

Science fiction becomes science friction in the pages of The Mutant Trilogy. In Book One intergalactic reporter Lang Ramdin follows the search for the cosmic mutant across the universe. In Book Two he reports the mutant helping start a revolt of humans enslaved by the psychotic enemy. He points to the stars as their ultimate future destiny.

**THE STAR REVOLT:
We Celebrate Earth Day why not celebrate Star Day?
By Lang Ramdin**

Order the book from the publisher BookLocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10091.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

THE COSMIC MUTANT TRILOGY: BOOK 2

THE STAR REVOLT

We Celebrate Earth Day, Why Not Star Day?



LANG RAMDIN

**Intergalactic Reporter
as told to C. Spann.**

Copyright © 2018 Lang Ramdin

EPUB ISBN: 978-1-64438-245-5

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2018

First Edition

CONTENTS

AUTHOR'S NOTE:.....	7
CHAPTER ONE: THE GREEN ELITE PANICS.....	9
CHAPTER TWO: GEORGE IMPRISONED ON WARTH.....	31
CHAPTER THREE: IN SCIENTIFIC HEAVEN.....	35
CHAPTER FOUR: GEORGE MEETS THE GODS.....	42
CHAPTER FIVE: LEARNING THE GOD GAME.....	59
CHAPTER SIX: RESCUE MISSION.....	69
CHAPTER SEVEN: A QUICK ESCAPE.....	76
CHAPTER EIGHT: VOICE OF DOOM.....	79
CHAPTER NINE: THE TRUCE MATCH.....	83
CHAPTER TEN: EMPRESS VS. NIEKA.....	88
CHAPTER ELEVEN: READY TO REVOLT.....	91
CHAPTER TWELVE: LIZARDO TAKES CONTROL.....	108
CHAPTER THIRTEEN: COUNTER-ATTACK.....	111
CHAPTER FOURTEEN: PRIEST SALLY CAPTURED.....	115
CHAPTER FIFTEEN: MARCHING FOR IMMORTALITY.....	119
CHAPTER SIXTEEN: THE ENTROPY BOMB.....	130
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: THE WAR IS OVER - OR IS IT?.....	140
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: WAR CRIMES TRIALS - NEXTECUTION.....	151
CHAPTER NINETEEN: THE DIVINE ELECTION.....	155
CHAPTER TWENTY: MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.....	162
CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE: UNIVERSE IS SICK.....	166

CHAPTER ONE: THE GREEN ELITE PANICS

The Star Moles were in action. There had been a great deal of unrest among some of the nakies. Something was fishy with them hearing rumors of a coming mass-execution on Mother Earth Day.

-ENCYCLOPEDIA DIGITANNICA

1.

Night after night zillions of new facts revealed the mushrooming rebellion on Earth. It was fast growing into a very big news story. I was given ever more time on Cosmic Buzz to report many of these amazing incidents.

My time-slot had grown, edging out Harmgar minute by minute. I was on the air at first for only a minute, then five minutes, increasing to fifteen minutes and then up to half an hour. In the next thirty Earth days the events I was describing reached colossal proportions. The activities happening on Earth's surface became focused on the Star moles working steadily to build a non-polluting technological civilization.

"Lang Ramdin here reporting on the Buzz. The deeply troubled world, Earth, is in the news again tonight. We are seeing its' newsworthiness increase from minuscule to giant size in our universe."

An image of Priest Sally looking fearful flashed onscreen.

"Priest Sally and her fellow clerics are in shock as we speak. Our intergalactic audience is viewing the first major step in the Star Day Revolt. Shining in the sunlight is the curve of a huge dome reaching up to the blue sky. It is known as the Star Dome. A new gleaming city is rising before all eyes under the dome. Called New Angeles, the urban metropolis is being built in defiance of the ruling Green authority

"In recent months the Commander's fleet came from outer space to lower the gigantic crystalline Star Dome down through the atmosphere onto the planet's surface. This beautiful object is the same as the giant domed cities on the tall plateaus of distant Warth. It is five hundred miles wide. A techno urban landscape is emerging inside the Dome. Newly constructed tech-buildings and living quarters are rising up on many street blocks of newly paved crisscrossing streets. Under its' domed roof, the city of New Angeles stands as a serious warning to the Green Church.

"The Dome shines proudly, in the light of Earth's Type G sun. Standing naked outside the marvelous structure we can see thousands of the local population, their bare posteriors sticking out as they press their noses tightly against the crystalline exterior of the large edifice. Gazing inside through its' crystal glass, the marvelous sight of new streets and buildings is beckoning them to come inside and learn to be civilized."

My reporting job was getting ever more hectic with the momentous changes happening in the blue world. UG construction work had begun to re-focus attention away from the powerless existence in which the Greens were keeping the humans entrapped. I stayed well informed, hour-by-hour. My love-starved com-vid never stops focusing his sharp electronic eye on Nanotechita. It was hard for me to follow all the totality of the many goings on without her monitoring the hurried activity. She gave me a bird's eye view of the developing unrest within the naked population for every one of my nightly broadcasts.

Whenever it was time for a commercial I returned very quickly to tell my cosmic audience that the universal war was narrowing down to its final end.

"Lang Ramdin here again with more news focusing on tiny planet Earth. No weapon owned by the Greens, or even the well-armed Nihilii, can shatter the new Star Dome's one hundred percent hard yet clear surface. In the UG ultra-science labs the necessary raw materials were manufactured with even greater bonding strength than normal. No Nihilii super bomb can crack it open. No rabid KV Green police squad can ever

penetrate it. Built from a rare mineral first formed when meteorites hit a planet's surface equal to the high temperatures and pressures of volcanic eruptions, tests have confirmed that no stress less than the most powerful explosion of a nearby quasar could penetrate the Dome's clear, durable surface.

"So now, on Earth, the Star Dome stands crystal clear in the sunshine, a vibrant new city becoming the vital center of a growing revolt against the elite of Greenopolis."

"After rounding up many thousands of discontented nakies, known to the Greens as 'Deniers', they are being kept safe here. The UG is training them for a new cosmic way of life, making them a strong growing neo-civilization. In the center of the Dome is the massive X-Energy Conversion Plant for downloading hundreds of thousands of nakies into their new bodies, turning them into a strong population of human techno-sapiens. A new scientific population is rising to bring intelligence back to this world in which brainpower was submerged in an ocean of total ignorance. They are to become a species of earthling techno-sapiens living under the tough shielding of the magnificent Star Dome. Human mortality is evolving into human immortality. I will have more on this important story tomorrow."

I got much positive feedback with my reports. My haf-hour slot each night for Cosmic Buzz News was going well for me, but not for my chief rival. Moving from one big story to another this new bright spot in my unfolding career was angering Harmgar to an even greater fever pitch.

Step by step, my past reports were leading me up the spiral of success. My news reporting on the failed attempt to annihilate the Capital Planet gave me a major jump up the popularity scale. The destruction of the Nihilii Space Station won me an even wider berth in public consciousness. The cosmic public was now very intrigued with my reports from Earth, learning that what was transpiring on the blue world could very well be a major turning point in the war. And there was more to come.

Little did I know, at that time, how my success was making things worse for Frus. Harmgar, going out of his mind with hatred, began torturing her after viewing every one of my brief news sequences on the Buzz. I'll say it again, had I known back then he was taking out his fury on her with constant abuse there would have been a much earlier violent confrontation between him and me to finally end our rivalry.

My reports kept getting bigger and more popular. I was surprised when the Prime Manager called me to say my next major report would come from the Twenty-Sixth Dimension!

"You're sending me to the Twenty-Sixth Dimension for a news report?"

"Lang, we have word that the cosmic mutant boy is going to be given some serious training up in the Twenty-Sixth to save our universe. Stay tuned. I will call you when that happens. Oh, and by the way, has one of the UG agents on planet Earth taken that so-called liberal intellectual out of his blue zone?"

"Nieka Niera says that it will happen soon. She hopes he might be able to handle some of the rough edges they are encountering."

"What rough edges?"

"Well the earthlings, especially the older ones, are regaining some of their former ability to use their higher thought processes. At the same time, many are beginning to revive serious old issues from the past. They are constantly arguing with each other about these dormant issues once more. Their person to person verbal war is unsettling the plans for the Star Day revolt."

"Keep me informed about all that. And, like I said, please wait for my call when it is time to send you up to the Twenty-Sixth to report on the mutant meeting with the top cosmic scientists. OK?"

Anticipating his call, I was non-stop covering the UG agents and UIOs who were doing amazing work under the Star Dome. I never saw so much movement on every front. They were spreading out far and wide, each one carrying out their individual tasks to start the social and political earthquake destined to be leveling the shaky towers of the Green Church. I did a lot of news gathering outside the Dome as well, trekking among the shit-stained population for signs of revolt. When reporting from the filthy streets, I kept observing a few

of the lowly humans. I saw them craning their necks upward curiously looking to the open skies. Some were even talking about their urge to travel into the star-filled universe.

One day came several UIOs flying on wings over the creaky rooftops of the few doomed structures still left standing in the ruins of Old Los Angeles. That caused quite a hubbub when they landed on the ground. Asking questions, the UIOs heard that word was out saying Sally, and her entire priestly cohort, were planning a brutal counterattack. They found a great number of the bare-assed crowds confessing that they were frightened hearing rumors that Priest Sally was planning a mass wipe out of the nakie majority to make sure they never escaped from the brown streets to enter inside the Star Dome. The only other way they ever hoped to depart the waste covered city streets was the naive belief that someday all would be bussed to the 'peaceful' green countryside. They became horrified to hear Sally announcing the battered old Green Buses will no longer be journeying city people into the wildlands. She gave no reason for this new development, leaving it to remain a dangerous question mark in the minds of those wanting to know the truth. It was said she was refusing to send out the lowly naked scum in the Green Buses because her sinister plan for a wholesale mass killing was in the works.

With rumors floating around, saying the majority of the rabble soon would be targeted for a bloody massacre, small brave groups were forming to march in protest. Not all of Sally's subjects were joining the protestations. Nakies who trusted Priest Sally kept saying there was nothing to worry about. Many were still happy in their deluded state of existence. The Greens continued to keep drumming it into their heads that all would be well. Mother Earth Day was coming up soon; it would be the same grand and glorious celebration with flowers and dancing and only one or two heads chopped off.

But something smelled fishy to those not so loyal to Sally. They were guessing the ugly rumors of mass-extirmination were true. For this reason, the UIOs focused their attention only on the frightened ones who were asking why they no longer could get on a Green Bus to enjoy traveling to their imagined freedom in the countryside. Face to face with these few terrified nakies, the UIOs told them the unvarnished truth:

"Priest Sally is truly planning to wipe you all out on Mother Earth Day."

The panicked nakies then learned of Sally's plan for their mass-execution on that holy day of days. I knew this was a solid fact. Nanotechita told me that Priest Sally had been sending her private communications from Earth, via the extended neutrino spacewires, to the Empress in her palace on the Warthian moon. She was grateful to be able to talk to Razaraba, trusting the Empress had sternly ordered Lizardo to keep away from her at all times.

Her Highness reassured Sally that her right-hand death-priest Lord Lizardo never meant to do harm to her. His cruel joking at the Vegetable and Flower Banquet was just his love of sick humor after all the stress he had suffered fighting for Her Majesty. His talk of feeding Earth to a black hole was nothing more than a comic routine that relieved his stress. She told Sally that Lizardo was very much needed on Earth for the coming operations to secure Mother Earth's purified climate for the Green Church. She promised her number one death-priest warrior would keep his distance from her favorite, precious blond female earthling. The Empress never failed to tell Sally that she loved her like a daughter.

Sally told Her Majesty she was worried that Mother Earth's post-industrial climate was changing in an unexpected way. All of a sudden the searing hot weather the Greens had long called the coming 'Fire Age', had not resulted in the normal blistering weather-patterns many had expected.

"Oh Empress, " Sally moaned, "our world is cooling off into a biting chill instead of returning to weather normal for a peaceful Southern California climate. If the former industrial and scientific civilization is gone, industrialism cannot be blamed for this change from blazing hot to freezing in the summertime. Is the rumor true that the crew of the demolished space station was the one heating up the earth with searing hot flares from the Sun? If so, what is the truth? Was it the space station heating up the Earth, and not industrial civilization?"

This last sentence was spoken with a quaver in her voice as if she doubted all her former Green beliefs.

"No," the Empress reassured Sally, "your severe climate change was only partly caused by industrial pollution. It is also being caused by overpopulation. There are still too many people on Earth. This is so very bad for the natural global climate you wish for your world. Yet I must also tell you, like a mother to a daughter, that I know of your distress concerning the discontent you feel growing among the naked population. You are listening to the grumbling of far too many unhappy denizens. Your population is still much too large. Having that great number living in your world is just as dangerous as industrial pollution. Even more troubling to you is the fact your enemy is trying to encourage your worshippers to live long lives, even forever. They are offering your naked, mud-splattered worshippers a way for them to become immortals!"

