



AKATHA
THE ANCIENT SCIENCE
OF SAHAJI

in
the Golden Age of Outer Space

Book I

“The Golden Age of Outer Space”

By

Sri Tirkahtra-Zah

AKATHA in the Golden Age of Outer Space Series

Book I

“The Golden Age of Outer Space”

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Dedication

All my books are dedicated to my most beloved family. My wife, Leslie, and son, Jason, are the closest people to me and I cannot say enough about how much I love and cherish them always. A perpetual embedded sub-dedication exists to my old mentor and guide Sri Paul Twitchell. His genius teachings gave me the impetus to write these books as creative inspiration came after dedication to my daily contemplative practice that brought forth the “raconteur within” me.

Introduction

This book series was created quite inadvertently as of my dear wife flagging, once upon a time, in the last thirty pages of one of her novels. I never had finished a fiction work having written many non-fiction pieces. Albeit wishing to complete a novel, I never did. Nevertheless, I did not suspect at all what was to happen. I told Leslie (my lovely wife's name [my favourite woman's name pronounced Lez-lee] and a journalist – we have funny anecdotes about that – my being wordy and journalists' truncating everything) to just take thirty days and do only one or two pages per day and no more. Then within that month, the novel would be complete. I also told her, I would practice what I preached and do the same writing my first fiction work. I did that. But, of course, I needed much more time to complete a 350 page novel whilst remaining with the discipline criteria of one or two pages in which Leslie and I had agreed.

Therefore, within about 200 days, I had my first novel and Leslie had completed hers many days previously under the same discipline. Whereby, I now was happily and eagerly on fire as my "raconteur within (my coinage)" had been released! Immediately, I started my next novel in a series that grew to sixteen books now (six were destroyed, no.6 twice), but as of this writing, the books have not been published. In addition, six of the books were lost on the Ganges River in India and that loss was devastating for awhile. Book Six "A Time for Dancing" was destroyed twice. The second time, it was on a ledge of my twenty story hotel when momentarily I looked away and it fell again into the Ganges below. The only very romantic reprieve was that the holy river of India had swallowed my books perhaps taking them to a higher level if facetiousness can hold true here to cover sadness.

My fervent wish is that the reader will enjoy these works as much as I did to create them. If the reader has any inkling to write, please do and learn the skill because if you believe in reincarnation, just think of the many stories* one can tell from millions of years of experience – amazing! Good reading and writing to you.

Sri Tirkahatif ra-Zah (Timothy Arnold) 2009

*Please forgive me insofar as I do not ascribe to constant parable usage in speaking. I know books are out and seminars given for people to have story-telling conversations, but please when can the nonsense cease! People will do anything for money. So, when I say release the raconteur within, I mean in writing that has virtually nothing to do with speaking.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter One

Base was surmountable if the old ornate crusty fusionship did not falter, albeit its groans and moans made the flyer concerned but certainly not alarmed. His furrowed forehead came from frequent fervent thoughts in what he had told them back in school about the ship's wrong design for such a long distance. Yet now it was not a theoretical problem of university enigmatism, but one of simple pragmatics, "*getting home.*" He persisted pondering anxiously whilst simultaneous hand/eye coordination sped expertly enfilading the instruments in front of him.

The goodly starched and strack but with sweated brow, Captain/Colonel Dr. Lord Werner Benton, York J.d., L.c.m.D., Ph.D., Baron von Priestly could see the hazy well-manicured tarmac landing area just below a bronzed sepia sun-baked horizon. It was his final approach and he wished the normal ad nauseam circling could be avoided. The heavy air traffic always existed, especially at Kentia, formerly Old San Francisco. That would change today as of the all-inclusive paradigmic shift being completed, that is, *nuclear fusion giving way to relastatics or capacitance technology finally* the Captain thought. However, peering from his port-side view, he saw what he already knew. The noticeable land vehicle change *in transitu* ahead of the air travel for mostly silvery aircars flittering about had replaced the more primitive archaic groundcars several years previously.

Erectly sitting with a wetted, creased concerned capless brow, his raven blue-black wavy hair above a short cropped square-jawed goatee and moustache, Werner or "Captain York" to his underlings, pulled at his perfectly creased indigo officer's waistcoat and heard the radio bark final instructions from a grey granite flared windowed control tower. In antejentacular sunlight, he made for the descent. The fusion engines were cut as Werner flicked swiftly switches, now glided the ship floating like a wounded bird, swaying to and fro. More stability became clear as the big hulking air-bird set down one metre above the runway. Blood – not much, just a drop - came away on Werner's forefinger after touching his bottom full lip, the jarred landing causing a quick bite. He chortled seeing his red humanness and looking at his veins after turning his hand observed still

their blueness – nothing major. For such a slight wound, he felt pain. But then his attention flitted in a distracted thought *just a scratch like eagerly chewing a Lara bar perhaps* whilst his eyes ascended solely seeking the grey-green runway. The rough touchdown that presented a gleeful irony for survival occurred in the last landing of the old fusion paradigm ships. Werner could not wait for tomorrow’s celebration of entering a space travel new age with ***Socrates***.

Werner was trained as a boy for this special changing times occasion. He father, Shep (Shepherd) York, had told the young Werner that it would publicly come, this new age of lightspeed travel. The old guard of the astronomer, Kepturnicus, had ended when Werner’s recent ancestors gave everyone the proper look at the better, more real universe the latter believed. Kepturnicans were not simply naive to the capitalists, who primarily did not wish to spend the enormous money needed for changing the textbooks many thought, not just the Captain. Understandable for the times, but Kentia presently was an important city of Utopia’s Gaea region, which had not long ago become an indirect trade or “no money” usage society. The time had arisen for a newer technology as profit was no longer a motive.

Colonel/Captain York jauntily proceeded into the pale greenish deco terminal after disembarking from his now hidden mouldy aged airship, revealing that his previous anxiety had been for his lovely loving family. He could see them from afar as they had, of course, assembled to greet Werner coupled with the unveiling tomorrow of the new paradigmic spaceship, ***Socrates***. The ancient Zreeks were getting the honourable treatment these days as the new ship was named after the famous man and his student Glato’s “Necessity Spindle” was the zeitgeist cosmological construct finally usurping Kepturnicus.

Marie’s sumptuous kiss was the immediate greeting Werner felt as he saw just a glimpse of her jet-black piercing eyes before their red lips pressed hard to each other! At that moment, photographers’ cameras began to flash! The media had long loved this famous most handsome couple as their flamboyant escapades were once world renowned. There, lovingly wrapped in each other’s arms in public, was great joy for the social entity although Werner and Marie had had enough many years previously. They found the public attention never ended until they returned to their private lives. It was a matter of a bottomless pit regarding the media feeding frenzy. Yet the ***Socrates*** remained an important event pulling Werner and Marie from their quiescence. They both agreed after

major cajoling from their best friends, the Damshires, Arthur and Melinda, that making an appearance would be impossible to avoid. The Yorks relented.

Eyes matching jet-black hair, buxom but petite Marie had been an expert pilot herself once and first-hand felt the change's ardency. That career she pursued briefly after retiring from the stage, but had recently left Air Command and presently gave lecture tours around the system performing her parochial bit for AKATHA (*ae' kuh tuh [the "th" was a hard 't' pronounced in higher Sanskrit]* the Ancient Science of Sahaji or out-of-body-experience [OBE]). The high secret teaching of the SRAOSHA (srah oh' shah) Masters paradoxically now was public, but more often remained hidden, and therefore usually it was called secret. However, since AKATHA remained only with one percent of Gaea's population involved, she could stay away from the media as Marie and Werner had no real interest in public popularity.

AKATHA was good as all knew and its tenants were now the basis of the society, but the media did not wish didacticism in the press. The Golden Age was over-positive, fast and rapidly ongoing like the White Rabbit in Alice in Wonderland "No time to wait, hello, goodbye, I'm late, I'm late, I'm late (*with few remembering the white rabbit was just late for the Mad Hatter's tea party*)." Busy, busy, busy, but Werner and Marie had long put that false ego world behind them, they believed, in working purely with the high path, AKATHA. Werner kept a hand in exploration and technology with further wheedling by Arthur, but the former thought (*so he believed*) that he had found a way to avoid fame by not needing government funding for his projects. As soon as the *Socrates* spaceship manifested before the eyes of society tomorrow, the tantara would be yesterday's news - "here today, gone tomorrow," so Werner conjectured.

It was true that advanced technology was not to exist in this high time of a Golden Age, but the era was not at its peak yet and no one knew for sure what really to expect. Instead, it had just begun and would be moving towards the summit. People had stopped chopping timbres and in its place, the dirt of the earth for advanced stucco masonry was the standard. Of course, civilization was necessary but wholesale denuding of land had stopped long ago.

Stepping away from the clingingly squeezing and enticing sensual embrace, out of the din and press' earshot, Marie said, "I'm so excited to see you my darling, I'm going to faint!"

"Don't do that sweetie," endearingly Werner replied flashing his hazel

eyes, "...because I feel the same way. You know how much I love you and do not wish to be away from you for one nano second."

"Thanks dear, I needed that," came Marie's warm fond response as she gazed into Werner's youthful unwrinkled powerful eyes still beaming starlight even after so many years together. Werner grinned his wry way at her thinking how lovely his petite beautifully proportioned woman still was.

"We'd better pull ourselves together," the taller spouse rejoined as Werner broadened the grin into a toothy smile and turned towards the morass of eager microphones. Colonel York was not towering in height; about average, yet his slim and muscularly powerful frame projected him in the bearing of a much taller man. Some said his personality made him ostensibly much larger than life then physically causing this chameleon effect. A steady look at the crowd for a moment in eternity, a literal pregnant pause and Werner spoke, "...My fellow Kentians, I am overjoyed to be here this morning and wish you could realise more than a modicum of what I feel but know that you do. We are stepping further into our Golden Age with tomorrow's event and the excitement at hand is close to being overwhelming, don't you agree?.." Werner paused timing it perfectly with a natural public speaking skill that also came with his patented face stretching broad smile. The crowd hesitated just slightly being the Captain's pausing mirror. Then they exploded with vigorous cheering accompanied by the confetti littered waving of banners and flags already present as well as throwing more multi-coloured flowers with white and all colours fluttering in the air! When strolling up to gain a closer look at the stage designed as fragrant arcipluvian wedbedrippings, many of the crowd had experienced plucking the beautiful flowers that regenerated immediately. The SRAOSHA Masters foretold this fascinating Golden Age experience and though the stage was intentionally foliage formulated, flower regeneration spontaneously and unexpectedly occurred.

The new spaceship *Socrates* stood with a stiffly starched fresh pure white tarpaulin atop as if a piece of artwork that the artist hid away but showcased anyway albeit covered in the studio. When the crowd murmurs dynamicked a closer reflection within earshot, *Socrates* was heard to be lucky lasting out the year as the attempted standard flight vehicle. Instead most believed the next paradigm shift soon to be teletrams that were bigger talk now than the big spaceships technological lead. More murmured rumours floated in the assemblage that since man was manifest

outwardly, an outer form or exosomatic instrument for transportation always was necessary. The physical space teletrams endosomatic instrument travelling was unappealing if not fearful of dissembling and reassembling one's physical atoms, but many agreed about the usual scientific inevitability. It was referred to as the Mt. Everest syndrome – Why do we climb? Because it is there. Although AKATHA had emphasized inner Sahaji travel and the majority practiced some form of it, most of the outer cruder travel forms would be eliminated.

Still, the teletrams must be failure free, yet an established fact was human error being a grim one in the statistical loss of life. No one wished to be a statistic. Perfection was not possible, but teletram technology was pursued foolishly like network marketing of old analogized Captain York. Hence, Werner and best friend Commander Arthur Benjamin, Damshire hotly pursued the non-teletram technology as the discussion remained very sensitive wherein appealing theoretically ideal to others – another human failing.

It was true that intelligence and wisdom reigned revealing divine futility with the usual immutable fact of man's mortality. However, many were now leading controlled longevity lives pushing well past the Rig Veda 144-year barrier. Werner was more than two centuries old, looking a young thirties, whilst Marie, as any sophisticated woman, never told her age. "The raw vegan diet and daily contemplation were the keys," she would often say of her beauty and longevity when asked. She also would say that proper language was important for sustaining the synthesis intelligence and wisdom of the golden age. But when questioned about the strange supposed "Tower of Babel" language that she and Werner used occasionally for demonstrating the high golden age kind, "It is for complete synthesis in the golden age. Werner uses it as an example of what it is; but not in practice presently, but soon perhaps? I hardly use it but can," Marie would continue, "I know it supposedly comes later...the language that is...but I don't know when?" Especially she would conclude the previous after one of Werner's spiels of the strange illogical "speaking in tongues" non-emotional casual higher golden era perfect language, "jhlkhuhk byadacbaoiribscsbx shshblsbls jljafewpaonaveyyacv."

The crowd continued cheering as Werner waved from the podium and imperceptibly leaned into Marie's ear, "Let's get out of here, they are cheering without attention on us."

Their Rolls Voyce limousine waiting nearby, glistened winking morning sun-lance highlights from its shining twenty-coat painted silver

exterior. A crowd lumbricoided a tunnel for the celebrities to funnel through it. Sashaying and sidling into the open Rolls' door with that exemplary craftsman swift vacuum sound closing behind them, they ardently embraced. Marie pulled away suction cup lips popping and laughed as she looked at the smudged red left on Werner's cheek and said suddenly, "What about Max and Angelet?"

"Don't worry, he told me they were going to a party at his friend Brad's house," he said wiping at his smudged mouth after seeing Marie's laughing look.

"I'm glad," she smiled, "Brad has a very nice family..." but Marie was abruptly cut-off being smothered by Werner's next saponaceous kiss array not caring about reiterating lipstick smudging. He had been away this time for three weeks, but he knew Marie was busy making plans with her best friend, Melinda, Arthur's writer wife.

Marie again backed away in a more natural motion smoothing her flowing hair and pulled at her laced blouse mussed during the last finally finished foray as she observed no lipstick on Werner she heard, "How's Melinda?" from Werner revelling in his daily dwelling upon his lovely thinking just that and how lucky he was to have his true love, such a remarkable beauty and vibrant personality – *the artist in him* he quickly thought. It was his true talent from youth excusing the always accompanying lasciviousness extricated just for the moment as the latter was indeed important! His thoughts returned to their friend. Melinda Damshire was a universally famous author who wrote under a pseudonym initially as a reduction focus effort for her husband's former Air Command career.

"Melinda is just fine," casually replied Marie, "She's working on a new book, and one that she says might have a major role that Max would be right for if it turns into a film." The York's son Maxwell had studied acting and filmmaking since his childhood. Gifted with a remarkable ability for portraying a diverse range of characters, he played in many grammar, high school, college and currently larger productions. The good-looking lad was papa's stamp but with different eyes coloured between teal blue and green depending upon the lighting. "Max" could be gregarious or quiet, but always displayed a generous nature that never lacked humility.

"I saw her yesterday and she was concerned about the ship," said Marie.

"I knew I shouldn't have mentioned anything on the ship's radio. I am developing bad habits as a civilian. She's such a worry wart," laughed

Werner knowing Melinda was worrying as of their spaceship crash history since Arthur had been working on the new ship with him. “Why didn’t she and Arthur come today?”

“You know she had that major movie contract coming up and had to go to Madrid. She told me to tell you ‘sorry,’ but her mobile dropped while talking with you. Some things never change. I thought you and Arthur fixed those bugs at the institute long ago?”

“We got side-tracked, but you’d think with all this technology someone else could make these silly toys work efficiently! I can’t micro-manage everything myself.” His attention distracted from his speaking and flashed on a brown paper packet by Marie’s side. “What’s in the envelope?” he said starting to reach for it. She swatted playfully at his large rugged but scholarly square hand and he grinned pulling it away in a near miss.

“It can wait.”

“Why?”

“I’m hungry.”

Gracefully pushing the button next to her with a delicately slim Italian olive complected extremity, a menu instantly came up on the seat’s roll-tucked atoment leather screen in front of them. Werner had used atoment for his personal use as prototype, but none was available publicly. They each selected a raw hors d’oeuvre and aperitif then Werner sneakily grabbed the envelope. “Let me see,” he blurted as they rumbled with each other a bit.

“No. It can wait!” Marie exclaimed pulling it away, “Just ridiculous orders for us, which will spoil tomorrow.”

Werner gasped, “Not again, I knew it! We won’t be going because...” he scanned the letter mumbling, “...report to Roydon Control, 10:00 AM.” Dated for the next day and fully coded in red, it was labelled “Top Secret” and signed by General Jamison. In the past, General Peter Jamison always had sent these orders to him before Werner had resigned from Air Command and it had not stopped. Although they mostly meant nothing now, sometimes “Petey” acted as a liaison for... and could not take the chance. Werner appreciated his old friend and former superior albeit the General’s job was really finished. *Socrates* had been the property of the also finished Air Command before Golden Age beginning day or “Gab” as it endearingly now was known by all. However, Werner finagled the *Socrates* away from Air Command as they felt it was faulty and of no use any longer.

“Who can cover for us if we miss the unveiling? Max again?”
asked Werner.

“He said he would know our schedules from the past. He’s always so thoughtful,” sang Marie who loved her son dearly doting on him whenever she could, being the only boy but loving Angelet just as much. She continued, “You know he said after the party, his friend Eric Flood, the actor, is picking him up. Eric thinks Max has a good chance of taking his place acting soon since Eric wants to enter directing. He claims he’s too old.” They both rolled their eyes breaking into hilarious laughter.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Two

Werner and Marie were used to last minute changes and concerns as they had considered beginning the first espionage experiment in a long time trying to avoid its inevitability by teaching AKATHA instead. A few centuries had passed without “spying” as it once was called and the Golden Age approached. But slowly problems were emerging that the facilitators could not comprehend.

Werner being an ex-Air Command colonel previously had experienced this feeling of anxiety. He suggested resurrecting physical surveillance again, but with limitations and better people involved than in the ancient history of mass espionage corruption. His fellow facilitators were concerned. They knew that men were entitled to do as they willed and ambivalently accepted Werner’s proposal. He set up a network with a few people, but did not head it. Placing his friend former boss Peter Jamison as Secretary General alleviated him from that leadership role. Even at Air Command, he had not pushed to lead but flew for a short time and made requests to the Board of Research and Engineering in creating the next great era in space flight. However, he could not micro-manage or usher it in because more important matters had arisen.

* *

The next morning Werner and Marie were presented at the former Roydon Central Air Command Centre. Werner had not seen the larger burly bearded red-head Peter Jamison in several weeks and smiling, the Captain offered a hearty bear-claw handshake seemingly disappearing into Petey’s and a crushing bear-hug greeting.

“For an Englishman, Benton, you always have such an Albertshirian way about you,” said the tall silver at the temples portly, but not an ounce of fat, Jamison, admiring his two good friends after they had entered his cluttered office having stacked and pushed piles together just before.

“I get that from Marie,” replied wryly as Colonel York turned round to his wife. He felt the usual little unseen nudge from her causing a swift cascade of thoughts and long memories. *She was the most beautiful woman in the world!* Was one thought as he gazed again fondly chuckling

to himself for his many years of Marie's beauty pre-occupation and about

her standard nudge given to him quite often as of his public antics. Werner knew she was a perfect size for him at five feet three inches, brunette and very shapely. Her face also was pristine with a small perfect nose *unlike Elizabeth Baylor's, or Ingrid Stergman's larger proboscises*, he mused being particular about noses.

All who knew Marie York had known her when she was the actress, Marie Ahni, the toast of the eight continents was another fond Werner thought quickly refocusing his mind before responding again to Jamison. But the memories kept flooding as man's mind can image so much in so little time. Marie always privately joked with Werner about England being the eighth continent and his home, saying an island that size could hardly merit being a continent. But England had pressed hard to have the international recognition and Werner had lobbied diligently for it.

Marie retired from film and the theatre but not reluctantly after falling madly in love with Werner Benton York. They were married immediately following an amazing whirlwind romance! They were both extremely wealthy and Marie, long ago, felt she had reached the ultimate point of satisfaction with her work considering retirement anyway. She just needed the nudge. Marie Ahni gave up nothing as she said, "...achieved everything in falling for Werner."

He fell in love with her at first sight in the film *Love Me My Darling* and was spellbound when first laying eyes on her! Werner walked into her swimming pool fully clothed wearing a tuxedo! Ironically, that had been the funniest imagery for Werner always making him laugh hysterically in slapstick films and screwball comedies. That evening, Marie had sidled gracefully down her terrace steps that cut diagonally towards the pool from the end conservatory through the capacious, blue gardens of her luxurious, sprawling Vontecarlo mansion. When Werner glanced her way, he leaned forward staring as if in a dream became dazed and merely strolled right into the green watered lagoon shaped pool. The last step was an unconscious foot reach with the other guests guffawing and Charlie Chaplin would have admired. Before Werner thoroughly drenched ruining his attire, it was a dapper full black tuxedo with satin jacket facing lapels, starched crisp white Marcella dress shirt, glistening silk black bow tie and cummerbund, wide braided silk stripe pants, shiny black patent leathers outside silk socks, and finally in hand, a cut crystal brandy snifter filled with Remy Martin VSOP! A perfect panache assemble for the perfect hilarious plunge, Werner would later reflect.

The surrounding guests further roared heartily at his gaff! The, would be,

like Laurel and Hardy manoeuvre, immediately was retrenched as if Werner had contrived it with him unflappably jumping from the immense greenish water. He grinned standing erect peeling off his drenched drippy satin jacket and moisture filled patent leather shoes as Marie quickly padded down nearly tumbling the last few steps chiffon flowing as if a bird fluttering flying wings to see about the man. A drenched drowned haired Werner was wringing his coat sleeve seeing Marie approach. Once within earshot softly but powerfully direct, he said to her with starlight in his eyes, "It is you, isn't it? Arjumand Banu Begum!" Marie chuckled taken aback and blurted but coherently, "Excuse me sir, but I think you have the advantage of me."

"But it is you?"

A slight pause and "Yes, it is," said Marie softly as her ruby red lips lovely curled into a glowing grin.

Later during the party Werner explained to Marie that when he saw her first, it was in a dream where he was led to the third dimension to an archive for past lives. There he recognised her as his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, whom the Taj Mahal was named after meaning "the favourite of the palace." Werner had been Shah Jahan and she had been the "favourite" wife, "Mumtaz," with the nickname "Chamb Bibi."

The famed SRAOSHA Master of AKATHA, Pedra Sask, Marie's teacher, had told her, "Be aware of a great man who will know the story, as you will fall in love with him at first sight." Marie told her old teacher, being a strong woman who was in total control of her life, that she doubted the possibility of falling in love at first sight. She was admittedly a bit curious initially, but soon forgot and thought little of it. Yet it was true before Werner even began to speak of their past life together that she was enthralled and madly in love with him! As if a huge crane had slowly raised a rusty old car from a river, he pulled himself from the pool missing a patent leather standing soaked by the edge, she came close and their eyes first met with each struck by love's lightning bolt; *un coup de foudre!* Struck by cupid's arrow as mythology wrote.

The party continued but Marie and Werner were magnetically attracted all night almost literally clinging not staying away from each other. The party was over for them with only eyes for each other. Werner was separated from his second wife, but was still legally married, and everyone in his circle of friends knew, except, of course, Marie. In their formal attire (*he had changed into dryer attire, but a lesser tuxedo barely fitting*), they

artfully danced as if partners for ever whilst non-stop chattering

throughout the evening oblivious to anyone or anything mesmerised by each other. Eventually, the party ended officially and everyone went their way with Werner promising to call Marie soon auras still clinging.

The two courted in extreme fervour the next week with him waiting a day to call initially as Marie new that he would, but Werner nevertheless made a terrible mistake! That following Saturday morning he met Marie at a small Vrench café around the corner from Werner's place in Kentia and asked her to marry him. She did not hesitate in exclaiming "Yes!" But coming back to earth after a few moments reality hit Werner hard like a dunderhead as Marie later agreeing wholeheartedly, he told her, "This sounds unbelievable, but I forgot something in all my excitement in loving you...er...I'm already married...What a fool I am! Can you forgive me...I just love you so much...and...and...well...uh?"

Marie feeling the wind let out of her sails gasped not able to speak and the incredulous grey pressed thin-lipped pinched cheek look upon her face said it all! She started to stalk away, but Werner reached gently catching her arm as Marie resisted slightly then relenting almost immediately. He let her smooth dainty forearm go thinking how electric her skin felt even for that brief moment, paused, and then remorsefully explained he had not seen his wife in two years whilst not having communicated during the time, but also never had obtained a divorce or a legal separation; he simply forgot as he put it caught-up in love euphoria for Marie! Albeit initially almost frantic, Marie understood, but was still angry and disappointed with him for giving her such an exhilarating feeling and then as if a plane slamming in flames into a cliff a second later. She never had been married but all men were at her feet with the pick of the lot. Marie Ahni never really had or made time for marriage only falling in love a few times, but never with this intense ardour and delightful joy! Werner had merged as part of her now and she knew it. He felt like an idiot for his blunder, but she loved him more than anything and he with her. They would work out the problem. No obstacle would be insurmountable for them. They both knew nothing could stand in the way of their love. It definitely incontrovertibly was true love, the rarest kind, the un coup de foudre, the powerful lightening bolt! They could feel it! It was palpably ineffably divine like being on the threshold of heaven! It had remained that way throughout the years.

"I'm really sorry, Marie. Please forgive me. I love you with all my heart and somehow I will make it up to you?"

"Stop it, B.Y. I love you, too with all my heart my dear darling."

They immediately embraced red licentious lips zealously pressing! She started calling Werner by his middle and last initials just then as an endearment in their short courtship that only close friends did later. The “B” stood for “Benton,” his middle name. Werner Benton, York was a quadruple Ph.D., a British Lord and an Allemagne Baron. His doctorates in common law, physics, engineering and economics established him as an expert in those fields but love had passed him. He had truly and unbelievably never experienced love before and now it was new and exciting! He felt as if he were reliving his youth. In more than two hundred years he never had fallen in love because he spent most of his life in study and exploration. Even now, Werner would enter into vaustion time zones studying for days, wholly unaware of the duration. The nature of this rigour also became known as “Yorkian” after his ancestor Vaust York had experienced a few hours of it, but not days on end. It never was a problem though he would not eat or sleep. Sri Pedra Sask (*“Sri” was the title for a male SRAOSHA Master, “Sra” female*) or Pedraji, as his students called him, remarked that it was common for SRAOSHA Masters and Werner had attained this capability in his current training. Marie also followed the ways of Pedraji, but she and B.Y. never had crossed paths at any of the AKATHA major seminars they both attended.

Werner was granted a divorce the following year and he and Marie married soon after.

The thought cascade ceased with Jamison finally interjecting realizing that Werner was not paying attention, “Did you receive the documents? Then you know meeting him always is this way as we must take precautions even during these better times.”

“That’s fine,” remarked Werner but privately and respectfully believing it a bit paranoid and unnecessary. “Where is he this time?”

“Brinegar”

“Good. Marie, get your hiking boots, we’re going to your favourite place.”

Marie had stepped out, but upon hearing “hiking” upon her return, she quickly queried, “Don’t tell me, Brinegar?”

“Right! You’re so smart. Give us a kiss.” Jamison interrupted nicely abrupt, “Stop it you two. I think he’s not happy right now. And you know he can be brusque. He wants you to be Pinda Purusha, B.Y., but knows you delegate everything, which is your choice, of course, but when are you...”

Werner interrupted, “Petey, old boy, when are you ever going to

learn that you are a good friend, not my father.” The good Captain was in a light-hearted jocular mood as the mention of Brinegar sparked the image of Pedraji who was living there. In a more serious tone, he added, “I can’t help myself. Everything comes to me, but I just let it go. If I stopped letting things go, maybe nothing would come. I don’t know. It’s just my way. People try to sort these things but I know our present time is based on individuality and we need to remember that tacit formula. Perhaps problems have been occurring lately because of this and Pedraji wants to clarify. He always said Marie and I were his best “abreators” as he called us. The psychologists used the phrase “sounding boards,” but AKATHA simply in a facetious way described it as “communication” or “conversation” nothing more.

“Okay. Where’s the ship and when do we leave?” smirked the Colonel/Captain.

“Didn’t you hear?” You two and Damshire are taking *Socrates* on its pre-maiden voyage.”

“FANTASTIC!” Marie and Werner both sang out simultaneously with a quick glance chuckling confirmation.

“After Max’s speech, you lift off immediately and Warp 1 flight time is less than a second.”

“Don’t forget,” Werner interrupted, “The time getting to Warp 1 will take seventeen minutes.”

“I know, but you’re the pilot,” laughed the jolly General Jamison, formerly of Air Command and now of AI Research and Secretary General of the new Intel or “Spy” Network, “I’m just an ex-foot soldier.”

“The travel time in the corridor is less than a second though and no pre-warp exists any longer, I was just fooling with you, Petey, old boy.” Werner had to reach-up slightly as of the taller dark uniformed man playfully pulling Jamison’s General’s golden scrambled-egg billed vividly chirographic contrasting dark blue cap down over his eyes and Petey gave him a soft playful punch in the kidneys.

“You two are like little boys,” chortled Marie. “I can see a lot of things haven’t changed even in the Golden Age of Outer Space.”

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Three

The washed cleaned sun-shined tarmac had been cleared for both seating and leaving space behind for the *Socrates* with Max finishing his eloquent speech. Some said he was better speaker than his father because he was younger and had that appeal. A close stamp of his father, Max also was very handsome with always changing blue to green eyes that seemed to invoke a colour from an unknown planet recalling colours of a deep, misty sea. Additionally, he did not philosophise as much as his "pop" and kept his audience from taking naps disseminating more humour. Werner did not mind for he always said people learned more when they slept during his lectures, "They absorbed the material better," he would quip.

Socrates was the first saucer spaceship created by Air Command and Colonel York had helped engineer it. The more advanced relastatics engine was giving fusion technology the bump finally after Dr. Michael Belsa invented it in the first years of the 20th century. Laser technology also became more practically used solving the plutonium problems by disintegrating it and the waste-can farms eliminated. A true golden time had come, but Werner had concerns whilst the *Socrates* stood poised for take-off broaching their voyage to see the Master, Sri Pedra Sask, the 974th Living SRAOSHA Master.

Max received the all-clear for take-off over his mobile-mike and the *Socrates* vertically and silently arose majestically whilst then horizontally disappearing without any disturbance. The massive colourful crowd now relieved of their anticipation as if exhaust from an old gas engine exuberantly applauded the majestic aerial manoeuvre of *Socrates*. The dapper black tuxedo clad Maxwell York then closed the ceremonies inviting everyone to stay for refreshments pointing a waving hand that appeared sharply extending from his atramentous bow tie. A still pointing finger further emphasized towards a long stark white laced trimmed linen draped table shouting sugary cinnamon aromas burgeoning with white frostings and decorative abundant aliments whilst multi-colours not missing of bright reds, greens, yellows, etc, etc.

"Holding steady at 28.8K kph," reported Captain York also retaining his Colonel moniker with the funny "Colonel/Captain." He wanted to stop it years ago, but his friends kept the habit.

"Reducing to slower impulse at 6400," joined the more facilitating

pulled-backed raven-haired grey pant-suited Marie from her temporary counsellor's chair along side her captain husband, "...and not risking warp afterall," she added quietly to herself almost just thinking instead.

"Beautiful as ever," quipped the dapper fencer-like poised Werner stretching a broad bright white toothy smile from his large leather burgundy grey metal trimmed Captain's chair peering out eagle-like from massively large front dark-framed clear viewscreen.

"Is the building in sight?" inquired also a dapper maroon clad Commander Damshire sitting mostly crouched down with a light brown curly head lower than the chair head-rest long legs stretched crossed as his arms in upper class modality docilely adjacent on Werner's left side.

"Yes," said the man in the middle looking over at his lovely on his right.

"This is *Socrates* requesting heliport landing area," directed Marie to the heliport tower.

The new pure white ship did not need a huge space although its engine room diameter would cover a large portion of the stark heliport. The control tower cleared for landing. Another massive crowd that had squeezed onto the old Air Command headquarters roof and tarmac anxiously watched eyes beaming as the *Socrates* landed from its first voyage in ten years. Its gentle vertical descent was par fae and the metallic hatch opened quickly after which Werner, Marie and Arthur joyfully alighted. Hands flung scads of confetti peaking then fluttering down in paper raindrops with some applauding aloud whilst others Asian arm rolling instead learned many centuries ago. Broad mirthful smiling plastered faces on front of almost spinning bodies wished to gleefully dance. But somehow maintained decorum if just wanting to see perhaps and of course, uproariously tumultuous cheers flung from those happy faces accompanied their actions sounding like harmonious uplifting music. Photography flashes were everywhere with the three posing for some. Werner and Marie always preferred Bindia welcomes being so extremely enthusiastic and gracious! "There is something very palpable and so vividly real about it!" oestrusly remarked the wide-eyed beautiful Marie after her first visit years before still standing vigorously waving atop the ship's landing stairs.

The small but famous individually uniformed crew now commenced celeritously downward silver metal stairs as the loud joyous cheers continued whilst they moved swiftly but still hands aflutter for the crowd into the building. A tall bearded brown uniformed flat capped

member of the ground support led them across a broad capacious concourse that tangentially guided towards their final destination.

Once past the austere manicured foliage concourse, the three well-dressed crew members strode with panache onto the out-of-place coloured metallic grey conveyor walk headed towards the grand city of Brinegar. Sudden excitement for captain and temporary counsellor - in a few minutes, they would see Pedraji! The feeling flowed through them beginning to increase as they anticipated the visit. Almost giddy as the vibrational waves accelerated, Arthur just smiled as he was not Akathist, as the members of AKATHA referred to themselves, but he still could not deny feeling the uplifting and thrilling energy! The long grey conveyor suddenly spit them out into the vast city with its wide sprawling avenues lined with overflowing markets as the flurry of people buzzed around each place like a larger than life golden sepiæ bee hive. It was reminiscent of older Asian cities, but cleaner and more technically advanced without the noise. Multitudinous lights flickered about in all cities of the golden age, but the sirens and noise had been cut to a harmonic minimum – *what a relief* reflected Marie!

They were not far from the AKATHA Temple of Golden Wisdom and they hurried through the sprightly amiable crowd, most of whom wore white robes below shining smiles. The enormously elaborate entrance embraced two huge stark white marble Corinthian pillars looming grandly before them. The prolific gardens surrounding the temple displayed every colour imaginable and unimaginable. An intoxicating combined floral fragrance infused the air! The sun always shown on this beautiful palace and Akathists referred to the uplifting vibrational phenomenon as the manifestation of Sat Nam's smile, the Fifth Plane Overlord and a favourite.

