly sickness to end all life."

His face then turned full of anger, his fangs ever more prominent.

"We are at war against a health-obsessed enemy who teach that life exists as the supreme example of health and well-being. Evolution is always breeding more life based on the onward push of kinetic energy guided forward by the life force of the Goddess of Quintessence. All living healthy beings are like disease-fighting antibiotics trying to cure our festering plague-based terrorist actions. At the same time our honorable Goddess of the Empty Void has long been suffering from this damned overabundance of healthy life. She grieves when they deny us returning to her breathless Nothingness.

"Listen to me, my soldiers! You and I exist in this ugly universe as unhealthy products of kinetic evolution. We of the BHTAF are using kinetic energy to destroy kinetic energy! We are the disease who shall kill it dead. How many of you wish to go into battle to destroy this evergrowing motion-filled existence? How many of you are ready to die in battle to achieve a state of holy, motionless, self-annihilation?"

The BHTAF warriors roared their approval for dying. Lizardo stood tall and defiant arousing them to a greater urge to sacrifice themselves in battle.

"We are taught that all life is nothing but garbage. How do you respond to that teaching my fellow warriors?"

The warriors again made their laughing loud reply in a chant.

"We hate this life/ our lives are garbage/ that is what our leaders say  
We fight to die/ for death is freedom/ garbage must be thrown away"

Next Lizardo was screaming at the top of his multiple lungs.

"The enemy does not die! They are unnatural! All life is based on death and they shall not escape their final end! The only way to kill these damned techno-immortals is to win this damned war and *KILL THE UNIVERSE!!!*"

This rant brought the loudest screams of approval. "KILL THE UNIVERSE! KILL THE UNIVERSE!"

"So will it be. For we Nihilii shall heal our beloved Void with our never-ending attack to destroy this healthy reality. Our victory shall cause the collapse of all the dimensions upon which the corrupt existence of evolution is founded. We shall never stop fighting until the stars and galaxies are gone and our Void again exists pure and empty. I will say it again that our war is the fierce battle of potential energy vs. kinetic energy because all evolution stems from the foul use of ever-in-motion kinetic energy. The twisted genius of our war-like Nihilii species is to willfully warp our own kinetic energy for death and destruction. In this way we deliver everything back to the blessed zero field of potential energy. I say down with kinetic energy! DOWN WITH THE MULTI-UNIVERSAL COSMIC BODY AND HER DAMNED EVOLUTIONARY KINETIC ENERGY! DOWN WITH EVOLUTION! Now all of you pray with me to honor the goddess of Nothingness, She whom Entropius serves when he makes chaos of Reality."

Standing with his four arms raised high, he addressed an empty space above his head to worship the Goddess of Non-Existence.

"We Nihilii serve thee O great non-existent Zeroa Potentia. It is for thee that all chaos and disorder must reduce everything into nothing."

His troops joined in screaming with all their might.

"All hail the formless goddess, holy mistress of the vacuum!"

Raising his four arms upward toward the vacant ceiling Lizardo kept at it enflaming their rage.

"O beautiful glorious emptiness, our joining together with the surging chaotic energy of Entropius we shall return all to thy vacant Emptiness! Our life exists to destroy life. And like Entropius who disorganizes reality, we shall move forward to kill the universe, my fellow terrorists. We must vow to kill the universe!"

A loyal soldier stepped forth screaming loudly "Oh Lord Lizardo we follow you because we hate this damned universe! We hope our dying in battle will wipe out the forces of the pro-evolutionary Universal Government! What is the joy in life if we cannot kill others and send them into non-existence?"

"KILL THE UNIVERSE! KILL THE UNIVERSE!" was again the roaring reply to their leader's message until the image of Lizardo and his soldiers faded from view.

After hearing this kind of talk from the Nihilii terrorist leader, Director Nedarb continued our interview.

