

Filament III expands. Observe an African wedding as confusion embroils their home. The Red Menace imperils the future. Our heroes gamble to move a desperate world facing the ultimate finale. Love may be lost but not forsaken. Will they have a chance?

Filament III: Amorphicity

By Dr. Alan Paris

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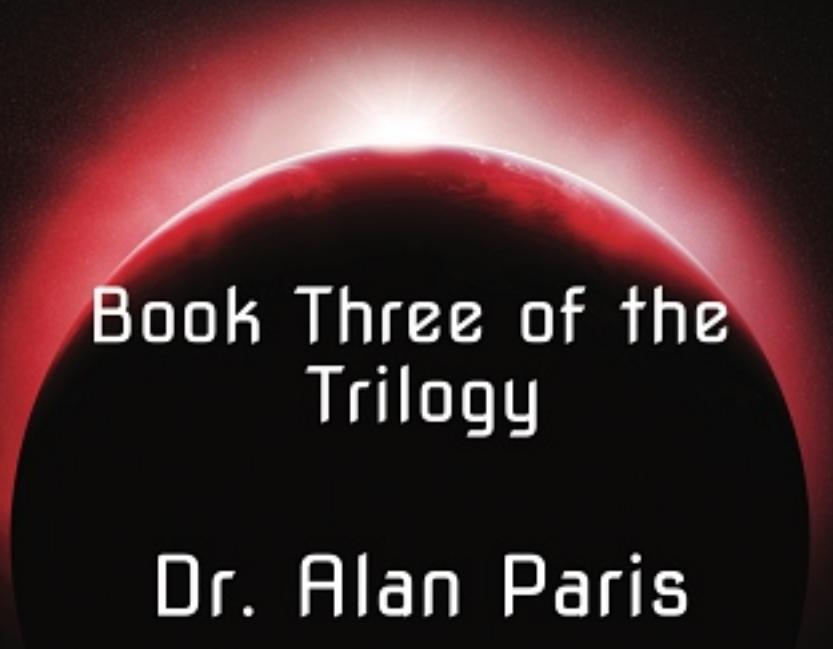
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Filament III

Amorphylicity



Book Three of the
Trilogy

Dr. Alan Paris

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THE FILAMENT TRILOGY

Filament, *Accepting The Gift*. In a small, quiet section of New York City, a modest doctor receives a unique package creating life changing events. Locals claim miracles; the press spreads wild rumors. Endearing characters manage private and interpersonal conflicts concerning life, love, good and evil.

Filament II, *Brighten The World*. The futuristic filament intensifies its influence internationally. Through conflict and danger, bold leaders are compelled across seas, forests and jungle. Deception lurks as advanced elemental and interdimensional energies forge an extraordinary solution. Follow virtuous forces struggling to lift civilization and save humanity.

Filament III, *Amorphylicity*, the adventure expands interdimensionally. The assigned team and family guests delight at the spectacular wedding in Africa. Cryptic confusing altercations at home demand tough personal choices. Time and space, the nature of matter and anti-matter, describe the paradigm as a *Red Menace* imperils the future. The heroic couple face a cosmic challenge to gamble countless lives and move a desperate world facing the ultimate finale. Dr. Allen and Veronika execute split-second timing and a forced, heartfelt separation. Love may be lost but never forsaken. Can they count on a second chance?

Chapter One

The existing interface relating time and space suggests a relatively fluid rapport. Like water and oil failing to mix, it is a disorganized colloidal suspension with free association-a conduit between designated dimensions. The transformation between matter and energy maneuvers within these insecure structures is technically characterized as amorphicity. Therefore randomness exists without balance or limitation - leaving subatomic assemblies like sieves to transferring energies. Within this wondrous science, moving through these marvels presents no complication - as easy as opening a door and entering the room. Only the new chamber, unless specifically directed, may realize no relationship or result to the original.

The scientific council of this simultaneous Earth established these presumptions over numerous planetary evolutions. Official opinions may change by consensus at varying intervals leaving natural existence an arguable conjecture. Such speculated concepts are questionably adapted.

The advanced culture of Rai and Sair Futura is passionate to explore these profound abstractions. This rare pair of academic residents rationalize their prodigious achievements to the interest and delight of fellow scientists - all deep scholars in the intricate realms of celestial inquiry.