"I think the idea of living a long time is disgusting, but --ewww--forever?"

The terrified look in Sally's eyes told the Empress to press further.

"They want you to be victims of their mysterious Twenty-Sixth Dimensional Conspiracy, forcing you and your people to reject the natural world you are creating for Mother Earth so they can return your humanoids to living with science and civilization. Global warming and overpopulation will be the final result."

"Oh no no no," wept Sally. "I suddenly feel helpless."

"I will tell you how to solve your worries."

It was then she told the hapless Priest Sally that she could kill two stones with one bird. (I wasn't the only one to mix up your earthling metaphors).

Her Highness struck a chord in Sally's heart knowing the blond earthling's deepest fear was a revolt against her sacred authority.

"What should I do, O Empress?"

"Priest Sally you have already quit sending the naked ones in Green Buses to their doom in the wastelands. This is a very slow, day-to-day, process. It only helps Mother Earth get rid of small numbers when you need to help her get rid of many hundreds of thousands very rapidly."

"You are right, O Empress. My bussing only a few nakies to the countryside to be eaten by free hungry animals is too slow to deal with this problem. Especially, if they desire to, ugh, live forever. What is my alternative?"

"Mass-execution is the only alternative."

"That's a big job," Sally replied. "I can only hack off the heads of maybe one hundred a day and even then I'm tired as hell."

The Empress reassured Sally by saying she had a better way to kill hundreds.

"I myself use a marvelous execution weapon to reduce my overgrown Nihilii population. Here on my Royal Moon I regularly use my power-blaster gun to dispatch thousands of my worshippers into the Void within a few hours. I am offering to send you one of the power-blasters in my arsenal. With this weapon in your hands, you can quickly depopulate the entire planet Earth. In just one day you can have many rounds of mass executions for those stupid nakies. Just use this weapon daily until you make sure your planetary population is much smaller than it is now on your dear Mother Earth. So, yes, Priest Sally, I am sending you one of my powerful blasters. In one short day, you can execute hundreds of thousands in no time at all to keep Mother Earth in good health and also to maintain your power intact."

"Glorious," Sally responded with her usual naivete. "Our Mother Earth will be so proud. I will work hard, your Majesty, just as you work hard to exterminate your people."

Priest Sally couldn't wait for the inter-space delivery of the Empress' spare power-blaster gun to allay her fear of an impending and bloody global uprising. But her thoughts were fraying. Only yesterday riding through the streets on the back of her favorite elephant, smelling her favorite flowers, she was hearing the phrase 'legalize technological immortality' being chanted by groups of nakies here and there. Even worse another nakie group was chanting for everyone to 'Go Inorganic, Go Techno.'

Humble servant, Lizzie Porter, bowed low at her feet to explain it all to her.

"Let me define the meaning of these frightful concepts, Priest Sally. The Deniers are suffering from the 'ultimate sickness'. It is an addiction to an individual life being lived forever. Do you not hear them chanting about their wish for techno-immortality?"

"Why do they want to legalize techno-immortality when our Short Life Law demands all must die to prevent overpopulating the planet?" Sally asked.

"Listen well, my little Priest. The techno-aliens have junked that concept. They say science can prevent anyone from dying who wishes to live a long life. They say extreme longevity is the next step in human evolution and that science will make it come true."

"Oh no. I shall pray to all of my dear flowers and plants to help me fight them spreading the evil of being addicted to life. I think I'm going out of my mind."

Many had been noticing Priest Sally acting unusual. Her former high-stepping confidence was now a set of stumbling footsteps. When she and her fellow priests first saw the Star Dome rising high in the sky, glistening majestically in the sunlight, she was shivering in fear. With stammering words she blurted:

"I...I...cannot conceive of anything as terrible as this."

The memory of what she saw tormented her at every hour thereafter.

"What is it Priest Unicorn?" cried out her loyal staff.

Things were getting so bad that Sally was beginning to imagine things. Major McClintock once informed her of various conspiracies shaping up in the unruly populace. Foremost among them, she said, was the growing life-addiction plague. That's all Priest Unicorn needed to hear. Suddenly, in her mind, the life-addiction plague was driving her wild with fear. Life-addiction was declared a crime. She began shrieking to the others that they must stop the attacks on the Green Church by an evil Twenty-Sixth-Dimensional Conspiracy feeding their dirty long-life lies to her devout Green worshippers.

"They are addicting them to life! Life-addiction is the dirty lie they are preaching to the scum out in the streets," she cried out to her fellow priests, "We Greens teach that you must die to keep Nature natural."

"Nature must be natural," mumbled her fellow priests. "Nature must be natural."

A young, obedient acolyte bowed before her saying, "We swear that we will help you, oh Priest Sally, to keep Nature natural."

Breathing heavily she told them her awareness of a dark demonic region of existence unknown to faithful Greens. A strange voice had revealed to her a horrifying realm called 'Hellth'.

The others looked at each other puzzled. "Er, you mean health?"

"No, I mean Hellth. Those conspirators up in the evil higher dimensions are getting our worshippers hooked on life-addiction. And by doing so they are taking them down into a nightmare realm called Hellth. It is there where they make them evolve into long-lived healthy people who do not die."

"Oh no, oh no," her frightened priests were babbling. "Oh no, no."

Sally continued her bitter rant, her face bleached white, describing her fearful thoughts of the long-life evil taking over her world.

"To live in the pit of Hellth is to be living in a nightmare of a long life. You will always be healthy and never sick from one of Nature's benevolent life-ending diseases."

"Oh no, no" was the response to her stuttering spiel.

"In the sordid realm of Hellth they live an unnatural existence where wholesome and natural death is non-existent. You will always be denied the right to die. All of you follow behind me and tonight I will tell you that we shall NEVER go to Hellth. We shall tell these conspirators seeking to hook you into life-addiction that none of you, and certainly not me, your Holy Priest Unicorn, will be caught in their web of lies. We will tell them every day and every night *they* can to go to Hellth, but you and I shall never go there."

"We Won't Go To Hellth!" the priests shouted back.

"For death is natural and Nature must remain natural. We shall reinforce our belief in Natural Correctness. Do you all hear me?"

Her followers shouted their faith in her words.

"WE WON'T GO TO HELLTH!!!"

When Nanotechita revealed this scene to me on my com-vid I immediately saw the UG Moles and UIOs were driving Priest Sally out of her mind.

It got worse when Sally ordered a minor killing spree to kick off her major effort on Mother Earth Day.

"Tell the Khmer Vert squad to start executing a few of those nakies who will not obey me! Go on out there and shoot a few of them down until they learn to fearfully obey me! In the meantime, I await the delivery of the power blaster being sent to me by the Empress. Though my thoughts are always gentle as a flower blooming, it is my bloody rage erupting through the firepower of the blaster weapon that will finish off the rebellious naked ones on the coming day of their mass-deaths."

2.

On my fifteen minutes Cosmic Buzz slot I focused on the panic growing within the Green Elite. I told my media audience how the Greens were trembling when hearing reports of UIO efforts to convert the distressed nakies to join them. Appearing no different from the naked population, the technos moved about freely doing their recruiting. And my Cosmic Buzz reporting went on non-stop.

"Our news audience is learning about the dark rumors of mass-extermination floating in the air on planet Earth. The UIOS are finding it easy to recruit new trainees to go techno as the naked populace gears itself to fight these rumors. The disappearance of the old jerrybuilt bus system leaves an empty hole in the formerly contented naked street society.

"Increasing brutal KV police actions are feeding the uncertainty of the raw street mobs. The cry you can hear from many KV bullhorns is:

'All you naked scum stay where you are, or you will be beaten to death!! Do not move around as we get you all ready for the joy of your dancing and singing on Mother Earth Day!!'

Mother Earth Day had long ago replaced the former Earth Day. Loved in the past years by many who were concerned with fresh clean air, the annual April 22nd celebration of Earth Day was summarily canceled.

Thereafter the new Mother Earth Day was celebrated on January 1st every year with a welter of Priest Sally's formerly popular, well-watched executions.

As the populace was growing disenchanted with Mother Earth Day the UIOs defiantly declared their Star Day celebration to be the celebration of Mother Universe.

Star Day drew attention to Mother Universe by turning the earthlings' gaze away from trees and flowers up to the stars.

They were told it would be held two weeks previous to Mother Earth Day on December 18th, just when the star Sirius shone brightly in the early winter sky.

Long held to be a star of significant mythic power, Sirius became the symbol for the attempted rise of a new star-based civilization on the downtrodden planet Earth.

When the technos were asked the question 'why do you choose the star Sirius for your special day?' they never hesitated to answer with a blunt reply, 'We choose the star Sirius on that day because we are serious.'

Before their Star Day declaration, they emphasized it was a celebration of long life opposed to the planned Mother Earth Day executions.

Growing chatter about the coming of Star Day and the amazing existence of New Angeles kept arousing the fury of the Greens.

Mabel was angrier than ever. She was under tremendous pressure with hysterical Sally haranguing her daily to lead the KV forces to crack the much-hated dome wide open. She vowed to follow Priest Sally's orders to set off a counterattack soon.

3.

Each UG Star mole and all the UIOs were ferocious doing their job to prepare for the Star Day uprising. In every second of the day, the UG agents were organizing operations inside the Dome while the UIOs did their work outside, scouting to find nakies ripe for revolt. My reporting job inside the crystalline Dome grew even more frenzied covering the myriad activities. It started when Nieka called me on my com-vid asking me to cover her talking to a new group of ex-nakies recently turned into anti-Green Deniers. All of them sat before Nieka wearing their new clothes and eager to jump into the fight.

Her techno-eyes gleamed at the refreshed crowd sitting before her.

"I look at you folks washed and dressed in your new clothing. The mud is gone from your bodies. It is time to wipe the mud clean from your minds. Before this, my friends, you were individuals with low-wattage brains in frail low-tech mortal bodies. With our training, you can become high-tech. Your present low-tech bodies and minds can be transformed into high-tech bodies and minds.

"Let's talk first about our turning you all into geniuses. For now, each one of you have only one kilowatt of the mind of the universe under your skull. But you are not just mindless animals. You can evolve to a higher level of intelligence. We will train you to charge your brain up to have trillions of megawatts.

"In your low-tech bodies, you are also mortal, vulnerable, to be made extinct if Priest Sally wills it to be so. In your new high-tech bodies you can be immortal and indestructible as well as incredibly well-learned and wise beyond belief."

"Does that mean like...uh...living forever and bein'...uh...like smart?" asked one ex-nakie dressed in his new shirt and pants. "What the heck would we be doing forever to become filled with oh so much wisdom?"

"When we talk about your living forever we mean you can increase your mental and physical kilowatts to the maximum for a cosmic purpose. Do not worry. It's easy. We will be coding you to download your mental units into powerful techno-bodies for doing the work of cosmic evolution. As techno-immortals you will be performing cosmic work to awaken the universe to its personal destiny. The first step is for you to acquire strong, indestructible techno-bodies so you can survive better in the wilds of outer space with the universe as your ultimate school. In this way you alone will have control over how long you live when doing your cosmic work. In short, to do your cosmic work you must have an immortal cosmic body."

Puzzled about this fancy talk, murmurs ran through the crowd. Nieka left the time open to let them ask questions. At first, the questions were typical of those still mired in their frail organic bodies. One young man stood to ask:

"Do you immortal technos go to the toilet? Or do you do it in the street like we were doing out there?"

Nieka smiled. "There are no techno-toilets. Our bodies do not produce waste the same as do yours. Waste exudes from us like harmless radiation."

"Wow. Then your techno streets are in no way filled with the...ugh...smelly stuff our streets have been filled with."

A young girl stood up to ask her question.

"We hear that you eat electricity and chemicals. Is that right?"

"In a way, yes. Animals and plants are not slaughtered to feed our techno energy components. We techno immortals merely process micro-particles transformed into delicious meals while the animals stay alive."

One older woman spoke up with tears flowing down her cheeks.

"Dear, I know in my heart what you are saying. I've desired to do more with my life than just screwing my brains out until I die. But sadly I only live in a vulnerable mortal body. Thanks to you wonderful outer space aliens I am now ready and willing to be coded for the strength to fight the Green Church in a tough techno-body. Nobody's gonna tell me my time is up until I damn well decide it myself."

Nieka asked the new Deniers, "Do any other one of you want control over how long you live?"

Fearing their extermination on Mother Earth Day, and lacking control over their destiny for so long a time, a good many of them cheered a loud "Yeah".

After the group was willing to listen to Nieka teaching them the basic principles found in her popular vid-book *'Infinite Evolution'* in which she explains that evolution is the essence of the Cosmic Work Ethic. Hearing her pep talk many of the new Deniers made the choice to go high-tech.