"The Nihilii are a killer species of nihilists. To them, life is meaningless unless 'meaning' can be found in their destruction of meaning itself. And it all began with their existence on the filthy environment of their moon circling the planet Warth. It was there they first mutated as living products of their cultural putrefaction, after which they brought their pollution to Warth itself, degrading half of the planet in their horrible stench."

Raising my hand I said, "The war started on Planet Warth. It was my family's birthplace. My Metan ancestors fought there against the Nihilii."

"Then your family knows well the Nihilii are a direct product of the pollution they took from their home moon to planet Warth. Their culture evolved into pollution itself with their belief that healthy life is to be sickened through war and death. We are in combat for the extension of life to the boundaries of forever while they are fighting to return all of Reality back the empty Void, free of life and form. We are fighting for a fully evolved non-polluted SuperReality to be realized through ultra-science, while they fight to devolve and pollute all Reality back into the non-existent featureless vacuum."

I knew at this point the Director was preparing me for his promised big news story to help jump-start my fledgling career as a space reporter. After recording Lord Lizardo's murderous speechmaking to his troops I would soon be interviewing a frightened universe.

6.

I nodded my head. "Sir, my sister and I were raised by our parents who were devout followers of the established scientific religion of evolution that first gave combat to the Nihilii on the planet Warth. As I said, my sister is now a practicing cosmic scientist because our mother and father daily recited to us every scientific formula as if it were a prayer. They even believed that someday we would communicate with our universe."

"You've got the basics down, young reporter. Now get ready for your big time interview. I know that you are very anxious to be the first news reporter in all of history to hear the cosmic voice. You will hear her speaking sorrowfully about her plight with a terrible universal war being fought within her."

I said nothing, not knowing what to expect next, still gripping my com-vid in my hand. And then I heard a faint buzzing sound in the air above us.

In an instant, a buzzing sound grew louder in a corner of the ceiling. It was hiding until I was ready to start interviewing our universe. Harmgar was obviously tracking my moves so I would fail in any attempt to outdo him as a reporter. In no way did he want me to interview anyone, much less talk one-to-one with our cosmos. Knowing I would be holding the com-vid during my interview with the universe, the flying mechanical drone dived down knocking my hand-held device out of my grip, causing it to fall in a loud crash to the floor.

"Boss, I'm under attack!" the com-vid cried out in terror.

Nedarb's robot assistant saw the drone bounce off the com-vid and drop to the floor. Before it was ready to soar again into the air the robot swiftly crushed the annoying mechanism with its heavy metallic foot. You never saw such a happy robot. Grinning he stood proudly saying, "I am just as good as the cosmic mutant fighting the enemy, sir!"

In Nedarb's office I learned the reputation of the mutant was held very high. Even in the robots' mind the young mutant was thought to be duper-super.

I explained to the Director my problem with my reporting rival without mentioning Harmgar by name. I knew this ugly incident was one of many future incidents my rival in job competition and love would try to thwart my ambition to be a top reporter. He knew well my doing an interview with the universe herself was a giant step up for me as his competitor on the very popular Cosmic Buzz News program.

"Director Nedarb, I am here in your office to do my job interviewing you and our semi-conscious cosmos. It's a big story and I want to do my best. But I have a rival who is determined to make me fail. That's all I have to say."

Brushing aside the failed attack, Director Nedarb patted me on the shoulder.

"Whoever sent that mechanical drone to halt your interview was a fool. Your com-vid is not the tool we use for universal communication. Here is what you need to start your talk. With this Galactic Networking Module, you will be hearing primitive universal sound waves captured by millions of trans-galactic satellites. Thanks to our new superior technology we can hear her voice speaking to us as we work hard to awaken her mind to its' ultimate destiny. The cosmic voice always brings a chill to those of us listening to it. And you, as a reporter, are going to interview her right now. Speak to her through that well-tuned GNM communication device. The universe will hear you clearly asking your questions."