“We exist to tinker.” Rai explained to his future son-in-law, Dr. Marshall Allen, “Our society constantly seeks knowledge and improvement. Like your supermarkets, we view our natural world replete with fruitful designs to enhance all life’s essentials. Our great thinkers search selected shelves harvesting bounties deemed beneficial.”

“Ages ago, we learned to manipulate matter and energy. Positive applications eliminated life’s personal pains and

negativity while altruistic algorithms liberated significant affliction - aptly resolving all social struggles. Hardships fell with the spring's melting of winter's ice - our ills vanished as the summer's vapor. Accessible energies now employ to nurture numerous populations and promote peace. We produced the ultimate eclipse of humanity's privations - a utopian endeavor of the highest order. Won't you consider this a worthy endowment?"

"Yes," Dr. Allen acknowledged, "and you're delighted to pass on this golden gift and save us from ourselves. Seems too easy. The charmed filament heals and spreads goodwill wherever it shines-like a sudden inheritance to dispel all debt and leave us to luxury."

Rai continued, "Unfortunately society's current affairs will defy acceptance as politics still strangle you in selfish schemes of distrust. Global pervasiveness of hostility clouds all generous judgement with few earthly tribes proffering peace versus pandemonium. We detect planetary devastation as the tragic inevitable outcome. Our benevolent bulbs are the first step to elevate your populace out of such ruin. We might offer other innovations as well."

The doctor smiled quizzically, "And you decided to stop the madness? Well, good luck. It's a titanic task ahead of you."

"Ah! But it will be your fortunate destiny." Rai grinned, "You and Veronika are our Adam and Eve, destined to bring mankind back from the despoiled *Eden*. Only for now, keep the lights glowing and your clothes on."

"I must visit your remarkable civilization," the doctor implored, "You tease with tales of idyllic lives. As a studied scientist, I am totally intrigued, certain to be astounded. My enthusiastic graphic novel and sci-fi fandom thrills at this super experiential encounter-challenging my reality."

Rai responded, "Reality? Ah, you must see it to believe it. How basic, doctor. We dropped that concept long ago-recognizing no actual state as a true essence of being. Time, space and matter relate interchangeably-organics included. You are where you are and what you are, when you are. Our pragmatism accepts that anything can be anywhere."

"Deeper reasoning reveals no magical mystery-allowing us comfort and contentment. Our universal philosophy moves along without doubt, enhancing our individuality through innovation. We seek not to discover an answer -but to solve a dilemma by questioning the problem-then expounding a serviceable solution. It's a blissful reward to an analytic affair. Besides, our lifestyle is an alternative avenue-not necessarily your future- one of many possible paths should your species survive."

"Speak with my daughter about visiting our home. She will decide. We trust Veronika. I suppose that after you marry, you'll take a fantastic voyage through our dimension. I believe you call it a honeymoon. Is it customary or a religious rite? Still, I don't follow the connection of the lunar orbiting body to that sugary sweet stuff uniquely fashioned by those wonderfully wooly bees."

Dr. Allen retrieved a practically forgotten factoid, "Originated in our sixteenth century from an East Indian tradition, the newly married couple traveled about and visited others to proclaim their marriage. The English considered the concept an opportunity for the wedded couple to bond. The honeymoon was the sweetest moment for them to initially experience their shared lifestyle. The novelty would wane as the appearance of the new moon occurred."

A shiver ran his spine, "What did you mean," he gasped, "should your species survive?"

“How interesting!” Rai dodged the Doctor's plea, “You studied these matters. After our bonding ceremony, we simply go home and close the door with a *Don't Bother Us* sign dangling conspicuously in view.”

Dr. Allen replied, “As an admitted romantic, I did some research when I proposed-to understand it, just in case.”

“In case of what?”

“In case she said yes.” he laughed. “At first, I mused to beg for her hand in French,. Though Veronika's a bit confused about our customs and phraseology. So I played it straight. Did the knee... at the beach... in Brooklyn. Way cool!”

Rai imagined, “she developed within two diverse cultures. There may be confusing misperceptions-especially the inuendo and duplications rife to your language. But you're smart. That act was smooth. Seagulls flying overhead, I expect a poignant panorama embraced the timeless, tender scenario. Good job, son.”

He abruptly reset his tact, “Let us discuss survival later. You must recognize that this Earth is experiencing great social and natural disruption. Remember this dictum, Doctor, *anything can happen at any time*. I believe this serves as a useful representation-a similar maxim to *whatever!*.”