The next day the giant X-Energy Conversion Machine was processing the first group of nakies in New Angeles to be downloaded into techno-bodies. Soon, due to her wise teaching, tech bodies were multiplying fast with one new techno Denier after the other rolling off the assembly line. Thousands were becoming new Unidentified Immortal Organisms willing go outside the Dome to work in the streets hustling up many more thousands to join them.

Looking the same as before only stronger and healthier, Nieka guided them to no longer fear the Greens. Sending them to Dr. Znu to 'Power Up' by learning the Evolutionary exercises, they were all coding positive for their allegiance to the Universal Government. After being trained in the mindset of Cosmic Evolution, more and more of them were openly criticizing the established 'power of a flower'.

Outraged Priest Sally denounced the Star Dome daily. She was demanding severe punishment for this new criminal breed of techno-immortals breaking the Short Life-Span Law, and violating her other sacred Green decrees. Also, by increasing their intelligence, they were openly flouting her Low IQ Edict requiring the masses to be totally ignorant.

Another problem for her was the rising number of nakies refusing to take drugs after feeling highly empowered when doing the evolutionary exercises. Major McClintock was nervously bringing in diminishing statistics for her daily tally of the number of drug deaths out in the streets. The well-known O.D. Reports were supposed to assure Priest Sally that the increasing number of drug deaths proved the success of her depopulation scheme.

With the UIOs encouraging violation of the Short Life Law, and reducing the number of deaths in the O.D. Reports, the Green Church quickly and openly moved to threaten all of the naked population with death. A banner strung across many of the crumbling buildings read:

IMMORTALITY IS IMMORALITY' Immortals are Immoral

Contrary to Priest Sally's wishes, her disapproval only fed more power into the UG message of giving each individual control over how long they live and a cosmic reason for doing so. Sally put ever more pressure on the KV police squads to control the rebellious UIOs preaching immortal life. She forced Major McClintock to begin planning a strong counter-offensive.

My com-vid, now a good buddy because I introduced him to Nanotechita, was loyally keeping me in touch with her reporting to me on Mabel McClintock and Sally Unicorn's trembling circle of Green priests. Major Mabel was beside herself with rage when she was presented with a new UIO captured on the streets talking to nakies willing to listen. In chains, he was brought before her.

When she heard the UIO declare the Green Church to be low-tech, Mabel cried out to her loyal nakies: "We are not just low-tech, you idiot! We Greens are no-tech!" Do you hear me? WE ARE NO-TECH!"

"We are no-tech!" chorused her KV squadron. "We are no-tech!"

"Do these fools not understand? Nature is natural. We want natural selection, not their unnatural selection that is nothing more than scientific garbage!"

To Captain Ramone Andante she confided:

"We forced these naked morons to obey our mandatory Short-Life Law so they would always be glad they must die. Now, look! They are listening to these creeps coming down from space urging the naked fools to become immortal! They are making these thousands of nakies into life-addicts. Yes, it is true. They are becoming addicted to life and totally disobeying the Short-Life Law that once helped us keep them on their knees willing to blindly obey us!"

Captain Andante turned to the chained UIO.

"Tell me, captured traitor, what do you want to do if you live forever? Have sex forever? Take drugs forever?"

"No, no, no." the UIO snapped back. "We are told the universe is alive. It is a baby universe growing to maturity. We are its' future high-tech brain cells and nervous system."

"What blasphemy!" Andante cried out reaching for his weapon.

"He is scheduled for execution right there!" howled Mabel.

But after his being downloaded into a high-tech body she could not execute him. With newfound techno-strength, the UIO easily broke his chains and moved forward to grab Andante. Mabel cowered in the corner watching him kick Andante's large KV butt.

"Once I was a naked, shriveled, shit-covered tool of you Greens. I spent every hour of my time in my brainless state drugged out and always sexing. I've learned that you plan to mass-murder all of us to keep down the population for the good of more plant life. Well, it ain't gonna happen, folks 'cause I'm a proud *immoral* immortal with a much higher IQ than you all." He then escaped down the hallway back into the streets eluding the killer KV squads.

4.

Amid all their work under the Dome, Nieka was ready to awaken the liberal intellectual still micro-quantized in her blue zone device. This important event became crucial for informing the new technos of the Grand Plan for the coming of Star Day. Nieka wanted to unleash him on the Greens.

"Believe me, this man was a sharp critic of the rise of Priest Sally and the Green Church. He may be able to become a voice for us when he awakens to see what we are accomplishing in preparation for Star Day. And also to help us solve a new growing problem."

"Er, what new growing problem?" I asked.

"Haven't you been hearing the rise in the volume of everyday speech here with the new population under the Dome?"

"You mean all the loud arguing that's been going on between the new techno people?"

"Yes. After training the former street people to use their brains again, they are starting to focus their minds back to a higher intelligent level. Unfortunately, they have been arguing among themselves about all the outdated issues that were so prevalent on Earth earlier in this century."

"Oh, you mean their fighting over those old antagonistic cultural issues?"

"It's the older nakies awakening to social arguments from their former years."

My com-vid snapped to attention listing these various outdated subjects.

"Boss, they once called them the 'culture wars': Government vs. Free Market, Religion vs. Science, Patriarchy vs. Feminism, Equal Rights for Minorities vs. Exclusionists, Straight vs. Gay Marriage, Carnivores vs. Vegetarians, Industrialists vs. Environmentalists, etc."

Nieka nodded. "Ramdin, with the rebirth of these very old culture war issues it is stopping many of the intelligent organics from downloading their techno thinking for Star Day. We need to help them learn that all of those former issues can be rethought in evolutionary terms. Problem is, many do not accept evolution. Like this smart new lady, Barbara."

A former nakie woman approached us wearing her new comfortable clothes.

"My name is Barbara Scottsmith. I...I...was put out into the street by the Greens when I told them my faith refuses to let me run around naked in public. So they stripped me bare to humiliate me. Oh God and before this I was the author of the once-popular book, *'From Filthy to Faithful'*, telling of my conversion to the Lord. My book sold well...before the Green Inquisition."

Nieka had already scoured her digi-comp for a mention of the Scottsmith book. The title and description of every book ever published was on her file.

"Ah yes, I found it," Nieka said. "Your book, *'From Filthy to Faithful'* is the story of your conversion from street hustler and prostitute to a believing Christian."

"My book was a best-seller until the Greens burned every copy and threw me naked out into the street. I could only retrieve my bra and panties to cover my shame in those days. Thanks for giving me my new blouse and dress."

"Please, Barbara, tell this young man why you object to our helping you evolve into one of us."

"As I said, before I was thrown out into the street naked, I was a devout Christian. No evolutionary theory for me. God created the universe and I certainly object to having my body of flesh transformed into a bunch of techno-wiring like yours." Then, looking us both up and down she added, "Even so I am very startled that you 'technos' have some of the best looking artificial flesh I have ever seen."

"Whatsamatter with evolution lady?" grousched one grim-faced man sitting on the floor. "I sure wanna evolve outta this naked crap they put us in."

Without knowing it, Barbara's comments began to stir some verbal arguments over the controversial subject matter. Several of the others started complaining about social issues their parents and grandparents were arguing during the so-called 'culture wars' in America almost a century ago.

Nieka told me bluntly the problem as she saw it.

"It was truly unforeseen that our awakening their dormant intellect would focus their minds back to problems of the past."

And then it was time she said for her to re-materialize the liberal intellectual.

"Our bringing this guy back into the world with his extraordinary intellect will help further our project. Or so I hope. We need to unite them all with a vision of a cosmic evolutionary future."

Any reporter knows that blue zone technology is extraordinary for phasing organic bodies into a quantum state and then allowing their physical and mental regeneration back into one's original form. The intellectual's body was blue streamed out of Nieka's device and began re-forming on the bed. From a glob of blue haze, he condensed into the physique of a handsome middle-aged human. He was still moaning and groaning with Nieka holding him in her arms.

"Fooba, gooba...." he began spouting. "Fooba, gooba, fooba, dooba, zooba."

"This was the ignorant chant the Greens forced him to blather in order to reduce his mentality to zero," we were told.

Moments later he opened his eyes.

"Oh my, I'm alive again. And I see people wearing clothes?"

Looking around at all of us staring at him, he beamed a cheerful greeting.

"Hello, good people. My name is Ramsey Rodman, former author of many meaningful books."

When he stood up, tall and dignified, I noticed the one named Barbara taking mental note of Rodman's words.

"Why I too was an author of meaningful books" she stammered. "It's so awesome that this liberal hunk was a former author, like me."

I took note that she called him a 'hunk'. Later my snooping micro-spy would find more detailed information on her strange personal history as a religious writer and an ex-prostitute.

"You two can talk later about your writings," said Nieka. "Mr. Rodman, please meet Lang Ramdin, a star reporter for Intergalactic Media. He is a techno-sapiens like us from another side of our galaxy."

"Techno-sapiens? Intergalactic Media? Good grief! Are you telling me that instead of us humans being dominated by those damned outer space lizards the people of Earth are now in contact with you good and decent aliens from the greater cosmos?"

"We're doing our best," Nieka said.

"You...you mean things have really changed?" Rodman asked with a look of astonishment on his face.

"They are changing rapidly, sir. Reporter Lang, do you want to lead Mr. Rodman around the Star Dome so he can see what we are accomplishing since the last time he was conscious?"

"I'm happy to show Mr. Rodman your various activities" I replied. "Sir, I am Lang Ramdin here to guide you through a cosmic revolution in the making under the Star Dome."

He smiled as we shook hands. "So it's you Ramdin leading me, Rodman, on a tour of the rebellion? Please, let's move out of here quick. I'm annoyed with all the loud quarreling I am hearing. Things must not have changed very much if those damned culture war fireworks are still carrying on. Where do we go first?"

We began moving away from the angry babbling of the newly awakened nakies as they continued their verbal fighting over many outdated social and political issues.

"Sir, you will now see how much has changed. First, meet an esteemed cosmic scientist named Dr. Znu. See him over there powering up some reluctant ex-nakies."

Just as we entered the exercise room Znu began speaking to his potential students hunched down on the floor, their eyes blazing. As we were listening to Znu I noticed Rodman's eyes widening in amazement with each word spoken.

"All of you were born organic beings," said Dr. Znu. "And, like you, I too was born organic. On many planets, organic species come to discover science and they choose to evolve into super-organics with far greater powers than they had previously. The Nihilii are a super-organic species. They stubbornly remain as super-organics for all their lives. Other species choose to evolve to the next step. We technos look just like we did when we had organic bodies of flesh and bone. Only now our bodies are wired by extremely advanced science to live as immortals. There, I've uttered that dreaded word 'immortal' to you new recruits. What's your reaction?"

"Why do you want to live forever as you call it?" asked a small ex-nakie female dressed in warm clothing for the first time in her life.

"Priest Sally says we have to die to live forever," said a thin emaciated male.

"To answer your questions I am going to lead you through a series of exercises called the Five Forces Evolutionary Exercises. They will power up those of you who wish to evolve and become techno-sapiens."

Rodman and I watched as he then led them through the whole rugged routine. I sympathized with the anguished looks on some of their faces as they struggled through the program. At the end, however, most of them looked much more in control of themselves. Males and females stood higher and straighter, their eyes beaming with a rare light.

The same ex-nakie lady was radiant with newfound joy. "Wow," she said, "I feel I now can keep going on without an end. I feel empowered to want to surge through another thousand years! And darn it, I suddenly have the desire to learn complex math formulas!"

Znu nodded. "Often our organic friends ask me 'why live forever?' This question arises from their low energy stage that organic life requires for living on your home planet. You are born using much less of the

enormous energy stored inside your brain and body. Daily living on your birth world keeps your survival urge always down in the lower quotients while you eat, sleep, work and reproduce. Only in moments of danger does it power you up so you can fight to survive. Learning to power up with the evolutionary exercises rapidly increases your brain-energy to a far higher degree than the low-level energy in your former organic state. And we technos have far more powerful energy in our cosmic bodies to do the necessary cosmic work for survival. Not only are we helping you evolve your techno nervous systems. We are also helping you to develop the nervous system of the universe to bring it into full consciousness."

"Omigawd," cried out a young girl, "I always thought it was just empty stars and planets out there. You guys believe the universe is a living being?"

"Yes, and like you, it is alive in its' early childhood phase. Join us and together we can all make our universe a conscious entity to live, work and think in the Twenty-Sixth Dimension!"

Telling them they existed in a living, growing universe, was still a fuzzy concept in their minds. They were even more puzzled when Znu mentioned we live in not just three, but Twenty-Six Dimensions. Still, the ex-nakies kept doing the power exercises, powering themselves up and very angry knowing they were to be scheduled by Priest Sally for mass-execution. That night every one of them chose to be downloaded into tech-bodies as the ultimate rebellion.