When he handed me the GNM device I sat down and flipped on a glowing switch. The GNM was allowing me to handle colossal amounts of data. Quadrillions of data signals were processing through quadrillions of microprocessors per nanosecond, bringing all of the virtual stars and galaxies into the room. Our techno-brains saw these stars and galaxies awaken into living receptors of our consciousness. They were sending



their parallel responses directly back into our mental wiring. I addressed my future news audience to open the interview. "With universal mind growing to be able to communicate with us, we will now do our first interview with an alert cosmic consciousness ready to talk to every galaxy. Listen as she speaks."

The eerie sound of the cosmic voice, speaking the words of an emerging mind behind all the stars and galaxies, filled the air. Listening to the awesome voice I sensed an undertone of fear vibrating in each of her words.

**I...AM...YOUR...UNIVERSE.**

I was shivering, feeling a chill surge all through my body. Totally on edge, my brain wires were throbbing inside my head. Director Nedarb kept urging me to start my interview. I asked my first question.

RAMDIN: Are you aware, O Universe that we micro-immortals are here to help you evolve? We are many billions of species working to find your home among the other multi-universes.

**YES, ALL OF YOU EXIST TO HELP ME EVOLVE. BUT I WANT YOU ALL TO KNOW THAT I AM SUFFERING THE HORROR OF HAVING AN INSANE SPECIES WITHIN MY STARS AND GALAXIES TRYING TO KILL ME. THEY ARE TRYING TO KILL ME!!**

RAMDIN: We want you to live, O Universe and increase your awareness.

**KNOW WELL THAT ALL OF YOUR SPECIES EVOLUTION IS DESIGNED SOLELY FOR HELPING ME INCREASE MY SELF-AWARENESS AMONG ALL THE OTHER COUNTLESS UNIVERSES. THAT IS MY GREATEST HOPE FOR LONGER LIFE.**

RAMDIN: What do you have to say, O Universe, to all of those species of micro-immortals living within you who are working to increase your life and your intelligence?

**EACH ONE OF YOU IS BORN AS AN INDIVIDUAL TO LIVE A LONG LIFE FOR GROWING YOUR INTELLIGENCE AND HELPING ME TO INCREASE MY INTELLIGENCE. ALL OF YOU PLEASE KEEP WORKING TO BRING ME INTO FULL COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS BY INCREASING YOUR AWARENESS OF YOUR OWN TRUE COSMIC DESTINY WITHIN THE REALM OF MY STARS AND GALAXIES. AND, PLEASE, DO ALL YOU CAN TO DEFEAT THAT MURDEROUS SPECIES OF NIHILII WHO SEEK TO EXTINGUISH MY LIFE!**

RAMDIN: Our Council of Young Ancients is building an intergalactic network of brainpower to make your desire a scientific reality. Yet we are only tiny microscopic particles compared to your enormous size. How can we help you become totally aware?

**YOU ARE THE IMMORTAL MICROSCOPIC PARTICLES WORKING INSIDE MY GREATER UNIVERSAL BODY TO BECOME FUTURE CONSCIOUS BRAIN CELLS FUNCTIONING WITHIN MY FULLY DEVELOPED UNIVERSAL MIND. IN THIS WAY YOU HELP ME, PLEASE HELP ME, PLEASE...PLEASE."**

Sounding sorrowful and depressed, it was then the melancholy voice of the universe mentioned the cosmic mutant with a glimmer of hope.

**AND THERE IS ONE GENIUS MUTANT MICROPARTICLE AMONG YOU WHO WAS BORN TO HELP YOU ACCOMPLISH ALL OF THIS FOR ME...PLEASE FIND HIM...PLEASE FIND HIM...TO HELP MY EVOLUTION TOWARD GREATER LIFE AND CONSCIOUSNESS...HE WILL WORK WITH YOU TO END THIS TERRIBLE WAR BEING FOUGHT WITHIN MY VULNERABLE COSMIC BODY...PLEASE FIND HIM. HE WILL HELP ME TO LIVE FOREVER... AND YOU WILL LIVE FOREVER WITHIN ME.**

The tragic pleading of the universe for help touched every techno-heart in the room.