Dr. Allen and his prospective father-in-law enjoyed their conversation flying fast along in a dark blue '66 Mustang convertible-manual transmission, of course. The ribbon of road slid them through the dusty desert as smoothly as navigating the snowy slopes overlaying elevated peaks a hundred miles north.

Dr. Allen related, “Here, one can go frigidly numb skiing the precipitous icy inclines in the cold country up north or travel south

to the *Valley of The Sun* to fan a hot tan by the blue lagoons of a privileged resort. The weather divergence harmonizes incredibly with the validating variance of Arizona's contrasting topography."

Rai immersed in his new purchase, "This stick shift's a joy to handle. Next, I'll go for a 'Vette. Gonna be lots of fun with these *babies* around."

Dr. Allen laughed, "I guess this will be one of your bigger toys, huh, Dad."

"That might be the old interstellar *Hydroliner* I rebuilt from spare parts. It runs on water-a rare commodity in deep space. Running low on H₂O, I restored a dark matter converter for backup remaining careful not to cannibalize the ship. Within a limited range, it handles quite well."

Revisiting their buried bulb factory, they joined the ladies within the newly constructed earthbound home. Their living quarters were contiguous to the production plant incorporated inside a large crested butte in the Northern Arizona desert. Enormous bulging boulders and with exterior sandy surrounds offered concealment and insulation against curious views and the occasional dreadfully hot and windy haboob dust storms. The filamentous bulbs produced inside were poised to start this world on a road to peace and prosperity.

The ladies were moving furniture and contemplating the interior décor. "Wouldn't you like to add more color?" Veronika suggested to Sair. "Ubiquitous earth tones can get dreary. Look at your palette: Tan, Sienna, Chestnut, Mahogany, Beige, Copper, etcetera-all browns to me."

"That's a nuanced parade of local landscape." Mom replied, "I shall choose a dominant theme introducing tinges of red and

turquoise for accents of energy. So much fun. I'm sorry you're leaving before it's finished. This is the longest interval we've enjoyed together in ages. You've raced out so young to time and space-much too soon for my taste. Early on, with your urge to explore, we had little choice but to miss you more."

"Literally, Mom, You two inspired me." Veronika grinned, "I'm not sure how many eons of time and space actually separate our two worlds. Once you go inter-dimensional, the calculations can confuse. You may always visit my visage on our select home channel as I remain ever available."

Her father interrupted the two. "Have you've forgotten our space math already? Veronika, my dear girl, you're not going *prehistoric* on us, are you?"

"No Dad, I don't require it. I concentrate on all the quirky conversions here-lacking consistency to their systems. They're ethnocentric, applying preferred languages and dissimilar units of measure. Stepping over an imaginary border and miles convert to kilometers;; inches change to centimeters. Even God claims many names. Each society believes they've got it right and everyone else is wrong-a recipe for conflict."

"I understand." Rai agreed, "I noticed that few parts in their mechanisms are interchangeable. Their so-called compatibility demonstrates considerable tolerance-components barely fit. I wonder that anything performs properly."

"Dr. Allen jumped to defend, "Alright, guys, lay off my planet. We're in the early twenty-first century. Considering our technological limits, maybe we have more fun than you guys where everything is perfect. It can be great to break down on a back road with your best babe snuggling up. A tow can take hours to arrive."

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“Veronika, my love,” Dr. Allen faced his fiancé, “we must return to the East Coast. Now that the Arizona factory is functioning well, your parents can run things. There’s work back home.”

“Yes, Dear!” She sidled up to her mate, “We will return. Dad, can you drive us to the airport?.”

“Sure Honey,” Rai snickered, “I enjoy watching these aircraft take off and land—mostly tardy, I assume. I noticed the dearth of clocks displayed in many transport areas.”

The doctor chimed in, “Yes, but you get this realistic rush with the sudden application of thrust. It’s something you guys don’t experience anymore.”

“Like when I floor the Mustang?” Rai queried?

“Yup Dad.” Dr. Allen agreed, “Just like that.”

Chapter Three

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the announcer bellowed like the ringmaster leading his circus, “welcome to this afternoon’s taping of The Meri Williams Show. Please notice the large prompting monitors to each side of the stage. When you see the word SILENCE, please comply. When APPLAUSE appears, clap your hands. Laughter is always welcome and is not cued. Please refrain from calling out or standing. If you need assistance, just wave to our ushers along the sidelines. You will see a silent countdown from five to one. I will announce the show and then Meri, herself. She enters the stage from my right. You are encouraged to stand and applaud or scream with delight as she takes her chair. We always invite interesting guests for your pleasure. Enjoy your time here and thank you for visiting with us at our studio.”