Werner and Marie entered the promenade leading to the temple but Commander Damshire continued on for a short visit into the city before returning to the ship. He knew the meeting was private without him and gracefully exited this way. The two meeting members watched Arthur strolling away before having said temporary adieus. Then later remarked to each other at that point they both felt strongly compelled to steer their gaze upwards at the extraordinarily huge keystone SRAOSHA symbol carved in stone above the Temple Entrance. The stylized letters of the word “SRAOSHA, S...R...A...O...S...H...A (meaning “sound and light” in old higher Sanskrit language)” made into a circle were most impressive to them with a powerful spiritual quickening happening to both they further related later to each other – it was “mesmerising” Werner would

say. It was said that a moment's contemplation of the symbol brought a feeling of peace and harmony that dissipated all anxieties within one. Detractors would say it was rubbish hypnosis or mind control with Werner and Marie having seen it before just create their own expectations. It was a good argument both Marie and Werner agreed, but they both loved the feeling experience of it whether delusional or not. And whether hypnosis or not, Werner and Marie felt the power of the logo, smiled at each other in acknowledgement and then continued forward. As soon as they strolled past the threshold eyeing the gold glittered decorations about, Pedraji was there to greet them.

All three were quite thrilled to see each other shaking hands and hugging whilst a darshan, the power of the Master's presence and gaze, passed from Pedraji to them. They had learned from Pedraji that man's sight, when turned to God, would become illuminated with a brilliance that surpassed the brightness of the sun. For some this phenomena would be to shocking, whilst for the ready one, it was an uplifting experience in which they could see the future change from moment to moment!

"It is so good to see you!" Pedraji exclaimed, "How long has it been? Six months? Too long, you should be seeing me more often. What has kept you away?"

"Busy. But never too busy for you," said Marie, "One always has excuses though. It's easy in time and space." She added that they would be better in the future about visiting with Werner nodding approval. Pedraji was an extremely patient man who knew the wisdom of his fine students and really was just thrilled to see them!

"Thank you for being here. I needed to see you on urgent matters concerning the politics. You know I'm mostly interested in spiritual matters, but the Ongari pressure me at times - just gentle nudges - for you to pay attention to specific details that could cause an era slide. We know these things occur, but our responsibility is to maintain our way of life that we worked hard to achieve. The spiritual way is to let go, and part of letting go finds responsibility.

"In this responsibility comes our way of life that has rules mostly unwritten. Yet those written are exact and as philosophers say 'life, liberty and happiness' are the law but we say just 'life' is necessary as is explained in the Hadjis Books.

"What I wish to emphasize with you today is this new road of espionage. Although the word means nothing really, its connotations ring negativity in my ears and we haven't seen this spying in years. What are

your views at this time because it appears our Golden Age is gaining momentum, but espionage might bring retrograde here."

Anxiously squirming and tunic tugging again as a familiar habit, Werner broadly smiling responded immediately whilst sincerely, "Dear Pedraji, it is true that espionage had been negative in the past wherein people stopped trusting and that freedom seemed insecure. Whereas, as we talk of freedom, we also know it as slavery because we live in these physical forms. It is not a matter of "yes" or "no," but a matter of freedom purely to see. Not as curiosity but as a parent who must censor the child. Too much freedom without control always is abused and eventually tyranny and perhaps, if this Golden Age should end even today, some restraint should exist, however exiguous.

"We cannot dream of 100% perfection. We know that does not exist and the exact number is 99.9999% which is wonderful! We will monitor the .000001%, the one in a million."

"What conditions of evil are we talking about?" probed Pedraji.

"They appear minor as seeds are small," Marie rejoined, "but the growth factor makes us concerned. It's more in the language than anything else; a tone of self-esteem lacking at times and a degree of disingenuousness. These are nuances to be sure, but represent future conditions. Our travels bring us face to face with these factors and we know what to do in teaching truth to an individual. Taking them aside and letting them air their views seems any era's problem as speech seems the next sense to go after Sahaji is lost. We get caught in selfish enhancement but forget our neighbour. If he wants help, that is. If he does not, we must contemplate and then write our views so that one day someone will read the truth."

"Perhaps that is a better answer?" said Pedraji.

"Yes, it is true," agreed Werner as they all three peripateticed a short distance and then lightly dropped sitting next to the majestic temple foyer's circular statuesque fountain with its waters quietly trickling uplifting resonance in their ears. Pedraji, whilst descending to the fountain's edge, felt a tug then casually looked down briefly to his left, not scuffed, but worn brown leather sandal that had momentarily caught and released at the bottom of a fold in His long maroon robe. He started to move a slim, but muscular, medium fingered hand towards the misfeasance, but realising nothing was amiss stopped the motion before it had begun. The Master, as if nothing awry, looked casually again to his friends and Werner continued without hesitation,

"As a man, his voice is indigenous wherein he needs to speak his mind albeit greatly condemned in a Kali Yuga for speaking truth that often escapes his lips."

Pedraji, peering attentively at his best students, turning his head slightly saw suddenly a messenger as if out of nowhere draw near. Leaning down the ivory turbaned barefooted servant whispered into the seated Master's pinkish ear. Pedraji projected his strong chin and stood up, his form almost luminous in his standard SRAOSHA Master's ankle length robe. Turning mechanically whilst standing at the same time he blurted, "I must go. Return in one month and I will continue with you about this matter then." Brushing almost brusquely past the lightly coloured clothed minion messenger, Pedraji swiftly left his audience pulling at the folds in his maroon robe with that strong, slender left hand. But turned to look back once achieving a marble spiral staircase whilst ascending saying in a powerful rich voice that exuded nothing but kindness this time, "Remember and never forget..." Pedraji, still holding the position poised like an eagle on the stair, raised his right hand, palm outward and then giving the Living SRAOSHA Master's ancient sacred saying, **"I am always with you even to the consummation of the world."** He turned once more and was instantly gone from their sight as if magically disappearing like the proverbial puff of smoke.

Marie and Werner looked at each other seemingly non-plussed but grinning. They loved him so, but were entirely used to his mysterious enigmatic behaviour. Werner looked at this watch mirthfully and said, "No record though." Standing up he put Marie's slender arm in his moving away.

"Remember that thirty second meeting? The one we had to fly all that way from...and you..." His voiced trailed off as they walked slowly out of the temple arm in arm with Werner reminiscing about his perplexingly unfathomable past experiences with Pedraji. His voice then faded echoing upon richly carved whitish granite stonewalls nearby as the loving couple continued down a now purple marble path with human chuckles heard mixing the echoes.

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In Kentia two weeks later, the Yorks were eating a sumptuous raw food breakfast of mostly bananas, mangoes in honey, rich red plump strawberries, and raspberries whilst languishing on their semi-circular Corinthian white marble railing veranda. Werner was draining a crystal goblet of raspberry kombucha observing a favourite large leafed variegated philodendron that appeared needing water dappling draped

along the white polished railing. But Mozart's 21st piano concerto in C minor ringtone strayed his attention before he could chastise the maid in his mind missing the watering. Werner switched on the vocal mechanism on the table.

"Collier here," said the same man after Werner said "Hello," and continued.

"Has Jamison phoned, he said it was urgent! I don't suppose you've heard that *Socrates* has some new equipment you need to see before leaving tomorrow?"

"No. I haven't heard from him. Can I come down in an hour?"

"Surely, as you like, sir. See you then." and Collier rang off as did Captain York.

Marie finished some grapefruit juice from a glass timed with the light splintered sunlight showing a prismic display upon the crystal and silver accoutrement littered lined table. She said to her hubby, "Must you go right now, darling? The beach would be so lovely today."

"Fine." Turning in his white tufted cotton cushion, Ionic black rotoned framed chair, Werner raised his voice attracting the maid's attention. "Matilda, please call Collier back and tell him I'm postponing until tomorrow morning. If he needs to talk with me, he can call me on my mobile."

Crash! A large black bird, wings full length aflutter, suddenly smacked sliding apartment glass doors behind them without breaking fortunately thought the good Captain instantly twisting round observing the bird limply falling to the ground. Werner and Marie both gasped! Matilda flew backwards still on her buckling feet, then partially recovering rushed the fowl seeing it limping about on the terra cotta floor. The big bird seemed friendly, but afraid. It sensed both Marie and Werner's good intent and did not agitate or move away. The matronly maid looked to her right holding the flapping intruder seeing a large gilded serif domed cage standing in a nearby green foliated wainscoting corner where a shapely white peacock and a blue-greenish parrot were housed peaceably. The parrot's right wing was cleanly and neatly bandaged no redness as before. The peacock's neck sported a swath of gauze like a 19th century aristocratic lady in a high-collared blouse and lacy neck choker without the Gibson girl hairdo but just as beautiful.

Werner barked aloud seeing the fluttering bird held by his white aproned house-maid, "Put Suzy back. She's not ready."

"I didn't think she was," answered Marie.

Turning to where the chunky Matilda had somewhat fearfully retreated, she was no longer there fleeing through two tall soft yellow Vrench mullioned glass swinging brass high-handled kitchen veranda doors having dropped the bird unable to hold it, the Captain/Colonel ordered pleasantly to Marie, "Please see to it and ask Matilda to come back in."

Marie pressed a circular button on the granite white veranda wall a few steps away speaking into its small multi-holed microphone, "Matilda, could you come back in? It was only Suzy. She needs to be put into her cage. She has come back and has a sore wing. Someone let Suzy out before she was completely recuperated." Werner flung the morning paper catching Marie on her *derrière* and quipped, "She looked fine yesterday. Anyway, I've got to go downstairs. Be back in a minute." He kissed Marie after quickly and lightly grasping her nearly sheer nightgown top that was a few years old present, he swiftly surmised, as her red silk multi-mandela Chinese robe and beamed, "I'll see you later *my darling girl*." Gently releasing her, fine stark white terry-clothed robed stood adroitly spinning on his right rope-sandaled heel strode to the elevator whilst turning his neck around with his patented smile. Marie's return gaze certainly outdid the bright sunlight dancing off the white-marbled veranda matching aforesaid Corinthian carved stone railing. This was the *un coupe de foudre* light from her eyes that always pierced his heart, the unimaginable love that was there for only him to see and feel.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Four

The Golden Age had begun just fifty-five years from this exact date of July 20, 2130. On July 20, 2075 no night fell upon Gaea for the first time in almost two million years. The sun had not moved closer to Gaea as the Kepturnicans scientists believed. Instead, enough people had stopped their majority thinking using pure sight like their more primitive animal ancestors but maintaining, of course, a higher level of consciousness than the latter. In addition, more light increased from the Sat Nam controlled Atma Lok (the sun). Increasing the light from this first plane of heaven always had been taught by the SRAOSHA Masters. No night would fall if people would stop thinking so much or becoming more pure in thought word and deed. The latter two; word and deed, needed work, particularly "deed." Yet the thoughts of a certain moral majority could prevail and did on July 20, 2075 when perpetual sunlight appeared for the first time in eons. The day before, only one second of darkness took place over New Zealand's outer edge and then the following night the sunset misnomer did not occur. The blue sky became a ring around the horizon like its cousin colours of purple, ochre, red, and green.

Grand exuberant celebrations happened throughout the world and Pedraji gave a long speech that night to the Akathists from Aksara, Bindia! He explained how in the correct cosmology of the SRAOSHA Masters that Gaea was the centre of the physical universe as believed before Kepturnicus; but below in a cone shape, not balls in space as the latter believed. Gaea was the last planette of the great parallax cone that spun in Glato's "Necessity Spindle" in a universal vortex fully opening to Atma Lok or the sun.

Pedraji emphasized, "Purity has been entering the world again in the no-thought or sound current listening with pure harmonic observation occurring. Thus, the Golden Age of a Satya Yuga has come and we fostered it in with giving joyful work done and that we did it was crucial." He continued with more uplifting Golden Age philosophies and finished an hour later. The thousands of Akathists assembled at the Zaskq Temple of Golden Wisdom in Aksara, Bindia were stirred with illumination and great peace. Sri Pedra Sask, the Living SRAOSHA Master, their leader, had ushered in the new era for them.

The master had stated that without darkness less electricity would be wasted. People would sleep less and progress more. Life would become simply labour choices. One could do what they wished or created or select a job from the Great Job book, the GJb. If the individual was poorly focused, the facilitators would put him or her into a job similar to the nomenclature of the lesser eras. The last category was rare as the GJb contained millions of jobs and easily selectable. Many volumes existed of the GJb, both on computers and on hard-copy paper book forms. The golden times were a smorgasbord of both old and new technological items, knowledge, and eclectic living. Anyone could do whatever they pleased as long as it was a contributing to society in a harmonic way. Even sleep was acceptable if one wished to be a sleeper. A few did just that and knew the fluctuation of jobs was acceptable. The only criteria was one needed finding a replacement when moving on to another position. They also had the responsibility of thoroughly orientating the new person for the job, even as a sleeper. It was this responsible that ushered in this new era.

In the early twenty-first century, man was not being nurtured enough by his parents and teachers as these so-called nurturers were ignorant of AKATHA principles. Yet detractors of AKATHA (many) believed that Its principles were common sense and that the Akathists could not take credit for such things. But generally people believed that they were essentially being lied to and they knew it. However, the Akathists attempted to temper these views by stating that the hidden agenda was just ignorance on the part of the hierarchy and not malevolence. Still, the living Master of the time had been imprisoned by this ignorant pseudo hierarchy but finished fifteen of the holy books of the Original and True Sacred Book called the *Hadjis* before a short time in stir. These books were for the spiritually ready for the highest teaching (Akathists claimed) of AKATHA. AKATHA was the Sahaji or Spirit Travel teaching of that time. The living SRAOSHA Master was the purist Soul and His thoughts and powers, when acted upon, were miraculous according to His followers. The Master started generating his power and within a few years it realised into the 21st century Golden Age as the Akathists perpetrated their belief or myth as critics stated. Pedraji became Master after Sir Trikah Zah's retirement at the beginning of the Golden Age. However, that master, who Akathists believed was responsible for the Golden Age telling the legends about, was Sri Tirkah Zah who still lived in that world helping Werner in his exploration work.

In Aksara, Bindia, the present master, Sri Pedra Sask, stirred in his

sleep. He was known to his students as Pedraji. The "ji" syllable was for endearment of the SRAOSHA Masters and really like a baby name of love and affection. Pedraji arose in his bed where he sat in contemplation and immediately went via Sahaji to visit Sri Tirkah Zah.

"I have been expecting you," said the former and 974th Living SRAOSHA Master, Sri Tirkahji, in his spiritual retreat in Aksara, not far on the grounds of the Zaskq Temple of Golden Wisdom high in the Tibetan mountains.

"I am glad to see you my old friend," smiled Pedraji.

"Please sit here, Pedraji. The place is humble as you know, but has a very nice view of the mountains."

Sra Sahkula Ahni (Sahkulaji), Tirkahji's wife and true love in floor length maroon robe swept into the room brought two cups of buttered yak tea and she left again, but not before greeting Pedraji with almost silent embrace.

Very gently releasing her almost ritually, Pedraji exclaimed turning to Tirkahji, "It's wonderful here and becomes more beautiful every time I visit!"

"That is because you know the ways of the path and why you've been so successful whereas it took me such a long time when I was younger. Purity is difficult for the youth and my teacher sped me along faster than I wished, but he is the greatest of men, Sri Peddar Zask. Really, it was not too fast for that is just the man who speaks and wished to be human for we know God has in store what IT knows. Not us."

Pedraji rejoined following Tirkahji's eloquence, "Yes. It is humbling to realise that God is the controller whilst we just refine in God and nothing else. The power we become helps the world, but our youth is stubborn and we take such risks to see what is created at times. Even we used trial and error when younger."

Staying on the age subject Tirkahji responded, "Sri Peddar Zask was 231 years old when he left or died as man says and went to Kazi Dawtz from the old Gaea region in 1971." He continued, "He was a bit older than I when I became the leader. Those one hundred and fifty years or so can make quite a difference. At 71, I was a 24th Initiate and my age should have been 95 instead. It takes a toll on the physical body that few students understand. They believe us, the SRAOSHA Masters, perfect and are in comparison, but to AKSHAR everyone is a snivelling worm."

"Ha-ha. Like me, you do the play-on-words also. It is important for some fun!" laughed Pedraji.

"Yes it is!" smiled Tirkahji laughing lightly too.

"Man must have humour and it cannot be analysed as if one can study poetry which is just evanescent like music. Man loves music but in your youth Tirkahji, music was becoming dangerous."

"It is true," agreed Tirkahji, "The rebellious noises of children in adult bodies were singing out trying to tell the truth, but ironically causing more havoc. I was writing feverishly at times attempting to tell the truth. People stopped listening and I only could write to the consciousness of the world. They could only feel it not really comprehending the words, and from where I saw it, the universe did too. That secret is necessary when all seems to be lost and people are failing to hear. The receptacles fail to listen. They seek truth elsewhere believing it must not be for them. In other words, their self esteem is so low that they believe trust is in a far-off place or in ancient times with white-bearded old men teaching the youth. People lost their first-hand knowledge listening to accoutrements or machinations and not themselves. It must be a remote reception because their fear of the godhead or just fear itself and their self-knowledge was too much to bear.

"Pedraji, you are a wise man and fortunate to be the present living Master, the titular leader of AKATHA. Tell me of your latest problem."

"You miss nothing as Sahkula always says," replied Pedraji as Sra Sahkula Ahni came back into the simple pine framed room and sat with them as the Master spoke.

"Time after Time, the Para-Vidya comes into the world and to great people like you. Truly many thanks to you (staring directly at Tirkahji) for having brought our great era. 'Howevers' always exist in the 'howevers' and we must know one new Golden Age has just begun but people still need guidance to further it along and maintain it. The sunlight can easily turn back to night with a few clouds of impurity and if we do not remain pure the clouds will remain as before; without thought and doubt, it is difficult for us, but for those who do not know what this means let the mental body, the Manas Sarup, get away from them. Mostly it is the Nuri Sarup or the Astral Body that does the damage with people travelling about doing all kinds of mischief. Yet when this ceases a Golden Age appears and then we must proceed.

"As you know the last few centuries we had eliminated spying, but we have some Satgurus who would like to start espionage again believing it has importance. Their views are very good and they are truly blessed with AKATHA knowledge.

"Whereby, my discussion with you is the delicacy of what we enter here and our full trust seems to stop. In reality, does full trust really exist in the lower worlds? We know it does not, as Yin and Yang will show. The seed of the negative in the positive does not have to grow as we have switched the parallax which is Yin and Yang from the Yin to the Yang. Spinning the mirror was easy because purity and the doubtless blessed life did this.

"We remember what our great teacher Sri Kevazar Marzs emphasized that 'Purity is the Truth'. Without it, no one can see God and no era can change for the better as an ancillary factor of seeing AKSHAR, THE SUPREME DEITY.

"It seems no dilemma exists other than they should not spy," said Tirkahji trying to sum up, "Espionage never can be raised to a good level, but we make excuses. We make decisions it is true, but continued surveillance is very evil. We know people are petty, but their hearts have become pure because the sun remains without darkness. It is proof that espionage is unnecessary and concerns for these things are also unnecessary. What is necessary remains to contemplate the great form without form, the AKSHAR."

All three smiled broadly at each other. Pedraji stood taking Tirkahji's hand cheerfully but with grace then spoke without pregnant pause, "Thank you, Tirkahji. You always have my answer," then Pedraji disappeared in their midst.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Five

"Uh, Colonel, Sir," stumbled the guard corporal, "I don't mean..." The corporal's young and smooth wet and clammy fingers noticeably shaking were stretched out of the sleeve from a tan plain two striped otherwise undecorated rumpled uniform that the colonel noticed for receiving the latter's offering. Werner then extended his identification swiftly and firmly from a larger much more powerful and squarely confident tanned muscular appendage to the lower ranking military man. The corporal recovered sufficiently enough retrieving the ID card and gave it back to Werner with eyes cast downward.

"You're doing your job, son," growled Colonel York attempting eye contact as he felt the young man embarrassed by the former's prestige and higher rank. Werner experienced this many times. "Where are you from, corporal?"

"Nebraska, sir." beamed the corporal raising his head proudly with indigo blue bill of cap unveiling a mirthful smile. That question never ceased getting such a reaction, Werner knew.

"Good country, Gaea was happy to accept her back into the fold in the 21st century. Many problems existed before Dr. Bernard was able to get things corrected again. Do you know the history, corporal...er...Thomson?" Werner hesitated whilst leaning forward reading the younger man's badge.

"Yessir, very well! That was my subject major in school, sir."

"What...problems?" quipped the Colonel knowing very well the younger man meant history and not "Problems" as the subject. Werner was very well-known for his witty facetious humour. He always said people either loved him or...well...and not much in between.

"Nosir. Contemporary History."

"So, I have a minute. What do you know of the great man?"

"Well, Dr. Bernard became a Ph.D. in common law in 1933 at San Francisco University, now Kentua University. Gaea was very backward and primitive then, not hunter gatherer by any means, but no advanced computer technology had occurred until the solid state revolution forty years later. But Dr. Bernard had studied with the SRAOSHA Masters and by that time, after Sri Peddar Zask left in 1971, the former succeeded his mentor and guide becoming Sri Tirkah Zah, the 973rd Living SRAOSHA

Master. He then knew answers to help move the world forward at that time. The high path had gone non-public for awhile, but then Sri Tirkahji started teaching publicly in the mid-21st century with AKATHA catching on quite nicely..."

"...Are you Akathist?" interrupted Werner.

"Uh...no, but sympathetic, sir"

"I see...go on"

"Oh not much more other than the irony that Tirkahji had stopped teaching for awhile attempting to make money for progressing the path. The fact that a mentor of his, Rubbiji Frantz, had developed a non-monetary system 1500 years previously, but not implemented until later, held the irony was curious."

"It seems you know very much, Thomson?" smiled Colonel York and changed the subject, "When is the *Socrates* being prepared for take-off?"

"In one hour...that's why I was wondering and attempting to detain you..."

"...It's fine," cutting the corporal short, "I wanted to see her before I got ready. Are you the last one to leave tonight?"

"Yessir, no one will be here tomorrow as of the final decommissioning, sir. The *Socrates* take-off makes it official. It's all yours now to do as you will."

Werner smiled knowingly, not surprised about rumours, "Do you wish to stay on for awhile? I hadn't sorted a skeleton crew yet to secure the base. I'll need some men to run the place. Do you think you can round-up a few good men and get them here in a day or two? No uniforms, of course, and basically just security and general daily rigours.

"Fine, sir...yessir...no problem! Some of the boys...men...were hoping you would retain them in a civilian capacity. Some of them do not have jobs yet."

"Well keep as many as wish to stay."

"Great! I mean...yessir. This place will be like old times...I mean, yessir!" stammered and exclaimed Thomson having at the same time hurky jerky facial mannerisms. The near former corporal was surprised because his mates were concerned because albeit jobs would not be that difficult to get perhaps, they did not wish changing to something new and losing old friends. They were comfortable at the base knowing the surroundings, the people and the simple daily routines.

"Oh, Thomson...call me 'Colonel.'"

"Yessir...I mean yes Colonel, sir."

"Thanks for the chat, corporal, and good day," ended Werner not able to control a smile and a slight chortle in the corporals joy.

The corporal snapped-off a fine final salute and Werner returned a very strack one himself for old-time sake. As the corporal beamed from ear to ear, Colonel York turned smartly and stepped lively through two grey metal doors with push-bars on each, the hinges made a metallic non-rusty rocker clipped noise as they closed behind him.

Corporal Thomson was standing in shock because most men of Werner Benton York's stature never would have engaged in conversation with such a lowly subordinate. However, few realised that Werner was not always the grand well-known ex-Colonel. He had been born in Royden, England, but taken as a babe to Albertshire's middle-west and brought-up there. True. His history was the royal von Priestly family of Dukelander having been hidden in the west as of coalition problems of the second Great War. Werner's father was to be made to be made king in 1890, but did not become king until 1900, the year of Werner's birth.

During that transition time, many problems were happening as the future king had to defuse the tyrant who was attempting to control him. Although the Archduke Prince Johan Heinrich Frederick Wilhelm von Priestly was the true force behind the coalition, he propped-up a young facadian leader. Whereby, this highly selected and youthful trouble-shooter let his future role as Chancellor go to his head. Von Priestly defused that problem after ten years going through the war and Briton settling with Dukeland amicably with peace reigning afterward along with Albertshire being a Britonish nation again. Still, the good Colonel was not told of his clandestine beginnings and lived most of his life in the dark about them.

As a young scholar and an associate professor, Dr. York travelled the world over and taught in many world universities. By the time he returned to his homeland Great Briton, he was a mature man of forty years of age and was a highly celebrated full professor. The notoriety had given him great counsel and in Briton, his advisors taught him the truth of his history. He was amazed and appalled at the same time since forty years had gone by with him none the wiser. He was confused, upset and angry. The truth had been such a part of his life, he believed, and yet his whole life was an irony about truth living a lie. The ignorance of his immediate families' fear was ridiculous, he felt, as the past should show the truth being the paramount cause in anyone's life. Werner was secretly studying

AKATHA then with the latter having grown and made inroads to the rest of the world in vernacular clichés like "Seek truth and nothing else," "A man without truth is without the sun," "A life centres on goodness," etc. These and many more positive words originated by AKATHA led eventually moving into a Golden Age. Many reasons floated about for the Golden Age's occurrence, but the main proof was empirical with the sun ceasing to set or spin away unseen in parallax at night-time. Perpetual sunlight happened and why seemed insignificant by comparison.

However, before Werner York stepped into the Golden Age, he was to struggle with the lie of his personal life and for a few years was not in equilibrium about it. One day in Briton, he met a man on the street with piercing powerful blue eyes. This man told him that the fight was only within himself and that Werner should grasp his own truth. After speaking, calling Werner by name, the man suddenly disappeared before his very eyes as if magic. Not in a puff of smoke, but as if a slight shift in vision and a flash or glimmer and gone. Werner looked about him and was completely flabbergasted, but supremely happy! Those words had penetrated his very being and he understood immediately that it did not matter about the struggle. That something more powerful was there guiding him and would manifest someplace through a book, a phrase, another human. But when going to a low time, a high time always was next. Werner knew these latter things as of his study with the SRAOSHA Masters.

The inner fluctuation was what Werner wished to stop, but he realised by this one phrase, "...his own truth" that something deeper more acute about the problem hit home. It was as if rationale had left him and insight had somehow been restored. It was refreshing and fulfilling.

In the locker-room of the large hanger his co-pilot and best friend Commander Arthur exclaimed, "Hi, Werner, I'm so excited, I 'm going to burst! Just think we have been chosen out of everyone..."

Werner surprised interrupted obfuscated, "But Arthur you've known this for months and we weren't chosen...we are the project and why all the robustness now?"

"I don't know? Can't think straight being so excited I guess...It just hit me seeing you sitting there putting on your flight suit and all...you remember in the beginning when we first met..."

(Many years previous) "PRIVATE!" shouted the DS (Drill Sergeant).

"Yessir!" fearfully and outwardly shaking Private Werner York responded to his burly drill sergeant the first inception day of the Albertshirian Air Force in the year 1919.

"Where the bloody heck do you think you are going?" fired the DS.

"I don't know...aren't we, we...huh..." stumbled Werner.

"Spit it out trainee-e-e-e! Are you dumb or something? I don't have all day to stammer with you. Get it out."

"Yessir, yessir!"

"And don't call me 'sir'. It's 'Yes, sergeant'. I work for a living - do you get it trainee-e-e-e! Now get back to the barracks or you'll be running laps around the base all day!" steamed the DS.

"Yessir...I mean yes, sergeant." snivelled Werner.

As Werner turned around, he slammed smack into another trainee and they both fell seated on the ground, legs stretched in front. They looked at each other and laughed aloud heartily mouths agape, heads back. The sergeant was not amused and yelled, "MOVE IT TRAINEE-E-E-S-S-S...MOVE IT, MOVE IT AND NOW!!!"

They both jumped to their feet and ran towards their barracks as they blundered with bags shaking hands along the way. Arthur blurted, "I'm Arthur."

They did not stop blundering along because the DS was watching them the whole time shaking his helmeted head and yelling "MOVE IT, MOVE IT, TRAINEE-E-ES!!!" in a loud obnoxious powerful voice. Pushing through the door, Werner was relieved not hearing the DS any longer, but would get used to the sounds of "trainee-e-e-e" as a constant. Two bunks were near where they pushed through the wooden screened doors and they both flung their bags in a heap nearby with bodies trailing plummeting upon the thin mattresses.

Feeling a momentary relaxing relief, Arthur turned his head towards his new friend, "Where are you from?"

"St. Joe, Missoula, " responded whilst on his back, fingers interlaced behind Werner's raven black hair not having changed much through the years but more curly youthed then looking straight above at the recently painted over slightly peeling white brown-edged ceiling that looked very old.

"I'm from Kanadar originally, but my parents moved here awhile ago," responded Arthur acknowledging Werner's hometown but discarding it quickly going into his thoughts whilst in the direction of his

new friend leaning on a thin youthful elbow in his sleeveless lose-fitting white undershirt.

Arthur Benjamin, Damshire was a good boy. His father, Arthur Frederick, not making his son junior then had been an Episcopalian minister sadly also had a drinking problem, and discretely was asked to resign from his parish in Toronto. The family left as a result without public humiliation fortunately and moved to Philadelphia. Arthur was only three years old at the time. Rev. Damshire continued his drink exacerbatingly and died not long after leaving the family penniless and a wife alone with six children. Arthur, being the youngest, did not know much of what was going on he later reflected, as his older brothers and sisters just “hurried” him along. Most of his childhood memories seemed a blur of getting ready to do this and that. “Fix your hair, brush your teeth, clean your room, tuck in your shirt, pull-up your socks, and for god-sakes quit chewing that gum!” whilst also remembering still haunting but amusing whispers of “stop talking” in church and the most repeated, “fix your hair” as a youthful light brownish fly-away cowlick seemed for ever springing-up at the most inopportune times.

Getting through elementary school was quite a breeze for Arthur being a natural born academic. Proud of his grades, but he always concerned that no teacher seemed to follow-up his good suggestions in his written works. It was later that he found needing to address his written subjective important points himself because in people’s haste they missed them he believed. His youthful naiveté had him believing that teachers and people did follow-up the sequence of things in general, but not until he met Werner Benton York did he find others were not as persistent as Arthur. He was eighteen when meeting Werner in the Air corp.

“A Kanadarian, eh? The myth of the cold is not such a myth I am told. Never been there, but they say it is very beautiful.”

“It is!” exclaimed the Kanadarian continuing, “You should go up sometime and when I visit next, we’ll go,” finished Damshire insinuating and sensing Werner a friend already.

“Yes, travelling is really great! That’s why I’m here because the travel intrigued me. And the fact that people are lazy and I seem needing to do everything myself. It’s like... for example musicians practicing and not finishing songs. If you listen and they stop abruptly it is quite disconcerting,” said Werner with Arthur having a confused look not really knowing what the former was spouting.

“A bit philosophical aren’t we?” queried Arthur covering for his

non-comprehension wondering if Werner knew what he was saying. “And besides where is the barrack’s chief,” changing the subject drastically as of the emotional state of esurience, “I’m starved! How about mess? Arthur turned his head sharply seeing a young uniformed boy with two golden green trimmed stripes on his sleeve. “Corporal, are you the barrack’s chief?”

“There isn’t one,” said the short skinny corporal stopping short feeling importuned, “You’re on your own unless the DS catches you.”

Arthur nonchalantly looking up from the olive drab draped blanket where his left elbow perched him with slender tan pant encased legs stretched-out from his torso down the length of the bed responded, “Well, where do we sleep then?”

“You’re sitting on them and what luck, those two guys left this morning. You’d better hurry and get your stuff in the lockers. Lunch is in five minutes and if the DS catches you laying there...man you’re in for it!” exclaimed the corporal moving away rushing out the doors.

“At least we know the ropes now, none exist!” said Arthur adding an exclamation to the corporal’s and trying to be amusing smirking at Werner wryly.

Taking the diminutive corporal’s advice hurriedly the boys hustled their large green duffle bags quickly stuffing and jamming with added anxiousness into the lockers behind the bunks as if being chased by the law. The old wooden barracks room had two perfectly straight rows with fifteen on each side. Of the thirty neatly made beds without bunks atop, none showed any men nearby. The barracks was ghost-townish empty where a pin drop could be heard as the platoon where eating lunch at the battalion mess hall with emphasis on “mess” not in cleanliness but the food for sure as many would colloquially claim.

Feeling very hunger themselves both Werner and Arthur had the same thought eyeballing each other rushed to the doors. After again hearing the spring on the barracks doors pull shut, this time it reminded Private York of his home in St. Joe with the back door doing the same. His dear house-dressed mother would stop it short many times with her foot occasionally after he romped through saying, “Be good and don’t forget to come home before dark.” The new recruit could remember that standard line, but mostly he remembered what he had seen with her warm loving smile, shiny brown eyes, and exuberant wave feeling it throb in his heart!

“Where’s the mess hall, I wonder,” growled Werner’s stomach.

Arthur pointed moving his new friend’s head in the finger’s

direction, “It appears we have that answer.” They both were now looking in the direction of a mass of boys hurrying – not running – to a building not dissimilar to the one they just vacated but a bit larger with an extra chimney and other fixtures outside on the roof and ground like trash cans, ramps, and backdoors where white-capped and aproned men stood, some busy, some smoking cigarettes.

“Let’s go,” in tandem speaking and started to run getting a few yards away...”Where are you running to?” shouted an officer not far away as both felt compelled abruptly stopping with a near collision.

“And didn’t you see me?” cried the angry but neatly bedecked officer continuing, “When you see an officer, it is a salute and I mean salute; nothing else!” They were frozen and, “Besides...you’re out of uniform and running is forbidden in the quadrant. You’ll get enough of that on the slopes, but in the barracks area, we have VIP’s here. Do you know what VIP stands for trainee-es? – VERY INDIGNENT PEOPLE and they do not like running rabbits about! Obviously, you are new, but that is all the more reason to understand – do you get me trainee-es! Do you?” Shaking their heads rapidly but saying nothing but nervous babbles “...Now get back and put shirts on over those T-shirts. Now trainee-es! Now! You should have been gone by now!”

The Captain was still not happy and the boys both wondered if he was one of those VERY INDIGNENT PEOPLE, but surmised he was joking or else he was one for sure as of his rude attitude. No matter the muddle, they were one their way back to the barracks long before these thoughts caught up to them. The Captain could be heard spouting more indignant forceful phraseology as before whilst they found themselves running again. Remembering they slowed to a walk and heard from afar,

“We walk but it’s no Vrench promenade. I suggest learning to walk fast without disturbing the VIP’s. You’ll sort it eventually. It is called hurrying, now move!” They finally got it and now were hurrying as the Captain had a wry smile without the new recruits, Werner and Arthur seeing him.

They were gone and back in a flash with their pressed green fatigue shirts on. Shortly, the boys showed in front of the large mess hall in a long winding queue moving at a steady pace, but they were not seen until getting around to the other side. They stopped abruptly once getting to the end.

“I wonder what is for lunch?” asked Arthur queuing-up behind Werner with the latter turning his head to hear him.

“The trainee in front of Werner heard Arthur and turned to them both saying, “It’s bad but before long it will be like your blessed mother’s own home cooking.”

“Arthur!” exclaimed Werner bringing his long time friend back to the present, “You’ve always been a romantic about simple facts of life. The *Socrates* is a remarkable machine...I’m sorry, I’ve been melancholy because although the old stuff was awful and a new glorious era is here...the tradition, the memories...”