Rodman was immediately engaged with Znu's concept of extended life that is powered up by strenuous exercises. "Damn, this is truly an amazing new way of snapping these people out of the Green death-trance."

I then introduced him to George's young friends Trish, Billy, and Eddie as they moved among the new Star Dome population and introducing other kids to the Junior Genius Games. Trish filled Rodman in on their activities.

"There are many kids here under the Dome who were born illegally. Lots of them escaped to join us inside its' walls. We are giving them this video game and teaching them how to play it so they increase their intelligence."

"Why that must be a most amazing video game," said Rodman.

"Yeah," Billy enthused. "Kids are playing the games on every corner here and giving the new players a lot of pleasure knowing they are violating Low-IQ Green policies."

Waves of laughter were heard with kids doing endless virtual game kills of of monster KV cops attacking and trying to butcher them to death. And when these same kids were IQ tested they were well above the genius level.

Next, I rushed Rodman to see Jaxmun teaching newly downloaded technos to play Ba Wamz or killerball. He was fascinated seeing a few students tossing the ball-bomb back and forth before it exploded and they were recomputerized back to life again. Jaxmun saw Rodman's jaw hanging open when asked why the balls exploding didn't kill any of the players.

"Our techno-bodies do the protection, Mr. Rodman. It's a fierce evolutionary competition without actually killing another individual. Or better, it's an alternative to war. In BaWamz we technos fight hard to win but no one dies. You just sharpen you evolutionary skills. All of these players are eager to keep playing the game to strengthen their self-evolution as immortals. "

With Rodman in a state of growing excitement at what he was seeing, I got a cheerful com-call from Um. Within the hundred square miles of the Star Dome, he was opening several techno-restaurants. New technos were going in and out to get a good dish of various electronic and photonic food-energy input. In a short time, I introduced Rodman to Um. We sat at the table gobbling a few micro-gastronomic dishes. Um filled Rodman in on the details.

"We are changing earthling eating habits. They are learning to rise above the natural food chain of beast-eats-beast that humans evolved in for so long. With my quantum dining dishes they are fed delicious morsels without the slaughter of any living creature. The idea of it amazes them to no end. Best of all they are stepping

out of the Green Elite circle of power still rooted in food chain ethics of kill or be killed. All of the quantum dishes they feast on here in no way mean the end of the atoms, molecules, quarks, fermions, and bosons living in the chemistry of my restaurant fare. Those micro-particles are still alive after each meal is eaten. They are doing their work either inside or outside the human digestive system."

Another call buzzed online. "Lang, it's me, Jtarly. Come over to catch my new operation."

Saying bye-bye to Um I scooted Rodman across the shiny streets of the Star Dome to meet up with Jtarly and his new endeavor, a clothing shop.

"Check this out, Mr. Rodman," Jtarly smiled. "In my new shop, I am undermining the Greens by selling illegal clothing to those ready to be downloading themselves into techno-bodies. They love the idea of dressing up for Star Day right in full view of the fanatic pro-naked Greens. My biggest challenge will come when I am ready to move my clothing operation outside the Dome into Green territory. Clashes out there are already happening when the KV see well-dressed technos defying them. Despite being threatened to take off their clothes, or to be shot dead on the spot, they remain clothed and, as new immortals, they can never be shot dead."

From that time on Rodman said he was seeing the Star Dome operations getting more detailed, more complex, and far more effective than anything he could have ever imagined.

"It's so strange," he commented, "not to see people laying around naked everywhere having sex."

Soon he met Stefi 8Z who was very involved teaching groups of new technos to challenge the Greens by organizing for their right to delay sex to achieve important goals.

"Mr. Rodman, as you know, Green propaganda is always pressuring their worshippers to do 'pump and squirt' every hour, minute and second of the day in the name of 'sexual liberation'. People could no longer think of working hard at their jobs, especially when they were being constantly harassed to take drugs and have sex until they had no brains to work at a job."

"I know, ma'am, I was there. The only work I was doing was trying to stay sane."

"We are teaching them the freedom to enjoy techno-sexuality only after their assigned work projects are finished," Stefi beamed. "This is an especially important message for organic women learning to control their own bodies and to fight harassment. In the past out on the Green streets, any refusal of sex inevitably led to rape. Women are happy to learn their new tech bodies protect them from being attacked for sex on the hour every hour. If a vicious nakie male tries to make an attempt to harm a techno-female he would be immediately shocked to death when trying to insert his organic penis into her techno-vagina. But he wouldn't ever get that far. One techno female told me a very persistent nakie rapist had been shocked to death by just touching her techno-body. Several rapists already were laying dead in the street after such attempts on strong-willed UIO females."

Stefi said she encouraged new techno females to gain cosmic knowledge before any unnecessary lovemaking. She told them this was the true way of the techno-sexuals. They wanted the right to delay sex until even the smallest problem was solved, or when an important major effort was accomplished.

The result was the new technos were now behaving very unlike they were behaving in the days of their former nakie layabout routine of ongoing sex and drugs. Under our very eyes, they were actually accomplishing something for the first time of their lives. As UIOs they were joining in the building of a new techno-civilization.

"But," she added, "the Greens are fighting back. Discrimination against the technos has the KV calling them 'mindless machines'. It is well known that Priest Sally laughs at the idea of ordinary flesh bodies making unnatural love with a techno-organic body. She has told her uneasy Green priests that, quote, 'sex must always be flesh to flesh, organic body to organic body until the body must die and rot away.' Little does she know that techno-flesh can make sex feel divine. That is after the war is won."

Rodman pulled at my sleeves. "Are these space aliens against sexual relations?"

"Oh no," I answered. "In times of stress, like with the grueling pace of the universal war, sex is downplayed until there is ultimate victory. See over there across the street on the first floor of that newly constructed building? That's a new bar where electro-beverages are served for those of us who wish to engage in what techno civilization calls 'tele-lovemaking relations'."

"Tele-lovemaking? What a strange concept."

"It's a refined aspect of techno-sexuality. Technos can send radio signals back and forth from their own head over to the one they love. Using this technique they engage in mental tele-lovemaking. They wish to come together physically but not when they must use their intelligence for a higher cosmic purpose. This really rattles the Green Church who can only think of physical sex twenty-four hours a day rolling around on the excrement covered streets. If our techno-sexual bar were out there in the ruins of the city you can bet a group of Khmer Vert cops would soon be angrily pulling up on their motorcycles to beat and arrest the occupants of every table."

Rodman learned how much the Greens were outraged with the rise of techno-sexuality. Priest Sally declared her outrage when she learned that between techno-sexual lovers there was no body contact as per the rule. Techno-sexual bars were setting a 'bad' example for the naked ones lying about everywhere. At work or play, they could exchange enormous waves of tele-loving energy to boost their emotional involvement with each other in a romantic way without having to engage in normal sex.

Technos not having physical sex was deemed a civic danger. For this reason, Sally ordered the Green cops who were able to invade the Star Dome, to shut these bars down. Nakies on the shit-covered streets were daily being warned never to even think of trying techno-sexuality for themselves or they would face immediate death.

Stefi floored me with her next move. Her eyes were alive speaking of the fight for equal rights for techno-sexuals. She said that on Star Day she would be in the streets outside the Star Dome leading a 'March for Techno-Sexual Freedom' to end discrimination against tele-lovemaking.

"Get this, Lang and Mr. Rodman. Marchers will be demanding the freedom to delay having physical sex. The impact of such a concept already rattles many Green brains. When they hear millions loudly demanding that making love should be done only after one's evolutionary goals are achieved, they will be powerless to stop our surge.

"And, Lang, I am teaching them techno-love coding. The exchange of massive love energy between two technos is required for the smooth running of the future nervous system of this universe. Instead of jumping into bed with anyone and everyone on the streets, night and day, we are having our new recruits coded to see if our calculations reveal a true love match is possible with a fellow recruit. If her code is compatible digit by digit with his code, on a century-by-century basis, we've got a true love match to help our mature universe have a well-running brain and nervous system in the future. Lang, do you want me to code you with someone?"

I lowered my head. "I wish she was here for you to code both of us."

Stefi understood immediately the loved one I was talking about.

"Ah yes, you already were coded with Frus. Well, I will do it again for you both to reaffirm that you two should be together forever."

Hearing about all of this, Mr. Rodman told me he was thrilled to know the excited techno-population of New Angeles was growing and multiplying based on genuine relationships instead of just 'pump 'n squirt'.

5.

I kept moving Rodman through the streets of the new city.

"Sir, I want you to meet Kaviktisha. She is holding classes teaching one's loyalty to a group in a fight for freedom. It's necessary for the new anti-Greens to code well together, at least until the goal of freedom is accomplished."

"Just call me Kavi, Mr. Rodman. Glad to talk to you before my class starts."

I was taken aback to see that Kavi was growing up before our very eyes. She was teaching the new UIO's how to fast-forward their self-evolutionary knowledge. Her life was busier than ever after she withdrew from her infatuation with me as her potential life-long lover.

"Lang. I'm way past my days of being sexually enamored with this or that other person. I just needed to get seriously into my work. I'm so glad that Stefi helped us to learn that you and I have widely non-matching love-codes. It was the best day of my life when I learned our mutual love-code readings were followed by a billion negative zeros."

Rodman, rubbing his chin, said: "So your new civilization is able to code all behavior into a digital format? Even love? And group activity? Amazing."

"That's true, Mr. Rodman" she replied. "Learning how digital behavioral coding works is motivating me to code for someone else, other than Lang Ramdin. At some time in my busy life, I will do a correct code with my ultimate lover."

We watched as she turned to her class. Rodman was fascinated when hearing her speaking to her wide-eyed students.

"Holding fast to the quantum digits underlying all evolutionary principles is my teaching," she beamed to the Deniers in her classroom. "Our Universal Government culture forever links the basis of our self-evolution to the concept of 'Species Patriotism'. This means you will start thinking of yourself as a member of the same species with others, despite differences of race, ethnicity or nationality. Every one of you functions in life using the same DNA with others of your species, much like the same trees with only different color leaves."

"But that doesn't mean we are better than animal and plants species!" one man said.

"That's my next point. In your new Techno-Sapiens Earth Society animals and plant species will communicate with you humans, so there is to be no species discrimination. A lion or a wombat can evolve to be part of universal intelligence. And you know what? Intelligent animals are coming around to tell me their species will acquire the very best brain cells and nerve wires to serve the ultimate state of awakened universal consciousness. Isn't that great?"

Looking around after her class finished I asked, "Where's your twin?"

"Wurxlim's down the hall. He's teaching a class to a bunch of organic humans who are dealing with real emotional problems related to going techno and living forever. They are frightened and who can blame them? After all, we are launching a revolution against mortality. What else can our actions be compared to? It's unlike any revolution in Earth's history."

"A revolution against mortality?" Rodman said puzzled. "I...I never thought I'd hear anything such as that."

"In polite society, it is called working for 'longevity unlimited' because the true term 'scientific immortality' is disturbing to a lot of pre-scientific minds, like the Greens and Priest Sally for instance. It terrifies them."

Down the hallway, we came to Wurxlim's Longevity Unlimited classroom. He ushered us inside for a chat. While we talked, a few new technos were wrapped up reading their assigned 'Longevity Unlimited' vid-books. Like his busy sister, he was far more together now, and very much on top of his work. His enthusiasm told us of his success.

"The students are happy being downloaded into their new bodies. But, oh, here comes a new test case."

Into the classroom was brought an organic male appearing to roughly be in his mid-to-late twenties. It was rare the Greens would let anyone live past fifty. He was feeling guilty for even living that long.

"What brings you here?" Wurxlim asked calmly.

"The Greens say I am suffering from some kind of syndrome. Sure, I want to be downloaded into a tech body but I'm conflicted about it. Man, I'm all stressed out about my life. I want to live a long time but it bothers me when Priest Sally is calling people like me life-addicts. Am I addicted to life if I want more life?"

What followed was a lesson for me in Wurxlim's class teachings. I was very familiar with the details of why pre-immortals shied away from the idea of continuing their individual existence forever. However, even as a techno I often sympathized with them due to the endless stress of war reporting.

Wurxlim quickly calmed the fellow down. "All mortals want to live their life until someone or something discourages them. Or as we say it, all mortal organisms have a strong life-urge inside their head that makes them strive to accomplish their survival goals, even if the goal is wild and radical like living forever. "

The organic male burst out saying: "I have always been thinking that I would like to live forever if I had serious work to do. When the Greens kept insulting me calling me a 'life-addict' I felt so guilty I wanted to end it all. Was I wrong to want to become immortal?"

"Your problem is you have an immortal mind inside a mortal body. You are feeling survival anxiety because you lack survival power. Living in an immortal body to match the survival urges of your immortal mind will give you that greater amount of survival power."