The announcer took his place on stage and waited for the signal, “Welcome to this evening’s edition of The Meri Williams Show. Some special and quite interesting guests are here for you, including Mr. Do-It-Yourself, the well-known stage actress, Olivia de Olla, and a man on a mission to bring benefit to the world, Dr. Marshall Allen. And to make your day a bit brighter and well informed, here’s Ms. Meri Williams.”

Ms. Williams entered the stage. Applause, screams and whoops filled the hall. The star sat and greeted her admiring audience with a huge smile.

“Hello everyone! I love you.”

“Hello, Meri.” The crowd rejoined and whooped again, “We love you, too!”

Meri continued, “As usual, we have a great show for you. I’m especially excited to introduce a rather remarkable person. This

gentleman is unknown to television but travels the world for the betterment of mankind. We love to present our always instructive, Mr. Do-it-Yourself. He presents novel money saving tips for us. Also, we are so lucky to have lured the most sensational Broadway star Miss Olivia de Olla. Her new show, *What's Goin' On?*, is the talk of the town. But first a word from our marvelous benefactors, the sponsors.”

During the commercial break, Meri emerged and engaged the audience. She personally recognized the regulars in attendance by moving about and shaking hands or sharing a hug-her warm approach appreciated as quite charismatic. Then Meri thanked all present and waved in apology to the upper section for her inability to visit with them as well.

Soon a stage director wearing his headset signaled her to return and announced, “Okay everyone, we’re back in three, two, one...” The audience applauded as Meri returned to her desk set and welcomed the first guest, Mr. Do-it-Yourself.

John Ardo, popular for his easy everyday tips, used common home discards for functioning economical inventions. He discussed creating a mini mulch machine to enhance garden and potted plantings using discards like eggs shells, coffee grounds and other food wastes. He brought actual kitchen compost to demonstrate his productive notion. Meri pulled back as the accompanying odor offended. Those in the front rows evinced visible agreement. They laughed with their host as she playfully regretted lacking nasal clips while she held her nose. All settled quickly as the offending material was buried in large rectangular planters below a rich loam soil. He explained the benefit of turning the mix often over time to release the available nutrients.

Meri espoused her personal interest in the next guest before his entrance. “You all know I spend a bit of time traveling to developing countries as a representative of my Meri Cares

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Foundation. The Foundation endeavors to improve the desperate conditions existing among impoverished people around the world. We recently became aware of a joint venture involving the World Health and Catholic World Charities organizations. They noticed that providing a particular lighting in their health care facilities and farming centers greatly increased effectivity. Now, hundreds of thousands of people who suffered disease and starvation are achieving healthier more productive lives. As an added benefit, many embattled areas live in harmony. The children, especially, are escaping the menacing conditions of the past. Local governments are talking and cooperating instead of confronting their neighbors. The Pope, himself, blessed this mission as a reawakening of hope for world peace.

“Tonight, we are fortunate to introduce one of the key creators of this program. This Doctor of Optometry contributes personal leave of his New York City practice to spread the blessings of natural benevolent lighting. I am delighted to welcome to our show, Dr. Marshall Allen.”

Dr. Allen emerged from behind huge voluminous curtains to be seated on the couch nearby Ms. Williams. He appeared a bit uncomfortable in this rare public appearance dressed in suit and tie - makeup reducing the shine from nervous sweat dampening his forehead. The doctor looked like he preferred to be anywhere else at that moment. As directed, Dr. Allen smiled at the cameras and waved timidly to the audience as many stood along with their applause.

“Hi, there, Ms. Williams.” He cleared his throat to speak, “It’s certainly an honor to meet you. We, at home, are all fans, especially admiring your charitable activities around the world. You inspire us.”

He was determined to concentrate, “*Did I say that right?*” The doctor memorized a few lines his fiancé suggested, “*Must remain cool and follow Ms. Williams lead.*”

“Well sir,” Meri smiled generously at him, “I will return the praise. From a quiet practice in the back streets of our fair city, you managed to build an international wave of well-being. I’m told your influence stretches to incalculable points about the globe. You helped introduce beneficial health projects and creative food production techniques in areas previously ravaged by hunger and disease. Children across the planet thrive in response to these efforts. Cultures, previously locked in endless conflicts, are joining to efficiently farm the land and feed their families. You bring peace and prosperity where many have failed. I know that I am not alone in my personal quest to rid the world of pervasive pain and suffering. I applaud you and your efforts.”