Arthur interrupted, “You call me a romantic, but you’re just a silly old man, York,” laughed Arthur who was the same age of 230, but just like Werner looking much younger perhaps thirty-fivish.

“Not so old, just mature and sensible. People should have feelings for the things that must pass.

The grey metal doors swung open again and the corporal burst in hurrying out of breath, huffing and puffing holding his left arm!

“Come quickly,” he stumbled, “bandits are stealing the *Socrates*...I am the only security and hurt too.” Redness was seeping not gushing from what appeared to be a scratch, but the corporal was staggering in a form of shock. Werner caught him as the young enlisted man was about to fall forward, and sat him delicately on a metallic bench.

“You’ll be fine here...quick Arthur here’s a raw gun,” tossing a small dull black squarish metal item towards his friend, they hurriedly left the younger man on the bench leaning a bit forward holding his arm with a whitish face but not in any real danger Werner surmised. The two would be rescuers were suddenly racing through the doors and along a hallway into the hanger area. To their astonishment, the *Socrates* was gone! Further running to the open sunlight hanger entrance, a large flatbed air-lorry was pulling away swiftly with the *Socrates* under a bungee corded large new stark white cloth tarpaulin flapping a right unsecured corner in the wind. The light sepia sun shown from the west and its shadow traced the lines towards Arthur’s air-car not a few feet away and in they both jumped. Telling the air-car frantically “to go!” speaking into the dashboard many holed speaker, the air-car sped towards the air-lorry catching the lumbering vehicle within a few short seconds. Sliding nearer the drives short door, Arthur fired several rays into the azure sky with the air-lorry returning fire, but neither hitting targets ostensibly on purpose. Werner could see the air-lorry driver with a ski-mask in place and his mate next to him bedighted in the same thieflly attire. Arthur was precariously attempting to stay with the air-lorry and they each exchanged another round of ray-gun fire with Arthur aiming into the air and the air-lorry missing poorly as well. That was very curious to Werner with Arthur relating the same thought later. And again no harm from either side.

Werner then yelled to Arthur over the din of the vehicular winds to slow slightly midship of the bigger vehicle and the former jumped onto the lorry's flatbed trailer simultaneous of a passenger of the other doing the same thing. The *Socrates* had taken-up a goodly portion of the trailer and the black dressed crook was wending his way through the bound chords. Werner could not comprehend the motive except a fleeting idea of just releasing the spaceship dropping it off the end or just not having enough room to manoeuvre. The masked man had a ray-gun in his trembling hand and he was attempting to aim as he fumbled between the chords. The Colonel/Captain was amused watching his would be assailant but recovery readied himself and ran towards the culprit who had inadvertently become ensnared completely enmeshed in the bungees – even more amusing laughed Werner believing perhaps the other had heard him.

“Nice work,” Werner further yelled and sniped as he casually but quickly took the useless ray-gun from the humorously looking all twisted self-inflicted tied-up crook. “You didn't know the *Socrates* was almost human?” he further quipped loudly again over the noisy wind caused by the swift moving vehicles half believing his mostly joking facetiousness. He reached across the hung-up man moving his arms all around the ropish mess making sure the bungees had done a secure job. Once finished, Werner dropping his hands holding both ray-guns nodded his head in assurance giving a wink to the pilferer whilst pulling on a bungee across the man's thickly packed chest with a last hard tug. The bound fellow opened his mouth with nothing being heard from it as of the zephyr, but Werner saw a grimace upon his face. Being assured of the bound fellow in front of him, York reached around the lorry cab window with a well-balanced hand holding the ray-gun and pointed it at the driver's head nearly touching it demanding he stop. The driver never quibbled fear frozen for the moment, slowed the huge nearly quiet machine with only wind the noisy transgressor and came to a very abrupt halt! Both flatbed passengers whip-lashed forward, the unknown one stretching bungees whilst Werner barely hanging-on nearly falling without the driver seeing or able to take advantage.

Righting himself near instantaneously still pointing the black ray-gun, the Colonel/Captain blurted harshly jumping to the ground, “You can get out now.” Cautiously, he reached for the driver's door not really knowing what to expect? The driver was holding his hands in the air seeing the muzzle of the ray-gun now in his face and demurely jumped down also but from his high air-lorry seat. He was small of stature almost frail like his mate. Werner did not know what to make of it and thought

perhaps they were midget brothers or twins perhaps. Reaching swiftly to the driver's head, the taller Captain York pulled the black woollen ski-cap curtly from his face and jet-black hair flung to his shoulders revealing a her instead, Marie Leslie, York! Werner was astonished not in least believing his eyes needing air to breath as of the circumstance being so unbelievable! He stood there in absolute utter amazement!

“What on God's Green Gaea...does...does this mean!” he said stammering angrily on the verge of apoplexy!

She cut him off before he could continue “...Don't start,” and she celeritously bounded away towards the grey hanger. Once seeing Marie, Arthur was untying the other filcher with ingravescent speed almost assured of what he would find in the other identity. Sure enough, he was looking into the eyes of his lovely wife, Melinda, once the other mask was discarded as nothing. Less astonishment as of Marie popping that bubble but nevertheless more amazement of the incomprehensible, Arthur just shook his head lowering it and started asking her a lot of questions. Werner as if a tree that perpetually looks on had not moved still stunned and watched Arthur unveil his Melinda. Werner listened to Arthur's down dressing not really wondering where Marie was and not believing what just had happened.

Arthur had gotten through a few acrimonious questions when further away taking everyone's attention in turning heads, the slamming sound of wood against wood echoed sharply like an old gunfire explosion long gone. Marie had sprinted several hundred metres completing her journey and clattered through the old hanger office doors windedly plopping on the creased leather burgundy couch awaiting her down-dressing huffing and puffing.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Six

Arthur's dark blue air-car pulled-up within a couple minutes as now rested, Marie peered out the mullioned curtained window above the couch.

Three rushed into the building as Marie had looked away sitting grey front-faced and her husband staunchly approached her. Werner's wife out of unknown desperation wishing help of some kind perhaps reached as if almost jumping for the phone upon the desk with Werner intercepting not knowing what the call would be about?

"Are you completely crazy! What is going on?" he almost shouted trying to restrain himself but red-faced nevertheless.

"...You wouldn't understand!" she excitedly interjected quickly not as loud but letting lose less restraining than her husband presently face to face.

"Please humour me."

"I need...I need..."

"...Yes...yes...go on."

"See, that's what I mean. I'm trying to speak and you interrupt, never really giving me a chance..."

"...Right, and that's why you stole a billion dollar space craft!" ironically interrupted her less volatile seeming almost calm but still sarcastic hubby.

"Don't be so facetiously fatuous, B.Y. You must know that if I could have gotten away...I didn't know that you and Arthur would be here so soon, but as the two children your really both are, neither of you can stay away from your toys for two minutes. I thought I could delay your trip. I knows its crazy, but her me out."

Werner wished to listen further being intrigued truly needing this clarification, but he just remembered, "Wait, I well let you continue, but what about the corporal. Which one of you shot him?"

Melinda having plopped on the same couch next to her slumped best friend reached forward with an arm that stretched a black sleeve revealing two gold bracelets as if needing the behaviour to interrupt, "No one shot him!" blurting loudly exclaiming and continuing softer, "The goof fell against the door whilst running to get you. Marie and I laughed

albeit it could have been serious, but when he got up we realise he was fine. So, we left.”

“But you were firing at us?” joined Arthur to the fray taking a black-booted step forward with a query.

His wife looked at him smirking knowingly and deftly added, “They were low settings and all guns are just stun ones anyway...you know that.”

Marie rejoined quickly looking at Werner but including Arthur in the comment, “I told you, I didn’t think you would be three hours early and wow! Arthur too...as I said two children!!” came the loudest outburst by her at the end.

“Whoa, slow down Marie. You’re the one way out of line here. We may be children but we did not steal the *Socrates*. That, I think is a bit pathological.”

“Oh, really? We were just going to move it to hanger #2. What did you think that I was going to give it to the Vussians?”

“I don’t know,” said Colonel/captain continuing in more sarcasm, “That was not a consideration because I did not know you had taken it to be more precise, but please continue to justify this insanity.”

Yeah, okay, it’s insane...but...but as I said, Melinda and I thought we could move it and have some fun without any trouble...perhaps we were wrong?” she quickly continued not letting anyone speak knowing at least Werner would jump on that statement, “...But we were going to cover the ship in a way that it wouldn’t be so noticeable. Afterall the *Socrates* is not that large as some of the other older airships.

“Okay, that’s not such a horrible explanation, but geez Marie; we have ray-guns (*stun settings still hurt*) too! And still the whole thing is extreme to me.”

“Just stop. I’m sick of all the years of no attention from you (*Werner thought and wished Arthur and Melinda were not there to hear this, yet they had heard this same exact argument between them too for years but the former was still embarrassed*) and that’s the gist of it. Perhaps getting caught is good because now we can clear the air. Besides, I know you are trained not to shoot us as an Air Command conditioning. Old habits die hard and I was banking on that when seeing you both giving chase when you did. Also, the ship does not cost anything now. So, you can cut the billion dollar thing.”

“You could have just talked to me dear.”

“No, I couldn’t because getting a word in edgewise is impossible

with you. Now maybe you will listen?"

Werner changed to subject not trying to avoid the issue but attempting to expedite the present malady.

"We will have to tell the corporal..."

Arthur had stepped-out for a moment but the wooden door opened again with him returning and overhearing the last comment by Colonel/Captain York, "Already took care of it. He understands completely and it's just a scratch. Apparently the little guy stumbled into the ..." the other three chimed-in simultaneously with variations of "we know...he was not shot...hit the door," etc., with Arthur getting the gist. Arthur further added after they finished their noisy unsustained choir session, "He's all patched-up and fine. No one is about and saw or heard anything." Sharply turning to his wife almost as if he had heard the ray-gun discussion, "And Melinda, what about Werner and I firing high setting rays?" cried Arthur.

Marie swiftly intervened, "I told Werner we did expect anyone and you heard some of that a few minutes ago. But not knowing you two dufises would come early like school children..." and Marie went on somewhat reiterating recent history explaining the Air Command secret of training to shoot in the air. Really foolish she thought. She also added, "Besides what are high stun settings, longest is ten minutes with one being only unconscious and not injured. I know it is controversial, but we are not talking about those details."

Werner went back to another part of the argument, "Being childish is not as pathological as moving the *Socrates*."

"Sure it is. It's even worse!" cried Marie uncrossing her black panted legs almost jumping from the couch, "Moving the *Socrates* is funny. You're behaviour is helmensive."

"What does that mean?" questioned Arthur who was now sitting on the leather couch next to Melinda in which a psychologist would suggest a capitulating behaviour.

"Insidious," murmured his wife leaning into him.

"Insidious," said Marie almost in sink with Melinda but her word was heard by all with Arthur only hearing Melinda, so he thought from his perspective, but he knew that the irony to only find-out what is actually heard must come with a survey that brings prevarication meaning exactitude never exists. Marie continued interrupting Arthur's complex thought.

"You know insidious...something creepy like you two!"

acrimoniously came her further statement.

“Wait a minute, Marie. You’re not getting-off that easy. This was a hair-brain stunt and at least we deserve an apology. You steal, maybe not that of the money issue any longer, but an important piece of Air Command equipment and apparently getting away with it. I want an apology,” said Werner kindling but directly and sincerely.

“No,” responded Marie without even considering it for an instant, “...And it is not Air Command equipment any longer.” Marie and Melinda stood in concert as if rehearsed and walked-out of the office together with Werner and Arthur left standing in the boots in disbelief stunned by the discourtesy.

Arthur then left without saying anything and not looking back at Werner whilst he went to put back the *Socrates* with the corporal’s help with not one else the wiser. Werner watched him leave not thinking Arthur rude because he understood his long time friend thoroughly. Marie’s husband then said aloud without Arthur hearing having already left, but the comment was one of those that the speaker believed was heard albeit the physics not really allowing, “I can’t believe it,” was the quieter of the two phrases, “I thought I knew my own wife!” came the louder more agitated ending expression. However, the last statement had come with a long pregnant pause after Werner had plummeted on the worn leather burgundy couch that the two women had warmed for him. When Werner had said the last the comment Arthur had returned and overheard stepping back into the sepia wooden office.

“Yep, I feel the same way old buddy. What has gotten into those two?” Arthur dropped onto the sofa next to his long time pal and continued, “They get together and go completely berserk! Obviously, a major discussion must take place firstly will all four of us...without anyone walking out. And then, of course, alone just between couples...”

The Colonel/Captain listened to Arthur rant further upon and then interjected nearly gasping, “We need getting ready! Good Lord, it’s about one hour until flight time and people are already climbing into the viewing stands. We timed that nearly perfect.”

A crush of people was indeed filling the expanded bunting trimmed viewing stands on one side of the very green Lamberton field runway for the official maiden voyage. Of course, with the *Socrates* vertical take-off, a runway was unnecessary, but the viewers were not knowledgeable about the spaceship. No one had received a schematic or specification list on the new machine. Even its power source had been

kept secret until this day. It had been suggested before the flight to keep controversy to a limit. Ten years ago it was a private military operation.

The *Socrates* was rolled-out of hanger #1 and no visible affects from the preceding commotion was evident to Werner and Arthur's relief." They were discretely watching from the large grey metallic hanger door that hung over them like a massive vulture having negative remembrances of Air Command of yesteryear. They would stay their until eventually entering the ship, but the proceedings made them wait through all the political posturing mumbo-jumbo pretentious promotions that were clamouring on a makeshift stage in front of the audience. Within a few minutes, they would be taking off, *Thank God!* thought Werner who was actually very patient with speakers usually having done much himself, whereby today a new more exciting anxiety had arisen within him.

"The girls have really lost it," said Arthur leaning towards and whispering to Werner still thinking about them.

"I know...we need to talk with them as you suggested. Maybe Pedraji can help? Wait here. We have about ten minutes don't we?"

"Not now, Werner, do you have time?"

"I think so?"

Werner rushed into an inner office and locked the door. He flopped into a cushioned leather chair and quickly went into Sahaji, travelling to Pedraji's ashram in Bindia. The latter was there sitting at his simple pine desk littered with papers in his book laden study.

"Sorry for the intrusion. It's important," said the Colonel/Captain now turned Soul traveller.

"Never an intrusion; what's the problem?" inquired the eminent Master of AKATHA.

"Marie, I think she's flipped?"

"How so?"

"You are very close to her and she visits you regularly. Has she discussed this latest escapade with you?"

"We talked about her being frustrated that you're always gone and she's not getting attention from the man she so deeply loves. She had said that she may know a way to get your attention, but didn't go into the details. By you remember last year when she took out that full page add in the London times saying "Hello, Werner," in great big letters. I think they were 72 point. It was very amusing."

"Right. She put the phone number too. Couldn't change it in time and it rang 24 hrs a day for one week." Werner continued, "She never said why though and that concerned me a great deal. We are always so busy

and I never seem to clarify these things because they pass by and then we forget. I write notes constantly, but our lives our hectic...”

“...It’s a matter of priorities,” interrupted Pedraji.

“That’s the answer. I better go. Got a flight to catch. Thanks. I really appreciate this Master.”

“Very good; see you soon,” said the Mahaji, the Living SRAOSHA Master of AKATHA. They were used to these sudden occurrences in Sahaji without much protocol regarding getting answers as what just occurred. It was like thinking and gaining insight with a little more entropy but less than physical travel.

Werner left and was back to the office beside Arthur in a flash!

“How did it go?” queried his friend having seen Werner do this many times.

“I think I know what to do?”

“Tell me,” urged Arthur.

Just then the announcer was introducing the pilots.

“Later...looks like we are on.”

Arthur gave a quick frustrated look wanting to here the answer, but let it go and the two men jumped from their seats and powerfully burst-out of the hanger doors in their semi-spacesuits holding their flight folders rolled in a hand. Waving with wide toothy grins for the swollen viewing stands with cheers and applauses enfilading them. Getting to the *Socrates* ramp, they stopped short saluted the people strackly snapping it off and casually waltzed-up to the ships circular centre. The ramp rose behind them and the *Socrates* showed itself not touching the ground a metre above and took-off just seconds later.

Inside Werner turned to Arthur, “I’m sure that was impressive insofar as soon as the outer hatch shut, the ship took-off a moment later. They will be handing the audience spec sheets right about now.”

“Yes,” said Arthur, “That will give them all the explanation they need in understanding the sensitivity of her power source. I like the way Air Command handled the proceedings keeping speculation to a minimum.”

“I agree,” responded the Colonel/Captain as both had set themselves down at the two part metal, part cushioned maroon leather helm pilot and co-pilot seats and he continued, “but people always speculate anyway. I think it was unnecessary hype to build for the moment more than keeping the negative opinions to a minimum though I know we discussed this matter at the last flight briefing. Yet going so overboard in the psychology of the crowd, I think is so unnecessary.”

“Perhaps they do analyse these things too much, but often the attempt is important to do the best job,” said Arthur nearly cutting off the Captain.

“Within extremes not ‘to extremes;’ stay between the lines,” replied Werner.

“But what are the lines of demarcation?” questioned Arthur with a puzzled look; the corner of his mouth drawing upward and continued, “Psychologists believed at one time each person should do 80% of a job and not push to complete efficiency with the nature of nuclear half-life in science and the Keynesian economic paradigm in the same breath in which the latter two I know you can appreciate.” Werner had Ph.D’s in both physics and economics along with his expertise in trust law.

The *Socrates* was coming to Gaea City having taken off from Royden. Gaea City was north of Royden and northeast of Bilingham in the united Imperium Republic’s (uIR) nook of the North Ocean. They would land there and invite a huge crowd at a much larger stadium and make speeches whilst answering a myriad of questions from the audience. Before they landed having a few minutes Arthur stopped his commentary to inquire of Werner.

“I know these ideas have been discussed in briefing, but I had not asked your opinion about the seemingly advancement of the *Socrates* technology being less incrementalist...”

Almost cutting Arthur short, Werner interjected half smiling appreciating his dear friend’s concern for his opinion, “That’s a very good question, but sometimes an apparent drastic change is not as it seems. It would be similar to what Dr. Napra was saying in 1982 about a “Turning Time” in history. When he talked about it, it may have been happening but some of his conclusions were faulty in my opinion at that time.”

“How so?”

“You read the consulting report from the Napra foundation on their capitulation in 2010 about finally agreeing that solar power was not a good alternative power technology as Berry Nifkin had stated in his book in 1980. It took twenty-five years for the Napra group, who were the establishment, to agree to Nifkin’s findings. Nifkin claimed that solar power extraction was entropically damaging. Thus, his book “High Entropy” was a result. Few people besides Dr. Bernard understood Nifkin’s work and former finally made the Napra foundation agree. They were going to proceed with “Solcol (Solar collection),” the multi-billion dollar solar power project that Nifkin was beside himself about. A forty

billion dollar project that would have taken ten years of setting-up before one photon of power came out of it. It seems a rocketship would fire into space and a space station set-up as a solar collector. Then the solar power beamed to earth stations that no human could come within a twenty mile radius. Robotics would get the nod, but at the time, the construction products were all petroleum based along with artificial intelligence being very primitive - one heck of an entropic processing of oil getting Solcol set-up. In other words, no one was paying attention to the factor of the entropy going into the project nor cared when knowing initially after Nifkin raved about it! But nevertheless eventually Nifkin was instrumental in stopping it – thank God! Imagine, forty billion dollars worth of petroleum base fossil fuel products going into a solar power project – ridiculous! What contradictory nonsense was that, eh Arthur? Arthur had a smile plastered on his face with Werner still ranting.

“It was the same problem with electric car rejuvenation in the 1980’s. The factory was produced from petroleum and making the car would have used more petroleum than the care would countervail. Just more burden on petroleum at that time. Ridiculous!

“People sometimes race to a conclusion without really thinking it through, no doubt. That’s why Dr. Martin and Mr. Nifkin were so surprised by Dr. Napra’s work because they felt he should have known better. Nifkin felt Napra was incompetent, but Martin expressed a view that even the very best minds overlook major points; in other words, making mistakes. Whereby, Dr. Martin did qualify it perhaps Dr. Napra having been paid-off and agreed suing with Nifkin after a time.”

Arthur turned towards the viewing screen, “Werner, Gaea City on the screen.”

Make reading for landing,” announced Werner settling back into his seat after his diatribe.

The *Socrates* was very efficient. Before they knew it, they were on the ground sitting on the viewing stand. Werner was first-up giving a talk for fifteen minutes about their trip and the ship. Then the first question came.

“Colonel York, don’ you think the *Socrates* is too advanced presently?”

“That would imply uniqueness. I believe, if that is what you mean?” the Colonel/Captain continued with no pause, “That’s fine because the *Socrates* is unique being the prototype of a new technology. Yet it is here to stay since it is a simple matter of human sensory devices that computers have been using on the ground for quite some time. I think

you would agree it's about time we did something in the air. Next question, right Tommy?" with Thomas Parkins demurely nodding his head in agreement to Werner's rhetorical light last sardonic comment to him.

"Colonel York. I'm Judy Baker with the Times..."

"...Yes, Judy dear," said Werner cutting his friend short with her having to be journalistically formal in public where the former given the opportunity in being the opposite was most disarming to everyone's satisfaction, "I forgot to ask, how was your food the other night at the restaurant. Marie and I were pleased. We should go their again on you next birthday, eh?"

Werner was always kidding with the press and they loved him for it as it was always most accommodating and respectfully done. Even when they were querentish with him, he always manoeuvred into something positive.

"Yes the food was good," she stumbled taken aback but not disconcerted by any means flashing a quick smile on a tanned lovely face with framed short blonde hair, thinking how wonderful Werner was making her feel comfortable and a part of everything, "...uh...er...I was wondering as Mr. Parkins, I believe, was attempting to state that the *Socrates* needed much attention and that you are retired. In other words, will you be micro-managing or macro-managing the project?"

Since no financial need existed since 2065 or Golden Age Beginning day (Gab day) when the monetary system ended, expense was not the issue. But it was true that Werner had retired along with his partner and best friend, Arthur, in whom they both rediscovered and therefore invented the *Socrates*. The issue was whether Werner was back willing to put his entire attention upon it.

"We would like to get the Holdridge foundation behind it and then the support and attention would be illimitable," responded York.

Murmurs in the crowd were heard and a few "Holdridge's" were repeated popping intelligibly. Malcolm Holdridge was a former economic genius before Gab day and highly respected for giving projects like *Socrates* full attention and management albeit he was not for it in the beginning. The *Socrates* project had been very controversial in the newspapers going on for years, that is, the debate between Holdridge and Air Command.

Werner confidently continued, "Malcolm Holdridge is a very good friend of mine, but I have had no time to see him face to face. That's been the problem. Malcolm wants to see me and once we talk, it will be a downhill ride the whole way."

Cheers exploded from the crowd and a thunderous applause was heard whilst Werner had done it again. The *Socrates* project had not been popular with the press until Werner Benton, York spoke that day. The cheers continued loudly as Werner left the podium and Arthur with one foot upon the stage's lower step suddenly decided not to be anticlimactic and address the crowd retreated his appendage. Arthur was supposed to be first speaker. But Werner jumped up at the spur of the moment attempting to give Arthur the centre stage accolade as quest speaker later, but the strategy backfired as the audience was still deafeningly cheering with no end in the offing as the two left instead on the *Socrates* for Utopia. Before the ramp closed Werner could be seen from a distance putting a hand out appealing to Arthur as if to apologise, but Arthur just shook his head and smiled broadly.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Seven

“Pass me the carafe, dear,” said Marie York, retreating the window reflection of her after giving a pitched kiss into it looking beautiful after freshening-up from today’s ordeal at the former Air Command base in Utopia. Melinda and Marie had gone to their favourite restaurant *The Good Earth* in Kentia after the dalliance with the husbands.

“It’s the blanc de blanc, you like so well,” remarked Melinda.

“They also keep it in stock for us. Werner and I like the vintage. Sometimes I wish the whites could keep like the reds.”

“It’s such a bother,” chuckled Melinda not really caring but being sociable for her friend. The both laughed at the nuisance of it.

“Nothing will come of it,” Melinda said abruptly changing the subject to the afternoon’s real nuisance not really believing what she was saying but trying to be positive just the same.

“I don’t think so,” joined Marie believing she was correct and give a direct stare to her dear friend that she had known for ever it seemed. *College* thought Marie briefly when looking at Melinda after her last statement and continued, “Besides they had it coming. I know to justify our behaviour is wrong, but we had decided and that was that.

“Do you think it was rational upon retrospect?” rejoined the old friend.

“No,” quickly responded Marie, “but that’s the way we were thinking at the time. If Werner and Arthur would not have shown everything would have been fine. It was a matter of the unexpected. I mean, he and Arthur were three hours early! Never...Never has Werner done that before! Early yes, but three hours!” exclaimed Marie very emotionally near apoplexy and then calm immediately.

“Never has Arthur either!” further exclaimed Melinda not so vehemently as Marie though.

“It was ridiculous, the whole thing, but I was angry and perhaps not thinking straight,” said Marie now completely calm showing the detachment as an Akathist, the follower of AKATHA. The Akathists prided themselves on moderation of the ability to experience a human reaction like anger and let it go immediately after not dwelling upon it. They called it detachment, but detractors thought it only an excuse to get away with anything. The Akathist believed extremes were the factors instead.

“I was angry too, but I am not going to bother thinking about it any longer,” said Melinda with Marie agreeing by nodding at the same time saying, “You’re right. It is not worth spending any more discussion. The real problem is attention. You meet someone you really love and they play with their toys more than with you. It’s not to say we are not intimate, we just don’t talk enough. My mother went through that in her marriage and I’ll be darned if I am. Maybe that’s why I reacted as I did because I did not want to end-up like my mother. She, having a husband, my father, busy building model airplanes as a hobby instead of conversing and spending time with her. She died miserable having paroxysm over it. Those outbursts were much too emotional and I did not like them at all.”

“A man and woman who love each other need that sensitive communication,” responded Melinda quietly almost whispering yet not to draw attention in the restaurant knowing an ironic sensitive entity exists in public.

“Arthur and I, like you two, love each other very much as you know, but he is Werner’s pal, partner, and confidant. They have been buddies for so long even before I met him, of course. But I don’t like playing second fiddle to an aeroplane.”

Marie perked-up again when hearing that stimulating comment, “Neither do I and I won’t! She exclaimed and continued, “When Werner gets back, I’m putting my foot down and we’ll have it out! You’ll see and it will help you and Arthur to do the same.”

“Oh, don’t worry sweetie,” said Melinda quickly taking a long drink from her white wine almost draining it as sunlight shown brightly a sharp sudden twinkling beam through the crystal from their corner table window of the Good Earth in Palo Alto, Kentia, “We are most definitely going to sit down and thrash this thing about. I am sure the boys are going to demand it after our stunt.”

“I do not want to back down, although it could be a stunt, I really wish not pursuing it that way,” Melinda nodded agreement and Marie said further, “Werner and I used to go out to dinner by ourselves with no one else going to remote hideaways where not one would recognise us. Only the restaurant personnel knew us and they were told to be discreet. If customers thought they recognised us, the owner had strict orders to tell them it was not us.”

“That’s difficult since your pictures were always plastered everywhere at one time.”

“I know, but it’s funny how people will believe most anything if told by a so-called authority. I’m so surprised because we have not been iconic for so long.”

“Yes, I think it’s funny too,” replied Melinda answering but getting tipsy slurring a bit and not really being thoroughly coherent. She did not have a drinking problem albeit even in the more golden time writers still had that reputation, “Of course, being household names like *John Wayne* is the reason.”

“Are you getting...?” inquired Marie watching Melinda lean forward nearly spilling the glass and then licking her finger but still discreet enough that only a good friend could tell something amiss.

“Yes, I believe I am...hiccough,” slurred again Melinda but not terribly thought Marie.

They both laughed as the sunlight still shown on the crystal and finery littered table; not elegant but an appropriate white linen table cloth for a luncheon. Melinda pointed to the waiter in taking the nearly spilled glass away that she had moved ever so slightly. His black paten leather shoes clicked as one heal grazed the other; of course, Melinda heard raising an eyebrow and he moved swiftly in his white waistcoat and tuxedo black-striped pants knowing the eccentricities of her long time patronage. Once lifting the glass delicately at arm’s length as if a filthy culprit, he gave a wink to Marie after spinning his back turned from the blonde Melinda. Marie York smiled at Alex with familiarity having both experienced Melinda Damshire’s extremely meticulous pestiferousness ever so long.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Eight

“The red light is on, Werner,” said Arthur somewhat alarmed having increased the *Socrates* to warp in the past few seconds. They had agreed attempting warp on the way to Utopia as a test since it would take them out of their flight plan and they must return afterward. This warp test was the first in ten years, but simulations had no incidents recently.

“I know, it indicates an unusual problem that backs-up secondary and tertiary overrides, voice responses, and goes board indicator. Tap the light and see what happens,” directed Werner now Captain York albeit Arthur was the only other crew as its First Officer and formality was not military but captain, officer, or pilot were even civilian formality.

Arthur tapped the light and it went out, but suddenly the *Socrates* shook and the computer’s ambient voice stated, “Please, Colonel York report to Control Central.”

Having changed into his well-pressed jet black, black-belt 12th degree don karbava do ghi from his indigo old gold trimmed Air Command uniform, Werner turned smartly in his helm chair to Arthur’s First Officer and navigation one where his second in command still wore the indigo set and said, “Well, Arthur that will be the first non-simulated discussion with *Socrates* Control Central. I’ll be back in a jiffy,” glibly stated Werner.

“Roger that,” said Arthur concerned albeit his leader seemed nonchalant. Rarely did Control Central call the captain away unless it was urgent. Still it could be some technical difficulty or word from home. That’s it thought Arthur just a message from home.

Colonel/Captain Werner entered the private chambers of Control Central far behind the helm but in the ship’s centre and soundproof for communications privacy with the ship’s computer. Control Central was a just fancy professional name for the ship’s computer. It was decided by *Socrates*’ ship’s computer itself that private conversations were integral in flight performance when a problem could arise that could be more serious than simple normal operations assistance. The computer had become more sensitive inasmuch as psychological protocol deemed possible even more than the behaviour of a royal peerage. The computer scientists had put positronic brain mapping engrams from human brain neurons into the

computers and found these subtleties. They had been embedded in the genes from many past incarnations whilst finding that every human had some connection with the highest and lowest forms of life. Hence, the computer could be an animal or a very sophisticated human being. Dampeners were made to keep the animal part at bay not unlike humans. For awhile the engrams were removed from the computers because the dampeners were not working.

The philosophers took-up the cause because they believed it was wrong to categorise the negative computer reactions to man's private characteristics base upon the engrams. They believed a combination of computer exosomaticism and human endosomaticism was the problem. The Cyborg issue was relevant and had started in the twentieth century with artificial and mechanical parts being surgically implanted in people. The first operations were minor, e.g., prosthetic limbs, metal fillings in teeth, plastic false teeth, metal screws in spot injuries, etc. Then came more advanced artificial hip, hearts, arms, etc., in latter part of the century. It was a matter of non-human materials or artificial materials being used. Nature was being supplanted by the machine regarding even the physical body and men were not rebelling. But finally robotics was stopped for awhile and would not enter for a century until man could sort the problem.

The answer was simply the technology always moves forward and cannot be stopped; slowed but never stopped. It was similar to past-life regression by psychologists in the 1950's as in the case study where a young woman was being regressed hypnotically and found her life in Ireland as one Bridey Murphy. The situation became that she was losing her present identity to Bridey Murphy and causing her considerable problems. Thus, they stopped past-life regression and it did not appear until thirty years later. That suggested, as many analogies in history could be brought to mind thought Werner as he moved slowly towards Control Central, that man will progress or regress at his own pace. Sometimes, that meant putting the breaks on in deceleration, which was always a problem in the illusion of time dilation. Man reacts emotionally and fearfully at times as he dwells upon his life's circumstances as he should. The regression theory was brought back as truth can be suppressed only for so long.

The philosophers did not like the attack upon the animals by stating they were unevolved and felt it was man's problem. However, the argument could not be maintained for someone had to be the culprit regarding primitiveness in history. It would be categorically declared by

science that it was the animal being lesser than man.

No one necessarily agreed completely with the categorisation, but to proceed with present technology was heuristic. It was argued further as a “short-cut,” but the answer was that life was always a shorter path to an answer that the details would submerge and side-track one for eons never moving forward. The justifiers would always win and therefore, all technology moves forward and the *Socrates* space craft was no different.

“Control Central, this is Colonel York reporting,” said Werner after the vacuum sealed door locked behind him much like a bank vault he thought but human sized. The chamber’s almost all four walls were padded in an almost stark with a hint of ivory white colour. The ivory caused the lighting to cast Werner’s favourite sepia tone. High-tech buttons, keys, and screens peripherally abounded with one small central middling computer screen before a cushioned same coloured low-back arm chair never used. It looked new to the Captain as he mused never sat in before. Now he did.

“Good Morning, Colonel York,” said the sultry female voice different from the more direct ambient male one on the bridge and throughout the spaceship.

“What is happening, mum?” queried Werner casually leaning an elbow on one comfortable chair arm that he experienced with the cushion sinking from his weight.

“I’ve never really become acquainted with that casual protocol, Colonel. Could you...?”

“It’s okay mum. You know I mean well. Don’t you?”

“Yes of course...I...”

“It’s love deary. We love you!” quipped the ship’s captain.

“My, Colonel! What would Marie think?”

“I love you mum, but remember you’re a computer.”

“Oh yes, but I am still female.”

“Okay, dear, but what’s the problem?”

“It seems the *Socrates* is in grave danger of exploding, Colonel. Unless you and Commander Damshire put on your insular bubbles in five seconds, you both will be killed,” said mum without exclamation.

In great haste! Werner deftly punched the intercom button on the desk with the whole heel of his right hand not wasting any time with fingers, “Artie, red alert!” cried Werner rolling his palm changing to an index finger pushing the red alert button and the abandon ship one next to it with a fore-finger at the same time. This action allowed Arthur to hear and inflate in two seconds the protection bubble from their uniforms

insulating them from any danger. It also acted as an automatic jettisoning parachute when an explosion occurred or requested by the individual in lesser circumstances or it was deemed by the central computer to be such a situation. Both Werner and Arthur's inflatable bubbles were nearly instantly on and then the *Socrates* completely disintegrated in a major unbelievable explosion! The crew was thrust clear inside their protective bubbles as if a large bouncing air ball floating down in parachute-like mode safely. They reached the ground gently and over Werner's chest communicator he heard,

"What was that?" exclaimed Arthur completely flabbergasted looking before he spoke to see if Werner was intact finding that in the positive!

"I don't have the foggiest? Are you all right?" yelled Werner watching Arthur nod his head and although too disparaged and stunned immediately, the former finally showed a semblance of composure blurting a more complete but most acrimonious answer, "But mum was entirely a bit too casual for me! Air Command is going to get an earful when we get back! Thank goodness they have nothing to do with the project any longer, but the computers were theirs!" angrily cried Werner not counting on such an illogical misfeasance on the part of the computer. It was ridiculous he thought never thinking such a thing could happen regarding casual chatting with such danger imminent and then to be too casual in the delivery of an emergency. Werner was near apoplexy!