"Oh god, yes. I always think about it using my mind, but my body isn't able to handle what I wish to accomplish."

"The basic psychological conflict of all living organisms is the fact that their immortal mind is trapped in their mortal body. Lacking the science to prolong a healthy life, mortals are psychologically wounded by living every day in a state of survival anxiety. Our mental practitioners call it the Mortal Wound. Your hope to use your personal energy for living a joyful long life is wounded when your society lacks the technology to help you to do so. Like millions of others, you are suffering from the Pre-Immortality Stress Syndrome, as our professionals call it. Note the initials very appropriately spell the word 'P.I.S.S.'. You are and millions like you are 'pissed off' and 'stressed out' because you have no control over your mortality."

"Yeah, and Priest Sally and her Green clergy are flooding me with guilt because I am wanting to break the Short Life Law they prize so much."

Hearing this was like hearing my parents again explain these same psychological symptoms that were plaguing the minds of planetary populations throughout the cosmos. As my mother used to say, the Mortal Wound and the P.I.S.S. syndrome were driving these same planetary populations into joining the Nihilii and their deathly plan for conquest. I kept listening as Wurxlim continued teaching the poor, stressed out mortal.

"Both the Mortal Wound and the Pre-Immortality Stress Syndrome perpetuate a behavioral pattern known as the Misery Feedback Loop. Your output of life energy never gets positive immortal feedback in a low-tech world. Instead of you feeling positive survival power in a high-tech immortal body, your survival anxiety is constantly being reinforced with negative empowerment in your mortal body; and this, in turn, leads to a negative exchange of energy between you and other people. Eliminate mortality and you eliminate the Mortal Wound. Become scientifically immortal and you no longer are pissed from suffering the P.I.S.S effect. The Misery Feedback Loop of negative empowerment is replaced by a full-bodied loop of positive immortal empowerment for all."

"It sounds like you are saying we interact with each other exchanging either positive or negative energy. So you would say that love is a positive exchange of life-oriented energy because it is the opposite of a negative exchange of energy like hatred? "

"Son, my talking with you about this subject matter means we are having a positive intellectual exchange of energy right this minute. Got it?"

"Yeah, I get it, like you telling me all this talking is our positive verbal energy input-output with each other. It's making me feel good wanting to live longer."

"Right. A positive energy exchange increases the life quotients of both parties. We call it Positive Empowerment. It leads to a regenerative enhancement of both persons' life codes. On the other hand, let's look at an energy exchange in which the regenerative urge of one party is looped into the degenerative urge of Negative Empowerment."

"Like the Nihilii wanting to regenerate themselves by destroying everything?"

"Yes. Negative Empowerment is a false attempt for the Nihilii to regenerate their lives. It becomes a degenerative energy exchange through which the energy of one of the two parties is canceled forever by violence. After a violent deadly encounter between two people, instead of two living beings, there is only one negative person left who did the cancellation of the others' life. The atoms and molecules of the deceased person return to the microcosm. Being dead they will never live to acquire ever-greater survival power in an immortal body. This is how human conflict leads to bloodshed and war. They are trying to gain back the survival power that is constantly threatened by the ever-present survival anxiety when we are living in mortal bodies. The Greens keep you bound inside their state of survival anxiety by promising sex and drugs as the only survival power available to you. Thus you are trapped in the web of their negative energy exchange and feeling mortal and powerless."

"Ya mean you guys can cure me of my Misery Feedback Loop?"

"No problem. We are having what we call a Mortals Anonymous Meeting tonight and I want you to be there. You will learn how terribly conflicted an intelligent living person like yourself can be when you have no control over how long you live or when they label you a 'low-down screwed up life-addict'."

"Man, I'd sure like to take your class in learning to feel good about living a long time without having to grow old and decrepit."

"Our Longevity Unlimited therapy sessions help thousands of mortals like yourself learn they have been suffering from the Pre-Immortality Stress Syndrome all their mortal lives. Generations of earthlings have always suffered from the Misery Feedback Loop in their low-tech stage of evolution as stressed out mortals. We teach you how you can overcome the stress and anxiety of your mortality. The cure is to break the Short Life-Span Law and become techno-immortals."

"I almost can't believe I got this lucky today to meet you. I'm feeling better already getting rid of my guilt about being a life-addict."

"You must end your feeling guilty about being a life-addict. Life is not a drug, it is a flow of cosmic energy that makes you want to live long and learn the wisdom of the ages. If the universe itself ever evolves into an immortal being it will be with your help as a living immortal nerve cell, or brain cell, within its' evolving intelligence structure. Get in touch with your immortal mind. Try to visualize your immortal mind fitting comfortably into an immortal body. Sound plausible?"

"Sure will, Mr. Wurxlim" was the man's swift answer.

Wurxlim then gave him the directions to do the Evolutionary Exercises with Dr. Znu, and later an invitation to the next Mortals Anonymous meeting.

He looked a lot better going out than when he came in.

Rodman told me he was so dazzled by all of the ideas and teachings he was witnessing that he would stand with us, side by side, in the Star Day Revolt.

And then into the room walked a familiar UIO. It was Amber looking radiant as any energetic techno-female. Before this, I had witnessed the Commander help transform her from a bare nakiehood state of life into a strong techno. And what a wise hard working techno she turned out to be.

"Amber, why aren't you out in the streets of Old Los Angeles with your UIO cohorts?" asked Wurxlim.

"We brought a new batch of Deniers into the Star Dome last week," she smiled. "Had 'em mix it up at a party with the other technos. And then you know what? One of the organic girls fell for a techno-immortal who had just arrived on Earth. No kidding. They fell in love immediately with each other. She begged Stefi

to code both her and her new outer space boyfriend to see if they matched. Believe it or not their codes matched perfectly! So Stefi is also going to be teaching a class in what she calls 'Space Love' where techno-immortals from space, who are one thousand years young, can date new techno earthlings. It's so great that lovers all over our galaxy are coding each other to find the math of true love. I was asked to bring more Deniers into the Dome if they told me they had a deep desire for some Space Love coding."

"Sounds good," Wurxlim said.

After we left Wurxlim I went down the hall to introduce Rodman to the Universal Environmentalist Division. UIO Fred was teaching the class to groups of fresh nakies he'd rescued from outside the Dome. They all claimed they were interested in learning the details of high-tech environmentalism.

"Ramdin, we who are recently evolved UIOs do not all work outside the Dome recruiting the nakies. A few of us are enjoying ourselves being teachers who are working to broaden the view of cosmic reality for these raw recruits. They are being taught the bigger picture of Universal Environmentalism within the boundless space in which we exist."

Rodman asked, "The Greens want us only to know about our planetary environment. Are you saying we should be aware that we live in a cosmic environment?"

"I am telling my students that Priest Sally is making a mistake preaching environmentalism on one planet alone. Our more cosmic point of view is called Universal Environmentalism, the teaching that Mother Earth and Mother Universe are only cells within the greater environment of the Mother of Universes, she who is the Cosmic Body of a potential infinity of universes."

Fred's students were getting this information for one purpose. They needed to detach themselves from the Green doctrine telling humans to keep devolving back to a raw, naked reality into the soiled mud of life. Instead, they were learning to use their energy for evolving upward into the universe. Hearing about the Mother of Universes made them think of returning to a civilization that is reaching out to the galaxies and beyond to the higher dimensions.

Exhausted at the end of the day Rodman said he needed sleep. He retreated to his room for a snooze.

Relentless in my gathering information for my reporting, the next morning I went back to his room to wake him. Approaching the building where Rodman was housed I saw the woman, Barbara, standing outside. She was looking up to the window of Rodman's room. I suspected there was some scenario of attraction unfolding in her heart. She admitted as much to me when we met at the doorway.

"I see Mr. Rodman being kind of lost in this new world of your ongoing techno operations, and that seems so cold to me as a person of faith. I feel he needs to find himself in the warm arms of holy salvation."

Her saying 'the warm arms of holy salvation' was an obvious metaphor for her warm arms. I rightly believed I was seeing a woman in love.

But when Rodman came out of the building for another round of my introducing him to the key members of the Star Day revolt, she stepped forward.

"Mr. Rodman, I would like to speak to you about your need for faith in God."

"Faith in God?" he snarled. "Lady, I am an atheist."

"All the more reason you need salvation."

"I said I'm an atheist and what's more I'm getting as far away from you as I can. Let's go, Lang."

Barbara's face flushed red. "Atheist" she cried out.

Rodman cried back with his face flushed, "Faithiest!"

"What did you call me?"

"I called you a faithiest. If I'm an atheist then you're a faithiest. Got it?"

"Atheist," she cried out once more.

"Faithiest" he shouted back.

Amusing to me was the feeling that within all the shouting of epithets there was a strange attraction forming between these two. As it turned out their conflicting beliefs would become prominent in the discussion later on of how evolution best expressed both the scientific and the religious mental constructs.

6.

Next, I introduced Rodman to Dr. Victor Sanders and Herb Michaels, the prominent Cosmic Capitalists, at one of Um's tech-restaurants. Gorging themselves on an excellent tasting micro-gastronomic meal, Dr. Sanders said every one of the new technos was enjoying full employment, working jobs and evolving their mental wiring to earn thousands of digi-credits with the increase in their I.Q. ratings. All of them were immediately enrolled in what the UG call 'Brain Schools' where all the knowledge they are learning is able to flow through their circuits as a powering-up process of thought-sharing. They were now steadfastly hooked up to the brain-sharing circuits all over the universe.

"It's all part of empowering every individual to be the best brain cells in the evolving nervous system of our universe. And, dammit, it's working. With the new technos employed and earning digi-credits in our X-Energy Conversion factory, they are investing their pay into the Cosmic Stock Market and helping us to finish the Trans-Universal Wormhole System. Billions of planets are drawing together their populations for cosmic brain-power, and at the same time developing themselves as wealth-creating worlds to maximize the pleasure of life for those living and working on them."

"That's right," Herb said. "Not only are the new techno-earthlings wearing clothes and sharpening their mental capacity, they've got investment earnings in their pockets from all over the universe. They love to hear our slogans like: 'Invest in Cosmic Capitalism - Help make our Universe Intelligent'" or, my favorite, 'The Best Universe Is A Smart Universe'. Every one of them is out there singing 'Let's bring back the future and evolve our species to the stars!' Damn nice to hear them joining us in our extraterrestrial song and dance."

"Oh yes," Dr. Sanders went on. "This morning one young fellow recently was brought into the Star Dome exuberantly shouting 'I want a techno-body. I want to evolve into the universe as a citizen of the cosmos!' You see, Mr. Rodman, as a citizen of the universe traveling from galaxy to galaxy and universe-to-universe it is difficult to do so in a flimsy organic body suited only for planetary survival. Most planetary species, still living in their organic bodies, just do work on their individual planets. We are living in techno-bodies otherwise known as 'Cosmic Bodies'. Once you are downloaded into a Cosmic Body you are able to do Cosmic Work on a multi-universal level. Even, hah, on a god-like level."

"I don't believe in God. I'm an atheist" Rodman said taking another joyful bite out of his micro-gastronomic sandwich.

Ignoring his remark Herb Michaels asked me if I had told Rodman about Dr. Bahm's work?

"I mentioned to him that Dr. Bahm was trying to evolve the earthlings out of their traditional predator-prey natural food chain."

Rodman said "I couldn't believe my ears when I was told this. You plan to eliminate the predator-prey natural food chain? "

"Of course. We have helped Dr. Bahm set up a lab inside the Dome to keep creating animal-humans and human-animals to stop Green control of animal and plant life. And down in the wildlands, our technos are having a great time organizing the animals to stop the Greens starving them and forcing them to keep killing humans for their food."

I stuck my nose into the ongoing discussion.

"I told Mr. Rodman I am going to do a write-up for Dan Cooper out there creating his community of animal-humans and human-animals to end all the murderous food-chain activity that has kept down progress on this planet for so long. How are Lori and Peter doing out there?" I asked Dr. Sanders.

"With Dan's help, George's parents are really getting toughened up with their fighting in the wildlands. They are gaining intelligent animal allies to start the creation of a rational food-chain based on micro-gastronomy instead of our species always chomping on dead flesh and drinking blood."

After the techno-meal, we said goodbye to Sanders and Michaels. I saw that eating dinner with the two enthusiastic Cosmic Capitalists had charged up Rodman's enthusiasm. It was then I brought up the assassination of President Wildman, revealing to Rodman that the technos had investigated Wildman's death and were ready to blow the lid off the roof of the Green Church with explosive information. I was privileged to introduce him to Detective Slocum who we found in good spirits.

"Detective Slocum is ready to reveal to the naked population the harsh truth of WOW's assassination. He will soon be showing them a gruesome vid saved from Manny Charlson's old smartphone."