With that statement, Meri Williams stood up and began to clap her hands together toward the doctor. The audience joined rising to the occasion. Behind her appeared projected photos of people helped by these efforts. The pictures of the precious youngsters were especially endearing.

Dr. Allen was overwhelmed. His face blushed to a bright pink as he pulled a handkerchief to wipe his brow and hide his embarrassment. He stood briefly and motioned to the audience, “Please sit,” he announced, “I am blessed with a great team. I cannot take credit for the labors of so many good people. We began with a supply of a new efficient lighting. Many exceptional individuals inspired to apply clever use and aid in eradicating terrible existing conditions. My colleagues throughout the world are all responsible for whatever successes we achieved along with World Health and Catholic World Charities support. It’s an amazing group determination that guides us-finding encouragement everywhere. And everywhere there are

wonderful folks who lent a hand. We are lighting the fuse to an explosion of humanity.”

He looked deeply into Meri’s eyes, “You especially understand the difficulties so many unfortunates endure? You, too, are an emissary of the light. Your faith and deeply blessed determination liberate so many.”

“Yes, yes, I do!” His host declared with arms stretched upward, “God knows I do.” And with tears in her eyes, she embraced the doctor, held his cheeks in her hands and kissed his lips. “We are truly privileged to do His work.”

Dr. Allen wiped his eyes. Everyone on stage stretched out for the box of tissues Meri pulled from her desk drawer. Several in the audience were on their feet again, crying and hugging each other.

More enlarged photos appeared behind them-this time showing Meri overseas encircled by children at a local school built and supported by her charity.

With her arms still open, Meri faced the crowd again, “We will take a break now. I need to compose myself and say a prayer. I feel the Lord touched us all today.”

The announcer moved to reclaim the stage and instructed all to sit. Packets of facial tissue were passed along the aisles. People on their knees with their hands clasped prayed along with Meri. Others remaining upright and applauded with wet faces shining. For some, it was an extraordinary ecclesiastical epiphany. For television, it was one of those charmed moments that graced the homes of millions of viewers. They, too, were deeply affected.

Chapter Four

Veronika invited the doctor's receptionist, Mary and Father Fleck, the local priest and good friend from St. Marks Catholic Church and Seminary, to join and watch the show. They sat transfixed in Rocky's Italian Restaurant facing the big screen television while enjoying his luncheon specials. Rocky emerged from the kitchen along with most of the staff to view the program.

"Did you see that?" Veronika protested, "She kissed him; and on the lips. Well, I never!"

Mary sat and watched. Her eyes were as wet as everyone viewing the show. "Don't be jealous. It wasn't that type of kiss. It's one of appreciation."

Rocky was teary eyed as well, "Ladies, that is God's message. He is touching us all."

Father Fleck, holding his worn well-aged crucifix, attempted to mumble a prayer in Latin-so affected he could not properly proclaim the words. Finally, overwhelmed, he whispered "Amen".

"Well," Mary flatly stated, "Doc's famous again. We're going to suffer crowds and the press hounding us at the office. He was amazing, wasn't he?"

"Yes," Veronika agreed, "he is amazing. I didn't realize how much I love him."

Mary chimed in, "And now, so does everyone else. Meri doesn't cry for just anyone, you know. You'd better lawyer up to protect your man. Because here we go again."

Veronika thought about it, *“Alberto’s not here to protect him- and there are irrational people that might represent a danger. Do we need security?”*

“I’ll get on it and check with our contact at the FBI. After that Russian affair, he said the agency was watching out for us. But I may need someone at the office. I’m not risking my man.”

Dr. Allen was speaking again-describing his travels and the wonderful friendships he developed. Ms. Williams announced a pledge to cooperate with Dr. Allen’s groups. She pursued the pronouncement, pleasing the audience to bring another round of applause. Someone decided to *pass the hat* for donations. Everyone, it seems, forgot that another guest was scheduled to appear. Graciously, Olivia de Olla agreed to return on another show. She was upstaged by this event and smartly preferred a new date.

After this exposure, Dr. Allen received various offers. Several television shows approached as well as requests for radio interviews, magazine profiles and personal meetings. Dr. Allen submitted all communications to his trusted attorney, Veronika Futura. A minor celebrity now, he was not appreciative of it.