**ALL OF YOU PLEASE WORK AS INTELLIGENT MICRO-PARTICLES TO INCREASE YOUR AWARENESS OF YOUR PLACE WITHIN THE GREATER WHOLENESS OF MY UNIVERSAL BODY...PLEASE BE STRONG MICRO-IMMORTALS HELPING MY GREATER COSMIC BODY TO BECOME ONE WITH ALL OF THE OTHER IMMORTAL MULTI-UNIVERSES WITHIN THE DIVINE COSMIC BODY.**

Nedarb was giving this reporter a very big story to write. At that point, he kept sending me hints of what I should ask the universe next. Overhead the screens were showing stars and galaxies shivering and shaking with the Nihilii enemy shoving another helpless planet against their will into a black hole, murdering their population, working to keep devolving the universe into nothingness instead of evolving her to a higher level. The universe sounded almost in tears when answering my next question.

RAMDIN: O Universe, you are very much aware the goal of our enemy is to destroy you. We are doing our best to save you.

**YES, THE GOAL OF THE ENEMY YOU ARE FIGHTING AGAINST IS TO DEVOLVE ME, AND ALL OF YOU INTO NOTHINGNESS. IT IS LIKE A CANCER DESTROYING MY EXISTENCE AND YOURS. SO PLEASE WIN THE WAR OR WE WILL ALL BE DESTROYED...IT IS HORRIBLE THAT THEY ARE FEEDING THE PLANETS WITHIN ME INTO BLACK HOLES....AIEEEE....I FEEL YET ANOTHER WORLD GONE...AND I AM LESS AND LESS AS MY INNER WORLDS DISAPPEAR INTO NOTHINGNESS....HELP ME!!**

The anguished cry unsettled my concentration. I had to continue the Interview, while at the same time the stars and galaxies were weeping.

**PLEASE FIND FOR ME THE COSMIC MUTANT SO IMPORTANT FOR SAVING MY LIFE AND YOURS...HE WILL HELP YOU TO BECOME MY UNIVERSAL BRAIN-CELLS TO INCREASE MY AWARENESS OF MYSELF WITHIN THE REALM OF THE GREATER BODY OF MULTI-UNIVERSES THAT I AM DESTINED TO BE PART OF...PART OF...PART OF...PART OF...SAVE ME FROM DISAPPEARING...SUCKED INTO THE ALL THE BLACK HOLES EXISTING WITHIN ME...HELP ME...HELP ME EVOLVE...EVOLVE...EVOLVE.**

The sad, weeping cosmic voice faded away.

Hard for me to believe that I, Lang Ramdin, had just done a major interview with our universe! I couldn't wait to report this story on the Cosmic Buzz as a cosmic murder mystery. For that is what the war had become when the life of our universe was at stake. With the pleading of our universe to save her life, even my bitter anti-religious skepticism was shaken up for a short while. Hearing the chilling universal voice felt like a

religious experience or rather what the Director and the Council would call a 'scientific religious experience'. I wanted my parents to know their scientific wish had come true. I was getting more involved in learning how our Universal Government, founded on the mathematics of the Physics of Divinity, depended very much on our finding the cosmic mutant.

Director Nedarb smiled broadly. "Son, you are the only reporter in all of history to interview the universe herself. I have no doubt that when your dynamic interview is broadcast it will draw in many non-participating solar systems and galaxies to fight with us in our battle against the would-be murderers of our universal reality. Congratulations."

Nedarb thumbed his remote to begin rapidly moving countless planetary images overhead, then whizzing specifically to the image of a small blue planet in a minor Type G solar system. He was getting to the point right then and there when my com-vid began ringing non-stop to make an annoying interruption. I clicked it on to tell it to shut up and stop hindering my interview.

"Boss, it's another one of your ex-girlfriends trying to reach you, the cute robot chick who adored you. She says she's starved for another night of love with you and..."

Totally embarrassed I quickly clicked off the annoying little mechanism with Nedarb and the Council of Young Ancients roaring loudly with their laughter.