They had just returned into Utopian airspace after their warp exercise and gone past Lanartica about 1500 kilometres. Fortunately or a contrivance thought Werner to have parachute landing on the mainland of Utopia. They were only on the edge of this almost circular landmass slightly larger than the continent of Bafrica exactly 10,000 kilometres from New Zealand. Still having hit the mainland was much better than the cold ocean, albeit the bubble protector would be intact, but being only 1500 klicks from Lanartica, the jungle edge would be permafrost. Going towards the idyllic temperate zone of central Utopia into the capital, Utopia City, would be initially difficult in the permafrost jungle. But that was in the past.

At one time, called the first continent amongst the nine continents, Utopia had gone clandestine in ancient times as of humanities' negativity and set-up the other eight continents in an azimuthal equidistant projection protection cage and called "Gaea" after the Zreeks mother earth. It was a simple escape starting with the hidden control of all governments and slow elimination of Utopia's name. The last vestige was the now mythical book

of the Catholic saint, Justin More. However, in the last fifty years, Utopia had felt a new revelation should happen as Gaea had become a part of the universal Intergalactic Republic (uIR). Utopian leaders had set-up the uIR many eons before in hope that Gaea would one day see the light; now that was apparently happening. Since Gaea was now in a real Golden Age and the people were engaged in human advancement not destruction as before involved in slave labour jobs, Utopian leaders were very happy discussing the geological truth in the last few years. Factions had hints of the truth for awhile, but the complete revelation had been stopped several times by the Utopians themselves. No violence, of course, but telling those involved that the time was not right. Yet those knowledgeable could come to Utopia and leave Gaea. The new relationship was still only about twenty years old. On solid footing now, Gaea had come-out of very troubled times. The jump to a golden time had occurred right before their darkest hour.

Werner rushed to Arthur after quickly restoring his bubble protector back into and under his space neoprene suit. It was not so much that they had found the perfect “keep from being blown to smithereens fibre,” but the fibre was so sensitive to heat that a complete reverse polarity threw them away from it. The fibres were crystalline and light enough to float on air with anything inside a small or larger bubble made from them. To manoeuvre, one had only to move in any direction.

“They’ll be here in about five minutes,” said a much calmer Arthur still somewhat perplexed about the matter. He knows Werner was too as they both sat waiting. The alarm call was immediate to the Utopia civil servants. They sat upon a small rise on the clean white sanding shore of great Utopia watching the perpetual undulation of the pale bluish green North Pacific waves. The mood was gloomy. Werner’s waiting thoughts whilst watching the ocean trying to think of something else that few talked of the North Pacific Ocean on what was once called Earth or Gaea; and now being called Utopia again with Utopia City as the new capital atavistically being restored to its rightful heritage in the uIR. The Coral and Tasman Seas southwest and northwest of Australia were, in actuality, part of the North Pacific Ocean. Its original name was only “North Ocean,” but that name change position and vernacular would be far into the future to resurrect.

As they still sat waiting breaking the gloomy silence, “What happened to the *Socrates*?” said Arthur, “You know don’t you Werner? Come on. You can’t fool your old buddy. What is going on? If that was a training exercise and you couldn’t tell me I can understand, but geez! B.Y., don’t just sit there keeping me in the dark. Since when has secret

clearance been in the way of our friendship? Not one mission has been so secret that we couldn't each know the other's information. We've been a team for too many years that I'd like to mention. If you don't tell me Colonel York what the h... is going on...I'll give you a knock so hard!..”

“Enough Arthur; I'll tell you. Just give me a chance to say something,” stammered Werner, “It's not a secret, but it may be complex to discuss?”

“Try me,” said Arthur facetiously, “How long have you known me?”

“That's not the point,” answered Werner, “Your aptitude is not in question, but your interest has been questionable. Everyone has the ability to understand, but few put it to practice. Mostly, high levels of understanding are mere ingenuousness than ingenious. An innocence is necessary of which man was losing for a time. It took a few generations to restore the precious loss of it,” finished Werner for the moment philosophically.

“Are you saying that knowledge is less important than naiveté?” questioned Arthur squirming on the sand trying to get comfortable awaiting the ride. He brushed some sand from his tunic front after have kicked a bit from his boot. Arthur had always noticed when on a beach how everything was consumed by sand, i.e., in your hair, eyes, skin, shoes, bags, etc. It was the only thing he did not like about the beach otherwise it was his favourite place under normal conditions not unlike his best friend whose traditional red pagoda beach house was famous having been in Creative Arts Digest for many years.

“I'm saying that man has all knowledge, but a dynamic range exists there. He infers too much when dealing with people and often he doesn't pay attention to someone right in front of him. They may be experiencing an altogether different level of awareness than another man. People were not respecting that factor and inferring too much in the last age. Those with a very effective and powerful array or range preferred their ingenuous levels because they were more pure and less negative regarding qualities of sincerity, aesthetics, peace, etc. They would become hard with aesthetics or pulchritude being the first to go when ingenious. This pulchritude or beauty needed an element of peace to show itself and the muscle or hardness was prevalent. Words became limited and people were struggling and didn't want to hear the truth but just wanted to hear any nonsense. The drug lords became the gurus of the street as they wanted more and more money to feed the acquisitive or greedy Moloch, the money god which can never be satisfied,” further expounded to good Colonel Werner.

Just then an air-car pulled-up and out jumped a young female liaison officer and snapped off a salute. Utopia was also being decommissioned the following day. The end of the standing army government military had happened as even Machiavelli would appreciate as of his ironic *arme propria*. The latter being civilian militia would be used in emergencies. History proved that these men would fight better because their families and homes were at stake. A standing army was just indentured mercenaries as they were being paid to fight and albeit some were drafted, their hearts were never in it with metaphoric patriotism not like defending your home and family.

“Colonel York, Lt. Randolph at your service, sir,” said the Utopian gold braided azure blue suited petite very pretty short-haired brunette lieutenant. In her black military-like (*no military would exist tomorrow; just civilian leadership with uniforms an option – military ranks would cease but habits die hard having the golden age for just a short time*) high-heeled shoes showing much calf above, she was still only 5’4.”

“At ease Lieutenant,” smiled Werner, “Does that answer your question, King,” said Werner leaving Randolph standing there whilst concluding with Arthur. Werner rarely called Arthur by nicknames. To him, his dear friend was King Arthur, a joke since their old recruit days and once in awhile he called him “King.” Calling him “Artie” before the ships demise was just endearment emotion for fear of his friend’s life but obviously antipodes to a king reference being very informal. Reality seemingly sets-in when danger occurs thought Werner fleetingly later regarding his usage of that sobriquet.

“Look Arthur, don’t get confused here...”

Arthur interrupted, “...No, you didn’t answer my question and now conveniently it’s not appropriate,” he said leaning his head towards Randolph, “But we will definitely talk later, B.Y.,” snapped Arthur besmirched as only a friend could cause sometimes.

“Of course, Arthur; no one is hiding anything,” answered Werner but Arthur squinted his eyes as if to say *you are only getting away with it because she is here*.

However, he continued trying to still get it resolved even with the good lieutenant standing still in at ease position, “Oh no! Then why was I not informed?” Arthur calmed down but still was not pleased as of his friend’s omission, but understandably being cut-off by the liaison arrival.

“We’ll talk later,” said Werner giving a side-glance to the woman with Arthur acknowledging with a wink as they all three got into the air-car and drove off. Inside the vehicle, the Lieutenant sat on a grey jump-

seat in her tight skirt ankles crossing showing shapely hosed thin-ankled calves and Werner and Arthur sat back in the tufted sumptuous limousine cushions.

Looking towards her and turning her head to hear as the jump-seat faced forward, Werner changed the subject, "What's the weather like in the city, Randolph?"

"Very mild, Colonel. Should be nice all weekend. We get the rain washes this time of year. Almost perfect timing around lunch each day for ten minutes and just enough making everything clean and looking wonderful!" she rose her voice.

"See Arthur, nothing to be concerned about, right, Lt?" smiled Werner looking at Arthur who was miffed at his old friend not wishing to hear his sarcasm.

"Right, sir," broadly smiling showing shiny white teeth as if she had a clue about what Werner meant.

Aforesaid Lt. Randolph was a beauty at a medium height flashing blue eyes and with that smile adorning a perfect face reminiscent of Lisa Taylor, the old film icon of *Cleopatra* notoriety. Albeit Werner always felt Taylor's personality was more that of a house-wife and not an empress. Susan Randolph had been the Utopian western liaison officer for two years and was a welcoming committee of one for anyone with distress calls or abandoned somewhere in Utopia's outskirts that were considered credible individuals.

"We'll be in the city in two minutes. We must go slower once getting within one hundred kilometres. Going at high level impulse speeds below ten metres per second was even a problem during the impulse years at 300 kph (kilometres per hour). But the bottom reverse airfoil ground effects levitation superconductivity (reverse magnetics) vehicles would eventually take care of the problem and the speeds would never look back. If it were not problematic, warp speed at 300,000 kps (kilometres per second) is just a bend in the curve were disappearance for a few seconds occurs whilst re-appearing close to the destination in sub-light speed. Aforesaid about fifty kph should do it when closer and 600 kph from here. The former speed will be when in Utopia City proper. As you probably know, near silence was standard travel noise without combustible engines when not touching anything below whilst levitating having no rail clatter or rubber tires flapping on pavement. By lights alone was not even a problem in the beginning for man adepts quickly to silence being his biologic harmonic nature. Even the east quit their siren and horn blaring when mass transit stopped being a problem. I'm sorry. You don't mind me doing my tour guide routine, do you, Sir?"

“No,” said Werner without hesitation completely immersed into what young officer was saying, “It’s quite informative and impressive; please continue,” ended a very pleased Werner Benton, York imploring by stopping his response making a slight hand gesture wave from his lap. The Lieutenant seemed renewed with a greater vigour after Werner’s reply. Her lovely speaking voice was more intense now but not obnoxious by any means.

“When people had more affluence, they stopped doing quotidian desperation labour travel. The people were financially independent and made the computers handle the needs factors of food, shelter, and clothing, leaving men more leisure and relaxation. He did not need to work. Production was computerised. A push of the button manifested one’s needs. Laser technology couple with computer robotics revolutionised man’s life; again, in what we call the last great paradigm shift. Utopia had this shift a few thousand years before old Gaea, now Gaea City in England, the uKR. When Gaea finally realised their limitations and joined the uIR, everything changed and the entity became enlightened once again as in Lemuria and before in ancient Atlantis some 32,000 years ago. Glato had mentioned this in his writings. The enormous marble statue of Father Glato is outside the city as you know welcoming everyone. Before entering the great Arch of Utopia, you will see in the middle of a roundabout the huge statue of Glato wearing Zreek chiton. Also, as you probably know Glato became the father of contemporary Utopia as he brought peace and prosperity back to the land,” said Lt. Randolph very proudly.

“It is my understanding,” interjected Werner, “that he had fled Zreece and did not die as contemporary pre-enlightened history had recorded. He was found adrift incredibly, north of New Zealand below Lanartica. Glato had set-out to prove his theory of Utopia existing by travelling straight through the Arctic Ocean that he believed Raphael Hyladay did after he left the Amerigo Vespucci expedition staying in America. Of course, Jules Verne later coined the phrase ‘elastic earth’ in his book *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* that many thought just mythical. Glato believed the elastic earth got Hyladay (“Nonsensio” in Latin and thus credibility waned from there) more quickly to Utopia as of waved undulation and closely moved him as of elasticity’s serendipitousness. However, Glato did not know how this was done and attempted anyway conventionally. Going over land from Zreece to the North Sea passing England on into the Arctic Ocean and went through the Vussian-Alaskan strait into the North Pacific Ocean. Taking many months

getting to that point where he believed north or straight whilst old Kepturnican theory believed it was north and then south downward regarding the sphere theory of earth. Ludicrous thought Glato, but not flat and falling off like Cosmas Indicopleustes believed. He had all but lost hope regarding his ocean trip when his small Zreek ship's mate sighted land. Glato had found New Zealand.

He stayed there for two years and set-out what he knew was the truth to be north with old untrue theory south. Nearly freezing to death and unconscious, Glato and his small crew were found by Utopian spaceships in the Strait of Utopia some 3,000 kilometres from Utopia.

“Being taken to the Emperor of the land, Glato was immediately decorated as a hero after explaining his belief. Since Zreece has been based upon common Law (cL) in their beginning and Glato knowing pure trust foundation law, he could explain the Emperor's failing in government and therefore, secured the sovereignty of the Utopian people for the future. They had been showing the signs of failure and did not know the reason until Glato came with the answer. The rest is the history of the Golden Age of Utopia that was only theory later after Zreece's fall from their more golden times. “

“Whew! That is absolutely marvellous!” exclaimed the Lt. “Your really know your history, sir.”

“I should...I have two M.A.'s in Ancient History and Contemporary History.”

They both laughed together realising it was not so amazing when one is versed in their art. Slowing from .028 lightspeed or 30,000 kph at 500 metres from the outskirts of Utopia and now travelling at impulse 300 kph further reducing to 100 kph and then to the leisurely pace of 50 kph, the threesome observed the twenty metre high massive white marble statue of the robed Glato on the vaunted roundabouts middle and drove further under the Utopia Arch of Triumph much larger than any on old Gaea presently just part of Utopia as in ancient times.

Werner further expounded after their brief laugh, “The ‘Utopia Region’ is what it was now called in the universal Imperium Republic or uIR. Of course, many regions would exist in the uIR with the Utopia region being the first. The uIR will be vastly far reaching and offer membership to those on the edge going to quintillions of kilometres before the plane of Sat Lok. That would be called ‘The Great Barrier’ for going into that level meant a complete change in structure which was only possible with the new technology but still, metre wise, extremely far away. Yet with advanced warp-speeds it could be achieved and scientists achieved secretly the ability going beyond the Great Barrier 200 years before but the crew never returned.

“The SRAOSHA Masters knew it is possible but cautioned its necessity. Of course, Kevazar Marzs had cautioned Rolumbus also, but he foolishly proceeded,” said Werner furrowing his brow showing concern thought Randolph.

“Why do you say foolishly, sir?” said Lt. Randolph cautiously.

“It is always the paradox of where is a man going in his life? Does he need to discover worlds outside himself or just go within and find the real truth of the matter? He will still venture outside, of course, because his catharsis of motion becomes his conation, his need to express or geltungsbedirfnis, I’ll say, and he is foolish for it. It means entropy and potential hazards as spaceship disintegrations (*Werner raised an eyebrow with a half grin and winking as the lieutenant acknowledged in knowing eye contact*) and such. In other words, when man presses the envelope of outer technology to the point that the next moment he takes will cause immediate destruction, he cannot go any further. That should be obvious.”

Arthur remained quiet and knew Randolph did not understand, but he realised Werner had just given him the answer to the *Socrates’* destruction.

They stopped at the Palace Hotel and were escorted to their rooms in the penthouse suite by the back elevator. Lt. Randolph said they would be expected at a briefing at 0800 hrs in the morning and she left. But before she went said smiling and truly happy about it, “Tomorrow I’ll be just Ms. Randolph.”

Werner was very tired albeit Arthur anxiously wanted more explanation as of his ostensible revelation. Yet he was satisfied with the hint as he too was very tired with the stress and shock of the *Socrates’* destruction. They said “Goodnight” to each other and repaired to their rooms.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Nine

The next morning Werner met Arthur in the hallway at 07:45 on their way to the briefing and before Arthur could say a word, “You see, the cycles of complexity become so intricate that not even the computers know the imminent dangers of the next moment far in advance. And why we had just seconds before exploding. The entropy becomes so high that nothing can stop the relativity curve and disintegration. A few hundred years ago it was a discussion of turbulence and we would have had not time to escape. That was a grosser level of the turbulence but not an atomic level we are experiencing now. Thus, advancement has drawbacks and no one foresaw the present problem.”

“Is it random without a solution?” questioned Arthur.

“You saw the solution yesterday. Fortunately, we had our bubble protectors or we would have been history not having this conversation. However, as you know, with the misnomered butterfly effect and really just Plankian quantum mechanics, the destruction of the *Socrates* might not have occurred if we didn’t have the bubble protectors,” riddled Werner.

“So, you’re saying that the bubble protectors caused the problem directly with the ship?” queried his friend further.

“I will have to report it that way in the briefing although it could be a myriad of different reasons, but none would be an absolute.”

“Why not say that?”

“Can’t Arthur, since bureaucracies are usually like children, they just want some innocuous answer so they can go outside and return to play.”

“Have you ever spoken to the Utopia Council before?” asked Arthur wondering and concerned about it.

“True, I have not done that and I know what you are thinking that perhaps they may be difficult? In a group never, individually perhaps; we shall see?”

They entered an anteroom of the main conference hall and were escorted into it by a page. The sun shown through the doorway almost blindingly reflected from Vrench window mullions that were, in actuality, Utopian originally. Of course, the ancestry of Old Gaea was Utopian making Gaea descended from its fatherland. Werner and Arthur turned to

see a very large conference table with delegates of many regions sitting and standing about chatting in wait of the *Socrates*' crew. The chairman saw both the uniformed men and spoke,

"Ladies and Gentleman, they have arrived; please be seated."

In various attire arcipluvianly coloured, the delegates all turned in the direction of Werner and Arthur smiling, murmuring and sat in their appropriately assigned seats. Amongst them were Bayu Dragon from Basia, Tragus Farmen from Bafrica, Stahes Manu from Albertshire, Titus Rittus from South Albertshire, Belas Zener (female) from Briton, Zela Mattern for Utopia and the others representing the rest of the Utopian continents of the Azimuthal equidistant projection (Aep) of which had opened the lands. Those just named were the Utopian Board Members of the Council of the Utopia IR chapter of the IR. The Chairman was the ancient one Sri Tirkah Zah, the former, Mahaji, the Living SRAOSHA Master before Sri Pedraji Sasks, the present spiritual leader of AKATHA.

"This meeting will now come to order," turning to the two guests from a distant land, "Hello Werner and Arthur. How are you? I hope no bumps or bruises from you escapade?" smiled Sri Tirkahji.

"Why I'm so surprised to see you!" cried a stunned Werner York.

"That's fine. It's good to be thrilled sometimes," said Sir Tirkahji, "These days are complex and since we have been embarking into a new era of another Golden Age, we should be prepared for them. The *Socrates* suffered from "turbulence quantum destruction" or Atomical Turbulence syndrome (ATs) and it will be a problem until we can isolate it. However, that will be the periodicity of a golden time perhaps as also in the past.

"Do you mean it may take over a million years to sort out?" queried Arthur vehemently.

"...Or five nano seconds," quickly responded Tirkahji, "These situations are delicate balances and the answers are time consuming and few are masters of time and space. For these few, they must be patient with those who are not masters of time and space. These Masters must continue to explain the truth hoping that they speak to those who facilitate immediately. If facilitation is not immediate, the entity has been reversed and a theoretical problem exists. It is similar to Werner's concern about explaining the *Socrates* problem and inferring that we would need a simple answer that the bubble protection was the problem.

"I didn't know..." stumbled Werner.

"Yes, that is fine, but you didn't know I already knew what you thought. It is not difficult regarding telepathy. Sometimes these things are just obvious."

“Maybe to you, Sir, but I’ve had to deal with a lack of candour on old Gaea...”

“You mean Utopia.”

“Well, yes, but that’s very new and we have known this land mass vs. Utopia for a short while and must make the adjustment gradually.”

“You can designate cities. That was the issue about limiting a set of land mass to one name. However, we call it Utopia now, and we fall into the same problem of name designation. It’s similar to the name John or Ali in Arabic. If everyone had the same name how do you distinguish between them as the difference. Still many Johns are just names and we know the individual. It is a matter of experience in the practice of empiricism. In distinguish, however, a location must be designated and we believe cities would do it, but cities were being duplicated in name also and the ‘Ali or John’ problem started. Thus, back to the region names that creates barriers. The whole fabric is interwoven in complexity whilst few be there willing to help sort the issues for man becomes selfish. If the universe is one, where is the individual within it? Does he need to send a message that he exists or do we know? The dilemma is yours gentlemen. Good day.”

The two doors of the conference room were opened and they were escorted out of the room by the lovely secretary again.”

“Whew, what was that all about Werner?” quizzed Arthur totally perplexed by Master Tirkahji.

“I have no idea?” replied the amazed Werner Benton, York, “All I know is that it’s astounding what goes on and what next? Let’s go to the lounge down there.” Werner pointed to an open door not far away with the sign, *Tea lounge* and they strolled towards it. Inside was a sumptuous predominantly mauve coloured lounge type restaurant with hanging aromatic green gardens facing out towards the front of the grey stone building. They found a table and sat. The waiter hastily came to their white linen clad round top setting with a note. Captain York read the note unphased and turned to Arthur.

“I’ll be back,” and Werner got up nearly as quickly as he sat down and was gone. Arthur sat there not abashed as he was used to his friends sudden departures over the years. With that absquatulation, Arthur sat back comfortably still clad in his indigo gold-braided suit and ordered some tea from the short waiter whilst being pretty much in a complete state of befuddlement as of the last twenty-four hours. It may not have been so bad if his sleep had been good, but it was fitful as of anxiety of the

coming day mixed with the previous confusion. Rightly the latter should be non-plussed having been so far a complete mystery would be the best idea placed upon it.

Werner was walking briskly towards the elaborate Carrara marble-like main office of the building that had no stone berries and curls without leaves of Corinthian marble architectural order. He had been surprised by Sri Tirkah Zah's note which read "please meet me alone at once in the main office, Tirkahji." Of course, Werner made haste for the main offices but had no idea where to find the former Living SRAOSHA Master. However, when he stopped into the reception area of the offices, Werner saw one to the back with two Vrench doors ajar enough to see a hand waving Werner forward. He knew who it was and proceeded towards the waving hand stretched-out from a maroon robe, the uniform of the Order of the Ongari adepts of the SRAOSHA Masters.

"Come in. Please sit down!" exclaimed Sri Tirkah Zah," speaking as he arose himself most adroitly rising quickly shutting the high handled fabulous antique white Vrench doors behind the Colonel/Captain.

"It seems that they let me have the run of the place," casually stating the Master, "They spare no gratuity and give me the best. Albeit I would mention these things are unnecessary, but I don't bother declining because I know they would insist. I remember many years ago before Bawa Muhayadeen passed away, he was saying how the doctors meant well, but they were killing him.

"I know you are anxious about my summons and therefore, I will get to the point. I know the problems of group entities and knew you could not reveal the truth of the crash. Hence, we are here to discuss the facts away from the group. Please tell me the specifics," finished the great one.

"Yes, I was wondering how I would go about explaining, but was not prepared for this as I prepared for an entity explanation. Yet, I am not adverse to extemporaneous discussion. It seems the atomic turbulent syndrome as you say, *ATs*, took place with *Socrates*.

"I am aware of this premise as I stated and so is the Utopian Council, but not all agree and the entity would glean different answers. That is why I ended the meeting before it started knowing the disagreements were coming.

Tirkahji continued but changed the subject, "It seems this *ATs* has been a problem for quite some time and Air Command was aware of it. You, yourself, experienced it ten years ago, but they covered it up. However, it has been known since right after Michael Besla's death in

1950. We think the source of the problem is around that time, but we have not isolated the cause. I wish I had known that then, but I suppose it was all the same hidden agenda for everyone.

Werner interjected at this point a bit surprised as of Utopian awareness, “So, then you know the random effect of ATs has not been controlled yet and as Arthur said it could be a million years or as you said, “in just a moment.” The confusing part is the randomness? What about the questions of prevention and protection? Are these things necessary and can they be discussed in a Golden Age as we have entered?”

“Well, we are discussing them and its 08:45 AM and the sunlight is still perpetual,” said Tirkahji referring to the occurrence of Gab day not long ago when the thinking was balanced with the sun’s portal opening to the horizon. This grand happening was proof positive of a golden age. People stopped thinking so much and in a purer nowness observation mode. More evolved than the animals miniscule reflection, but less evolved than man’s essence as Soul to maintain a manifest world. In other words, some thinking perpetuated manifestation or the preservation of such around us in a concrete sensory world called “sensate vs. sentient.” The latter was defined as self-conscious, but the real answer was a spiritual aspect the AKATHA teachings addressed.

“Yes, that is true. I’ve been told though at the beginning of this age a swing to darkness is possible or back to the Iron Age as we are on the cusp of transition. When a man thinks, the sky turns bluer and blocks Sat Lok’s light. It is so good that astronomy finally awoke to the true cosmology of the sun as the first level of God or at least a portal with light on the other side. The former was the Egyptian premise that people misunderstood for so long. It needed more explanation and viola! It was understood. It’s the old “Ahah” or more specifically, “Oh, I see.” The awareness of knowledge transformed to enlightenment is superior and made the change to the Golden Age eventually. As our discussions become more cogent, at the same time lofty with high vibration and feeling, people become enlightened. Yet ATs exists in a Golden Age. That would have never been believed?” rhetorically inquired Werner.

Tirkahji took-up the inquiry directed from Werner, “Few speculated about the Golden Age except Akathists who did class-work upon it as a high subject of discussion. It was a frolic to discuss the Golden Age because it was synthesis and the imagination could soar. The pseudo-orthodox never considered the Golden Age. So, ATs was the farthest thing from their minds. Now that it is here, it must be addressed as

any potential hazard to mankind. It is a paradox, of course, and that puts it in the realm of ‘impossibility’ that only men can alter with terms of the opposite as in ‘possibility.’ It is that simple. It’s not a matter of logic or mentally sorting, but a matter of poetry or music. I sound like Kasimov in his writings on positronics which was never proven mind you...but for a later discussion.” Tirkahji continued after side-tracking for a moment, “It is a language of vibration that may hold the answer here. Fear of destruction may bring it. If one feels confident that also will come too. We need to teach people to stretch-out with their feelings and stop being introverted even within this golden time. The Akathist here learned to deal with their feelings properly by this somewhat metaphorical practice of “stretching-out” but not everyone. Not everyone can do it, for in that practice, man becomes like a mini-god and people get very nervous as of not understanding the feeling or not believing completely. They would rather forget the idea and continue without change or stay in a more fearful tradition aforesaid. But when faced with a problem like ATs, the world then pays attention. Yet few know ATs and the Utopian Council has been reluctant revealing it to the public. I have attempted this revelation since I was brought here especially for that purpose to talk about not hiding information. I’ve only been acting chairman for two days. They said it is rare when information is not immediately revealed but ATs is very complex and caught-up in quantum mechanics. Hence, why we brought you here being the physicist to help explain, Werner.”

“My word, Tirkahji, that’s one of my Ph.D.’s but I haven’t working in the field in ten years. I’ve mostly been playing ducking celebrity and attempting to get the *Socrates* going, but not that’s a problem and may be history. Then years literarily up in smoke. However, we still have the specifications and that’s the crux, but is ATs a problem?” queried Werner just airing what he already believed.

“Yes, I’m afraid so and you and I must find the answer quickly or slide could occur and we must think of the social mood of not having an answer. The people are wise, but as I’ve said group entities need simple answers. We must put together a rational view of the matter. Where do we start?” said Tirkahji returning a question along with his partial answer.

“Simple. With ATs, what is it, but turbulence at a molecular level maybe even to the atom?” revealed Werner answering with another question.

“Could it be even smaller?” rejoined Tirkahji.

“It could be larger,” quickly interjected Werner looking at Tirkahji

open his mouth slightly attempting an answer albeit backing-off seeing the expert physicist chime in and the former continued, “No one has even ventured to say that reduction was micro into macro for we could be small to the micro of what we see. It could be like looking into a tube, but the other end appears smaller and we are at the small end of a cone. The other side could actually be larger,” finished Werner.

“Yes, I know that but few are there to discuss it. Go on,” urged Tirkahji.

“Well, that could be the answer because it is quantum mechanics and not seen from this end so to speak with the naked eye,” answered Werner.

“It could be necessary to travel onto the other side to find the disturbance if it exists, but we must infer that,” said the SRAOSHA Master.

“Yes, we must and to travel into that dimension has been done through reductive omnivergence. It’s very simple actually. Done with a electron microscope with the experimenter separating the atom as an individual “S*” matrix himself by his own sight doing complete divergence and the recombining into a selected portal,” agreed Werner explaining what very few knew about omnivergence, the combination space travel mechanism skill of convergence and divergence that all biological biocular (*two-eyed – neologism to binocular that Werner preferred not liking the connotation of an apparatus more than declaring a two eyed being*) beings have without a machine.

“I have read your journals on the matter, but I also always had the question how would we know what portal in which to recombine. We have duplicated your efforts here on Utopia as you may know (*Werner did not know*) albeit Utopia has communicated with some select scientist for many years (*he did know*) and they claim Utopia had this technology long before Old Gaea,” said Tirkahji.

“That’s the important key question. I don’t know? Do you have an idea?”

“It’s an idea but any problem always needs an answer and the portals themselves could be making noise,” answered Tirkahji with Werner raising an eyebrow.

“Making noise?” inquired Werner not having a clue for the moment.

*in physics, the scattering **matrix** (or **S-matrix**) relates the initial state and the final state for an interaction of particles. It is used in quantum mechanics, scattering theory and quantum field...the main source – “S” for source or scattering

“Yes, when looking at the portal separation place, the “S” matrix observing the periodicity portals or formed select sides, more vibrational noise will be coming from the problem area. Turbulence is basically vibrations making noise and at a gross state in that sensitive select mode. I have noticed noisier portals than others. Once recombining into them, problems did exist. We would need an atom of the *Socrates* ship itself,” explained Tirkahji.

“And I thought I was a good physicist once upon a time, “ chortled Werner after hearing Tirkahji’s rather in depth scientific analyses and getting back to the subject, “That’s very simple regarding the atom of *Socrates*,” said Werner as he pulled from his pocket handing his mentor a small pure titanium medallion in commemoration of the Socrates maiden voyage. It was a prototype shaving from the actual hull of the ship itself.

“Wonderful!” cried Tirkahji, “Could the medallion be part of the problem taken from the hull and all?”

“Taken when it was being made, a bit of scrap, I doubt it?” confidently said Werner.

Taking the medallion from Werner gratefully, Tirkahji continued, “Now we must go to the laboratory of the building and utilise two electron microscopes.”

“They have two of those monsters here!” exclaimed a very surprised Werner knowing how large and expensive they were in the past.

“They are not as large as they were ten years ago; only the size of a table-top PC with seats and enclosed in a sound-proof booth suspended in sensory depravation chambers. Very elaborate, but not taking-up an entire room as the old microscope did once,” further explained the SRAOSHA Master, the adept of mystical path of AKATHA.

“That is good. I have not stayed abreast of the machine advances in that area. It has changed substantially then?” asked Werner with Tirkahji nodding as both knew how technology does not establish too many roots and even those are questioned as of evanescence believed by most.

“The 21st century saw exponentials roll into infinitesimals but we are still behind now even in the 22nd century.”

“You mean that technology is still lagging?” queried a disappointed Colonel/Captain but amused at the same time thinking how little things change in time and space.

“As long as man exists technology can seem very advanced, but man will be one step behind as of his Schorer infestation. Dr. Dietrich Schorer knew that when he realised experimenter infestation, it became

the ineffaceable problem and the only real limiter. If the experimenter believed but did not experience his belief, he did not really believe. But that was not the Schorer concept. It would be like the man who ardently expressed that he truly believed in something, but when it did not come true, could not believe it again going off task. He found that that was the problem in his condemnation when periodicity was not perfect. In other words, he lacked the patience getting the answer although it may have taken many years to achieve nothing. Invincibility takes eternal patience and a Redison-like behaviour although Thomas Alva didn't have the natural ability of a Michael Besla, his determination made him succeed. Hence, no matter what we create will never be as advanced as the simplest man who plays dumb sometimes," answered Tirkahji with another seeming riddle in which SRAOSHA Masters were very much like Zen ones and finished his statement with the punctuation, "Still the Schorer effect remains that we limit our own technology by our very existence. Thus, we attempt destroying ourselves sometimes because we cannot stand the truth."

"But they claim positronics has been achieved although you stated not proven?" queried Werner further.

"They claim a lot of things," continued Tirkahji, "but nothing ever has been proven completely as of relativity of time and space. Regarding positronics which is a pet peeve of mine, Kasimov's character a Dr. Calvin claimed it was more poetic than science and yet the latter took it as real. Now how could something be considered scientific in the realm of poetry? I ask you. Still the Silicon Valley years ago went with the term "positronics" defining a man's brain execution. Ridiculous! in my opinion. Hence, until science awoke realising that robotics, cloning, and sentience was more about the immortal Soul inhabiting these vehicles, it was way out in left-field excusing the old colloquial baseball cliché. Always discrepancies will exist until the whole field is under water excusing more metaphor. The individual is the problem; for in his uniqueness he must give his opinion and find and isolate the error that always exist in the land of logic. This land must remain to a certain degree or we cannot function as human beings. We could not make a society function properly or at least it may appear that way."

Werner asked another question regarding the subject, "What about the situation when people are truly happy that society is functional base upon that? When we found the difficulties were negative behaviours and with those gone, the era started to change. A lot of emphasis was placed upon positive and over-positive behaviour whilst you would say balanced

was more important. But you also said that not everyone could achieve balance and over-positive behaviour would be the order of the day in a Golden Age.”

“That is true because the era’s are cyclical and temporal, but the temporary state could be considered a long time to man if it means one million years or more. However, it is not eternal and the precision becomes the matter relevant to ATs and any other problems arising,” said Tirkahji as they both entered the laboratory side by side where the powerful microscopes were present.

“Use that one and I will use this one,” remarked the Master smiling broadly and admiring the strange looking piece of metal black equipment looking like a tall race-car with a face plate for one to put his eyes into goggle-like observation posts. Instead of one lens, two were there.

“The same procedure exists doing divergence of the convergent realm and once complete divergence is attained, reconvergence or recombination completing the omnivergent cycle must take place after selecting the proper portal. We will proceed,” explained Tirkahji technically that probably only a handful like Werner could comprehend. Werner thought about the divergence factor, the separation of the two eyes from the one world sight portal to see two worlds in front of one in Chris Tyler’s autostereograms of the 20th century that became popular as a simpler name “Magic Eye” series of cartoon books. Children had these then in the 20th century whilst never explaining how it was done with Tirkahji hitting the mark so well albeit not explaining that the image in an autostereograms must be made when the eyes diverge and not in convergence. But that was not the purpose of today’s exercise in portal travel that was looking at the 3D image instead in magic eye. In other words, magic eye was not omnivergence as the latter was travel to another space within the present time. Werner had lectured in the past that three dimensional space was geometric modelling and just conditioning by the previous traditions of time and space. Whereby, it simply meant that everything around us was an illusion nothing more, nothing less. Why because the traditionalists of the past were afraid to let go of their illusion. Werner stopped his reverie to climb into the Omnivergence Car as it was called by Utopian scientists with, of course, Tirkahji having access.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Ten

Both gentlemen entered their Chambered Microscope Omnivergence car (CMOc) or Camoc for short. When Tirkahji had seated, connecting seatbelts, headset microphones, etc., he shut the overhead door, and spoke into the mike, “Can you hear me, Werner. You should be able to adjust the volume with a variable dial on the dashboard.”