“Vee, Honey, let’s get away from here. Business or pleasure will do. I’d rather be elsewhere if I can’t work undisturbed at my office.”

Veronika saw this coming and devised a strategy. She would inform the press of his unavailability and secure his office. He could treat his patients and enjoy his old pre-miracle life again while she arranged for an eventual escape to her other world-assuming the adventure of visiting her homeland would distract him from the attention and stress building here. With a little arm-twisting and enticement of his curiosity, the lady planned to steal him away. The Doctor was due to visit her home world and learn

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the origin of their filament's sensation. Confident in this conclusion, it was time to reach for the stars again.

Chapter Seven

Thousands of miles away a different set of jewelry was subject to review. Fine circular gold rings and wider, highly decorated gilded bands were strewn across a cloth on an old table carved from a large section of tree trunk—a thick branch bole of the Boabab tree transported north from South Africa. The tree can grow immensely—even slabs of the smaller branches are used as tables accommodating several people. Known as the *Tree of Life* or *Monkey Bread Tree*, the Boabab supplies both sustenance and building materials to entire villages. The roots, sprouts and seeds are all edible, containing calcium and vitamin C among other nutrients. Many wild forest foragers as well as domesticated cattle enjoy the leaves and flowers. This tree boasts extreme vitality sprouting easily when cut or blown down. Natives consider it an enchanted gift from the woodland spirits.

Gambi sat cross-legged facing a local dealer, Lateen Yousef. Mr. Yousef handled items related to the active jewelry trade along Africa's Gold Coast, primarily in Ghana. Although he traded anything that brought profit or prestige. A minor player, he fabled a major reputation for fraudulence.

Gambi called him out, "Goldieman!" This was his well-earned common name, as Mr. Yousef preferred dealing the valuable yellow metal. "You are trying to trick me. These rings are painted like gold. They don't have the proper weight or feel. Now show me the true deals or I will report you."

Dr. Bruce Neissen properly educated his eager disciple as his assistant and traveling companion. Gambi experienced lands more sophisticated than this tiny Ghanaian trading post and was no longer a naive native from the Lake Turkana region of Kenya. Matured as a world traveler and World Health representative, her good friend and associate, Veronika Futura from the United

States of America, explained how to shop and find fine bargains. She understood the concepts of cost and appeal.

Mr. Yousef was known about the counties to access regional goods through trade routes penetrating the isolated bush. With his reputation for chicanery, Gambi realized that he chose to cheat her. Historically, this area was ruled by African kings who relished collecting the finest Ashanti gold. Local artisans developed great skill creating artisanal works with this precious metal-their arts highly prized through European exploration. Mr. Yousef knew the locals well and might be useful in extending the foundation's benevolent endeavors. She held a different deal in mind.

"Oh, no, my young friend," Goldieman protested, "I would never do such a thing. You are the *Savior of the Poor* and the *Angel of the Africans*. You possess power to feed the poor and heal the sickly. The dreaded Tse-tse and Dengue mosquitos fear your tents. Spirits of the forest would take my eyes and cripple my limbs should I not show you all due respect. I only revealed a small measure of my goods. Please forgive this poor trader as I sell from even the lowliest of labor. There are families to feed."

Gambi smiled and relaxed a bit, "So, you help the needy as well. You must be a good man. I will not expose you to the magistrate or bring the wrath of the forest down upon your house. But you will treat me well for I dwell with the poor and will trade their worthy goods. I can send these items to the coast and return three times your profit."

Hearing these words, he was intrigued and grinned stating in barely a whisper, "If you are so kind to me, I will show you fine objects brought down from the mountains and discovered deep in the caves. You will be happy and satisfied possessing the finest of our people's handcrafts."

Gambi drew closer and spoke softly as well, "I shall bring tools and great lights for the darkness where these locals lodge. With these things, you will be hailed for your fine work by helping the weak and needy to feed themselves. As people become strong and produce good crops, they supply abundant foods for trade-making you wealthy and respected-your name to be spoken along with mine. Pleasing women and principled men will seek your company and advice. I shall show your important industry to the great leaders, who will remember the name, Lateen Yousef. These favors are worth far more than the deceitful trinket trades you now imagine."

"Accepted and admired, you can choose to live in a good house in town with a wife to bring you children and carry your name. Or, you remain here, in the deep gloomy jungle, searching each deal for tiny profits only to return to a hut lonely and unloved. What do you say to that, my friend, Mr. Lateen Yousef?"