"What?" asked Rodman "You, Detective Slocum, can tell the world the truth about that terrible atrocity?"

"He has the video footage of Wildman being murdered."

"Mr. Ramdin," said Slocum, "I have footage showing that the planning for the President's murder was guided by the Nihilii and the Green Church, specifically with Priest Sally being assisted by Lizardo. Lang, please keep a lid on this info with your news reporting until I go on the Cosmic Buzz with the story. OK?"

"Don't worry about me shooting off my big mouth, Detective Slocum. You've got an extra nail in the Green coffin that is all yours to hammer down!" I snorted with a gleeful cry.

Later, when I delivered an astounded Rodman back to his living quarters, to be watched over by Nieka and the others, he said to me: "I have seen and learned so much from today's tour under the Star Dome. Thanks. I will be pondering what role I can play in helping destroy the Green Church of Earth."

I was feeling a great deal of pleasure telling the news of these goings on in my five minutes for Cosmic Buzz News. Little did I know that each of my five minutes on this highly-rated Intergalactic Media program would end up with Harmgar giving Frus a five-minute punishment, beating her ruthlessly all over her body. My knowing of this brutal activity came later. I now wish it had come much sooner.

After my five-minute news report, I was suddenly hit with some outrageous brutal activity myself. I had just talked on my com-vid to the Prime Manager about creating a new series titled 'An Outer Space Conspiracy: The Revelation of WOW's Assassination'. He sounded excited to do it as a Cosmic Buzz Special as soon as possible. I felt too good not to see any trouble ahead.

Right after snapping off my com-vid I was hit with another shocking attack in an isolated section of the building. In the prior attack my body had melted all over a floor from a robot's advanced laser weapon. This time another robotic creature appeared around a corner carrying what looked like a spraying hose. Out of the nozzle came a white stream of cold liquid covering me until I was locked inside a solid block of ice. Frozen and helpless for hours on end, I endured this icy horror up to the time a group of building maintenance robot-workers saw me and chipped me free, with chunk after chunk of ice dropping loudly to the floor. Dizzied from the experience I was told by Nanotechita the perp was none other than Harmgar. He was pulling another fast one behind everyone's back to stop me from advancing upward in my career. The attacks would continue. Every time I had finished flashing my five-minute report on the nanowires I would receive another nasty vid with a grotesque looking robot screaming "Die, Die, Die". Of course, without asking my com-vid, I knew these vids were being sent to me by raging Harmgar himself.

At last, I had to open my mouth to get a clamp on my news-reporting rival. From my office on Earth, I called the Prime Manager at Intergalactic Media Headquarters to question him if he knew about this.

"You are doing an amazing reporting job, Lang, but Harmgar still has a majority following among our viewers. With his top ratings, it would look bad for our corporation to expose him at this time. Still, I want you to know I am working on it. We've been investigating his connection to Prof. Azol"

"Azol?"

"Yes. You are familiar with the rumor that Azol's clone blew up the Patent Headquarters when they denied him a renewal of his tech-body patent, right? Well, it is believed that Azol gave the idea to Harmgar to do the same clone impersonation in his interview with the Empress."

"Outrageous. What a news story to tell every galaxy in the universe!"

"On my word, young reporter, someday you will tell the whole universe of his dirty deeds trying to knock you down. Just to let you know that Harmgar kept badgering me saying he wanted his Empress interview to top your big Capital Planet special and your Nihilii Space Station reports. He is even more jealous of your Earth reporting. So I said 'yes' to his request."

"Sir, you knew this was going to be a dangerous assignment for him."

"To tell you the truth, I knew very well the danger. I wanted to see if such a self-proclaimed tough guy would grab the chance. I wasn't aware at the time that behind my back he would clone himself for doing such a life-threatening interview. And that will soon prove to be his big mistake because he is in big trouble for sending his clone to do the story instead of doing it himself. Allowing the clone to die at the hands of Empress Razaraba is a criminal act. Even worse was his later appearing on intergalactic media saying he is not dead after planning the whole thing."

"Prime Manager, is it really true about his connection to Azol?"

"Absolutely. We have a recording of Azol telling Harmgar that soon the universe will vanish from the explosion of that terrible cosmic weapon, the Entropy Bomb!"

"And what was Harmgar's reaction?"

"Wildly enthusiastic! Even when Azol told him that he too would vanish into the Void along with the rest of us, Harmgar could only say 'yessss' with a loud, snarling hiss on his tongue. He said he would go out in a blaze of glory with the biggest news story in the universe! Know, Ramdin, that when the truth of this incident comes out he will be directly implicated in the murder of his hapless clone. Even if the Empress did the actual killing, he is an accessory to the crime."

I was caught in a trap. Implanted in my brain wires I knew I might suffer future acts of Harmgar's revenge. But this didn't stop me. I kept going on to keep reporting on all of the fervent Star Dome activity while, at the same time, outside of the Dome the Greens continued promoting the glories of Mother Earth Day and screeching about the horrors of the Twenty-Sixth Dimensional Conspiracy with space aliens urging people to wear clothes and travel to the stars.

They still acted as if Mother Earth Day would, like always, be a day of laughing and dancing to loud music and singing songs about flowers and vegetables. They were still hiding the truth of Priest Sally's intended mass-sacrifice ritual of hundreds of thousands of nakies in that brief twenty-four hours.

The UG agents were hoping that when the UIOs finally declared Star Day, all of her lies would be exposed to help fire up the Star rebellion.

In the middle of all of this came news of George's abduction by the Empress, with her carrying him off to Warth's Royal Moon. It was revealed she would have his head split open for her capturing in her royal computer the many secrets hiding in his complex brainfolds.

There was no time to lose to try to stop Razaraba's plan. Nieka and Jaxmun, determined to free the boy from his captors, led the move to take a starship through a wormhole to Warth and its twenty moons for a rescue operation.

"We're going together" they chimed in unison hurriedly climbing into the Starcraft.

I wanted to follow them, instead of being stuck on Earth listening to my com-vid forever moaning about its' unrequited love for Nanotechita. I was ready to be reporting the story first-hand experience when I was told to stand back.

"Damn, they're preventing me joining the chase to free the kid from the clutches of Razaraba."

Or so I thought at that particular moment until my com-vid began ringing. I learned that something much bigger was in store for me in my reporting the storyline of the cosmic mutant's progress to achieve his evolutionary goals.

CHAPTER TWO: GEORGE IMPRISONED ON WARTH

George on Warth was terrorized, knowing the sadistic Empress was soon to have his brain painfully extracted from his body with him fully conscious and chained to the surgeon's table.

- ENCYCLOPEDIA DIGITANNICA

7.

The Royal starship approaching Warth elicited a startled cry from George chained next to a window. "Omigod, what a violent looking planet!"

The orange boiling oceans looked lethal to any life that might exist. To survive there had to be a daily nightmare.

This was most people's typical reaction to the home world of the Nihilii and the Metans. How could two totally opposed species exist at war with each other on the same red-orange world for such a long time?

George looked out the ship's windows as they descended, seeing scattered chains of islands in the oceans standing far from the major continent where the Metans long ago built their domed cities.

The Nihilii inhabited one long chain of islands in the middle of the huge churning ocean. Along that island chain death and destruction were common. Strong earthquakes, boiling floods spilling in from the fiery ocean, hurricanes tearing apart cities, prolonged droughts starving the populace; all of these were active in shaping the self-destructive mentality of the lizard-like species. It became clear to George the Nihilii were shaped by centuries of living in their miserable part of Warth's environment. They were products of drastic environmental pollution. Their hatred of life was shaped by their unconscious hatred of their unclean environment.

In his ever-churning mind George recorded his impressions.

"I now have proof why the Nihilii is a killer species worshipping the Void. To them, life is meaningless due to their existence on the filthy environment on the half of Warth they inhabit. Their evil customs, and ways of living and killing, are a direct product of the fouling of their degraded half of the planet! In effect, they are the embodiment of environmental desecration itself, mutated into a vicious self-hating super-organic species. And it is obvious they are trying to make Earth a degraded civilization like theirs "

Only under several huge life-domes on the main continent of Metannia was there a life fairly similar to what once was on Earth. The Metans wanted to share their advanced knowledge with the Nihilii. Long ago they offered to help build life-domes on each of the Nihilii islands to protect their people from living and suffering in the wild, unruly climate. Each generous offer was taken as an insult and rejected in the name of Holy Devolution. The Nihilii preferred to live in hell and suffer the consequences. No wonder their religion was supportive of bloody sacrifice. They welcomed death more than life in a miserable environmental abyss. Their misery was justified with their pleasure of wreaking sexual violence and murder on others.

Still heading for the Nihilii dominated Royal Moon the Empress made a quick stop off on the Nihilii dominated half of Warth.

For some reason George was seeing her licking her lips, staring at his algorithm filled head, jubilant that she now had an important tool to further her strategy in the coming final conflict. Her descent from the starship was met by a large number of her loyal subjects crowding the starport grounds.

"You will conquer, you will conquer," they shouted.

"Yes I shall conquer," said the Empress. "A war going on for a million years is soon to come to an end. We have brought here a young human who we shall force to help us make that possible."

Her guards produced young George looking very unhappy. At the same time, his mind was totally open to experiencing this strange new planet.

"Being on Warth," he said to the Empress, "is like entering a strange dimension. This planet seethes with weirdness. I see we are on the edge of a seashore with boiling hot waves splashing up the beach!"

Ignoring George, she swooned on the virtues of her homeworld.

"Ah, how glorious to watch the steaming orange waves slide up along the beaches. How sublime to see the lightening flash down from red skies. How magnificent in the middle of the night to see one of our large shining moons above us reflecting its harsh brightness from our violent red star. I love being back on the planet of my birth under the bright light of the hot Royal Moon."

She was reveling in her success, itching to feel the throne of the Nihilii Empire again on her royal backside.

"Ow," George said. "Now I feel my face burning like in the hot sun."

Looking up at the night sky, the Empress said:

"Yes, it's very moony on nights when the Royal Moon is shining."

"Moony?" George puzzled. "On Earth, we say it's sunny when the weather is hot, but you people say it's moony when that red moon is up in the night sky? Weird."

Then looking again at the night sky he said:

"Yes there are many moons in the sky and you say that one, that large shining moon up there so bright and hot, is the Royal Moon where we are soon to arrive? Hard to believe I'm getting a sunburn from a moon."

In a second or two George realized the red dwarf sun was casting its bright light on this one large moon so it was blazing bright and hot at night.

The Empress gleefully screamed back enjoying seeing him in pain:

"We call it moonburn and you just have to suffer with it, kid. Or, here, wear these moon glasses. Hah. Oh, here comes the medical expert we are to meet."

Approaching them was a sinister appearing male Nihilii. The Empress introduced him to George as her personal physician and surgeon. The grotesque monster leered at George holding the Nihilii version of an oversized scalpel.

"What are you going to do with a cutting tool?" George asked.

"Little Earth boy," smiled the Empress, "When we arrive in my palace on the Royal Moon you are to be cut up in pieces starting with your skull. My physician here will then remove your brain. We then will hook it up to our computer for extracting important information."

The physician laughed ominously.

"But she cannot chop you up as skillfully as I when the order is given."

Learning from the sadistic Empress that his brain was soon to be extracted from his body he was terrorized. George knew he was to die at the hands of this ogre. But how could he find a way to fight back when he was in chains? Isolated in the hands of the cruel Nihilii enemy, who only wished to exploit his fertile gray matter, George bowed his head silently asking Cosmic Evolution Master Ning Wa to please soon contact him.

And then, without warning, over the Nihilii starport, a blueish haze formed. Appearing in the sky was the face of the exalted Evolution Master looking squarely down into George's eyes while at the same time appearing to address the Empress.

"Oh Empress, it will not be as easy as it looks using this child's intelligence to feed the universe to your Divine Black Hole God."

"Shut up, shut up" she raged back to the drifting image above. "The child is mine and his brain output is now in my power."

"The Evolutionary Game is not ended yet, O Empress of the Nihilii."

"Don't even try to get this boy away from me you ethereal idiots," she barked. "He is in my dimension, not your stinking Twenty-Sixth."

“We shall see,” said the fading voice, “We shall see.”

During this exchange, George had looked directly into the Cosmic Evolution Master’s eyes. They communicated with eye movement as a form of sign language to be understood from the various motions of the pupils. It was called ‘linguistic vision’. Each eye movement contained a variety of signals to convey important information.

Using linguistic eye-to-eye contact George learned what the Evolution Master was trying to convey by appearing before them. From the wise movement of his eyes, the CE Master told George to hang on and do his best because they had read his life-mathematics and events were generally in his favor, but only if he made an energetic effort to overcome his difficulties.

“Then I must remain the prisoner of the Empress for a while longer?” George said in a sad mathematical eye-movement.