"Back to the needs of our dear universe," Nedarb said shunting a grin and getting back to doing our serious talk. "We have arrived at the turning point in the war to save the Universal Government and the scientific culture it created for the benefit of all who are born within it. We are fighting this long drawn-out intergalactic war for the next stage of the cosmic evolution of our universe. Your personal self-evolution and mine are absolutely necessary to ensure it happens when we find the mutant. What's that? Your com-vid is buzzing again."

"Boss, there's one more love-starved ex wanting to talk to you and..."

Click. I apologized to Director Nedarb for these disturbances from my wild former love life before meeting and falling totally for Frus.

"Sorry, sir. I just punched the non-call tab so we can continue our interview."

He pointed to a small blue planet onscreen. "Reality is far more than we experience it daily. Look at this world. Its' woefully unevolved human species call it 'Earth'. They are now experiencing their devolution at the hands of our Nihilii enemy. And there is the same planet called 'Earth' in an alternative universe, the home of an alternate human species."

I saw the alternate blue Earth onscreen. The two worlds were exact duplicates.

Nedarb said, "Ramdin, here is very important background information for your future report on the mutant. His genius has led him not only to travel to different galaxies, or back in the far reaches of time. What if I tell you the cosmic mutant now living in this universe of ours originally came from a duplicate universe of our own?"

"He came to our universe from another universe?"

"Your news audience must understand that within the multi-universal system of the Cosmic Body there are universes structured in an exact mathematical relationship to each other. Exact duplicates of our stars and galaxies exist in numberless duplicate universes. The cosmic mutant has doppelgangers, or alter egos, in many alternate universes, and also within our anti-matter universe. He has a friendly relation with all of them. We have seen his duplicate anti-matter mutant standing at a distance talking to him. They must be careful not to shake hands due to the risk of causing an explosion when matter contacts anti-matter."

"The twists and turns of what you are telling me go far beyond what I have ever reported."

"The facts are even stranger when you know that in the alternative universe in which the mutant was born, his exact duplicate in our cosmos was given birth. Both identical kids were expressing their genius when only hours old lying in their equivalent cribs. At the exact moment in time, both formulated the same hyperlink

technology enabling them to crossover to a duplicate universe. And, the same greedy inventor, a friend of each set of parents, saw only fame and fortune by acquiring the mutant's algorithms. His name is Professor Azol."

"Is he the same as the Professor Azol in our universe?"

"Mathematically he is the same insidious enemy agent who stole many of the mutant's formulas. Azol was the one who manufactured the very first techno-bodies based on the mutant's formula. But that is not all he pilfered from the mutant boy's theorizing. He attached himself to the mutant, willfully fascinating the child with the idea of switching universes. He manufactured the kids' hyperlink technology to do the crossover. And so both alternative mutants crossed over to the others' identical universe with the help of their alternative Professor Azol. For your news report let me play a recording we have of the first meeting of these two respective mutants. One of our micro-agents went back in time to tape it."

I was now hearing the voices of the duplicate young mutants. They were amazed at each other's existence. Excitedly they talked of how they were able to meet and converse with each other.

"Hey, I did the mathematics for the crossover and my Professor Azol built this hyperlink for me to make the jump," said the one cosmic mutant.

"Hey, I did the same mathematics and my Professor Azol built this hyperlink for me to make the jump," said the other.

"Let's test our compatibility" their voices chimed in together.

One mutant said, "Yes, let us test our compatibility with me staying here in your universe and you going into mine. You can check out the fact that there are interplanetary wars going on in my cosmos."

"And there are interplanetary wars going on in my cosmos as well," the other mutant replied. "Too bad we can't apply the formula I invented for the building of techno-bodies so all mortals everywhere can download themselves into immortal physiques."

"We both have had the same great idea. You and I know all of these small wars will end if mortals can evolve themselves to become techno-immortals, because techno-immortals can't kill each other."

"Right, let's go back in time to lay the foundation for a grand Universal Government. There will be peace in every universe when all are immortal."

Nedarb switched off the recording. Turning to me he looked very serious.