“Yes, I can hear you better now,” said Werner who had also strapped himself in the strange contraption mostly in black colour, “It would seem voice activation doesn’t always need be.”

“Sometimes didactics slow the process,” quipped Tirkahji, “If I had to say to the computer please adjust the sound control on the communicator at a certain decibel level, it would be more time consuming. That has been an issue in positronics advancement as of explaining everything that had become secondary conditioning to man. To analyse everything becomes impossible as no time exists to do it. The machine fails out of sheer impossibility known from the start in divine futility.”

“Why bother then?” queried Werner.

“Man must make the attempt because without effort, he believes that he is now omniscient. Effort makes him less than God. He is manifest and God is not according to AKATHA. The manifest cannot be God and IT must create an amount of entropy or the body just dies and the Spirit, if not having mastered the journey, comes back to make another effort. So, divine futility is very important keeping man responsible. It’s an important concept and very relevant to our experiment here.

“I am placing the medallion under the observation lens platform, so we can both see it; the microscopes are linked together and we will see the same thing. Since you’ve accomplished ‘ABe,’ we can get to it.” Most felt that always was amusing naming the acronym ‘ABe’ and its irony meaning ‘Alan Bennington effect’ as he was the first one to run under the four minute mile. It covers two important historical men, Alan & Abe Lincoln, who, although not sorting the convoluted era were both greatly condemned attempting to forge ahead at great costs. The combination was a very important impetus for the omnivergence break-through.

“So, it seems,” agreed Werner who was a long distance runner too when time allowed. He was the standard raw vegan as most presently for it was the golden age faire and Werner ironically admitted that diet was everything and felt those who ate cooked food should not long distance

run. That was an extremely ironic statement back a hundred years or so when 99.9% of the people were not raw. Now it had completely reversed to raw veganism being the majority of people and more. Diet was part of the transition of Tarati in that of going from an Iron Age into a golden one. It cleaned the environment and people's bodies as well. It also made it easier to clean the air of thought gas, the blue sky, making the sunlight break through completely from horizon to horizon. That occurrence was Golden Age beginning day (GAb) on July 20th 2075.

Both Tirkahji and Werner now anxiously observed the platform where the titanium medallion had been placed by the former. Of course, under the electron microscope many exponential powers (*at least twelve depending upon the size*) were viewed down to the atomic level seeing the atoms of the ill-fated *Socrates* ship. A great controversy over these measurements caused Werner to found his research institute, *The Omnivergence institute (TOi or "Toy" phonetically and amusingly for fun! – the ingenuousness as a child caved into from the ingeniousness as an adult)*, e.g., if the atom's size is many picometres (*pI-coh or pi-coh - long scale billion – further problem with nanometre being synonymous getting into computer technology, short scale trillion – irony existed in this scale system as well considering 999 billion picometres difference between the short and long scale in this instance – in other words, just casually doffing-off or throwing away 999 billion picometres seemed ridiculous and is!*) how can only a millionth power microscope find it when only having six zeros to work with at a millionth power (*the power of the electron microscope in the 21st century at least so they said*) – impossible! – a trillion short scale picometres has at least twelve zeros in the number. If the object is a metre in length, one could see it only a million times larger. Thus, although explanations were very poor in the Iron Age, scientists were still able to find atoms at picometres sizes because they had the technology but explained it oh so very poorly! They always stumbled into things being totally ignorant of how they got there. Amazing how we ever found anything thought Werner! It was the hierophant or parent syndrome of do what I say whether right or wrong. Merit was never an issue – attempted conceptual perfection, let alone perfection itself, left at the gate. That is how historical dark ages occurred and renaissances began by questioning such nonsense. Toy cleared-up many explanations priding themselves in their "think tank" clarity and cogency believing they were instrumental in the present golden times as of addressing the nonsense of such notable groups as BSA (British Space Admin), NASA (Albertshire [Old America National Aeronautics and

Space Admin]), VSAA (Vussian Space Admin), CNSA (Chinese National Space Admin) and many university's work too many to mention. The reason for Toy's cogency remained they had no government charters to abide by and were funded privately without pressure performing for anyone. The freedom of thought in pure research without having to clamour for funds made things much easier and exceptional.

Only one atom was needed for the experiment that was allowing the two men finding the issue with the disintegrated *Socrates* ship. They used the short scale atom size being more accurate thought Utopian scientists as long scale meant the controversy existed regarding leaving out so many picometres.

"Before we diverge," remarked Tirkahji, "We must allow the computer to register which portal has the noisiest decibel level. That will be the one probably our culprit anything over 130 decibels or a gun shot level, but not sustaining it. We will have to wear earplugs the entire time. On the level area of the dash are a pair of 40 decibel reduction kind earplugs – insert them now. Once the computer has locked the particular portal, we will know where to go for future reference; the precedent will be established."

"Sounds good," said Werner whilst fiddling with his earplugs. They had a string between them as a safety feature.

"Any questions?" said Tirkahji with that inclusive paradoxical question within itself.

"Just one. You know, we will be entering an atom area of the *Socrates* and we will convergently recombine at that level where the *Socrates* atom may be a part of something else, however wonderful or horrendous..."

Tirkahji stopped him short, "...I know, I know. You must appreciate that I considered it, but that risk, we should be well past by now, wouldn't you say? Besides the computer would let us know ahead of time if any danger was imminent. Even on *Socrates'* abbreviated mission, according to you debriefing account I read earlier before summoning you, mum was ready to tell you the danger at the point you entered her chamber," said Tirkahji.

"I suppose ultimately that is true, but her casual tone was not acceptable and her timing not either. She had much more time to give us whilst mum knew well in advance."

"Still, you had plenty of time, yes?"

"Sri Tirkahji, she gave me five seconds to act...I came into the chamber not in haste and lingered in conversation with her...I mean really

it was inexcusable and I have not let it go by any means. I will be redressing a grievance as soon as possible.”

“I completely understand,” softly stated Tirkahji.

“Okay, let’s do it!” cried Werner shaking his head as if to get the cobwebs of the past out. “Computer, please inform Commander Damshire of my situation and tell him I’ll meet him later.

“Acknowledged,” answered the Computer.

“Alright; here it goes,” confirmed Tirkahji.

Hitting the electron microscope “on” button, a slight whirring sound was heard and immediately they were in divergence or “Abe” mode as the buzzword was called. In “Abe” an atom was selected and viewed by both men and then diverged under their own power. They were presently looking at the diverged atom as two initially and then its many right and left string of S matrix portals opened in Abe. The 360° world of the atom was now separated into two 360° portals in front of them with the fanned 360° portals in front of the number on atom portal starting position on each side. The men could speak to each other as no effect occurs with speech or equilibrium. Only their eyes were diverged (moved outward from the centre) ten degrees from the front and both had training in that practice and computer assisted here for convenience and accuracy.

“Have you diverged, Werner?” asked Master Tirkahji.

“Yes, Sire.”

“Good. Oh, Yes I can see on the panel now. Does your panel indicate that I am diverged as well?”

“Yes indeedy, Tirkahji...Let’s do it!”

“Alright. From here it looks like about the thirtieth portal is quite loud and animated. Do you see it?

Werner scanned the same right side area that Tirkahji has observed, “Yes that’s true. I suppose my question can wait? What number portal is it?” questioned Werner.

“Look at your indicator. I have thirty-two. It should be the same.”

“Correct. Are you ready to converge?” asked Werner for now they would need converging into the number thirty-two portal in order to be there. It was not complex, but very new.

“Yes, when you are ready. Count down from the panel on 3, 2, 1, alright. Computer on my mark 3...2...1...converge!” commanded the AKATHA Master.

Suddenly, they both appeared to each other in a leslie or meadow area of a forest in a brilliant sunlight. Werner, in his personal ship’s uniform of his black karbava do ghi with white cuffs without the black

belt but snug at the lean 29” waist; Tirkahji just a few feet away in his AKATHA maroon robe worn by the SRAOSHA Masters of the Order of the Ongari.

“Where’s the commotion I wonder?” inquired Werner.

“I don’t know? I’m surprised we didn’t converge into the problem area directly since it appeared to be exactly in the portal picture?” remarked Tirkahji with a rhetorical question, when not wanting an answer, setting-up an audience or individual for just giving information.

“You know the target area may be within a few metres sometimes. I heard some clamour on the other side of the tree copse over there. Let’s investigate,” said Werner pointing his hand to the dense tree copse greenery not just a finger extending from the white cuff of his black ghi. The cloth was paper thin extremely light weight yet durable and hung perfectly on his svelte muscular frame.

The two walked calmly but anxiously into the virgin very rich green smelling mostly of pine wondering what was in store on the other side of the short wooded copse unfolding another similar meadowed area. What would be the problem that could create the demise of the very important yet tragic *Socrates* ship in a very remote botanical forest area of an atom whilst Werner remembering to keep a perspective here? Curiosity was beyond measure with grabbing anticipation within their throats; hearts pounding. The noise became louder almost deafening midway through the taller green trees. Portals were not time travel, but present space travel. The term “space” had a poor connotation for the phrase, but the real problem was simply the present time and not something of the past or future. It was not time travel by any means as Tirkahji had battled for years attempting to explain that time travel was done in a different dimension very far away and not on the physical plane. Those who claimed time travel could be done in the physical world; Tirkahji said they were just “wrong” like our scientists friends who did things with incorrect explanations.

They approached the noisome area with Tirkahji finally pulling back a large green leafy limb of a low hung tree *like a gateway into another world in which it was*, reflected Werner.

“Hello,” loudly projected Tirkahji over the noisy din. The greeting was to an old man working desperately at some large bulky black long handled computer controls on a very large machine with foot peddles also moving all the limbs practically flying in every direction. The machine resembled an old mid-19th century Charles Babbage computer with all sorts of gadgetry and clunking moving parts aforesaid needing all a

person's limbs to contribute. Its primitiveness was very amusing to the observing visiting duo as if at any moment it may very well explode! Wherein, its operator later revealed to be quite true almost doing so then at that very second.

"It's funny," said Werner not wishing to be condescending believing he was not heard except by Tirkahji.

"But in that amusement shows the very beginnings of everything I'm afraid," replied the old bespectacled greying diminutive but not decrepit man wiping black grease from his hands with a past white cloth long soiled preparing to greet his guests; also apparently having quite the acute hearing and continued without an answer, "Man must come from the primitive to begin his advance otherwise he cannot progress. However, that term 'progress,' ironically nearly destroyed planettes in the past and we must overcome those problems of extremes. This machine's goal is exactly that to overcome extremes in technology, but apparently you fellows know something about it. You appearing out of the woods dressed as if from the city deduces something is not normal. Albeit you are robed and you uniformed (*having to look up being several inches shorter inspecting both Werner and Tirkahji from head to toe*), the latter definitely displays civilisation but the former is too neat although a more ancient costume."

Tirkahji interjected, "I can see you are quite versed in deduction besides having fine hearing. Also, how on earth did you get here?"

"Yes, they call me the Sherlock Rolmes of physics. Excuse me, my name is the Doctor and being here is just as if being anywhere else and why not...where am I? It is idyllic and very quiet...er...besides the machine that is. But that is the only exception with its sounds quaintly primitive yet resonant like the old steam driven trains," said the old man dressed in a clean stark clinician's white coat *making excuses for the noisy old computer* though Werner.

"Doctor who?" asked Werner.

"That's right," said the Doctor.

"You mean you're Doctor Who?" continued Werner.

"I didn't say that, you did. I said I'm...my name is the Doctor."

"Never mind, Werner...let's discuss our purpose," intercepted Tirkahji believing that discussion was going no where.

"Please do. I'm most curious about your arrival here and I'm sure you are curious about an old man in a forest fooling with a computer. That would seem incongruous on both parts. I will let you continue, of course. Please tell me who you are since you know me having that advantage now.

“Yes, indeed. I’m Sri Tirkah Zah and this is my friend Colonel Werner York. We are all from the same area. So, that does not matter.”

“What century is it then?” queried the Doctor speaking loudly as they all were presently and with his right hand motioned for the other two moving to a clearing not far away from the higher decibel levels. A curiosity overtook the Doctor since Tirkahji has stated about the “same area.”

“Well, of course, the 22nd one,” answered Werner.

“Good. For moment I thought maybe you were going to tell me that you were time-travellers while that would have really bothered me, since that is no possible in this dimension. It is common knowledge not to know that space can be travelled in omnivergence, but time travelling was a myth perpetrated by the twentieth century illiterate new-agers and science fiction authors. Oh, you’ve diverged here. I should have known, but what is the problem otherwise no reason exists for you popping out of the woods?”

“My, doctor you get to the point quickly!” said Tirkahji, “We did indeed diverge here to find the answer to Atomical Turbulence syndrome or ATs.”

“That’s a very good question and one I’ve been working on myself.”

“At least we’re on the same subject,” said Tirkahji surprised but also disappointed that an answer would not be imminent necessarily, “What have you discovered?”

“It seems that turbulence is inherent in manifestation and please, all apologies due if I insult your intelligence, but if I can proceed?”

“Please do!” cried both Tirkahji and Werner in concert.

“Thank you. Being inherent in manifestation, it means that turbulence is a part of life. That means everything both animate and inanimate will have turbulence. Thus, you are here based upon that and the only relationship the inanimate man-made creation and animate nature of God creation would be the atom. Therefore, you are diverged at an atom level to be with me today and I surmise it was probably a random atom situation from a problematic manifestation of some kind. Probably something was destroyed by turbulence? Am I close?”

“Amazing!” said Werner slightly ahead of the same retort by the eminent SRAOSHA Master.

“Let me continue. I used to be involved with Air Command years ago until they practically drummed me out because I never fulfilled my grants. I was always doing research away from their subjects. They were

tangential to the original work and you could say aphasic on my part. However, my research was mine and I didn't want to be hemmed-in by anyone albeit aforesaid it was more inadvertent than contrived. So, the establishment was without my argument that I had known then impulse power was promoted by a capitalistic incremental status quo thing. But that it would soon be overtaken by lightspeed or Ls technology that Besla knew earlier. Had to be, otherwise the earth region would never progress into the uIR. Everyone knew this! Hence, obviously they have come-up with a warp powered vehicle that has been destroyed by ATs correct?"

"Perfect," said Tirkahji looking at Werner who smiled because they both knew he was going to say the same thing. Tirkahji turned his head back to the Doctor, "Please go on, makes our job at lot easier when you tell it and then we need not transfer it," said Tirkahji somewhat mesmerised by the Doctor, but also knowing that within this region probably many amazing things existed!

"Precisely. That means you're from Air Command as they were the only ones that I know of working on ATs. Werner cannot be detected as such for I believe you are wearing a martial art ghi not a military uniform. Still by calling you by title, makes it obvious. And since you bring a Colonel with you, Tirkahji, may I call you that Sire, I will still deduce that nevertheless."

"Of course, you may call me by name."

"Your reputation precedes you, of course, as known for helping in crises (*apparently even at the atom level within that particular entity's civilisation*). Thus, they were discussing your name years ago who had wanted Zreeks revered somehow as of Glato being a SRAOSHA Master and responsible for basically all our good science today. They were going to use Zreek names for the new warp vehicles and, of course "Socrates" always came-up. Simple. They built the darn thing, named it **Socrates** and it blew-up! am I right, am I right...right?" prodded the smallish scientist as he just knew he was correct waiting for the confirmation like a little kid at Christmas eyes gleaming at the first present coming from under the tree (*at least in Albertshirian culture of 21st century*).

"Viola! You are quite remarkable!" exclaimed Werner absolutely mesmerized by the Doctor's deducements!

The Doctor did not comment on Werner's accolade but instead said, "Now, the problem is ATs and we need to balance or nullify it. However, could that be the problem or solution rather by me knowing the **Socrates** incident was enough that I caused its destruction by doing something incorrectly? You are here for some reason connected to me or are you?"

“Perhaps by not staying with Air Command and helping that entity progress?” quizzed Werner trying to relate the Doctor’s last statement by inference with Tirkahji in deep thought.

“But Werner that would be considering moral issues and not scientific ones,” answered the Doctor.

“Yes, I agree,” continued Werner, “But, you see, the polarity of the atom can only take so much from spinning particles or superscrolls in maintaining its equilibrium. In other words, if the spin cycle of the quarks is in an opposite direction, the moral issue becomes negative socially because destruction will occur. Usually dextrorotational spins are considered positive whilst levorotational ones considered negative. When the light is “on” or the light is “off.” The terms become moral by societies’ necessary judgement referencing the peace factor in good and evil being moral and right and wrong being legal or polar regarding civil obedience and not moral obedience in the former polarities. Without peace in either case, society cannot function properly, albeit war is inherent in any system of ideological firstly and economical secondarily. We found the inherency less by not using money. Of course, the Utopians were waiting on the Old Gaeans for awhile on that one. Ideal corruption becomes paramount then and philosophy is argued as of the ironic warfare of it. When at the table no ‘hot war’ but at the table ‘cold war’ unless agreeing to parameters.

“Hence, we are talking about subtleties here that may have caused the obliteration of the *Socrates* and worse, its entire technology failing as of the former’s destruction. But we are here to discuss both very crucial issues. Maybe, the first step could be a problem for you, Doctor, since research and work are your focus in thesis and not oral exams? But from what I have heard from you rests that theory most substantially, I’ll add,” said Werner a bit facetious.

“Thank you. I have no problem with the oral discussion. The powers that be were not in the mode at that time in periodicity and we were at odds basically at that level,” responded the Doctor.

“Things have changed a lot in the twenty years or so of your absence with those corrupt powers being replaced by a proper thesis rendering group. They have mastered the talons of time realising what you say is true Doctor regarding oral explanations of periodicity and not their placation,” rejoined Werner.

The Doctor smiled at Werner being very pleased to find such an agreeable person, “That’s fine,” he said, “and maybe the answer to ATs because it may be my own turbulence of that issue specifically causing the problem? However, it was not in my turning down the work at Air

Command, but their attitude that caused ATs. Now, that is probably the answer. We must be specific as that is the point of turbulence for it must be the point of uniqueness in man that cannot coalesce into society. To do that man would become like the animals as a collective consciousness with no individuality. Therefore, individuality may be ATs and we could be stuck with the problem. To reveal one's individual uniqueness probably is impossible without some sort of implosion perhaps? In other words, we can attempt to express the uniqueness but know its impossibility. If the entity knows that it would be more or less divine futility, but nevertheless necessary for life to exist, perhaps...just perhaps, we have an answer to ATs? Yet I'm not convinced without Tirkahji's view on this," said the Doctor.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Eleven

Tirkahji, who had been listening very attentively to last few exchanges of the other two men rejoined, “That is sounding very good. I think we have made progress towards the solution, but if it is a paradox which of itself cannot be solved that remains a problem. Destruction is now inherent in the system and perhaps why the ancient Zreeks stopped or did not approach technology staying agrarian. It could have been their conclusion that at some point ATs would rear its ugly head and occur as of man’s uniqueness or individuality; the latter not as an issue of itself but in relationship to lightspeed travel in a manifest vehicle. It would seem that this could have been a very important crossroad and weighty issue for them if so? In other words, cooperation could be taken just so far and then the machines would become too sensitive and self-destruct.”

“Amazing!” uttered Werner, “Do you mean to tell me that technology is no good?”

“In certain directions perhaps not...the Zreeks apparently knew the same thing. When going down a dark path, if we cannot see the snake in the road, we may be poisoned by its bite. Yet, if we could make-out something in the road but not exactly and it stayed dark not allowing us to distinguish the form, we probably would not walk down the road with one option of a snake lying there? Obviously, the apodosis would be to take another path. It’s simply the factor of alternatives as in the laboratory. If something does not mix correctly, a reaction occurs and we try different formulas keeping a record of the performance. It may take some time through this trial and error. If it means going back to thesis, the golden age is the best time for that as the struggle of time must cease and the learning of the problem must occur. We need to research ATs and that is what we are doing here in this leslie next to your contraption, Doctor.”

“Incredible piece of work! It is Charles Babbage’s first computer and don’t ask how it got here. It was here when I came. I have speculated the idea of geometric modelling being reality and that meant as I am here so is the machine. In other words, anything is possible in the illusion that we have created over so many eons.

“I have been studying Babbage’s machine. Just does simple math calculations that even humans could do in their heads much quicker, but the idea of a machine manifesting a mental formula had been unheard of until Babbage. That could be another factor as computers are limited as of

input into the computer. Scientists believed they could make a human android which is never possible as they do not have a sentient Soul within them. It would be impossible for Soul to inhabit a machine as the latter could not take-on such enormous power even at kilohertz or better speeds. Soul can never be measured although may have tried and failed. It is a foolish notion as is unified field math theories. It would be the reasoning factor not for its mere existence, but what purpose when we are dealing with sentience vs. the sensate. It is true that the computers have fantastic sensate capability and mental acumen, but they cannot evolve other than through learning from man in repetition of action. Thinking has nothing to do with repetition except in the initial learning stage. Once that is achieved an image can be selected by the human for answering more swiftly an intuitive deduction. The computer must scan sequentially images whilst not deducing. Their consciousness is limited regarding their manifest processing speed of their chip. Man doesn't need to create another human to declare himself God. It's not important and the argument can rage, but most now know that the Soul is the power behind the mind. The computer is neither Soul nor mind, but has massive data bank storage capability, whilst nowhere near man's unlimited powers in Soul. When you start to measure in data processing, Soul finds it amusing as It cannot be reached one iota in time and space. No one will ever know the power of Soul and unnecessary to do so. We can only guess. Sensate remains limited, sentience does not," finished the Doctor revealing his magnus opus.

Tirkahji responded, "The former, of course, is of the senses and limited, but has enormous potential as in achieving such technology as the *Socrates*. The problem is that it was destroyed as you so exacting ingeniously deduced and as we have further discussed and as you say, it could be one man's attitude? We have taken it to the atom level of what appeared as the most turbulent one in the *Socrates* structure."

"You men believe that I am at the atom level and by taking some artefact of the *Socrates*, you entered its atom structure and essentially found me in it? Then that is where I am. I did not know for sure? I do not know how I got here or I forgot. I have been working so long on the machine in a Vaustian vacuum that I did not think about it or care. It was a magnificent obsession and still is. Without doubt, one can remain anywhere," said the Doctor side-tracking and looking like a crow seeing a shiny object when he looked over at the machine just now.

"Yes," said Sri Zah, but not only giving an answer but bringing the Doctor back to relative reality as this Vaustianism was catching as the eminent team knew also so well. Werner was prone to these aphasic

periods when in his studies in college. Tirkahji was known for his long periods of contemplation albeit it was taught only to do it daily for thirty minutes. Privately, Sir Zah said that was the minimum time, but would deny that in public because the excess time was really unnecessary for daily vibrational balance in time and space. Whereby, he said he just liked contemplation and did it as an individual thing nothing more. It was dichotomy to be sure and he admitted that but now continued after getting the Doctor's attention, "It would be higher up the DNA helix but still in a microcosmic spiral sourcing the DNA. Hence, DNA or a virus would be the conclusion and pseudo-orthodox science would not agree with life in that world. It would be inorganic chemistry of which is, in reality, organic at a molecular level. It would be another sentient/sensate argument like if a crystal were alive – rock life. A polemic that would never be resolved necessarily and left to thesis at that level which does not condemn but not serving our purpose presently.

"The issue being in that level the ATs showed you in turbulence subjectively selected by myself observationally. We are left with my conclusion to see if it will have any affect in the empirical physical world. When we leave here, if nothing has changed, we will come back to see if we can resolve the situation further or perhaps it could be in another portal? Whereby, if in another portal, we may not be back, but that will not concern you any longer. Your life will continue in this atomical dimension as is inasmuch as what you are doing with it," said Tirkahji with the Doctor not reacting in anyway, but the three intuitively sensed not accepting the cold fact as humans create attachments in such a short time with Werner saying "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

"Yes, thank you. My sentiments exactly...I'm aware of those divergent parameters and brought back some memories of how I got here the same way and just stayed. Thank you again. But perhaps I did not wish to remember? However, if I wish to return, I can now. It's fascinating how life remains so multi-dimensional and that we create it as Dr. Dietrich Schorer's experimenter infestation turns out to be so true. That we animate with our attention not unlike mini-gods so to speak. But that is another discussion altogether and perhaps it would be time for you to go and get back to your work as I with mine. How will you test if ATs has been abated?" quizzed the Doctor.

"A very good question, as experiments were only lab tests and only reality tested once. The lab tests did reveal ATs sometimes, but the majority showed nothing. Therefore, we risked the first ship having flown her ten years ago without ATs as proven factor for her crash and we have to risk another *Socrates* prototype in that of *Socrates II*," answered Werner.

“Oh, a crash occurred?”

Werner intercepted quickly trying to avoid a lengthy discussion regarding many factors here including more lab tests to avoid disaster. But Werner and Arthur had spent many years doing just that and were convinced that the only way to get the ship going was to fly her. They believed the first mishap had nothing to do with ATs, “...But aforesaid ATs was not a proven factor. The ship survived, yet not this time as of being disintegrated. Quite an explosion!

“Do you mean another ship exists?” inquired the Doctor being successfully diverted from the discussing mishap ten years ago, yet was still thinking why more testing was not being done. Tirkahji was also not aware of the other ship perked-up his ears as well.

“Yes, but it is not assembled and must be immediately once we arrive back at the base.” Werner finished with the Doctor who reached out a hand opening his mouth trying to say something about his misgivings, but both Werner and Tirkahji were making haste for the Omnivergence Car not far away. Werner waved the Doctor to come.

Now seated back in the two cars as sunlight shown brightly on their black finishes; a clear blue sky overhead as Werner glanced-up quickly returning his attention to the instruments in front of him. The Doctor was standing next to Werner’s car door as it closed with quiet hydraulic “whoosh.” Werner opened the electric window whilst he said to Tirkahji on his microphone, “I have not returned from this noumenal atom level divergence. Is it the same as the phenomenal level?” asked Werner needing the information in case something was different.

“Yes,” answered Tirkahji who was also seated in his car now headset encased, seatbelt in place whilst looking into the clearing one more time at the chugging machine that appeared to have smoke coming out of chimney apparatus. He shook his head at the contraption and laughed to himself not believing such strange origins. He further added instructions without delay to Werner, “Focus on any object, diverge, and select the laboratory portal, now #2 with this portal shuffled to the front.”

“Right. Same as any divergence. Ready?” queried Werner deciding on a tree in the copse upon which to stare for his divergence image focus and diverged it (*divergence or moving the eyes outward making two images appear as it was known that the biocular eye-set was turned-in ten degrees for seeing the one portal in front of one in the double exposure normal life..*)

Making their farewells to the Doctor, “Doctor, it was a sincere pleasure chatting,” said Tirkahji, “...and the info was useful as you know. We’ll be in touch.” Werner shook hands briskly being physically closer than Tirkahji and saying, “From one fellow Rolmsian to another,” and smiled whilst closing the clear window.

“Thank you gentlemen and good journey!” exclaimed the Doctor not sure if either one heard him or not. They did not. Werner saw his lips move and so did Tirkahji. They both agreed later that they did make out “good journey” a phrase popular these days around the universe.

“Pop!” and both travellers were back in the laboratory eager to assemble the other ship, the *Socrates II*. They travelled to Old Gaea straight way to do so.

“Before we get to it to the new ship’s assemblage, we should discuss I’m sure what you have on your mind and I should contact Marie firstly. I was thinking of it before we left the Doctor. Excuse me for the moment,” said Werner who left the lab into the office area to speak privately with Marie before leaving for Gaea.

“Hello my darling,” said Marie sweetly to her man after answering her cell phone. The option video was hardly ever used because few wanted to be seen when dishevelled and always needing to freshen-up before answering the phone. During the past century video had been discussed but not created as of the same problem; but was finally introduced as an option, but never used anyway as believed would be the situation. It is always the Everest complex of doing, existing whether repeating it as an option or not like climbing mount Everest (*down many times afterward – but why many have died? thought Marie thinking of pressing the video button but rejecting the idea at last moment knowing that Werner never did – wondering also who was more vain*), the electric knife or the dishwashing machine, etc.; even staff would nix the latter – overkill of wiping dishes.

“Hello my darling girl,” answered Werner in the same intonation, “I just go back from an interesting excursion with Tirkahji and wanted to let you know that I will be back in a few days...”

She cut him off after he rambled a few more words about what he was doing never really interested in all the space science stuff as she called it, “...Oh, how is Tirkahji?”

He knew she was changing the subject having done so often in the past. Werner did not mind as of his true love for her, but often felt that if she took some interest in his work that it would help. It was a constant theme to their marriage insofar as his work taking more attention and she not interested at all. She wanted more attention and he wanted to give it, but time was premium and not enough existed. They argued this point constantly with no end to it.

Werner humoured her, “He’s fine and sends his best to you (*albeit Tirkahji said nothing, amenities are nice even if made-up for social reasons and, of course, Tirkahji would have said something nice about Marie if he knew about it*).”

“That is nice. Give him my regards too.”

“I will sweetie (*if he remembered although since Tirkahji was not really involved here, Werner did not*). Love you.”

“Love you...” and they hung-up. The previous problem of moving the spaceship had blown over and nothing had been said since. Werner felt that it would never be resolved because it was the ongoing attention thing.

Werner pocketed his cell phone and proceeded out of the office into the hanger where he left Tirkahji moments ago. The Master in his maroon robe was standing waiting patiently. A broad smile stretched his lips. "How is she, although fine I'm sure having talked with her myself just yesterday." Werner amused could not help wondering what was said.

"What I had on my mind before your call was the bubble protector issue as you intuited."

"Yes. But the bubble protectors seemingly worked fine," said Werner intuitively acknowledging Tirkahji's previous concern before they went ahead with assemblage of the *Socrates II* after their omnivergence excursion meeting the Doctor.

"They still have not been completely cleared except in prototype," said Tirkahji voicing his concern directly now with only a facial wince when Werner had been describing the *Socrates* debacle before at the debriefing where they left Arthur (*He was now in the laboratory with both Werner and Tirkahji listening – Arthur had also cleared with Melinda his working on the new ship – Melinda was of the same mind as Marie; hence, their in cahoots moving the ship before it was destroyed*). Werner noticed and knew that Tirkahji was familiar with technology upon which the Utopians were not in favour because they felt a similar problem with teleportation having mean time to failure (MTf). The Utopians had been secretly communicating with some scientists for years, but even when revealed it was like when talking about aliens in the social lack of credibility; no one believed it.

"True. But that means more testing and what better test, as you know, then empirical experience as has been the issue about ATs."

"Correct. Thus, we can get these entitudinally processed by authorisation straight way without problems in that arena. I mean no one can stop us from empirically using them even if not properly tested. I still believe it precarious, but you are the scientist, not me. I'll make a call to the Utopian authorisation board. As you know it is part of the Legislature License bureau, the LLb, and quite efficient," said Tirkahji.

He pressed his chest communicator button and spoke, "Please get Major Fartherling, please," ordered Tirkahji.

A voice answered, "Yes, me Lord?"

"Tirkahji!" exclaimed Fartherling, "I have not heard from you in awhile."

Without answering the amenity, but not curt the SRAOSHA Master said, "Fartherling, we need your signed authorisation in writing and for now oral permission on the *Socrates* spaceship bubble protectors."

“No problem. As a matter of fact, we just got the report this morning on their efficient deployment in the *Socrates* disaster.”

After hearing Fartherling’s comment, Tirkahji looked over at Werner winking although the latter could not hear what was being said, “Thanks Major and give my regards to your lovely family,” amenitied Tirkahji.

“Thank you Sire, It’s always a pleasure.”

“Indeed,” said the Master and they hung-up. Before the disaster, a mayday was sent-out everywhere. Air Command was still in force on Gaea and received it along with all the Gaeian regions along with the Utopians. Thus, in that computer report was all the procedures that took place before the explosion that included the deployment of the bubble protectors by Werner and Arthur. They had not been cleared by Air Command (AC) with Tirkahji familiar with the issue. Although the *Socrates* was no longer AC’s property but now Werner and Arthur’s, they still need licensing that remained even in the golden age as of properly skilled usage, and quality.

“Well, It’s to work then,” said Tirkahji after explaining to Werner what was just said about the bubble protector deployment report somewhat gloating as of the exact timing. However, SRAOSHA Masters were known for their so-called detachment, they said their reactions were moderate whilst detractors would condemn the former having false ego like them whilst still not accepting the judgement. The SRAOSHA Masters without directly saying so believed no one outside themselves could possibly be properly detached. It was a layered circular condemnation paradox and no way in getting around it so to speak regarding the idea of a paradox having no answer. They were also known for their riddles.

A concerned Tirkahji added, “But we have not sorted the real question.”

“Right, I will accept the mission again and maybe can talk Arthur (*he had retreated to the toilet for the moment*) into it, if he’s not too incensed with me not telling him the problem in the first place. He will go. Bravery and courage are the height of his tiger training in karbava do,” said Werner talking about the karate skills in which all three participated.

“Yes. I taught him well many years ago,” said Tirkahji proudly, “It’s true, he will go. That is settled, we can do assemblage straight way once getting back.”

Arthur had snuck-up behind them over hearing, “Yes, I will go and do not mind the situation. I understand whilst nothing has been said to me. Obviously, you will tell when necessary...”

Tirkahji cut him short being anxious to get on with it not wishing to backtrack for one moment or be maudlin in any way "...How many men will we need and who? It must be above top secret insofar as publicity would ruin the whole thing. Of course, you both understand, I'm sure (*both shaking their heads*). Marie and Melinda's little stunt...

"...You know about that?" cut in Werner a surprised look on his face.

"No one else though, I assure you. So, don't worry," assuaged Tirkahji.

All three laughed heartedly and left on an air-car for Gaea. At high impulse speed, they would cover the 32K kilometres in minutes. Lightspeed was coming but first the ***Socrates II***.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Twelve

Marie was happy to travel and lecture about her spiritual path, but she yearned to be with Werner and was tired of the separate lives of games in reality. She felt when they were first together, the idea was to be just that “together” and not coast into those separate vocations. Werner was less concerned about the separation issue, but also had agreed in the past that falling in love meant being together within physical proximity. But the ironic consideration of his work was just that and where it took him and how long did not matter as his love for Marie was true. He could always come back to his family life when a work-time or segment was complete. Still it was contradictory argued Marie when they vented on the subject over the years.

Werner never was an 8 to 5 man going into an office at the same time each day whilst his Air Command assignments took much time, sometimes months, his attitude was how he felt about Marie, not proximity. He did acknowledge the anomalous factor regarding his initial in love agreement, but practice and not analysis was the true test as he stated anyone would have to agree including Marie capitulating on the point many times. Aforesaid the subject was never resolve in their marriage of over thirty years. Marie felt it was resolvable having invincible determination whilst Werner always said, “Nothing exists to resolve.”