“Yes, George. You will be held prisoner by the Empress of the Nihilii when she journeys with her surgeon back to her Royal Moon.”

CE Ning Wa's eye language told George that already Jaxmun and Nieka were coming with a crew, rushing through wormholes to Warth, preparing to sneak into Nihilii territory and then snatch him away from her Royal Highness.

"They are coming to Warth to save you. Please know, cosmic mutant child, that you are going to grow in the knowledge of how to save yourself."

Next George was led down below the floors of the palace and thrown into a dark dungeon.

Thereafter, during his brief stay on the Nihilii Island Chain, George endured his painful moonburn, cursing that he’d been forcefully brought to a grotesque planet where you can have your face burned red by the moon at night.

Locked up, sitting in the dark with no one to talk to in those long silent hours, he deeply experienced the pain of his mortality knowing his life could end at any moment. Anticipating his death he was remembering a sad number one hit for a group called the Galactic Cowboys who sang each note, each line of the song with a mournful wail:

'All alone
it feels like a curse
let me say first
what could be worse
I'm singing a song
from the loneliest wormhole
in the universe'

It made George weep a little, despite his resolve to stay strong. He knew what loneliness was all about. Many others must have felt the same way in this big old universe because “Loneliest Wormhole In The Universe” was a quantum hit all over the cosmos that season.

As he sat in the tower contemplating another one of thousands of algorithms swimming in the intraparietal sulcus section of his brain, he heard a friendly voice speak to him. It was his anti-matter friend. In the stifling atmosphere of the cold tower, egroeG spoke words from the anti-matter universe to help his friend feel better telling him not to worry:

“uoy teg ot gnimoc era yeht yrow t’noD” he spoke in anti-matter English.

“os epoh I” George said trying to be strong, drying his tears. “os epoh I”

Then, blurting out in English, he begged egroeG to stay. “Don’t leave me, egroeG, please don’t go away. I need a friend.”

"noos uoy ees ll'I, yrow t'nod dias I"

Then egroeG was gone in an instant.

Back on Earth I received the call I'd been expecting from the Prime Manager. It came to me when I was reviewing all the information being flashed to me by Nanotechita, and hearing, at the same time, my com-vid telling me over and over its' love for my smart little micro-spy. It was snapped out of its constant mooning over Nanotechita, when I caught its signal for an incoming call:

"Hey, boss, Prime Manager online."

The call from the Prime Manager was about his sending me to do the Twenty-Sixth Dimension report.

He told me that George, though still a captive of the Empress, was to be secretly and temporarily liberated from her Royal Dungeon. He would then be transported to the Twenty-Sixth Dimension to learn his true evolutionary destiny as a cosmic mutant. And I was to cover the whole of the astounding story.

"Lang," the Prime Manager said decisively, "Cosmic Evolution Master Ning is sending one of his 'scientific angels' down to travel you up to the Twenty-Sixth. It is there you will be covering a very big story and doing a crucial interview with the mutant. Get ready to write your report and good luck."

Appearing out of nowhere from the Twenty-Sixth, and wearing a starch clean lab coat, the stunning and dutiful 'scientific angel' prepared me for my inter-dimensional transition. Dressing me in the required space-time suit and fitting a pair of large goggles over my eyes, she sent me on my way, dimension by dimension, to do my next Buzz reporting job.

Dizzied from the experience, I arrived in the center of the Twenty-Sixth Dimensional Conspiracy (as the Greens called it) and was greeted by CE Ning.

"Hold tight Mr. Reporter. You are going to see us bringing the boy up here to our Cosmic Laboratory. Keep your eyes open through those goggles and never stop recording these events. We're training this young mutant to save your universe. Born in an alternative universe nearly 99% identical to yours his genius mind is ready to learn how right the wrong he created by lighting the fire for the Universal Evolutionary War. The circumstances of his birth in the other universe were exactly the same as in this one. And Azol was always there swarming around him to acquire the boy's equations and algorithms hoping to make money. There was no intergalactic war in the alternative universe. Azol's lust for wealth and George's youthful idealism fanned the early flames that have led to the slaughter of billions. You will learn more about this very soon. Here is a data-plug to help you review the information I just gave you before you do your important interview."

I was now involved in the following step of the mutant's destiny and would later present it on Cosmic Buzz as my next big news story.

CHAPTER THREE: IN SCIENTIFIC HEAVEN

George was taken up to the 26th dimension for his instructions as a Cosmic Agent. He was fascinated that the famous 'heaven' so fixed in the minds of mortal humans was really a vast scientific laboratory for the breeding of universes.

- ENCYCLOPEDIA DIGITANNICA

8.

In the midst of another of his lonely hours, it was George's turn to go multi-dimensional. Out of a blue haze, the facial image from the Twenty-Sixth Dimension suddenly appeared once more.

"I feel like I'm having a religious experience," George said.

"No, you are having a scientific experience," said the hazy image of the Cosmic Evolution Master. "Your suffering is for a reason. You are a mutation that comes once in trillions of years. You embody a powerful set of X-Energy within your physical and mental structure. We are going to sharpen your special powers to help your duplicate human species on Earth adapt to a new evolutionary situation. If they cannot adapt they are well on their way to total extinction."

"Where are you coming from in that blue haze?"

"I'm coming to you from the counterclockwise vibrational patterns that occupy our Twenty-Six Dimensions."

That kind of language George understood well.

"Oh yes," George said, "Because clockwise vibration patterns only occupy ten dimensions."

"Exactly. We are committed to giving you all the information you need to accomplish your evolutionary mission."

"My evolutionary mission? Give me a hint what it will be. "

"You will soon find out. As I speak our cosmic representative is once again traveling down to your dimension to temporarily whiz you up here to the Twenty-Sixth. We will fill you in on what I am talking about."

At that moment the same divinely dutiful and beautiful angel of science appeared, holding the required garment and eyewear in her hand.

"You cosmic representatives can descend so quickly from the Twenty-Sixth to our four dimensions?"

"It's a breeze when you have mastered the Five Forces of reality including the most important one of all, the Nth Hyperforce controlling all the other forces! So jump into this, young human, and we'll be off to make your X-Energy unstoppable."

"What is it? It looks like a space suit."

"It's a space-time suit."

"A space-time suit? Omigawd that's awesome."

"You will need it traveling inter-dimensional through space as well as time. It will help you to remain stabilized through all the energy/matter transmutations. Come on."

"Oh, and you will need to wear these goggles."

"What are they for?"

"Your three-dimensional perceptions must be gauged to viewing the Twenty-Six-Dimensional environment. The goggles will help you to see everything up there from your normal perspective."

As soon as George was suited up they went inter-dimensional.

Your reporter was there on the spot when the boy instantly appeared still shaking from the jolt of the swift instantaneous transition to the highest dimension of them all. The reporter in me felt ready to give Harmgar a one-two punch in the reportage department. This inter-dimensional news assignment was far more awesome than his botched interview with the Empress. Little did I know that during my stay in the Twenty-Sixth I was soon to see and report the transformation of this young genius from a vulnerable child into a strong young man trained with super-amazing fighting skills to punch a big hole in the enemy's plans.

9.

WARNING TO MY READERS: Your reporter was no honor student in school when it came to science and math so what follows was, for me, kind of head scratching when I first recorded it for my news report. As CE Ning greeted young George I had no idea of the complexity of the information the boy would be given. Still, I am obligated to report what George learned from the Cosmic Evolution Master exactly as it happened due to the fact that all of our lives, and the fate of future universal history, hinged on what was being said.

When George appeared out of nowhere, side by side with the scientific angel, I noticed the same awed expression on his young face.

"Hoowee, that's one heck of a mind-altering jump."

Before him stood the ten-foot tall humanoid looking man also wearing a long white lab coat. Once only a mysterious dream-figure to George, his eyes widened when seeing none other than Cosmic Evolution Master Ning Wa in person.

"George, please understand, that you are looking at me, and our Twenty-Six Dimensional environment, using those three-dimensional goggles we gave you. We are trying our best to make everything normalized here for your normal perceptions. Otherwise, without that specialized eye wear, your senses will become wildly confused with you seeing me as a multi-dimensional rhombicuboctahedron."

"Oh you and your space-time symmetries," laughed George. "Yes, I understand. And I'm awed to be here, sir, shaking with super excitement. But, you know, I would like to take off these goggles for a second to view you and the Twenty-Six Dimension as it really is."

Without another word he removed the goggles, then wished he hadn't. Blazing lights filled his three-dimensional eyes. The humanoid shape of CE Ning suddenly looked exactly like a dazzling rhombicuboctahedron. George quickly again put on the goggles, gasping for breath.

"You will calm down soon, young one," the Cosmic Evolution Master said in a soothing voice. "You are safe now with us in our alternate dimension and welcome to our cosmic laboratory. We are top-flight cosmic behavioral scientists much like your behavioral scientists on Earth. And, by a long shot, we are much farther along with our advanced study of evolutionary behavior because we are making it happen."

George looked around the place. It was super-huge. There were computers, digital wall graphs, and strange lab equipment being rolled up and down the aisles. Many of the other Cosmic Evolution Masters wearing their lab coats were looking down at him with curiosity. They all seemed busy doing something important.

One of the other behavioral scientists approached to ask:

"Is this is the kid from the third dimension, planet Earth?"

"Yes, I brought him up here for a super lunch."

Looking around George was suspicious: "You say you are behavioral scientists? Then why does this science laboratory feel to me like some kind of awesome holy temple? "

The other CE's laughed. "Tell the kid our cosmic laboratory up here is otherwise known as 'heaven' to those down on his tiny micro-world."

"George, when you are studying the evolutionary behavior of the cosmos, as we've been doing for eons, it tends to merge science with faith. Our many cosmic scientists have gathered an extremely high degree of

awareness of how universes work in relation to primary evolutionary forces. So please understand that evolution is the dominant behavior pattern of all Reality. We study evolutionary behavior starting at the microcosm, then moving up to the macrocosm, and further up to the megacosm and maxicosm; in other words, from the atoms and molecules all the way up to planets, stars, galaxies, higher dimensions and beyond. That's why we are called Cosmic Evolutionists. Got that?"

"Whew, that's saying a mouthful " George sighed. "But what has all this got to do with me?"

"Keep walking, kid. I've got something very serious to tell you. When we return you to your home macrocosm you will have a very serious evolutionary job to do. That's to say you are the key to the future evolution of your adopted universe."

"Me?"

"All we can do is give you some background on the titanic nature of your coming role as a Cosmic Agent in saving that universe from the Nihilii. It's time to tap the warrior within you."

He smiled hearing himself being groomed as a Cosmic Agent. "Er, um, do I ever escape from the evil Empress?"

"That's up to you, kid. Let's take a walk through our Twenty-Sixth Dimensional scientific lab then later we'll sit down for a super-lunch and talk. We're trying to make this as comfortable for you as we can."

This was said as he walked past a gigantic space where some strange 'food' was being prepared and served. The sign over the vast entrance read:

COSMIC CAFETERIA

George beamed. "I've eaten food down in the third dimension made with molecular gastronomy, but, wow, that place over there is cooking up stuff that smells far more super."

"That's where you are going to devour your super-lunch when we are done with our tour."

George was curious. "Ok. But first I have a question bugging me for such a long time. You say Cosmic Evolution is about the basic behavior of everything."

"George, it is the ultimate science. We study the evolution of all reality."

"But how did the original impulse for evolution begin?" George asked.

"In simple terms, it began with the evolution of God."

Bringing religion into talk of evolution didn't quite match up in George's mind"

"That's not what the evolution people on Earth say."

"George, listen. We are here to clear up for you all the misconceptions on that subject. Down on Earth, there was always constant fighting between the anti-religious scientists and the defenders of religious faiths. It was a major ongoing problem halting your planet from evolving into a super high-tech civilization. In fact, science fighting against religion was a major contributing factor to the Green Church taking your planetary civilization backward instead of forward."

"I never heard that argument before, " George said, puzzled.

"Of course not. Your planet's civilization was too far behind the times to figure it out. In the future, both science and religion must have a meeting ground. It may shock you when I say that, in reality, science is a religious quest."

"Science is a ...what?"

I saw a look of utter incomprehension on the boy's face.

"George, science and religion always can come together and merge, but this occurs only when civilization moves forward into the future to develop the highest technology possible. And evolution is the key joining them together."

"Huh? You say the highest technology can provide proof of religious beliefs?"

"Listen to what I am about to tell you when I say that evolution is the secret behind the whole thing. When a species evolves further to know the benefits of infinite scientific-technological development, then all of the mysteries of religious belief are confirmed."

George was overwhelmed hearing these words.

"But I was told it all just began somehow by accident. My teachers always said God had nothing to do with it. They say no God would produce a universe with creatures killing each other."