Goldieman pulled back and stared, wide-eyed and humbled with a vision. He thought to himself, "*Can I be a true citizen of our nation? Would I walk with learned men and speak my ideas to our leaders? Is there a house for me? A family; a son?*"

"Then I will hold my head up and be proud. Praise Allah! He sent this young woman to serve his people, and now to rescue me. Surely then, I am one of his people, too. I will end my wrongful ways and serve his greatness. My thoughts will be holy and my actions righteous and helpful. I am truly blessed. Today, I am saved!"

Watching the trader, Gambi witnessed a full facial countenance of joy emerge. Perhaps it was a cleansing of his soul or a great deliverance of some kind. She saw it. She sensed it. She understood. Deeply moved in a new awareness, her heart both smiled and cried simultaneously. With this soulful transformation, Gambi felt lifted beyond any previous encounter-

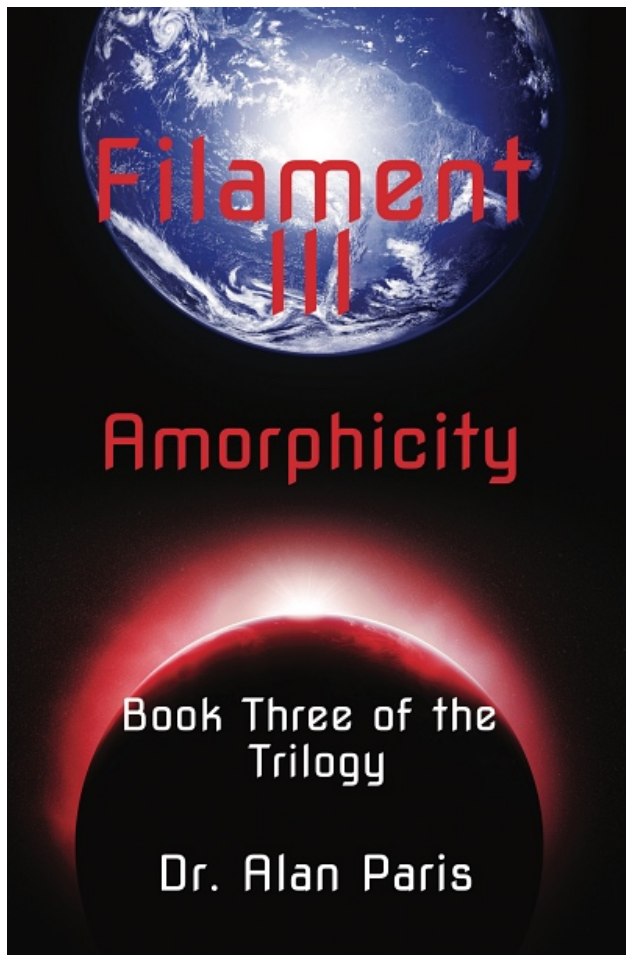
gifted with the true spirit of humanity. The good that resides in each man can be freed, experienced and applied. The bulbs held no monopoly on life. They were but another route to reach an ever-present path of goodness and fulfillment.

She beheld the beloved emotion of humility. Unlike the romantic feelings for her companion, Dr. Neissen and the closeness to her dear friend, Veronika, she deemed a different, profound understanding. This was the love endowed directly from the Great Spirit-His gift to all living things. The Holy men describe it when they spread the word. It arises from within the soul. Those that find it are fortunate-as an inner light opening their eyes. Gambi not only felt blessed with this realization. Now she was also wise.

Concluding business with Mr. Yousef, Gambi was excited to return to camp. There, Dr. Neissen waited to hear of their added ally in the forest and her new comprehension of life and love in the world of men and women. He would know. She was sure of it. He always appreciated her learnings. She told him everything. He smiled at her. He walked with her. They shared their thoughts. Theirs was a different expression of love. Only Dr. Neissen was still undeclared as to whether he realized it as well. Someday he might, someday soon.

Bio- About the Author-Filament III

Dr. Alan Paris is an optometrist who has published in journals, written music, a children's story, and mature fiction. The doctor holds Bachelor of Science degrees in Chemistry and Integrated Bioscience and a Doctorate in Optometry. His latest work is this engaging Sci-Fi adventure that stimulates the imagination with fantastic tales of life, love and our deepest beliefs.



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