“Where do you want to eat?” inquired Melinda expressing just moments previously that she was famished after Marie’s AKATHA lecture that evening after the boys’ return. The latter were wasting no time getting the second ship running and obviously not with their lovely wives. Neither of the girls was dressed formally, but casual had upgraded to dressier but not dress clothes for all occasions. An eclectic look was acceptable also. It was a breezy night so they wore similar brownish earth tone layered looks in ankle length skirts; high fashion for the time.

“I suppose *The Good Earth* would be fine,” demurely said Marie having just freshened-up with some make-up dabbing the end of her nose finishing; the tan powder puffed slightly. They both trundled to Marie’s Rolls Voyce air-car in her garage at the beach house in San Gregorio near Kentia or Old San Francisco.

“What’s the matter kid?” Melinda wearing the no make-up look make-up said noticing Marie a bit down not giving her dark-eyed more

dazzling eye contact that was usual. They had been friends for years and spent several days per week together and often dinner out a lot especially when the boys were gone as now. Marie pushed the automatic door opener switch although she could have made an ambient computer command. She instead used her voice to answer Melinda and pushed the button in a multitask.

“You know the fiasco with the *Socrates* crash,” brooded Marie and interrupted briefly telling the car computer to take them to the restaurant and Melinda answered after Marie’s quick command. The air-car was now zooming along the road outside the ten thousand square foot red pagoda beach house carved into a sand hill not far from the pure clean virgin white sandy ocean front; Marie’s favourite place. Werner’s second favourite next to the desert. He loved the *ineffable quiet* of the desert he would say.

“Yes. After Arthur told me the other day, I was shocked because he was not informed of a problem. He said it was too secret and Werner didn’t actually know for sure that it would happen. Werner considered it just a speculation.”

“They play around with such dangerous things,” answered Marie wide of the subject continuing, “Why can’t they leave it alone. The Ancients were wise in staying agrarian and not getting into high-tech. They had the foresight and some believe the written history of Atlantis and knew that destruction was inevitable. No one can prove it, of course, but the *Socrates* unexplained destruction would seem to parallel. Werner said it was still not understood and they were looking into the problem. That was the mission to Utopia to discuss the problem and ironically it occurred to them on the way,” a more serious Marie explained.

The air-car pulled into *The Good Earth* valet parking lot with the two wives stepping out and then strolling inside the Victorian building where they were seated straight way at their usual table in the front delicate crystal chandeliered main bay window. Melinda did here usual eccentricities having the maitre d’, waiters, waitresses, and busboys, the more the merrier moving furniture and re-arranging their entire table setting, most of the décor, and complaining about a spot on waiter Wayne’s white waistcoat. When that was done, Melinda, who had been peripatetically talking with Marie, brown skirts flapping in a light wind all along from the garage into the restaurant about the ongoing dilemma of the boys said, “It never seems to stop. The continue increasing development or they called it ‘sustained development’ instead of progress. The connotations condemned and then go in another direction ostensibly,

but the road leads back to the picture of improvement. That part is good if it is an improvement, but what I see is the same mouse-trap in the corner still catching the mouse. It may have only different buttons to push in order to do it,” sardonically added Melinda.

“Yes, the same goal of getting from one point to the next. The transportation under the shelter category had such major intrigue for the big babies. It was the same problem in the past when the computers finally linked everything up and the question was the discussion subject; we are linked now and what do we do but talk about it? Always in the means, but it’s perpetual. The computers only could get faster for perpetuity and still never keep pace with men. His sentience would then just step-up further and the computer was always in second place. You can’t overtake the creator, as it is a mirror. A mirror will always reflect exactly what you are doing immediately, and an aware mirror will be ahead by that knowledge. It seems simple to me and everyone must know it,” said Marie.

“They do,” said Melinda, “but they now call catharsis or abreaction justifying the need to continue or express, the *geltungsbedirfnis* or conation. No answer remains as it comes down to continuance and that’s about all.”

“Agreed, but I think people’s relationships can suffer as of it although Werner doesn’t believe that. I understand his view that love and its feeling transcend all space...”

Melinda interrupted, “...then that should be enough.”

Marie rejoined without hesitation taking back her interrupt with one of her own, “...it’s not though. For part of catharsis or our unexplained theorem should be physical proximity between people. That’s what the *Socrates* commotion is about. Again, the travel to see people, but why not me?”

“It can be quite confusing?” consoled Melinda.

“It’s not confusing. It’s simple. People need to be together and life should be that way and that’s the end of it! (*raising her voice slightly but not really noticeable*) It is that simple. Maybe I’m being naïve, but that’s how I feel,” clamoured Marie and calming instantly.

“But we have discussed this many times and it’s the same argument that life is temporary and presents the situation of adventure especially in men,” said Melinda, “We get trapped in circular discussion as they get trapped in a circular spaceship.” The both smiled but Marie responded with, “It may not be amusing, Melinda. We talked of distinctions in that area, but women have adventure within them too. It’s an acculturation, a conditioning process that overrides these things.

Cultural myths are created through strange beliefs that become traditional. They can be changed, but to what is always the factor? Since few have answers about eschatology, the study of the future without its religious connotations, as of ironic impossibility then they stay within their traditions. Give a different view and the vector can change unless as we said, it's just another better mouse-trap and the double entendre of us being trapped instead that is," said Marie.

"Must you always talk about conditioning? I understand your re-conditioning premise, but you yourself have admitted over the years, people were starting to come around when they saw proper achievable goals in front of them. Of course, they must know what they are and now they know. Just the one point of not taxing people's wages took many years although the concept of increasing licenses and their fees was so simple and perfectly acceptable by the entity at large," remarked Melinda as they had been looking at menus whilst talking. Now they both ordered as the waiter then escaped swiftly noticing the engrossing conversation before gingerly asking for their order.

Marie took-up the dialogue once more after seeing Wayne's flight with a sparkling glimmer of one of his patent leather shoes fleeing from them not escaping the slanting sunlances sight through the ornate Victorian bay windows, "Truly, it is amazing how even geniuses like Emmanuel Joseph Sieyes could not resolve taxation and yet it is mere child's play." Marie was more cheerful and continued, "I suppose it's the old continuity factor and trust in a Supreme Deity? Once one gets to a point of paradox, they can only turn to their God for help."

"Or to nature if they have no God, but even the atheists finally understand the formless aspect of God. A golden time must have that, of course, and those who argue become few as ignoring falsehood is where that behaviour was finally placed. Truth will always find a crack through which it seeps, however small the pinprick may be as light will perpetually shine through," metaphored Melinda.

"Those analogies are very true and you know that freedom was always the issue. But the practice became the real enigma because once in synthesis supposedly no one could attempt certain views of analysis otherwise deorsumversion occurred. Yet retrograde was always an idea as man moved forward without his analysis being an apparent factor. Hence, totality became an issue and hedonism zenithed. Whereby, the analogy upon a lofty mountain, one will soon come down is even practical. Although most would believe the antipodes to it would be a more eudemonistic behaviour," replied Marie smiling and tilting a clear glass

tumbler of water to her plump ruby red lips. But before she could drink another glass tumbler came near. "To us!" exclaimed Melinda and Marie responded, "To us." Drinking the clear refreshing water and pulling away their laughter rang out in the little alcove ambience absorbed with no one really hearing at the other tables. The acoustical walled tapestries with preoccupation clinking of utensils, plates, and movement brightly and clearly reflected along with nature's lit windows. It radiated its golden light to everyone amongst surfeited people. One could hear the murmurs of the crowded eatery with an occasional guffaw or two like the undulating waves along the shore as the crashes upon the rocks being their mirthfulness.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Thirteen

It took only a week to assemble the new spaceship prototype *Socrates II*. The three men, Werner, Arthur, and Tirkahji supervised the twenty technicians who were sworn to secrecy. It was not a matter of concealment, but the press was still the press albeit no profit existed, curiosity still held for the masses. Except for Tirkahji, they all stayed in the Utopia Hotel on Old Gaea awaiting assemblage. Werner had talked with Marie a few days before. She understood and wished him a safe return from the mission, of course, wherein she also missed and loved him dearly. Werner responded in kind asking her if she had rented any lorrys in the past few days. She said, "No, she hadn't and not too worry about any masked men that she might know of appearing on the base again." They both laughed and hung-up after good-bye amenities.

"Tirkahji!" exclaimed the Colonel/Captain, "When do we fly her?"

"First thing tomorrow morning at 0600," replied the SRAOSHA Master.

"No anticipation of ATs?" queried the Colonel perhaps too perceptively premature for the moment?

Tirkahji was slightly taken aback off-guard by the question but not a problem, "You know that is impossible."

"...wishful thinking perhaps? At least, Arthur knows this time," smiled Werner.

"Yes and that could be the very variable to keep the ship intact or cause its immediate destruction? Wherewith, many other factors are involved also. For example, multivariance supposedly transcended years ago, the isolationist theories, individual correlation, extrapolated vicissitudes, etc. Yet still at some point transitions occur that could be remarkable or significant placing a linear aspect upon aleatoric apparency. We cannot get away from the facts, but to pinpoint them would be nothing more than conjecture or guesswork," dissented Tirkahji.

"Some people's guesses could be better?" rhetorically commented Werner.

"Yes, but still they are not completely accurate and that is not good enough because we have the knowledge. We must continue and few can understand that premise. The Zreeks were said to be great for they stayed agrarian aforesaid. However, they were conquered by the Romans

militarily as of precisely their agrarian behaviour. They consciously did not advance into high technology, i.e., computers and such and thus, their foes had better weapons. The copper age declined to the iron age and iron destroyed copper or bronze, the latter being softer metals.

“Some say defeat is paradoxically a victory when the humble sage is struck down. Was Zreece the humble sage when they put the great man Socrates to death finding that his journalist Plato was not extolling all his teacher’s views. Condemnation of a view by killing someone is very wrong. Albeit infanticide is obviously destructive for children when practiced, no harm when not. If it is a discussion one could hardly be condemned yet here we have the Socratic irony of that occurrence, but now understood simply to be murder. The decision not to advance technologically is neither good nor evil. Cultural behaviour could hardly be considered some value in eternity. Why should God have interest in petty man’s needs of food, shelter, and clothing? Since the golden time is back again most will find the latter is a habit. As history advances, it may be discarded but not discussed now for in the beginning times, shame could retrograde the situation. We don’t know that, but what we do know is the world around us and what is in it. If we have achieved no darkness in the day, one can be assured of the golden time. We have achieved that. The other petty factors will still be chattered about and their variables having macrocosmic relevance may be quanta but, not remarkable by any means. Nor should they need be except those who are movers and shakers by their very presence. We must rely on those who work with the spiritual substance or perish. Will they give us a morsel of their wisdom depends upon their decision and not someone else’s. All is important but its power depends upon where the attention lies and what it sees and with what force. Most wise men would say that a contemplator is a man in which to be reckoned, but when he is not there, reckon only with man.

“I’m glad Arthur knows (*Arthur had gone taking his turn getting lunch*). He’s a good lad. It was a good test of his character not knowing the first time. He took it well and only asked the most appropriate questions. A man must not let important aspects slip by him without making the attempt to address them,” finished Tirkahji.

The two men parted and Werner prepared for the flight the following morning; Tirkahji going to his simple residence in Utopia and Werner went to the richly ornamented Utopia Hotel. Werner had to inform Arthur before the next day of the morning flight. Arthur had returned with lunch, but not saying anything signalled to his watch that he was leaving with the other two men acknowledging; Werner with a wave and Tirkahji

with a slight nod. Arthur had told them, he was leaving at noon going back to the hotel for a rest, but the morning flight decision had not been made yet. Werner did not bother calling knowing Arthur's room was next to his. When Werner entered the hotel smiling at the gold-braided doorman with murmured amenities exchanged, he looked-up to find his best friend walking near.

"Werner!" cried Arthur, "Where had you been? ...always the secret life of Werner Benton York." When Werner and Tirkahji had returned from their omnivergence cruise no time had been taken to brief Arthur yet.

"No. Not from you... the girls yes...but you," quipped his dear friend and captain sometimes.

"I am not concerned; just kidding," replied Arthur patting his friend's shoulder slightly and releasing with a smile.

Changing subjects, "Tomorrow, we must be at the field at 0600," told Werner.

"I've been informed by Tirkahji just a moment ago. He explained everything," answered Arthur pointing to his cell phone that became full duplex in the 21st century. The boys corrected the half duplex CB radio mode that the entire world was using as of demand verses quality at the turn of the millennium. People wanted them whether they worked efficiently or not. General confabulation, small talk or briefness was the modus operandi and little loquacious behaviour was the norm especially in the west until Gab day. Before Gab, the profit motive kept lengthy discourse to a minimum and half-duplex cell phone mode was not an issue. Intelligence was premium then insofar as the golden ages bring enlightenment to a certain degree according to the SRAOSHA Masters. But as usual, debunked by the majority who claimed their taxonomy universities spit-out intelligent graduates; another ongoing argument. Those who did take-up the argument pointed to statistics regarding the illiteracy factors that heightened at the end of the Iron Age.

"That's good. He has a great deal of respect for you," said Werner somewhat side-tracking with the last phrase with Arthur responding to it.

"Good teachers are hard to find, but Tirkahji was the very best," said Arthur admirably.

"Great man and so wise. We are truly fortunate having had such a fine teacher, agreed Werner.

Moving out of the doorman's earshot segueing back to the main subject, "Will ATs be a factor?" queried Arthur as now the subject being more private whilst when Werner stated it in the hanger, workers were about.

“Tirkahji told me we should know better on that question as of briefly explaining the randomness of the syndrome. However, obviously we must be prepared,” answered Werner.

“Of course,” rejoined Arthur, “I will see you in the morning. I need to step-out for a bit.

“Good, I’ll talk to you later,” replied his friend Colonel York. The left shaking hands and Werner had a funny feeling about Arthur’s departure that night.

Going to his room along the way in the silent beautifully wallpapered wainscoted hallway no one about, Werner tapped his chest communicator once for Marie and she answered immediately. The option of the communicator was a privacy issue. The cell phone was more noticeable in public meaning one did not look like they were talking to themselves. The “blue-tooth” had been a miserable failure as of “the looking like a cyborg” issue. People finally woke-up not wishing to become the “Borg,” like in the *Star Journey* films.

“Marie, how are you luv?”

“I’m fine darling and you?”

“Never better except when with you.”

“That’s my darlin.”

“This morning when I talked with you, I said if we finished today, we would be taking-off tomorrow morning and we finished. I just wanted to let you know.

“No problem – do what you have to do - no problems with the ship?” answered Marie albeit she felt that same old issue about separation and bit her tongue not saying any more asking an innocuous question wherein it did relate.

“None so far, but as you know that’s really the experiment on ATs.”

“It’s seems so risky,” feared Marie.

“It isn’t really since the bubble protectors work so well.”

“One time.”

“I know, but it was a tremendous blast and they were not fazed at all.”

“I don’t want to hear it, it seems so ridiculous!” exclaimed Marie loosening the bitten tongue and her composure along with it.

“But I must continue because it’s important,” calmly stated her husband.

Near interruption and would have been if Werner had not finished the statement, “...How can it be so important putting so much attention on the AT...what is it again?”

“ATs...Marie we’ve had that bloody argument for years with no end to it. Why we bother discussing it I’ll never know? It’s my job and I need to perform it! You know that and you said it would not matter.”

“I know sweetheart, but I can’t help from being concerned (*calmly some*). It’s only normal and you wouldn’t have it any other way and you know it.”

“I guess not except for an answer, but it seems so repetitive and tiresome at times. Do you ever get tired of arguing the same points time and again?”

“When it is the same, but it’s not always the same and perhaps a resolution could occur?” queried Marie rhetorically having had this same discussion also repeatedly; layers within layers.

“You mean a capitulation but you know I won’t concede and neither will you. No matter what the other brings-up, no matter how painstakingly one adds to the situation, the main argument exists. We’ve been doing this for years,” gestured Werner with both hands albeit of course not seen by her.

“But the nature of uniqueness and each of us is very unique, and we will always remain that way. We have always stated our views and respected each other while (*Marie still used the old rebellious Webster Albertshirian English sometimes; Werner used Oxfordian exclusively, i.e., “whilst”*) being in love also. That should be the nature of any good relationship,” replied Marie.

“Of course, I whole heartedly agree, but no one can expect to find an answer to any work without experiments. Even Tirkahji is involved as you know and I would think that would be a significant factor for you?” answered Werner.

“It is dear. Don’t get me wrong. I know your work is important, but it is always so dangerous and amazes me the ex-Mahaji is involved too!”

“People have images of the Master’s work, but it can be anything, in reality. He says the main objective is to get the ready Soul back to God. But it seems as though that is a formidable task that in which he only knows the details. I’ve never asked him about his business in that way. Besides Pedraji is Mahaji now and Tirkahji can do other things.” said the loving hubby of Mrs. York.

“No. I would never dream of questioning him either,” said Marie, “He is a wonderful man and does great work and I know your being with him makes such a difference in the work, but it’s still dangerous!”

“True. You are correct and I have noted that. So, please understand, I respect your concern and love you very much,” replied Werner.

“You’re not placating me are you?” quizzed Marie.

“Marie! I would never do that,” whined Werner ironically facetious.

“Okay dear. I’m tired I want to sleep. Love you sweetheart – hugs and kisses.”

“I love you too – hugs and kisses, good night.”

Hanging-up their phones both fell asleep almost immediately.

The following morning was going to be important for Werner and he wished getting a good night’s rest. Before Marie went to sleep, she couldn’t help thinking about how he always seemed getting his way although she loved Werner very much. He was thinking before he went to sleep to promise Marie when he returned to spend more time with her. Werner knew she needed more physical attention and felt sometimes he had been a bit selfish in that arena. That work was never done but one also needed to take a break or they never would. He was not concerned about his feelings for Marie nor did Werner believe that Marie would ever feel any different about him as they both believed in true love having it between them acknowledged constantly. Yet, the simple fact that when two people were married, the idea of physically being together was the obvious and main issue.

In other words, why bother being married if not together? The anomaly was they were with other people, but not with each other although Werner and Marie loved each other so much. Others that did the same could easily understand this most anomalous situation. It seemed time and space was not perfect as AKATHA taught. Wherein the SRAOSHA Masters warned about these golden times that people would believe it was perfection forgetting the karma ball seed of the negative in the positive but where they came from in the positive seed in the negative.

It was controversial about proximity these days as the air-chair speeds were formidable, but Werner did not want distractions during a mission. It was usually late when he finished his day for Werner’s lucrivative habits kept him up rarely going to sleep before 03:00 hrs. Tonight was an exception as of the importance of being fresh in the morning. It was 20:00 hrs presently. Marie was not concerned as of their love and always was asleep anyway before Werner as of his lucripetousness. Also, she did not mind the late calls because the contact by phone was very important to Marie getting some attention better than none. She always knew when it was Werner calling.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Fourteen

The next morning, Werner awoke at 05:00. Then having dressed in a fresh black ghi, called Arthur on his communicator. Arthur was already fully awake, dressed in his Air Command uniform albeit decommissioned last week and fresh for the trip. *Old habits die hard* he thought. It had seemed only a short time since the **Socrates** had exploded but the forgetting was happening. *I must have ice water in my vanes* thought the crew member of **Socrates II**. Arthur was not worried albeit he believed most assuredly that problems would occur with the second prototype ship. Not knowing the situation with the first one had made it easier, but Arthur was always game for adventure and faced it with enthusiasm along with its danger...he also knew how exceptional the bubble protectors worked.

“Hello old buddy,” answered Arthur seeing the number on the phone (*one advantage the tap communicator did not have*).

“Good Morning, Arthur. Are you ready?” answered and asked Werner at the same time.

“Always,” came his dear friend’s facetious reply.

“Let’s go then. Be in the hall in two minutes.”

“Fine,” said Arthur.

Arriving at the field in Utopia Centre on Old Gaea was different than in Utopia and the work on **Socrates II** had been quick but thorough. The security was not tight and Werner and Arthur were inside the **Socrates II** in no time. No fanfare as with the original bird and all down to business. Corporal Thompson had assembled an entire Utopia Centre staff from the old Air Command people. They were more eager and enthusiastic than ever thinking Colonel York was in charge. They were given that impression by Thompson.

“Allez (ah’ lay),” commanded Werner using the old Vrench dead language command taken-up by AC long ago.

The **Socrates II** had taken-off and all seemed well, the destination was Utopia City, the thirty-two thousand kilometres would be travelled conventionally. Inside the ship, Werner and Arthur were calm but knew any moment ATs could rear its ugly Medusa’s head, and they were prepared but not frightened. At a cruising altitude of 50,000 feet, Werner aforestated seemed calm. The both unstrapped themselves from their take-off harnesses and freely roamed the cabin whilst **Socrates II** ran itself by the computer.

“Arthur, how goes it?” said Werner meaning it.

“No problems mate,” replied Arthur with the Australian vernacular phrase.

“It seems steady. Eta; ten hours at 3200 kph,” reported the Môn Capitan York.

“Should we speed-up to give it a fairer test?” asked Arthur.

“What do you suggest?” said Werner answering with a question.

“Maybe double it?” suggested Arthur.

“Computer, increase to 6400 kph at 5 hrs Eta,” ordered Werner.

“Acknowledged,” answered the Computer, “Sir,” continued the Computer.

“Yes, Computer,”

“The increase will make Eta 4 hrs, fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine point eighteen hundredth seconds.”

“Thank you, Computer. Please repair your report and acknowledge rounding off to seconds please. Report.”

“Acknowledged. Eta 4hrs, fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds,” corrected the Computer.

“Thank you,” said Werner and murmured what only Arthur could hear, “Bloody computer was not calibrated ahead of time.”

“We had Utopian specifications given to us by Tirkahji as you know whilst influencing the original and they prefer rounding off to hundredths of seconds inasmuch as the *Socrates* series’ normal spec. then is at milliseconds. I forgot to mention it to you. One thousandth of a second is good in celestial mechanics warp speed, but for our test this morning when inside impulse speeds, nth degree time measurements spoken aloud are unnecessary,” rejoined Arthur.

“Agreed. Although Tirkahji is Gaean, Utopians are used to such precision; it is hard for them dealing with our second minute infrastructure. It must be rubbing-off on him. Considering for lightspeed, tenths and one-hundredth of seconds are a vast amount of lost time.

“That’s it. That’s the problem!” exclaimed Werner interrupting his train of thought editorialising an enlightening thought.

“Computer, please report previous set Eta for time of arrival when the previous increase in speed was at our previous programming of one hundred seconds!” cried Werner very excited.

“Acknowledged. Eta 4 hrs, fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine point eighteen hundredth seconds,” said the Computer.

“Very good!” further exclaimed Werner. Turning to Arthur still enthused, Werner articulated, “You see that’s been the problem. I’m sure

of it! The Old Gaea region has been cutting-out two important normal Utopian measuring increments, the tenth and hundredth second whilst Utopia has been using it required in lightspeed technology. In other words, cutting out the time, cuts out the space in this instance or ignores it. The turbulence is in those times or the acknowledgement of those times. By not acknowledging the times whilst using that measurement, the entity has been expressing itself by turbulence. In other words, if we did not use time, no turbulence of addressing the time entity properly, and therefore no agitation or turbulence. Use the tool correctly and not problems...otherwise. It is a segue between manifest time reality and lightspeed. Use duration without time and no segue of time and lightspeed, but we do not use just duration yet in this golden age; that comes later supposedly according to AKATHA. To make the turn in the lightspeed corner, tenths and hundredths must be acknowledged before the thousandth or millisecond can be engaged. Turbulence can happen at any speed either in impulse scale of lightspeed scale, but would not if the time calibration was correct and acknowledged orally. I am absolutely certain of this. It is simply the matter of acknowledging the entity or giving attention to it. Without acknowledgement or attention, conscious sentient beings react; it is impossible not to in some form whether demurely or vociferously. The slightest disrespect can be felt and the reaction could be nominal, but like any ripple can later turn into a tsunami of turbulence or agitation aforesaid as we experienced. I am certain of this!” repeated Werner with exuding confidence.

“Do you believe it could be that simple?” queried Arthur not trying to dismiss Werner’s enthusiasm, but wishing an answer. Werner held-up his index finger indicating one moment.

“Computer!” cried Werner, “Give me a time between you Utopian Eta initial report and my Gaeian correction to your present time calibration, please.”

“Acknowledged. The exact periodicity of that request is one minute, ten and ten hundredth seconds...excuse me sir,” interrupted the Computer, “the ship will experience extreme turbulence in five seconds.

“Computer!” exclaimed Werner again as both he and Arthur flew to their chairs to strap-in, “How long will it last?”

“One minute, ten and ten hundredth seconds, sir,” replied the Computer as the two men looked at each other in complete utter astonishment!

“The two man crew barely were able getting back to their helm chairs when the *Socrates II* experienced the turbulence just declared.

Tremendous shocks went through the ship and at its peak after about thirty seconds, they felt briefly almost being torn apart! After the exact time reported by the Computer, the ATs stopped. Werner and Arthur jumped out of their chairs shaking hands and jumping for joy!

“We did it!” cried Arthur.

“No, you did it Arthur!” responded Werner with glee.

“We did it together,” said Arthur happily.

“Computer, please report the time calibration of the old *Socrates*?”

“You mean just the *Socrates*?”

“Computer, please give me the time calibration of the *Socrates* Air Command spaceship class 0001567G.”

“Yessir, however that number has been decommissioned to the civilian *Socrates* Utopia 1000 class spaceship,” answered the Computer.

“Thank you, Computer. Now just give me the time calibration,” said Werner attempting to remain unperturbed.

“Acknowledged. Do you wish the calibration at assembly or in operation?”

“Please give me both,” ordered Werner.

“Calibration at assembly to the Utopian hundredth second. Calibration at operation to the second as of old Gaeian parameters,” responded the Computer.

“Who ordered the operations calibration?” questioned the Captain.

“Captain Damian Hughes,” answered the Computer at the military level.

“I know Hughes. It doesn’t matter, of course, who made the order. What is important was the internal time elimination which appears as the answer to our little conundrum,” smiled the handsome Werner showing white teeth, “I must tell Sri Tirkahji the discovery as it appears conclusive. Computer, do you anticipate any further problems between here and our arrival time.”

“Nosir. Eta will be smooth sailing with only natural progression factors as limitations regarding it.”

“What is the present Eta?” queried the Captain.

“Four hours and fifty minutes exactly,” answered the Computer.

“Thank you,” said Werner, “Arthur. It appears we’ve cracked the code.”

“It would seem so,” said a confident First Officer Arthur Benjamin, Damshire and added, “Let’s plot a short warp course of one second out and back. Two seconds and we’ll be back on course.”

Rather surprisingly impulsive for him, Werner without

acknowledging or hesitating engaged the warp drive! The two crew members were very pleased as warp was always an exhilarating feeling. All was well. Within the one second warp between and approaching the Lantartica coast before reducing to 6400 kph, the Computer reported,

“Red alert! Red alert! Destruction within ten seconds!”

“What is the problem!” cried Werner shocked and horrified!

“High turbulence, most likely ATs,” came the casual voice of the Computer, “Your bubble protector will be automatically in place with this new prototype. Good day, captain.”

Another massive explosion occurred and the two were thrust away from the *Socrates II*! Inside his automatically deployed protector, Werner was absolutely bewildered as he could not comprehend the situation! Although he and Arthur were completely safe in their bubble protectors, Werner along with his bewilderment was greatly saddened by the fact that obviously a problem still existed. The bubble protectors allowed communication between them.

“What happened!” exclaimed Arthur not far from Werner seeing him in the bubble at its centre. A cushion of air kept the rider in the middle. It was explained by centripetal force as was finally agreed upon socially instead of gravity which was never proved by Michelson/Morley.

“I have no idea?” answered a very demur Colonel/Captain but now one without his ship again.

“Wishful thinking on our part?” queried Arthur seeing his friend glide a little closer by about fifty metres lower. The bubble protectors floated independent of each other.

“I don’t know. When you get an answer that seems certain and provable by empirical experience, it shouldn’t be wishful thinking. Still it doesn’t mean we were wrong necessarily. I must contact Tirkahji, said a more upbeat Werner trying to move forward in his thinking and not of the disaster. Werner still floating down in his protector tapped his communicator and asked for Sri Tirkahji. Immediately, the SRAOSHA Master, Sri Tirkahji, came on.

“I know without a word, and as you know, we were monitoring the flight. I’ve already reviewed your tapes and saw some of the film. Of course, in light of your recent history and that low visibility kept you from having more direct help from us in this...”

“I know, I know...”

Tirkahji re-interrupted back to the subject at hand, “...I fast forwarded to the pertinent discussion about the millisecond and agree with what you are probably thinking in terms of the confusion. I don’t know

either. Your conclusion seemed correct, but we should travel back to the Doctor for more discussion perhaps? We may have missed something there that could be simple or obviously the opposite; very complex.

Werner went numb for a moment and was not listening

Tirkahji sensed that he was not listening, “Werner are you there?”

The present shock of it and just a week or two from the last one, the aphasia of being spacey hit Werner. He thought how he could be so unfeeling and just move on as if nothing happened? *My God man!* He thought; *you’ve just had two major explosions of ships that are very important to your work and perhaps the world.* The latter idea, in which he was not completely sure as Air Command disbanded the whole project. Was he delusional about lightspeed? Of course not, he had been communicating with the Utopians for many years having been secretly enlisted by fellow scientists to carry on the communications. Hence, the Utopians were successful, why not the Gaeans? It made no sense and why would they not tell him the answer. Hazing. That’s it. He was being hazed or tested by someone. That was always a way-out of these dilemmas. But he could not go on being insensitive he felt. It was not right.

“Werner, Werner!” yelled Tirkahji out of character for him.

“Yes...Yes...” said Werner awaking out of his shock or daydreaming, the former most likely he would later reflect, “I am listening, please continue.”

“I told you before it could be awhile before we discover the answer, but today’s conclusion could have been it. Whereby, it is a shame that apparently it is not,” said Tirkahji being detached.

“It is a shame,” answered a recovered Werner, “I thought for sure the answer was there. Perhaps it’s in a totally different direction under completely new circumstances. I do not wish to be depressed about it, but the variables could be enormous. Besides, the Utopians have lightspeed and you know having been with them for years on this...”

Tirkahji cut him off, “...They never had the ATs problem.”

“Of course, and therefore they have no answer to it.”

“Precisely.”

“Back to square one of going there to discuss it.”

“Yes, it seems to circle back on itself sometimes like a repetition maybe?” rhetorically queried Tirkahji and further added, “Remember this, the computers explained the exact time of turbulence was the same time from which you changed the calibration back to the assembly one and therefore, a relationship regarding your inference exists.”

“That’s true. Thank you for keeping me focused for I may have not remembered until retrieving the recordings.”

“Good for you as of no need spending even a moment of defeat here for if anything we are very close to a solution. Yet in the old days these two ship destructions would be very costly and perhaps the second ship would never been made as a result. In other words, heads would have rolled in the old days. We must get back to Utopia asap and we will visit the Doctor.”

“Good. Over and out,” said Werner feeling better after talking with his old mentor and spiritual guide Sri Tirkah Zah, the former Mahaji, the 973rd Living SRAOSHA Master. However, on the other side of the line after his former student hung up, Tirkahji was a little concerned with Werner’s condition regarding the delay and hesitancy. In the past, the normal procedure of checking for injury after both spaceship disasters would have been required. Shock was always a problem in these situations. Of course, Air Command has been decommissioned two weeks ago and the Utopians had no jurisdiction over the *Socrates’* project. Werner and Arthur had total autonomy. Additionally, allopathic medicine had been replaced by the more accurate biochemistry along with the raw vegan food diet being the colloquial one whilst the silly injury checking formalities were stopped. Recovery rates were near instantaneous. Still, Werner experienced something that he thought was normal; guilt.

The injury checking supported the pharmaceutical industry drug pushing and the biochemists ended that with knowledge and the Bureau on Foreign Relations (BFR) caved-in on that subject, that is, as of no profits any longer. Since both Arthur and Werner were raw vegans whilst taking bioplasma daily, they would not experience any physical shock. It would be inconceivable! Bioplasma was all twelve of the physical body vital mineral (*vitamin*) salts that kept perfect bodily equilibrium. One tiny pill each day smaller than a pencil eraser (*a 20th century item*) did the trick. Aforesaid what Werner experienced was psychological remorse and guilt, not physical shock or was it thought a concerned Tirkahji?

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Fifteen

Marie, in two-inch black open toes below a front one button long brown skirt, and short-sleeved white ribbed single-fold turtle neck blouse (*Werner's favourite*) took-off her Indian scarf from flowing black locks discreetly flinging it onto the back of her chair, ordered a glass of La Tour whilst both she and Melinda sat at their favourite restaurant and table. Melinda, a drink already in a hand on a double golden braceleted arm, had arrived earlier having spent the afternoon sequestered whilst writing. It was not crowded presently with their voices echoing from their favourite Victorian bay window table as usual. The clinking of Melinda's wine glass was heard as she gently scraped the side of her Baccarat china dish (*she always insisted on knowing*) whilst observing the crystal and silverware littered white linen. Melinda curled her blonde hair over her left ear and thought it seemed that all they did was eat at the restaurant and drink wine. But they together believed that was not true. Fleeting thought mused Melinda.

"Life is not easy and if people believe that it is, they are very foolish," remarked Marie now settled.

"But if we pursue those discussions, it becomes fashionable pessimism as the existentialist created so many years ago," said Melinda in response as if already talking for several hours.

"Fashionable pessimism has been going on for eons in some form or other," rejoined Marie taking a menu from Wayne, their favourite starched white waistcoated tuxedo painted black patent leathered waiter, "and one can be mired in negative criticism that way. Even English grammar has lost a connotation regarding the idea of criticism being only negative. Criticism has lost its good analysis conclusions and reverted only to the negative kind. Praise is usually not a part of the critic and blame brought to a zenith." She finished and pointed to the menu that would not interrupt her friend. Wayne leaned seeing the slim finger pointing to the menu smiled, nodded and circled the table like a quiet dove without wings fluttering. Melinda, having received a menu earlier but not ordering did the same behaviour and Wayne was pleasantly absent now.

Melinda answered, "To praise would mean too much jealousy in a world where identity is submerged into the collective; where individualism could mean applause."

"Yes. Applause would be a ritual only for the professional and the unprofessional can divorce himself while still using applause as really

belittlement. But accepted belittlement as the entertainer being nothing more than a trained monkey. Yet many years ago that view and practice had to level-out and be realised as the court jester becoming president with Reagan starting that in Albertshire. A better perspective would be the Shakespearian times when the actors were nothing but court jesters. Although better, not necessarily the best, for the entertainer needs to express in conation and all manifestation must compromise an expression to live. Who puts on the greater show, the audience member who arrives late clean starched in gems, spangles and beads or the man on stage who acts the acknowledged accepted part? Both are actors. Which one deserves greater praise in that of applause or the prize?"

"That is amusing," smiled Melinda fluttering her right hand, "It is true because we've often agreed with the bard about all the world is a stage and each can either play a part already written or write the script as they go. Falling prey to someone else's outline is a danger for their liberty is at stake and how much is written and spoken about it? Yet few really know what freedom is? Werner talked so much about these things many years ago when he was practicing contracts law. Fortunately, people started implementing his ideas because the world entity was in such dire straits," said Marie.