"Your teachers are right in a way and they are also wrong. There is a blind stumbling process in Nature that produces organism after organism."

"That isn't fair for Mr. God if he created the universe."

"You are quite right to say that, except for one thing. Do you agree that your scientists once confirmed your universe began in a Big Bang?"

"Sure, that's what they say."

"Then that answers why all the suffering. A Big Bang is like a birth; it's the birth of a universe. And like a fetus, evolving from conception to birth, every universe grows from infancy to maturity. We always call it going from Big Bang to Big Being. Your universe, George, is still in its early infancy growing to become a Big Being. And in this stage of evolution, all kind of wild things are going on to further create a living universal body and mind. Planetary life forms struggle for dominance in their food-chains. Violence and suffering are endemic. That's why your twentieth century Darwinists argued that no loving god would create a universe with all the miserable suffering they saw in the global food chain. But if science can keep on advancing, it will inevitably learn to control evolutionary development for the awakening of a universe to its destined consciousness.

"A universe in full maturity is free of the food-chain violence it suffered in its infancy and adolescence because the living organisms within that universe have evolved a more mature super-intelligence. With ultra-science at their disposal, they correct all the mistakes made along the way. Evolution is the key to this entire process. By the time science has full control of all evolutionary forces in your home universe, you and everyone else will become a living brain cell within the universal mind as it keeps evolving to the level of the Twenty-Sixth Dimension. That is why I am now walking you along this endless corridor, passing by all of the cosmic evolutionary departments that keep cosmic evolution in operation."

"What's that got to do with religious faith?"

"It has everything to do with it, George. All religions on Earth began in a low-tech period of human development. All of their deepest survival needs were expressed in the form of low-tech myths with their origin in the right half of the human brain."

George's eyes lit up. "I have been thinking exactly the same thing about our right brain-left brain function. Or, to put it another way, the two halves of our brain need to work together. The right brain is the imaginative side, imagining all kinds of things necessary for survival; left brain, is the operational side, always doing the planning to make real the right brain's flights of imagination. Looking at it that way you are saying that science is a method of attempting to realize all the imaginative flights of religious consciousness?"

"Of course. Until the left-brain begins functioning properly to create the science of survival, the right brain dominates with its survival myths. Unknown to primitive humans their right-brain myths expressed the entire evolutionary plan to later be developed by science using 'whole-brain' thinking. Take a look at that screen up on the wall."

CE Ning Wa ran the vid for George to see primitive men and women on Earth in the early Pleistocene era talking around a campfire.

"You have met our mole, Um down on Earth."

"Yes, he's an amazing guy and a good cook."

"Um was on Earth ten thousand years ago. He always hid his high-tech equipment from the others. One night he took a vid of several cave men and women talking about their dreams and fantasies. One of the cave women says she wishes she could fly through the air like a bird. A cave man says he would like to fly to the moon. The young boy dreams of his talking to other cave people thousands of miles away at the place where their ancestors came from. An older cave woman says she wishes to meet a God to help her live a hundred years young. And that big heavy brute you see sitting next to the cave boy says he would like to have the god-like power to destroy a nearby enemy tribe with only one weapon, a single large boulder. He says he would be happy rolling that boulder down a high mountain to drop it on the enemy tribes' encampment, killing all of their people. Their tribal chief laughs telling them they are all fools. None of their dreams could ever come true. Back in that primitive time all of their low-tech, right-brain talk was only in the form of mythic expression. It was impossible for any of them to live out their fantasies. Now, look at these vids from earlier in your present century, before the Greens banished science. You will observe the right-brain primitive fantasies of the cave people were all becoming left-brain science realities."

Onscreen a series of scenes showed the former scientific era on Earth updating the fantasies of the cave people.

"You are seeing a sleek airplane as it flew through the air like a bird much like the cave women wished. And there, see that rocket ship on its way to your moon just as the cave man fantasized about his flying to the moon. The young cave boy dreamed of talking to other cave people thousands of miles away. Now you see a human talking on an old-fashioned smartphone to someone far away in another city. The older cave woman wanted a god to help her live a long life. In the next scene, you see a twenty-first-century medical team testing a woman with an anti-aging drug helping her to live healthy past one hundred years. You viewed that big heavy cave brute saying he would like to destroy a nearby enemy tribe, killing all of their people with a single large rock. See now this scene from a terrible world war long ago. A single nuclear weapon was dropped on the enemy's city wiping out thousands. And so all of the mythic fantasies of the cave people have become hard realities in the time of advanced science."

"Science was still at the service of primitive survival drives," George said.

"Correct. Sad to say that in its early stages of progress, science very much serves the primitive survival drives. Instead of fighting with rocks, science created highly advanced weapons like that nuclear bomb to fight recurring age-old primitive conflicts. Fortunately, in many galaxies young scientific civilizations learn to link together their right brain and left brain into a whole brain fusion. Doing so, they use science to become civilized when they advance into the stage of becoming immortal techno-sapiens."

George looked dazzled hearing all of this talk. He understood what CE Ning Wa was driving at. "I get your point. Those primitive right-brain fantasies they dreamed about while sitting around that cave man campfire, became one hundred percent reality through left-brain scientific research. And right-brain myths spoke of God and gods. Can your science up here in the Twenty-Sixth- Dimension help people speak to the God who, as you say, created evolution?"

CE Ning Wa smiled. "That's what you are up here to do, George. We are going to teach you the Physics of Divinity, the science of how God evolved to become God. Also, you will be shown how less evolved beings can learn to communicate with the Highest Evolved Scientific Beings of whom we speak. As I have said, when science is advanced to its ultimate level of what we call, ultra-science, it merges with the teachings of all the religions of the past. Or more to the point, all religions begin as myths based on the survival needs of their believers. In low-tech religion their survival drive makes them tell you the soul survives beyond death and ends up in heaven. They think this way because they do not yet have the technology to help their body to survive in a higher technological realm. On the other hand, when science is advanced far enough, it is the physical body that is seen as the prime survival mechanism."

Gasping with amazement George said, "That means the soul grows within the body as science improves the body's health and longevity! The longer we live the more our soul grows to its maximum potential. Right?"

"Yes. Your body is the seed of your soul's potential immortal being. Science leads each individual in an evolutionary quest to become immortal *without* dying. At first, individuals may reject this idea because ordinary life on any planet requires a minimum of energy found within each individual mind and body. The Evolutionary Power Exercises help these individuals power up the soul-energy within them to maximum so they can enjoy becoming immortals. When this happens on Earth science will then clear a path for your species to advance into the Twenty-Sixth Dimension to do the Cosmic Work required for us to give birth to an endless number of universes. And that includes talking to what primitive right-brain myths call 'God', or what we scientifically describe as the interaction of the Nth Force with X-Energy in the divine work of powering the physical and spiritual engine of cosmic evolution."

George was dazed. "Keep talking. I think I'm beginning to get it. Only, darn it, I keep thinking of the cruelty of evolution with all the wars and the killings in the vicious food chain we've seen on Earth. I wonder how that can be related to the evolution of God or gods or whatever."

"The madness of violence exists in the embryonic stage of an infant universe. All who die do not disappear forever. You must remember that God is a scientist. You will learn how we are always computing reality with very complex cosmic software and coding. Within the Cosmic Evolution Code is a formula for ultra-computer software to re-compute the coding of all who lived and died in any one of billions of universes, including all the animals, viruses, and bacteria, and also the universes themselves for they too are life-forms."

"You mean all of our personal information is coded up here where we are now? That means there must be a program to compute all possible life that has ever been. Is that possible?"

"Yes, and just such a program does exist. Despite what we call 'quantum uncertainty interference', we also work with a program using the 'Re-computing Life Equation'. This program can re-compute every living or non-living object in an infinite number of universes."

"Is that why you say the Twenty-Sixth Dimension is like heaven?"

"Yes, because God is a scientist, and 'heaven' is a huge scientific laboratory in which all the mistakes of young evolving universes are observed as they grow and develop. And most importantly, their growth and development depend on the intelligence of the countless species within their universal body."

"Gee," George exclaimed, "each species must realize they are tasked to bring about the maturity of the cosmic environment in which they exist."

"George, it is tough for many unevolved species to make this kind of mental leap. If they cannot do so then they, *and* their universe will die because they have failed to operate within the digital framework of our Twenty-Sixth Dimensional Environment of all Reality."

"I get what you are saying," said George. "It comes down to our human species learning to combine our right and left brain functioning into the whole-brain fusion of intelligence. We will then join with you in your infinite and eternal Cosmic Work of creating, feeding and developing the Cosmic Evolution of infinite and eternal life!"

"That's our work and we will be doing it forever. Most important of all is for you to learn that behind all the mathematics of the entire digital evolutionary structure of everything is the single evolved Mind of our ultimate employer, God the Scientist and His Goddess Mate the Supreme Software."

"Wow," said a dazzled George, "you are describing right-brain religious ideas in left-brain linguistic terminology!"

"In time you will learn to describe these right-brain religious terms using our left-brain scientific formulas. We'll get into the details later. But now let's visit the Hyperspace Department where we monitor an infinite number of universes using the calculations derived from the Physics of Divinity."

OK, that was a mouthful for your reporter to write. I admit the information I was hearing started out being very thick in my ears. As a techno-kid I just didn't listen very closely to my parents teaching me the details of the Physics of Divinity. Most educated technos and superorganics have far less trouble than me in following all the talk of what George was learning about Divine Physics. To be truthful I had to switch my com-vid on and off quite frequently try to find online references for my understanding of what was being said.

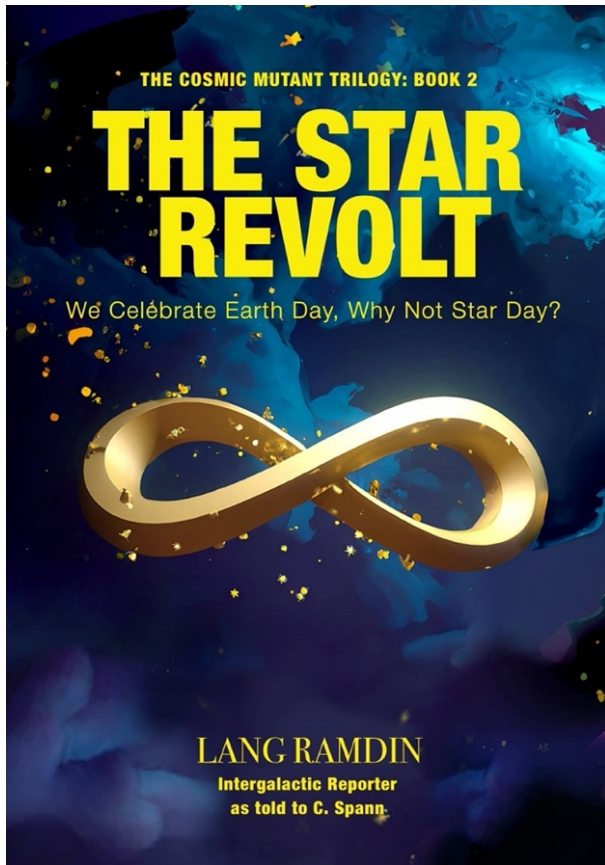
I'm also aware that my less educated readers from many organic species might scratch their heads trying to understand the intricate science knowledge George was learning from CE Ning. For you I will try to write all of the following data in as simple terms possible because I am on the same level as you. Just like all of you, I had to stumble through trying to understand it all.

As a kid, my parents drummed into my head the science that says all reality is an energy exchange from lower to higher levels. They said that even the gods themselves started off by evolving from simple particles. They worked hard to become gods, exchanging their refined energy with the cosmic environment to help those on the lower energy level to begin their self-evolving. Every individual from any species has the right to self-evolve into becoming an immortal god without being discriminated against. This is because Cosmic Reality is based on a democratic system. All who self-evolve can work to someday be elected one of the Gods of Science. That's what my mother and father taught me about scientific religion and that's the core of how young George was having his mind shaped by CE Ning's important talk.

George was then led to visit the various departments of Universe Creation. Following them, I kept recording what I was seeing and hearing, fully aware the boy was slowly being prepared for his future task in routing the Nihilii to save our universe.

Yet, with all the information being given to him, I saw his eyes turn back again and again to the portals of the Cosmic Cafeteria.

CE Ning's valuable lessons were being accompanied by George's fervid anticipation to soon be eating and enjoying a super-sandwich.



Science fiction becomes science friction in the pages of The Mutant Trilogy. In Book One intergalactic reporter Lang Ramdin follows the search for the cosmic mutant across the universe. In Book Two he reports the mutant helping start a revolt of humans enslaved by the psychotic enemy. He points to the stars as their ultimate future destiny.

**THE STAR REVOLT:
We Celebrate Earth Day why not celebrate Star Day?
By Lang Ramdin**

Order the book from the publisher BookLocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10091.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**