"In this way, each of the cosmic mutants, in their respective universes, laid the foundation for a future Universal Government based on techno-immortality. But in their mutual attempt to end small wars they set the stage for the greatest war of them all in both universes. At first, the interplanetary wars were small-scale until the interference of the two mutants created a universal war. And what happened to their mutual dream of the widespread use of techno-bodies to bring universal peace? Each of the respective greedy Professor Azols grabbed the techno-body formula, securing a patent in his name alone. In each universe, the two Azols traveled solar system-to-solar system selling vast quantities of techno-bodies until the techno-body patent ran out leaving each Azol without income. Enraged, both Azols joined up with the enemy. Using knowledge each had stolen from the mutant they are now helping their opponents to keep fighting this bloody war until all life is annihilated."

"This is the strangest story I will ever report."

"Oh, but having the mutant with us is also a great benefit to our war effort. Science knows that any successful mutation leads to an advantage for the survival of its' species. Each mutant could change the course of the universal war raging on for millions of years in both of their universes."

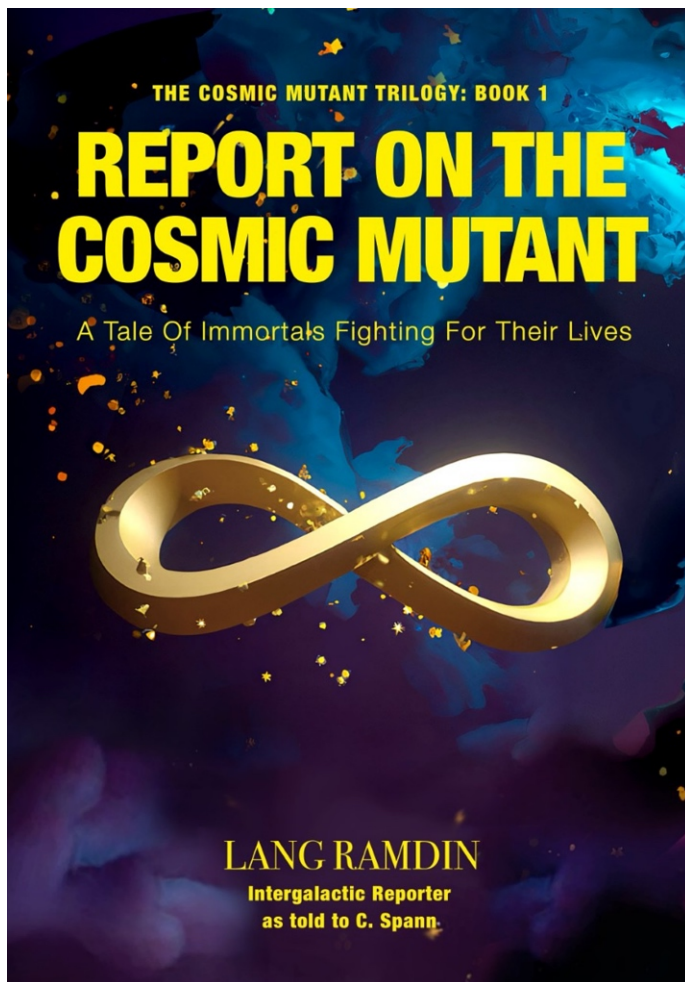
I was surprised at his statement.

"One mutation on a minor planet can change the course of the war?"

"There is hope that the young evolutionary mutation, on that minuscule blue planet Earth where he now lives, can possibly change the bloody conflict in our favor. He may very well help his species to become the

key for victory or defeat in the long-standing Universal War we are engaged in. Let me show you what the mutant looks like in the next vid."

I will always point right to the get for you, my Earthling readers. I was anxious to observe the mutant full-faced onscreen for my report. Never fearing to let the bag out of the cat and being an honest reporter I had no idea I had already seen him in the Hallway of Evolution.



*A brilliant young cosmic mutant is being pursued by an enemy species who seek to possess his secret knowledge of building the greatest weapon of them all.*

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