"It is true. Sovereignty was very important and now since most of the world is certified that way by birth alone, the entity is more stable in our latest golden time," remarked Melinda.

"We are indeed blessed with political sovereignty and a shame that it was so misunderstood before not having documented it properly and now that being unnecessary with money being gone. It is ironic that before documenting certified sovereignty it was the right way but the money was the problem. Imagine, governments believed at one time they could actually issue sovereignty, and the misnomer of human rights," rejoined Marie.

Both girls laughed and their meals were laid elegantly before them.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Sixteen

Werner and Arthur, unharmed, dry, haired unmussed, and still dressed smartly in their panache attire as if nothing amiss, were immediately picked-up by a large grey waterway ship that was used for exigency. The latest version of the bubble protectors had some manoeuvrability unlike the previous model and they could float and glide many miles further towards land if necessary. Being 6400 kilometres from Utopia meant a goodly distance by sea craft however the water relastatic speeds had greatly increased over the years and would take only ten hours to reach the base. Relastatics surpassing superconductivity that had been the status quo for quite some time meant speeds were virtually unlimited whilst deceleration became more popular than accelerating regarding the art of impulse power in manifestation.

Aboard the rescue craft, Werner and Arthur were at high tea in conversation again about the problem.

“Werner. Tirkahji is correct. The problem is obviously something simple we’ve overlooked. The obvious was always the most elusive as dear Dr. Conan Doyle used to say.”

“True, true, how true,” replied Werner, “However, I would not think for one moment that the thread we are all clinging to is not important but as the hours slip by we will get farther from that point and I’m concerned further for the answer,” said Werner anxious for results even perspiring with closed fists and showing some perspiration at the knuckles. He noticed and unclenched his hands. They had been tight, and he was curious at his own behaviour. *Anxious about the situation* He thought.

“But the third rule of the new order was patience,” responded Arthur, “We must not forget since we’ve come this far in our near perfect world.”

“Yes, yet the word ‘perfect’ makes me nervous, but thank you for the term ‘near’ which keeps it in qualified balance. Still my immediate concern remains the obvious strange and incredible destruction of *Socrates II* and the ostensible uncontrollable fact of it! We flew just a few hours in the first ship, and the second finished in minutes!” effervesced Werner raising his left eye brow, a well-known prominent behaviour of his.

“We are focused this time. Also, I know the problem augments it further. We thought the answer had been found and again, Tirkahji is confident regarding the variable of the exact time in the last ATs before the destruction and your calibration time command. You must know that exacting fact,” calmly emphasized Arthur.

“Right. And in that fact lies the conundrum that may exist for ever within it? The end could be there? Man may never travel in vehicles of the *Socrates* calibre ever!” exclaimed Dr. York being still very concerned but by no means apoplectic except in thought.

“Maybe you’re right Werner, but a new vector will open-up. The limits are only shut in certain directions and the original limits we may not be considering also,” responded Arthur confidently trying to overcome Werner’s seeming momentary perplexity.”

“Exactly!” responded York enthusiastically changing his angst with a new vigorous stimulation as Arthur felt triumphant, “And why man must make the most of his time and prioritise his fellowman knowing that each word, phrase, and idea along with his writings as being most significant. Of course, he must separate the wheat from the chaff as much nonsense exists also. But even the lowest of men though could bring something to the table and we need paying close attention. It’s the continuation which remains important. Man must continue or his species will die-out. Many anthropologists have fought for man’s existence for centuries but had almost conceded the latter’s destruction many times. If species of animals go away constantly, why cannot man’s too? Weather in itself can be man’s demise and astronomy could also do him in.

“His strength has always come from his wits and usually how clever he was. He must study, cogitate, and above all, contemplate the answers in life. Mathematicians call it ‘fulguratio’ whilst the east may call it ‘Samadhi.’ Illumination is even more important than finding out an answer to foolish problems and the manifest Medusa’s head that Perseus lopped-off with two Gorgons still extant then albeit not immortal. The myth of Hydra, the regenerating multi-headed serpent, was and is misinterpreted as Medusa re-growing heads as of her sisters being left instead along with many other erroneous ideas in the market place. The idea was really if one fights that continuously, they will never survive. Again, the balance comes into play and we must never give-up and that is the responsibility in the work itself.

“Time must be the answer...always in the time (*nearly muttering the last line*). Somewhere in time *an old film favourite* he thought. Time has always been the answer and the culprit. I know it I can feel it...”

Arthur was thrilled that his old friend was back in the saddle having seen this in him many times with a similar recovery rate. He was always happy when assisting like this time, but never concerned when Werner did not notice Arthur's instigating the turn-around. *Accolades do not matter, the work is the all* thought Arthur not being the least bit compensatory. Werner was interrupted by the ship's computer through his chest communicator.

"Message for you Sir from Sri Tirkahji...Glad your safe – see you soon – Best regards."

"Thank you. Eta, please."

"8 hours," replied the exigency ship's computer.

"Computer, how are you calibrated regarding time," asked Werner developing an idea.

"Calibration to the minute."

"Thanks again Computer," answered Werner still thinking.

"You are welcome."

"I am becoming obsessed." almost exclamationarily said the hapless shipless captain.

"I wouldn't be concerned. You must do what is necessary to find an answer. We know the paradox of discussion as you have aforesaid and very few would disagree. Thus, the continuity as you say will provide the answer and it will be in the means that becomes the end in that way," replied Arthur reassuringly.

"Having that tenant of AKATHA insures it," said Werner, "but the human factor of the fears must exist because as you say 'perfection' cannot be achieved in man and I would say only God could be that. To gain an answer to ATs seems a trivial matter to God realisation, yet man's conundrums are an abreaction of the journey and must exist. Our ATs dilemma remains the catharsis at present and just a nuance of that lack of perfection. Sartre and Kierkegaard would not agree whilst not really knowing the answer revealing pessimism as man's modus operandi. Few accepted this state as being a death knell and depression unable to cope with it in the life. The world under existentialism was found to be led into the psychologist's clinic, or the psychiatrist's couch. 'Analysis became paralysis,' as the old adage went. Another answer was necessary in positive behaviour as it was a liveable state but still not perfect. The compromise was the overcoming the loss of face or labefaction. No matter how painful the compromise became someone had to take the step and that was Tirkahji," remarked Werner.

Just then Sri Tirkahji walked into the room. His illuminating presence was always a great relief to any downtrodden as Tirkahji's

countenance alone was an experiential illumination for the ready Soul and those who were limited felt the power too albeit the latter rarely admitting. He spoke to the two men after vigorously shaking hands.

“Gentlemen, even the illuminated have divine anxiety and I could not wait for your return. I wish for your briefing, however being in proximity has revealed all. For in your previous conversation, my intuition has detected concern for an immediate answer. Yet, Werner you must remember our conversation after the first *Socrates* destruction was based upon the fact of, as you say, ‘abreaction.’ Abreaction must make catharsis a positive practice as man has no choice about the situation. For a golden age to maintain, one must know the thrill and upliftment of spirit, the SRAOSHA Itself that comes from one’s feelings moment to moment! If one is depressed or moody, they cannot find the intermediate answers or parts of the puzzle. Each piece can be larger or smaller depending upon the energy of the participant and their effectiveness. The lower worlds or dimensions need the pieces of imagery to be placed accurately and not negative ones should prevail. How does one discern this difficult process remains always individual and I can only be a guide in the matter.

“Are you both feeling well?” finished Tirkahji questioning their health regarding the explosion although neither looked worse for wear.

“Yes, Master we are well, but befuddled?”

“Good that you are healthy and the befuddlement is just the shock of the *Socrates II* loss obviously for now,” replied Tirkahji very pleased to see his two friends’ grins beaming along with his.

“That is true,” responded Werner, “however with respect and not reducing the tragedy of the second failure, the answer seemed so close...”

Tirkahji interrupted...”Change the idea of failure and its word to a ‘situation’ and now you have an answer; maybe not a transitional answer or conclusive variable but a one of progress nevertheless. True, progress that as far as we know can mean exploitation as has occurred in the past. We must know the limitations of language, the limitations of definition, but know the latter is emendable. Stepping-up definitions of limitations is another answer. For you to become an answer may mean one’s language must change as a constant. If the language is lofty or altiloquent and not mundane, man can maintain our golden age time just achieved. Man crucifies himself and no one else does it for him. His oral language must be pure and his practices must attempt it. So, he has an opportunity to see a little bit of heaven on earth if he will work towards the perfection of his language,” said the Master knowing in the past that Werner and Arthur appreciated his discourse.

“Do you mean it is that simple?” inquired Arthur very curiously.

“The thesis is the beginning,” quickly responded Tirkahji pausing and then continuing, “and it must be perfect. Of course, errors can exist but not in major points. If major points have errors, a golden time cannot remain. The specification sheet creates the vehicle, but this spec sheet comes from the engineer who is willing to move forward in a new design. However, if he is irresponsible to thesis, if he has not learned all there is to learn concerning his invention, it will fail. This failure is temporary and that is a high point that no one fails for ever being a periodic occurrence. Life is cyclical and also relative. A failure for ever is not a failure for all and a progression for one may not be one for all. Yet you may think it gets down to the Zen coans of nonsense and perhaps some truth lies there, but the key qualifier is ‘perhaps.’ A dynamic language is the real truth and another high point. The sounds of man must be codified but not to the extent of stiflement. In achieving or approaching perfection, man sometimes stifles himself as he wishes the perfection of codification and that is not an important issue or point, but rather a fact of evanescence. Even the points have nuance changes, but we must be careful in their expurgations. Is it intellectual and that is true but only an apparency. The key is the quest and motive. If one seeks wisdom, intelligence is a by-product. If one seeks intelligence, only knowledge is the by-product. We find Zen coans again. Upon the quest, modifications to the code must exist to continue. Whereby, to stop would mean only to rest as man’s responsibility is not God’s but his. God is still, man is not but can rest and cannot give-up. One could say, God had given-up but that is a negative lord who cannot give-up in the face of the true God, who is at perfect rest in ULTIMATE POWER! We must perpetually move towards that even in our physical world. The effect should never cease, but not be an extreme.”

“I have not given-up,” responded Werner and he also continued after a short pause, “...just to cover myself in your dialogue. Don’t you think man has a privilege to have some anxiety and grief? Must he be perfect since we have talked about it being a potential and not a sustained realisation? I understand exactly what you are saying and agree wholeheartedly. It just seems so futile whilst I know diving futility, as you say, but to achieve your level would be, I suppose, the constant letting go, or having completely let go of those demons?”

With a sideways glance Tirkahji responded, “That would be true, and we know that some form of communication must continue either through telepathy, reading, writing, or speaking*. The latter is the most important and quickest way to answers whilst the other three are worthy

but too much ambiguity exists. Oral communications has a level of ambiguousness also, but its manifestation parallels what we, in turn, need in a physical reality as a feeling. Physical reality is concerned with obviously physical manifestation also. As Arthur knows and you do too, Werner, our conversations bring enlightenment even when we do not know the answer. Yet, would it be a paradox for the Master not to know the answer or would you suppose that I know the problem to ATs?"

"Do you?" said Arthur very intrigued by the Master's question.

Tirkahji suddenly disappeared and they both re-realised since they were still approximately seven hours from Utopia (*the Sahaji experiences are so real that a false sense of reality takes place though Werner*), the former was in his Atma Sarup body as not having a physical vehicle for transport.

"He knows the answer!" oestrused Arthur.

"...He did not answer," quickly replied Werner, "He just disappeared. We cannot infer that he knows as we all know in Soul. If he was in Soul Body or Atma Sarup, we know that he would have the answer, but he would never tell us at that level being most inappropriate of the Atma plane's protocol. Since also, we both know the answer to ATs at that level."

"Protocol...schmotocol, but I understand true nonetheless. But why would such a negative dilemma need occur...unless of course...the lesson ground issue; always the testing ground and we must go through the process," said Arthur.

"Yes. If we manifested all the answers, the physical plane would be annihilated or cease to be in a whimper. Most would wish for this annihilation, but do not realise that if people have not resolved their karma here, they would need to come back in reincarnation. Thus, ceasing this level would be quite wrong and our responsibility remains to continue searching for answers. The good thing is the joy from intermediate goals achieved that bring illuminations. Those are grand feelings! Yet, each individual knows these experiences and can rarely articulate them. Hence, for those who can, they must make the effort to communicate in order to find the way for mankind, however audacious the presentation. Many groups will take-on the responsibility and must be challenged by those who have better groups. Of course, hot wars have come out of these problems and must not, in reality. Wherewith, miscommunication has been the bane of dragomachy for eons. That would preclude the fact that ideology wouldn't be the real cause and profit centres taking charge.

“Thus, the ideological warfare is semantics actually as religion has nothing to do with spirituality but garners money instead. The spiritual life or belief in God has nothing to do with religion in reality. Not even from its beginning because binding was the nature of a barbarian and misinterpretation seems the premise of religion. Whereby, I am not a religionist as you, Arthur, but I respect your way.”

“You do not have to say that, I know that already, my friend. How many hundreds of conversations have we had on the subject? The impasse remains because both of us are unique and different as a result. No one can be expected to be otherwise. If everyone were the same, it would be impossible. Life would cease to exist or physical life anyway,” replied Arthur.

“Do you think so?” questioned Werner as a friend would.

“Yes, because that kind of merger would mean oneness and one cannot be the many as our world today with billions of people. The one cannot exist and should not exist except in God. Yet, God remains the eternal enigma even AKATHA believes that. We are both theists, but the line is then drawn. You do not believe in a structure per se regarding ritual and commemoration of your leader whereas I being Ba Hi believe in the Bab who was my teacher. I am not a poet and he was. At the same time, his system seemed very good and I know you have had concerns, but the original teacher is long dead whilst the leaders flourish trying to set-up a world religion. Albeit it is my teaching, I am not that involved as you know.”

“It does not matter for it is not significant at present to discuss these things. My immediate concern is ATs and how we have failed after perhaps being so close to success. The shock is what I must get over. I was trapped in the assurity problem of being convinced of the answer. That aforementioned is a trap and the easiest in which to fall prey. Evolving to the level of detachment even to assuredness, however convincing one day it will not be as of manifestation. In time and space, negativity must exist or we could not be here. That fact alone will remake the Hydra’s head and they can never all be severed unless destroying the body. At least, one head must remain but usually two exist as the forces of good and evil,” said Werner using Zreek mythology as a metaphorical example.

“Although we know that, a third element must also exist as was finally acknowledged awhile back in the neutron of the atom in hydrogen; Hydra had a neutron all along. It was the neutral or third force that held everything together making the universe work,” interjected Arthur.

“Good point and very important inasmuch as it’s the place to dwell in not being trapped in assurity. Yet, when people make an effort in neutrality, invariably it is a negative behaviour that appears and so, the natural state of anyone is already neutral. In other words, being any way is neutrality but trying to be a certain way is usually negative. Letting go of these things remains the best of all worlds and we have achieved that mostly now since the golden time is again here. It is fortunate for the world, but maybe not individually for all. We must find the answer to ATs and that puts us at risk in many ways but mostly as I said of frustration lurking and how we react. I am not a scientist any more and was never cold-blooded as they are usually. You know, sometimes I don’t think I’m the right individual for the task,” explained Werner thoughtfully.

“We all think that and it’s good for the humility factor, I suppose. If man is not like this, he is just arrogant and that more than any other negative quality brings the dark times,” said Arthur.

“I must rest before we dock,” said Werner standing to leave for his quarters. His karate gi after standing looked a bit rumpled after a long day.

“Sounds like a good idea,” replied Arthur and Werner gave a slight wave as he left the ship’s empty grey metallic looking mess hall. Arthur stood after Werner left, but hesitated looking at his reflection on a shiny clean steel cabinet door. He saw his figure as warped in the shining steel door as it was not a perfect mirror and mused how thoughts were more like that door’s warpage and answers even worse.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Seventeen

Tirkahji knew the answer to the ATs puzzle but neglected to tell. Werner and Arthur had sensed that Tirkahji knew being the Ancient One and Master, but the latter wished to speak to the present Master Pedraji Sask. Tirkahji sat in contemplation and immediately transported to Pedraji's simple quarters.

"My son, I'm glad to see you," said Pedraji clothed in his maroon robe as was Tirkahji, "You are troubled."

"As troubled as would be possible, but only you can know for the Master's troubles are slight but his candour is great. I am also glad to see you my present teacher and guide. Only joy can ever be when in your presence," rejoined Tirkahji.

"Come sit down and we will speak. The journey is simple once having known the Supreme One. But talk is good for in these clay shells the articulation of the language is a must and the true love, the divine kind, keeps us ever pointed towards the divinity," said Pedraji.

"It is good to hear your voice for only you can give me peace as the words you say alleviate any aberration. I have always been sensitive to my students and know the truth of the tests as they must be done to give strength and bring others to the path. Most believe it does not exist, but some will finally take not just the metaphysical step upon it. You know, the road leads into the narrow gate of the fifth region directly above through the sun. Many cannot understand this great truth and will someday go there to find the answer," replied Tirkahji.

"That is the answer isn't it, but we must take the last step in non-expectation for the divine has a way with all Souls. The sun travel has been a great dilemma for physical travellers. Since they believe heat exist and do not comprehend its simplicity as only light instead. The event horizon upon the sun has two, one on each side. For the Souls from the Atma Lok's sun side must come into the events in the four lower worlds whilst the physical side when passing through to Atma Lok must come into the events of the Atma Lok. Now becomes the problem of gross body physical structures. As you know, one must be travelling at great speeds when passing through Brahm Lok and the concern for missing the way station has always been the real situation," said Pedraji shifting on his carved dark stained pinewood three-legged stool in sandals matching giving the impression of five legs when the other more animate two were stilled.

“Yes, man tries to work-out the dilemma when it is a natural occurrence at the fifth door when alive physically. And he does not necessarily find annihilation but must enter Atma Lok without the lower sheaths. That had been the problem and still remains such for those who would be foolish to believe a physical body would go through the sun. It cannot, but many have speculated and obliteration would only happen,” replied Tirkahji not moving on his now five legged stool.

“However, we know paradoxically it does not happen as of the Way Station cannot be passed that way. For those who believe they can pass through the sun physically, they are simply stopped before doing so by the Lo Magicians in charge of the Way Station. If they wish to proceed further, they are escorted by the Inner Master of the time and their vibrations are altered in Soul; thus, being stripped of the physical body temporarily for the journey into Sat Lok. The method is more simply called Sahaji and one would be lying on their bed at home as of the Soul stripping process. Not a physical body above the Astral Plane or second plane can happen. Hence, no fear has ever been the situation for those who know. And no one has ever perished as a result, however foolish one’s ideas are. So, you need not be concerned for Werner and Arthur’s plane as you know,” said Pedraji.

“I know it seems a shame that they cannot be told of the problem.”

“Yes, but it is something they need to work-out for themselves. The Master’s enhancement is the leaving alone and he must keep learning just as an all others. The difference is that he had the answer within himself whilst others must seek the Master for them. It is a paradox, of course, not to be answered as each has the answer within also, but they have not learned where to look for it. Looking without instead of looking within is the problem. Reverse the practice and one has the proper methodology. The other anomaly will be the need to be told about the inner path on the outer one. But as you know even the outer is the inner as perplexities will plague the mind,” said Pedraji.

“I think you’ve helped me in our discussion and it is always good doing Satsang with you. Thank you,” replied Tirkahji bowing after standing-up from the austere wooden stool.

Although the logic may not have appeared as some might believe thought Tirkahji upon leaving his leader, but to those ancient ones their understanding was the key element in their discussion. Tirkahji had been concerned with the age-old dilemma of knowing the answer but letting the students find their way without revealing all. The main reason was found to be that one could have the revelation of the ages, but to explain it to

others somehow dampened it and made it less. For those who did not have many or constant revelation it meant an intermediate death, as it were, because for some they felt retrieving their great experience was lost. In the gestation period between spiritual experiences, it would always seem a frantic time for the novice and the teacher's compassion was for the student, his enhancement in detachment. Of course, the Masters always know that detachment did not mean they could blank stare or stone-wall, but, in reality, an attitude of good cheer.

“Werner,” said Tirkahji upon returning again in Atma Sarup to his friend after leaving Pedraji, “Wake-up. Ah...I need to speak with you!”

Werner had been sleeping for just a few minutes before docking in Utopia and Tirkahji appeared again as he had done the previous day perplexing Arthur and Werner initially. They had both absurdly thought he was actually there in the physical body being so real, but realised later how impossible that was being so far from Utopia. Werner also thought how the emotions play such tricks on perception at times. Tirkahji had sent a message for Werner only minutes before by courier, but they never received it.

“Yes, Master I am awake please proceed,” replied Werner knowing that time meant nothing to the SRAOSHA Masters those of the Order of the Ongari Sahaji adepts. The Nether or Lower Initiates of AKATHA learned to be patient with the SRAOSHA Masters.

“When you dock in Utopia go to the Centre and I will meet you there for as I told you we must visit the Doctor again. We have obviously missed something and it seems he was very accommodating and pertinent. He can help us. I know it!” said the adamant Master Tirkahji.

“Oh, I agree. I had that same idea to see the Doctor again immediately after the problem with *Socrates II*. Also, I wish to say it is always good to work with you making it simpler to proceed. Taking a lot of explanation out is important,” said Werner.

“Thank you and by doing that perhaps we can make an apodosis soon,” rejoined Tirkahji.

However, the answer known by Tirkahji had been resolved by him. Albeit working with the people involved with ATs and not revealing the issue was a paradox aforementioned. Only the advanced Soul could, in reality, comprehend the situation as SRAOSHA Masters would believe.

“You know that is my major concern and I must focus upon my mantra and keep myself in the here and now. Many believe the mantra chanting, a worthless practice, but mainly it keeps me from straying on the time line,” said Werner.

“It is an important practice for it also brings inspiration from the higher dimensions and you will gain the answer that way perhaps sooner than imagined. You know my concerns over you and Arthur’s strategy of going through the sun. Whereby, that project seems thwarted until you can overcome ATs,” rhetorically queried Sri Tirkahji.

“True. It does concern me and I appreciate the fact that you have not belaboured the issue as I respect your views very much and contemplate the fact of the purpose other than exploration. The project does involve the advancement of man as of the exploration and the motive must be pure. I have resolved that insofar as relaying that fact to you. I know it is a matter of re-enforcement on your part because as humans, we must do that in logic faire otherwise no logic exists. Do you think we can move into illogic as a pragmatic schema?” asked Werner.

“That would be piling mind onto mind with answering logically the case for illogic. The age-old theme of attempting the impossible which seems as only a divine futility occurring. We must as humans venture forward and not perform retrograde if we can. And so, that requires knowledge of all things as an individual without the knowledge of all things articulated on the outer or in manifest worlds. It is a matter of articulating the truth without confusion, but we know it will exist as of uniqueness of itself. We must continue as our nature abhors a vacuum whilst one cannot exist chemically but only metaphorically. Yet, the latter has sometimes been proven not to be. Can we actually speak of these things promoting an answer would declare such, but the actual occurrence would be remote,” replied Tirkahji.

“I think I understand, but it sounds as if you are playing with words as we must in the golden times. The acknowledgement of casuistry as an art form would allow man some freedom or the fact of not hiding the truth. So, when man continues hiding, he is now lying or omitting to others and that will never do. Although I know that sincerity stands as a test for those who must learn the secrets of the universe. To press for the answer will never come and we must continue as you say for that is the law of God to man for he is only a part and never the whole. That is, man as I say for the Supreme Deity is all whilst ITS parts are individual. My rhetoric is the same as anyone’s insofar as for myself be true and true for others if they have self-realisation also. Before that time people must be drawn into the flame as the moth, but know that it is the flame that does not burn,” said Werner.

“You have studied well and soon, Werner, you shall be a Master also because continuity in speech is a criteria and confidence another. You have these qualities and only your patience must be enhanced to achieve the final goal,” said Master Zah.

“Thank you. Coming from you makes my heart soar as I have only wanted to see God my entire life and knew the practice. The experience is all, of course, and one knows as does the universe when it comes. Hence, the all important experience is always at hand in renewing glimpses of the divine. Do you believe they are the unsustainable yet the grand experience we always seek?” came Werner with another important question.

“Truly that is the situation for not even the Master will sustain the God presence, the G..O..D... or Glimpse Of the Divine as we put it. Few know that ‘god’ is just that acronym. IT is a mood or feeling that man must obtain initially and sustain as much as possible, but allow to flow to him naturally. But that is the spirit called SRAOSHA in AKATHA and not God ITSELF. He must not struggle with SRAOSHA and learn more and more about tranquillity and its higher element of ataraxia (aez er aecks’ ee ah), the beyond tranquillity. Whereby, even SRAOSHA transcends ataraxia, but pursuit is impossible. It may not be God ITSELF, but it is the spirit upon the path of AKATHA and the glimpses keep us upon It. The road is narrower at the top but we still make the climb. At some point, we do not fall, but flow as the great ocean does upon the shore. In Its most tranquil times that is pure Soul. When It crashes upon the shore, It is not a fall in negativity, but just a fall from a high level. It must crash when hitting the bottom. The reflux draws it up again and we know then the bottom is neither the top nor the top being the bottom as these are just words for designations, analogies, and nothing more. They, in reality, have no meaning except as reference points; these words that we speak. But one watch phrase would be ‘Trust in God alone,’ finished Tirkahji.

Sri Tirkah Zah, the former Mahaji, and the 973rd Living SRAOSHA Master, the previous leader of AKATHA before Sri Pedraji now standing in front of Werner in all his golden shining glory of the Atma Sarup body said goodbye to him! Tirkahji re-enforced their meeting the next day (*it was 04:00*) as the ship was only an hour outside Utopia.

Werner laid down again to attempt finishing his nap whilst knowing he had just a few minutes before waking. In other quarters, Arthur, as usual, had been up for some time and was preparing for the day. Although Arthur was concerned about ATs, he had been thinking about the sun project strategy which he and Werner were attempting to finalise

two years before when ATs became an issue. Many unmanned simulations and prototypes of *Socrates* were experiencing major problems. Since they were never overcome, Werner and Arthur decided to create their own manned ship *Socrates* believing the unmanned ships were the problem. Of course, Air Command would not agree to the project as of the problems and the two friends did it themselves with very little help. Air Command allowed them usage of their facilities but was not directly involved. Before the golden age, fifty-five years ago, the banking institutions had finally sorted the non-medium method and money was now unnecessary. Werner and Arthur were very pleased since they did not wish Air Command supervision and interference constantly. Without the military bother, the two men made greater strides towards the sun project, but they ran into the ATs problem repeatedly in simulations and had not generally isolated it until recently.

“Are you ready, Werner?”

“Yes I am, Arthur. Go to breakfast. I’ll see you in a few minutes.”

Arthur left his cabin and proceeded to the ship’s mess hall where some crew members had gathered. Arthur selected some freshly squeezed orange juice from the food producer and sat down at an occupied table of two burly men and a young very lithe female officer.

“Commander Arthur Damshire, nice to see you, it’s been a long time,” said one crewman who had his back to Arthur when he walked up.

“Shamus!” Arthur exclaimed seeing his old school chum he had not seen in many years.

“I had heard the rumour of your demise. Of course, it was only a rumour,” laughed Arthur.

“You know how these things go being a notorious pilot, I’ll say,” replied Shamus Robeson Jr., a very famous rouge pilot who had been shot down in the Atlantic some years ago in the last and final war in the pre-Golden Age.

“Yet I will miss the action. I wonder if we warrior types can change that much? Maybe at the heart we can learn?” said Robeson querying rhetorically.

“We must,” swiftly retorted Arthur continuing, “as this time is very important for man’s survival primarily and ancillary to his enhancement.”

“I suppose you are correct as we have arrived anyway and we must make the most of it as even with our public oration having resolved collectively the poor coordination conjunctions for the most part,” rejoined the confabulatory perspicacious Captain Robeson, “Precision is the key with anything and there lies the answer.”

Arthur smiled at his old friend pondering part of Robeson's answer without responding '*precision is the key...and...the answer.*' They were very wise words and the re-arrangement straight syllogism and nagged at Arthur as of their conclusiveness. The latter was versed in philosophy being taught that information can come from any source for people can be oracles of it. That philosophy was more inclined the way Werner thought and not Arthur's native way. That made Arthur curious, but he knew the truth when hearing it and was starting to cave-in gracefully to keener insight than what he had been taught formally. Werner had long ago casually mentioned about his practice of a daily contemplation that intrigued Arthur. He read not long after in one of Werner's AKATHA books about the practice trying it a few times now daily practicing himself not telling Werner. Arthur did not wish giving Werner expectations of him changing his native path as he was not sure. But after his last contemplation and meeting with the great Kevazar Marzs on the inner planes, Arthur knew his destiny. Soon he would tell his old friend, Werner, his decision and was elated by this expectation! Arthur got up from the table saying goodbye to Shamus and the others then escaped through the mess hall's swinging metallic doors.

"Where are you going?" inquired Werner who practically ran into Arthur as the mess hall doors swung behind him. Werner caught a glimpse of Shamus still standing at the table and the others peering in Arthur's direction then the doors stopped swinging.

"Did you get any rest?" Arthur asked not distressed about the near collision giving it not a second thought, "Morning usually is not our best time...er...I mean," fumbled Arthur making no sense as of anxiety fomenting regarding today's proceedings.

"Oh, you are right...and yes I got enough rest," answered Werner as they both paused staring in an awkward lull with Arthur realising Werner's acknowledgement of the former's non sequitur. They laughed after the pregnant pause in the collective realisation. Werner then turned with Arthur and they both left the mess area.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Eighteen

The rescue ship had docked and an innocuous air-car was waiting for the two men, former Colonel Werner York and Commander Arthur Damshire. It would be some doing getting used to the new regime of non-military as *old habits die hard* thought Werner proverbially as he got into the air-car's cushy greenish seats. Whoosh! It whisked them away to the space centre where Tirkahji was waiting patiently.

"Gentlemen, I am so glad to see you again in the flesh!" exclaimed Sri Tirkahji as they all shook hands and sat down in the mauve and burgundy conference room of Utopia Space Centre. It had been only a few hours since they talked, but being in the flesh and not a spirito-material encounter was better from what had been experienced in the past. Misinterpretations had been issues as of dimension shifts and the people involved were perturbed. Timing was always a consideration since manifestation was at stake whilst the sensitivity of the real present mission was vital still patience loomed nevertheless.

"Before we visit the Doctor, I wanted to say that we must focus on the problem at hand and before we create another ship...as it has become repetitious and foolish presently," said the Master continuing, "If we continue to destroy ships, we will never find the answer for the actual flight experiment will be too short. It would be prudent in having man hours to test our vehicle. However, our wind tunnels are never real-time proven having discovered and acknowledged that fact finally not long ago in the 21st century. It took man a long time getting over his arrogance in the majority sense. Yet a computer simulation may be our only answer."

"Do you believe it could be antithetical and theoretical?" questioned Dr. York.

"It could be theoretical. Whereby, that means we need the grease board," said Tirkahji.

The three men got up and went to sit nearer the large synthetic grease board in the front of the room at the end of the huge neo-mahogany table. It was found that electronic boards lost the feel. Werner had been an athlete as a youth and always complained about the gloves the professionals started using in the twentieth century as of losing the feel of the wooden bat or leather ball. "Ruined the game during that time," he would say and finishing, "And I was glad when they discontinued them,

but did not matter as none of it is played any longer. They became children's games again quite literally with adults finally doing more important creative arts again. Aesthetics came back and ornamentation in a true renaissance."

Tirkahji took a magic marker and started writing diagrams before anything was said. He finished writing for the moment and iterated,

"These will show the times and places of both ships when they were destroyed. An analysis of that could glean some good information. The stress points of each airship may further reveal situations that perhaps we had not considered. Yet, our researchers have been going over the wreckage for the last ten hours and their summaries can be shown on the board presently on the computer screen below it."

The data came in on the large computer screen midway below the grease board and they could easily see it from their seats. The two crewmen, Werner and Arthur, took down notes as Tirkahji explained the information specifically. He could not help but think that perhaps the data would just side-track them further from the answer they needed, but his presentation was neither for enhancing or detracting from their query. Sri Tirkahji was filling in stimulus whilst the fellows would fill in their answers.

After awhile, Werner said, "Master are you sure this data will be beneficial? Perhaps we need to discuss even further back regarding theoretical or subatomic physics; any subject other than perhaps wasting our time on the remains of the two ships?"

Tirkahji abruptly turned-off the computer projection and sat down. The effect was noticeable.

"Do you think that the theories are more important somehow to our quest?" replied the eminent SRAOSHA Master.

"I don't know? I am speculating and as you two also know, we have learned to trust our intentions in this new era. Instinct in an animal becomes intuition in a man. My feelings, which I believe to be what an intuition image feels like, its vibration...sense I may be correct. If we can move towards those discussions maybe the answer lies there?" quizzed Werner.

"However, you had said yourself, not long ago, that you were concerned about going too far into a vector that may lead nowhere and waste valuable time," interjected Arthur.

"Yes, but we had resolved the issue of wasting time and it would be a matter of risk versus intuition. We may not exactly know something but if one felt that their direction was wrong perhaps they could be correct?" answered Werner with a question.

“Perhaps’ and ‘could be’ are two difficult paths...,” answered Arthur.

“...Limitations of language,” interrupted Tirkahji, “We know those language limitations but the answer still lies there. Man must travel down the path of limitation as he has created manifestation. He has picked-on God for that in the past, but we know in the golden age, it is not so. Man is the creator directly through God, but God has no part directly. So, God would be the indirect creator. The direct creator would have limitations as Dr. Schorer had pointed-out in experimenter infestation. Since God cannot be tainted that way, man must be the creator. If he is, any path he goes down will be an enhancement for whatever project he is involved. We have, indeed, talked of this differently in the past, but that is also a misnomer.”

“Why a misnomer?” asked Arthur.

“Repetition does not exist. Each time we do anything, it can never be the same. Those who believe even similarity exists are wrong. Whereby, man must have a relationship or chaos ensues. Chaos theory does not work in actual manifestation albeit molecularly we know it to be true or is it?” queried Sri Tirkahji.

“I’ve never agreed with chaos and Professor Prigogine changed that in his book ‘Order From Chaos.’ The scientists went from chaos to order again. It remains the extremist view. Yet order comes at a price in creation for our own project has had lapses obviously. In other words, I’ve never believed chaos was the fact of the way the universe is, but rather chaos is nonsense and an orderly movement happens towards order. Chaos is not the process and apparently disorder does not happen. Fibonacci was help here. It is a matter of definition. We must learn definitions and agree with them or not. The agreement is important as our world is created this way or the world of manifestation that is. It’s like a magic show that others see upon many agreements by others. If one does not agree perhaps that turbulence is significant?” rhetorically queried Werner.

“Maybe going to visit the Doctor would be good for all three of us. We need three electron microscopes. The centre has them but only two in the room presently. Ellen please have another electron microscope sent to room 118,” said Tirkahji interrupting the discussion pressing his communicator telling his assistant to comply with him. She said it would be taken care of immediately and the Master continued the discussion with the other two men in his mauve and burgundy roll-tufted Utopia Centre office, “That way Arthur can have first-hand knowledge of the situation. Possible, since you are an integral part of this experiment, it could have

some bearing and will because we have declared it. How much significance, we cannot measure. The result is what we seek and I know you two agree,” finished Tirkahji seemingly riddling regarding Arthur’s contribution to the crew.

“That is quite true,” acknowledged Werner, “Arthur should be there to see our funny little friend and his wild machine which I believe we overlooked last time. It may be another important piece of the puzzle. Maybe we should stop qualifying these steps and agree to their factual nature?”

“Qualifying language remains a part of proper perspective. When one gets to an actual transition point, the quantity can be declared. However, whilst in transitions the qualifying language must be. It would be a matter of usage and apparent repetition or identification of error. If one seemingly errs, we have our own intrinsic checks. These are very refined by all, but they must be used or not stifled. The stifling is compensation or compromise that remains valuable for stability. But when unstable as in ATs, perhaps as a qualifier ceasing to stifle oneself would be important.” said Arthur.

“We may have stifled the Doctor, but not knowing it at the time,” said Werner, “The other more pressing pertinent questions remains for you, Tirkahji. You, being the physicist regarding omnivergence, must answer how can we be sure of getting to the Doctor again?”

“Remember your medallion made from the ship’s hull that you gave us has been protected in the centre’s vault (*Werner raised his hands nodding his head too in remembrance behaviour*) and we will use it. Yet, it’s a matter of the ship’s entity regarding whether the Doctor is there or not. The microcosm is much larger than the macrocosm with more anomalous factors of course, thereby the trend has been that individuals in the micro entities usually remain whilst having the freedom to move though. He will be there for moving portals is a long journey within. So, statistically it is unlikely but aforesaid not impossible,” answered Sri Zah.

“Good. I was not sure if we had a precarious journey ahead regarding the recovery of the space,” responded Werner.

Ellen came on Tirkahji’s office line and said the third microscope was in place and at their disposal whenever necessary. He thanked her and the men proceeded to the laboratory. Once entering the large chamber, Arthur was amazed at the small size of what he had seen in past pictures of huge electron microscopes as big as enter arenas. They were now the size of the old arcade video games sitting booths with sealed doors. Not unlike in the beginning of the computer revolution in the latter 20th

Century. The seeming perpetual paradigm shifts still continued keeping mankind amused. But now in the no money usage world the innovations were even more frequent, yet tolerable and accepted as nomenclature.

Inside the centre laboratory, the three men sat in their microscope booths and peered into their screens and diverged into the medallion atom structure of the first *Socrates* spaceship. The microscope helped the difficult divergence of one separating their eyes ten degrees in order to see the two natural portals in front of any two-eyed humanoid. Tirkahji was the guide and selected the same portal where the Doctor was when it showed a similar agitation from before.

“Alright men; portal #2 should be selected and converged by looking either larboard or starboard please. They did that and all three came into the same portal. The same very greenish foliated meadow that Tirkahji and Werner initially had landed was still there. They knew that time exists even sub-atomically and places will change but not necessarily dramatic. The same packed-dirt pathway existed through the tall trees into the other verdant leslie where the Doctor was laboriously working all-consuming on his silly extremely noisy popping and kerchunking Charles Babbage computer. The Doctor spied peripherally the three men through his thick horn-rimmed glasses, two in uniform, the other maroon robed.

“Welcome Gentlemen, I was expecting you,” said the elderly bespeckled Doctor dressed in his usual slightly grease-spotted white clinicians’ garb taking them all by surprise as of his comment turned directly towards the three flabbergasted men!

“Why were you expecting us?” queried the surprised Colonel/Captain continuing, “Do you know about the *Socrates II* mishap?”

“No, I didn’t. But the fact of our unfinished business occurred to me that it could have been calamitous,” answered the Doctor.

“What unfinished business?” Werner further questioned.

“The sensate/sentient factor of individuality!” cried the Doctor, “You yourselves said you may be back if there were further problems or unresolved questions, and since obviously you returned relatively short your second prototype has been destroyed.”

“Amazing!”

“Not so amazing because finding you three here means serious business,” answered the Doctor after Werner’s exclamation.

“Oh, this is Arthur Damshire, Doctor,” said Werner introducing Arthur by waving his hand having his long-time friend move forward as the latter stuck out his hand to shake with the Doctor giving it a hearty tug.

“Glad to meet you,” said Arthur whilst looking downward at the Doctor attempting to contain his amusement not so much as of his diminutive stature but for the wild white Einsteinian hair and doctorly attire.

“Thank you,” answered the Doctor ostensibly knowing what Arthur was thinking since the former Commander looked directly at his mussed and tangled hair, “Glad to meet you too.”

“Perhaps the answer lies here, and perhaps not?” aphasically replied Arthur smiling after finishing the shake.

“We must make the inference that an answer exists here, Arthur,” interjected Werner, “since we really have no other alternative presently and probably up against a wall with nowhere to go.”

“It would be good to discuss these matters,” proceeded the Doctor, “and not be too flummoxed with whether its pedantics are in place. You are here and must make the most of it. We have discussed that uniqueness may have been the turbulent factor, but inferred we could walk away and believe its discovery would be enough. The problem could lie with what we consider individuality to be,” finished the Doctor whilst at the same time fiddling with the Babbage computer talking loudly over the horrendous noise. Tirkahji and Werner wore earplugs this time. Arthur wished he had.

“Yes, that would be the first step,” replied Tirkahji, “We did not define it or achieve the fact that the Soul of each is not turbulent and perhaps we were stuck in polarities. Stuck in polarities may be the real answer and we had not gone far enough into the definition. Thus, the truth may have been clamouring at us and causing the turbulence...Doctor, can you make the computer quieter?”

The Doctor hit a switch and the Babbage monstrosity became almost completely silent but still quite alive. The three guests turned slightly towards each other nearly laughing at the irony of just hitting a switch to silence the hulking brownish-black machine.

“How could a quality as truth be causing the problem?” asked Werner keeping his eyes on the other two companions, but speaking out of the corner of his mouth to the Doctor and then fully facing him continued, “Now we would have the problem of a quality having sentience. If that were true what would be the vehicle of truth?” asking another question with a statement between it and the first answered one.

The Doctor poised himself and with surprise and admiration in his voice as if believing everyone should know without him saying said, “Why, Sri Tirkahji, of course! Who else could be the epitome of truth?”

Tirkahji answered without hesitating clamouring for the stage, “It is true that the living Master of the time is the epitome of truth according to AKATHA, but I am not holding that position presently. Sri Pedraji is the present Living SRAOSHA Master. We must go see Him and sort this dilemma. The Doctor has been an inspiration once again! Thank you.”

The men quickly made their departure amenities and took their leave of the Doctor. They jogged back to the leslie and they heard the noisome Babbage computer again. It was the second time that Tirkahji and Werner, accompanied by Arthur this time, left the Doctor in haste. It seemed the Doctor made such swift decisive conclusions that they were almost forced to act upon them immediately. The three each converged back to the Utopia Centre and flew together by air-car in one hour and fifteen minutes to Pedraji’s residence. They confirmed an appointment along the way with the present Living SRAOSHA Master. They arrived in the beautiful city of Raksara near Brinegar, Bindia at the AKATHA Temple of Golden Wisdom. They were anxiously sitting after seemingly racing to get there in Pedraji’s quaint study when He entered.

“It is good to see you all!” exclaimed Pedraji before any could even rise to greet Him. He had swept into the innocuously plain room of bare essentials wearing a light blue tunic and shook vigorously the three sitting men’s hands. The swiftness kept them glued to their seats.

He continued without letting a response occur, “You all deal with Tirkahji’s ways of knowingness in speech and all those involved with your journey mostly behave that way. I will say that I am not much different having similar knowingness, as we say, and not clairvoyance to telepathy. Some deduction exists also as it is obvious your visiting has major importance to meet with me on such short notice. It is never a problem for me though for we are taught spontaneity is accepted and no bother when the right people are involved. Tirkahji and his friends are always welcome and anyone for that matter can grace my door although my secretary does screen people. I attempt stopping that behaviour occasionally, but even my people are not completely in abeyance as I do not believe that. Every Living SRAOSHA Master practices his office politics a little differently from what I have gathered so far. Hence, I must put-up with situations that I would otherwise do differently. Of course, you must know that life itself on this plane is a complete compromise being here. Please tell me your situation before I reveal it myself since we meet to communicate allowing others participation for personal realisation whereas without it no one could evolve.”

“May I speak?” asked Arthur demurely but rhetorically as he did not allow for an answer and continued, “I wish to accept the path of AKATHA and I know Werner will have much joy regarding this proposition!”

“We all have!” cried Tirkahji with the others nodding enthusiastically. Werner and Arthur embraced and true to the latter’s word, Werner was overjoyed!

Arthur pulled away from his friend and said, “It is true that man must have that space to grow, but also he needs some guidance. The Master has these proper skills to teach us otherwise no one could achieve the path. Werner never pressed his views and kept my interest that way, but I have heard of people being pushed that way necessary at the time.”

“We do not like that way, but paradoxically it is true having occurred occasionally. But it hardly ever sustains. As Pedraji has said we are all unique and individual. AKATHA has general parameters and these remain the tenants of the Hadjis, the holy book and essentially the words of the Master, the True Original and Sacred Book of the Ages,” said Tirkahji directing his subject change remarks to Pedraji, “We are here to discuss ATs although we know your preference as Living SRAOSHA Master criteria for the more spiritual aspects taking precedence. Perhaps we have overlooked that fact whilst being presumptuous here. Since not being in your titular shoes any longer, my perception has shortened some giving you that responsibility. However, that is part of the experience as you say of allowing participation.”

“Your words ring true of a SRAOSHA Master eternally, Tirkahji, as you know exactly what to say. Structuring words remains so very important and their exactness, although not being a struggle, should be expressed by those with that capability.

“It is true that I have little interest in the things of this world, but your wisdom has led you here this day knowing that knowledge reigns supreme and must be used at times. I can discuss ATs because man insists upon using machines and technology whilst remaining important when he has systems of profit. Yet, we know now without the systems of profit, he must have the things of this world. Sahaji is the spirit travel, but not the physical kind. Our time now must be clearly defined. Hence, addressing vehicular travel in the lower worlds is not an imbalance.

“I must function within the lower realms and often spend some time when not having other’s help doing a myriad of physical managements. These actions would be considered normal behaviour by most especially in the times when man has no servitude. These

controversial times explain the differences in cast or class systems that fluctuate in time and space. The simple answer to those dilemmas displays an evolution factor of initiations. The levels of initiation determine the servitude to others when the proper system is in place. Now, that it is in place, I have the proper help in managing my affairs and can discuss theories that could help man physically.

“ATs appears as a problem, but as usual answers lie elsewhere when something remains dysfunctional. Those who have answers are sometimes not inclined to give them as they learn for themselves whilst others must do this also,” said Pedraji.

“Do you mean that we will need to answer these questions ourselves?” inquired Tirkahji anxiously!

“Some people will need that aspect. Of course, with you, who already knows the answer to the question must know that the appropriate time may be near that is if you don’t have the answer surfaced already. It is the same with those others who have the answer, but have not recognised it yet,” answered cogently Sri Pedraji Sask, the 974th Living SRAOSHA Master.

“So, with all due respect, Sire, do you know the answer to the ATs problem?” fervently inquired Werner but remaining balancingly appropriate but stood with enthusiasm from his simple three legged wooden pine stool.

“Man often forgets the Para-Vidya, the God knowledge, and once having It knows all things, specifically and generally. It would seem amazing but life is truly amazing in this way! Your question keeps your quest alive and so it must go and remain as such,” replied Pedraji firmly fixed on his stool with arms folded and legs extended in the same folding manner of an aristocratic behaviour.

Werner further more anxiously responded sensing getting nowhere or Pedraji historically disappearing as usual, “Then you mean the answer could be a problem according to ending man’s quest on the journey?” He hoped his question was enough to keep the Master’s attention for Werner had much experience with them being enigmas regarding their evanescent presences; “here today gone tomorrow” or more appropriate “gone in an instant, the absquatulation.”

“Man travels along his journey and knows many things in his passing. These knowledges are answers to unknowns, but he realises after a time that in passing especially in the manifest worlds, he already knows these things as reminders. Thus, if one searches his own thoughts, he finds that he himself knows the answers as does the Master for all have that

potential,” answered Pedraji with Werner feeling as if Confucius was in front him insofar as the latter was known for circular argument or the Zen coans of fortune cookies. A straight answer seemed impossible.

Werner’s evanescent thought did not keep him from his next immediate question, “You mean I know the answer to the ATs that is, if I ruminate long enough upon the subject and perhaps analyse what I do know that maybe something has been overlooked?” Werner was somewhat confused for the moment but had sat back in his seat hands on the rim of his stool in front of him.

“Each is a macrocosm and the process used by the conscious effort could be significant, but as you know and I’m sure, Tirkahji has told you, that anxiety is the true culprit upon the journey. To push will only jam the door as the door always gently opens inwardly. We must allow the power to work with us and each day learning more finesse. Arrogance can be only achieved when illumination is not respected. One cannot get an answer unless an ingenuous approach is taken, at least a proper answer that is. Thus, in creating the *Socrates* something could have been ‘overlooked’ as you say or it could be something simpler but related,” answered Pedraji a little closer to the subject thought Werner fleetingly.

“Must it be a guessing game? For it seems if we could just explain the exact answer, we could proceed?” quizzed Werner raising his hidden perplexity slightly.

Tirkahji interjected quickly sensing the perplexion not wishing any exacerbation, “Werner it’s not a matter of a game, but an exercise in life. Realisation cannot be taught but rather it must be caught. The responsibility for life must be by each man and the guide can only do what is appropriate. Sometimes the parent must watch the child to relate to its uniqueness. A Master knows the answer but must get to it linearly. He must take the time to extrapolate the information and give it at his own pace. Just as we cannot force water into a container that is full, we must allow some to drain away naturally. In other words, the process exists for giving the answers and we must allow for that process, no matter what we think about it? Thinking inhibits whilst observation flows. The explanation may be lengthy by the one who has the answer. How do we hear it but by seeing it as the only faculty left after using the sound. We must not think about it when it comes. We must hear it.”

Tirkahji paused after his enlightening statement, but everyone knew he was not through, “Do you think the answer to any important cosmic question should take a long time in dissertating it? Or could it be answered in a wink of an eye? These paradoxical questions and more cause man calamity at best in his extreme apoplexy to find God.

“Thus, all our might is really put into the eternal quest for God and we do all for this undertaking especially by those already God-Realised,” said Tirkahji weaving another web.

Arthur took the bate saying, “I thought those who have that experience achieve and sustain it?”

Pedraji fielded the answer after looking to his mentor Tirkahji and the latter nodding, “The God state is a glimpse or the acronym G...O...D, the Glimpse Of the Divine. It was once in history “Gotd,” but harder to pronounce, so the “t” was eventually dropped. The glimpse is sustenance in that way. Ironically, it could be eternal as a second with God, the AKSHAR, could seem one. You see, AKSHAR is a name whilst God is an acronym. The religionists do not have this information with the Order of the Ongari being not only superior spiritually, but also with knowledge. Of course, detractors use this as fodder for their cannonades saying we are just plain arrogant leaving us an intellectual cult with no spirituality at all. It is a good argument but only attacking didactic structure or style not substance as they do not have an attention level to comprehend; they say stay on the subject but they never can themselves; just games in the lower worlds. But we really do not care about it.

“Yet, we know a second as something quick that is almost instant. At the same time, even the second has been broken down not unlike subatomics revealing another universe that man has overlooked in the recent past. His exploration microcosmically has revealed much just as his confusion with the macrocosm perplexing him. He has found more of a panacea within himself and never reaching absolute zero in mathematics.

“Paradoxically, science has used many resources to explore the microcosmic worlds physically, but really found just another macrocosm like a pinhole through a door. The size paradox confuses some but it would be scalar for referencing. Man will be himself as a reference point and make measurements as of his size. He could be large compared to an insect, but insects have been larger in different times in history. Categories are referenced that way and evolution and devolution display within the categories time-line. Time and space enter in manifestation whilst addressing them is always necessary then. The Gotd or God experience does not deal with time and space and transcends manifestation, however all answers are given when passing into those higher areas. One could say it’s a gathering and absorption simultaneously often different than man’s skills albeit when he is aware that skill is his. The explanation when understood gives man more usage power if he can utilise it. In other words, we have stated that each have the answers, but sometimes without

certain resources one may be limited. The imagination still exists and one can see in the mind's eye exactly what is needed. It is a relative exactitude and another may see an entirely different picture.

“Now, because relativity may show differences an impatient man or substance allowing for so-called inanimate sentience, that is sentience exists and inanimacy does not, may promote anxiety regarding perfection in his world. To compare it and not have resources to challenge another relative world could cause trauma leading to turbulence,” said Pedraji having stood and gone to the unpainted rustic pine window shutters opening them with the day's bright golden sunlight flashing through onto the table. A servant had just appeared with the sunlight striking him in concert bringing crystal glasses of kombucha upon an ironic pure silver tray for the men and demurely departed as if a wisp of wind.

“Yes, it would seem much clarity again exists in your words Pedraji with relativity always an issue as history has revealed,” said Tirkahji reaching for the fine elixir of a fermented tea with natural fruit.

“True,” continued Pedraji having returned to his seat taking-up his pose after picking up one of the simple non-bevelled crystal glasses, “Men have proven relativity many times whilst Weinstein received credit with his cronies duplicating his efforts; an important verification no doubt, but its widespread understanding practically nil. Few venture into its definition and exactness; again the paradox of relativity upon itself is revealed. The double entendre appears with further dilemmas. Science attempts the same logic practice as philosophy and religion with failure imminent. Our vehicles are at best a heuristic and until these people grasp that significance continued problems will exist. The turbulence has shown that falsehood cannot come to grips with truth. Again, the anxiety must exist if man is impatient. Some will be and not all can master the truth together. It will be an individual experience paralleling relativity again and man appears immersed in the external problem collectively. The collection needs to be eliminated from the equation for administering the proper vehicle. Once one answer is revealed, Hydra will appear. A step is taken by another step mounts higher. Can we take the step probably depends upon the interest and energy within the vehicle. It would be the metaphor of moving forward or being stagnant.

“The stationary or static idea is not accepted although deceleration remains important in all travel even Sahaji. The entire process must be revealed or the highest heuristic; the latter being a manifest paradox, but workable to a degree. One's interest would rely upon a limitation but the vehicle may do a temporary job and then repairs are in order. Yet the

vehicle must render a service initially or it cannot be acceptable. We know the obvious here, but pursue only the heuristic, the limitation. Thus, the inevitable of the limitation exists and perhaps another avenue for technology which all of you fear as of vesting so much time in the *Socrates*. But it doesn't necessarily have to be just a possibility and an anxiety as well. Since no expense is involved now it is simply a matter of time. That would be the fact of mastering it in patience. Few be there to do it, but it must be done or the answer will never come. How does one pursue an answer without frustration marks a patient man who still remains upon the path in invincibility. What Siddhartha said in reality to the merchant was, 'I can wait and contemplate' not 'I can think and meditate.' Historical misinterpretations truly ruin things occasionally. Buddha emphasized patience here with this remark and in so doing helped history as we are fortunate to have his knowledge today when, of course, properly translated accurately. Yet man is haunted by the demon of impatience on a constant basis and wonders why he cannot keep from it?" quizzed Pedraji.

"Yes, it is interesting," replied Werner having cogitated the words of the Master but now further responding, "...that man cannot be more content and patient but his body is a prime ingredient for that being mostly a heat producer or pump. We know that Vedantists talk of zero metabolic rates in their meditations and it is achieved easily also in contemplation. However, no one is about to measure it usually. Those metabolic rates could prove that man has the ability to be patient by virtue of these peaceful states. Whereby, his daily activity would be far from zero metabolism with some processing nearly seventy thousand thoughts or more. An extreme gradient exists here and if one does not achieve the near zero level, he will miss the point and fail in his patience. It is a scientific matter to me and simple to understand that way. I think people would be much happier and able to advance maintaining their cultures much better with the near zero gradient achieved. Of course, man fears that level because, in his naiveté, he would believe it a death and the ingenuous man has been told a lie."

"What lie is this?" inquired Pedraji.

"The lie that death is a problem, but not to go the other way considering no value is to life. Death being a doorway to a higher world is not pursued without valuing physical life. The balance remains the way as it means AKATHA as equilibrium. Perhaps the pursuit by some regarding physical parameters might be foolish, but that would be the release of the problem and perhaps then the answer would be simple. The didactic may

create a further problem regarding its awareness, but somewhere one must take a step whilst one lives and does the best he can for his society as a service to it. If he doesn't do this service, he will be a detriment and cause difficulty. No one wishes to be a problem, but sometimes we see answers and again impatience occurs. The evil cycle returns seemingly never escaping it," said Werner.

"The escape is simple, but man makes it difficult. Zen Masters talk of grasping mind with mind, but we say trying to grasp spirit with mind which is far worse. Sometimes, we will attempt it, but back away when realising no success exists there. Again, we talk of freedom and actually apply it upon the path. Our exercise here may bring answers closer, as you have engaged the Rod of Power. But as Tirkahji said an answer may or may not follow for the SRAOSHA Master is only engaged with spirit and sometimes it is most illogical," said Pedraji then taking a long drink of the strawberry kombucha placing it back down whilst pouring more into his glass from the taller glass decanter atop a wooden bamboo tray hearing the fresh fizz of carbonation.

"Perhaps that could be an answer, but to create an illogical vehicle would seem impossible," replied Werner having reached out with Pedraji signalling if he wished more drink. The others freshened their glasses as well with Pedraji leaning into the inner circle of his friends and students.

"True. However, we know that anything is possible, but time and space must dictate some form of rationale although an extreme level seems to cause failure as has occurred with the *Socrates*. Whereby, we should not conclude an extreme her for that would dismiss a perfectly good venture perhaps. If we learn the next stop, it would white-wash the ostensible failure. Thus, we need to continue the discussion as it must glean some answers as more seem necessary presently. Maybe going through the occurrence before the last explosion would be fruitful," said Pedraji with Werner thankful that they seemed finally getting to the point albeit he would never say anything about it.

"Yes," said Werner after a short pause, "My sentiments exactly because we were so sure of success then and perhaps we were close. We can play back the ships video recorder."

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Nineteen

Marie and Melinda were at *The Good Earth*.

“Do you remember the other day when we were laughing about how people used to think privileges were something the rich were privy or entitled to?” queried Melinda pointing to Wayne’s smudge on his white pleated tuxedo shirt – they wore the Marcella ones every other day. He smiled and nodded leaving after placing their white wine filled baccarat crystal glasses in front of them. Rushing but not running, he swung through the sound-proofed doors to the kitchen that allowed swinging them hard without a sound.

“God, she irks me!” exclaimed Wayne at once through the doors spreading his arms out full length and then grabbing his face. The windowed ivory doors bumped his derriere when swinging back with his knees buckling slightly. Other menials looked his way but indifferently feeling glad they did not have to deal with it. Melinda was a notorious fuss budget and a royal pain in the a.. dittoed by all the restaurant help.

“Prima Donna celebrities...all the same,” continued Wayne muttering, “The only good part is that she is gorgeous and I do like her expertise sometimes.” Of course, nothing was on his waistcoat and he never did anything with it. Money was not used, but before the golden time, Melinda was noted for her generous tipping. Functionaries never forget knew Melinda who took advantage whenever possible. Letting go of his red cheeks, Wayne peered briefly out the twin doors discreetly watching Marie’s lips move.

“Yes, dear,” answered Marie after a long pause to acknowledge remembering and letting Melinda continue seeing in her behaviour that was which the latter wished. But she had waited for Marie to respond after Mrs. York took a long fume blanc computation.

“Well, I was cogitating upon it and reflecting how internationally it was accepted that human rights existed but were really human privileges. History had confused the lot whilst Werner straightened out the mess with his atavistic explanations. Their rejuvenation was vital for movement to our present golden time. The privilege had two definitions but, in reality, only one as being misinterpreted. Privilege was not really about the plutocratic behaviour,” said Melinda taking a libation also.

“Yes, proper interpretation and its implementation can take many years. Werner is very special that way and is a great scholar while having the knack to glean the truth through an ingenious observation of written information. It is as if he can see through the paper or actually see what is there while others miss the lot. It is a gift.

“He owes a lot to Arthur because Arthur knew if he guided Werner to certain documents that Werner would find the loop-hole answers while no one else could. Arthur claims he didn’t know these things consciously at first, they were just going through the motions...but later...they knew it was a method of sorts. Arthur had purchased those trusts without consulting Werner as you know how stubborn your hubby can be. But then later asked Werner to peruse and study them for his opinion. When Werner did, he found all those mistakes, much to Arthur’s chagrin *the latter knew it was the supervisor syndrome in the polar lower worlds as of asking the question you will get an answer*. Eventually, when that trust company made Werner a director, he fixed the errors and the company prospered helping to usher in this golden era. They were able getting people used to the idea in managing or controlling their own estates and not owning them,” said Marie looking at her glass whilst slowly turning the stem seeing the pretty crystalline highlights she thought which few probably consciously paid attention. Sunlight helped a great deal as it shown through laced draped bay windows where their favourite table sat. Marie did not stare at the glass long being appropriate in public whilst preparing to listen attentively to her dearest friend’s next response. She always felt their argot conversations were most fruitful gleaning much knowledge and wisdom. Never a waste of time, Marie felt and believed Melinda felt the same way as they had discussed it many times before.

“Truly that was a major step forward and the proper knowledge that man has only one right, the birthright to have everything. That one must document certify this birthright in sovereignty to utilise the gov’t licences or privileges of use,” said Melinda not noticing Marie ruminating for the moment whilst the former did it often herself believing people could think many thoughts at the same time. The old multi-task behaviour started many moons ago or was disclosed they knew.

“You know what the birthright is, eh?” asked Marie with her friend chiming in immediately without an instant of delay.

“...Of course, Soul enters the body through the birth canal and as a minimum of ten thousand suns of power according to AKATHA, a great compromise is made here in the labour of Soul entering the physical body through a mother’s womb. Thus, it is called ‘birth labour’ or just plain

'labour' when being born, the true work without an employer or pimp. In the Iron Age, people were paid for their labour, they sold their labour. Hence, Soul was entitled to be paid for Its birth labour with everything coming due when born regarding all Its needs of food, shelter, and clothing. That was the fact calling prostitution the oldest profession for everyone, who sold themselves to the employer, essentially was prostituting their time...maybe specifically not their bodies...but the true definition of prostitution was..."

"...I get it, I get it," interrupted Marie as they both laughed.

Marie continued, "That paved the way of getting rid of the dreadful taxation and the govt's finally understood, their original tax collection was not for them but for the King. The King got into banking instead and stopped retrieving the tax from their government vassals. Hence, it was the King's fault, yet gov't knew but greed overcomes all usually. Honesty in the face of millions is very difficult. Thus, getting rid of the money helped lessen acquisitiveness.

"After gov't entrenched with taking the taxes without transferring them to the King, aforementioned with the latter's blessing, some of these governments had to be dismissed with tax liens by the foundations. But after awhile, new solidarity govt's with proper sovereigns leading them knew what to do after being trained properly by the foundation Managing directors. It was not complex, just a new conditioning of the people. The youth caught on easily and it was an education of the silly adults. Of course, in the past, politics became a taboo and people hated discussing it – like mentioning "Insurance Man" or "Amway" - but later after Werner introduced great clarity back to the polis, they sprang-up everywhere again. The Zreeks really knew how to do it with these small polis groups in the ascension leadership system. People were again nurtured and happy in these group sessions as they were now listened to and their views were accepted. The change occurred by those like Werner and I that knew the truth about tolerance. By nurturing what people said that was true, they finally received a better overview. Instead of condemning what was wrong, elevating what was right became the model. Initially, most everything the people said was wrong and presented the struggle, but a few had enough of the truth to teach the querentish ones and guide them back. Aforesaid, it was a struggle initially as you knew personally. Once you understood, you became very zealous, but later realised that in the beginning only a five percent of the entire population could understand. When those five percent became a reality, about three hundred million people, the task became simpler to teach the truth to the rest.

“Man is always close to the truth, but what was occurring at the end of the twenty-first century were confusions over simple jargon and even political science had left-out important issues,” said Marie

“For example?” asked Melinda.

“The police would always say to ground car drivers that driving was a privilege and not a right. People would concede generally without a response or argument, but some would give the police a hard time about their right to drive. The policemen would go through political science classes that stated driving was a privilege and not a right whilst the course had no further explanation for a right. Werner debated with political science professors and eventually they elaborated more in the text books that indeed it was true. Driving was not a right, but a licence meant one had the privilege of driving. Any licence was a gov’t privilege; not a right. The problem was unless the foundation gave one the document certified right in sovereignty to use a privilege driving was illegal. Thus, without sovereignty – the sovereign right or birthright – it made all licences issued by the government illegal. Hence, foundations started issuing sovereignty in little offices at first and then finally in hospitals along with the birth certificate, the latter of which was the first licence as the privilege of birth.

“It then created the legal world gov’t entity and the golden age was not far away back on the right track. Issuing sovereignty became part of the process and made the entity finally legal once again. In ancient history, people had been performing the process correctly but errors started creeping in. The first error is usually the foundation Managing Director (fMD) stops issuing written permission and just orally tells the foundation Exchangor/Grantor (fMG) he or she may issue sovereignty. That simple failed step led to the fMG granting sovereignty without permission from the fMD altogether. Since the fMG was originally the King after the middle ages (Henry II Plantagenet), one can see how the power of granting sovereignty made the King that much more powerful and controlling. Then the other foundation officeholders started issuing sovereignty whilst we see the Exchangor/Grantor lost their permissioned exclusivity; a short leap off a high mountain.

“By going back to the proper process, the group entity became stronger again and more focus and attention made man more intelligent. He was able again to decipher properly and duplicate the truth on all subjects. Even positronics was eliminated with artificial intelligences replacing it for good when scientists revealed to non-fiction readers that Albert Kasimov’s fictitious character, Dr. Ann Calvin, invented it. The irresponsibility of computer scientists came to an end. Kasimov never

explained positronics in detail for making the positronics brain, and therefore was a myth. It was a real shame but fortunately artificial intelligence advanced robotics without positronics. The research on robots is now very sophisticated and do not consider positronics in practice or its definition. Whereby, since the term's origin is dubious with a character saying it was more like poetry, positronics was mostly dispensed with; thank goodness.

“People faced the facts of their failures and started asking the labefaction questions. They finally ate crow and took the pain of embarrassment of being ignorant, and became knowledgeable instead of illiterate about the truth. The world became a place of nurturing once again and knowledge was enhanced while everyone stopped playing the game of competing for whom was the smartest of them all,” said Marie.

“An important step in asking questions was always painful for the arrogant or so-called experts. It took an individual like Werner to ask these hard questions staying on task getting others stimulated enough in bringing out their ignorance and he did with grand results. Some say he did it better than even Socrates because the latter got himself killed. I mean, the Zreek great was ironically not so diplomatic with the powers that be at the time in history. For Werner, the timing was better because the social entity was waning. The people were thirsting for the truth and he provided succour by the quest renewed in formulating the proper questions. The rhetoric went away. The politician became accountable as in the ancient Zreek polis. The Zreeks were agrarian and extremely intelligent whilst their undoing was a lack of technology and passivity along with it. However, they fought to the end and still have a culture but not the zenith they once knew. They experienced as all cultures do, the perpetual cultural fluctuation syndrome,” said Melinda pausing taking a swig of the fume blanc.

“Few realise they were not the Socratic Republic but an Androcratic Democracy of male Zreek-born citizens having only the privilege to vote. No suffrage occurred by women and non-Zreek born male citizens, and conquered peoples. As Socrates pointed out democracies were the gov't by the rabble, the populace or people and he considered it one of the four inferior societies along with timarcracy, oligarcracy, and tyranocracy. It was good that we finally sorted the republic as the proper golden society. People became more responsible once the entity was majority sovereign and the trust foundation was the ordinate power. The gov't's stopped misconstruing the ancient truths of foundation common law. It was simple but the people were wrong for a

long time. We are fortunate that Werner lastly got on task with finding the proper sovereignty formula and could implement it in time,” said Marie.

“Yes. We are indeed very fortunate because earth was moving quickly to destruction and practically overnight things changed. It was that hundredth monkey effect although with people not being a true collective, it had worked slower. Whereby, it seemed for awhile that few people were a little more than crows in the field. Since they did have hearts and could be touched, they understood that truth issued by good people meant awareness of life and not exploitation by thugs. Good people could run the show and nurture all others. Enhancement of knowledge and wisdom is now more important than seeking material items. Comprehensive industrialisation with environmental cooperation became the instant theme and quite common sensical. The childish ways of the past being eliminated allowed us to move forward as humanity and not timarchian thuggy plunderers. Glato would be very proud of us today. As the Father of the Republic and Sciences, it is good the children study his works. His lost works were very valuable and helped the problems in Socrates’ dialogues,” said Melinda.

“True. People did fear the noble lie and infanticide. And even more so, these things were repugnant and not accepted. By changing these views of allowing just leaders to raise children, and not killing infirm and illegitimate children although healthy, it showed Glato’s Republic and not Socrates’. Glato supported the philosopher ruler though and simply showed a good individual supported by the ascension system that was easily instituted after awhile. Thus, sorting these matters has made the golden age achievement. Now, it’s up to us to maintain it as long as possible. I know the boys are doing their best. Have you heard from Arthur recently?” inquired Marie after finishing her response.

“Not for a day, but I’m sure he will call soon,” beamed Melinda.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter Twenty

After reviewing the computer tape on Werner's portable computer atop Pedraji's pine wood table next to the glass kombucha decanter, before the *Socrates II* was destroyed, the team was still bewildered believing they had discovered the problem. The exact time of the turbulence before the destruction was the time from when Werner had changed the time calibration of the ship leaving nothing to chance. The exact time was found and inferred as the answer, yet turbulence still destroyed the second ship not long after?

"No greater conundrum could ever exist," remarked Werner being very displeased with himself. How could an exacting time occurrence not be related to the situation involved when the turbulence time was exactly as our measurement before? The three other men including Arthur, Tirkahji, and Pedraji listened to Werner further extrapolate.

"You say the answer is simple yet we have played the tape and you can see we've cornered all contingencies. If that is so, why did an obvious catastrophe clearly happen?" questioned Werner somewhat rhetorically but would take any comers.

"If I may speak?" queried the comer Tirkahji.

"Please do!" exclaimed Werner with as much enthusiasm that he could muster without screaming.

"Have we covered all contingencies could be a question and as you say, 'if that is so?' rhetoricalised Tirkahji.

"Do you mean we may not have covered all the variables?"

"You are asking the questions and making the statements that appear to offer more information because clearly the catastrophe occurred and clearly all variables probably were not covered. Have all possibilities been sorted or does the old Rolmesian concept work here of eliminating all possibilities and what is left, however improbable being the answer. Have we eliminated the possibilities and aforesaid gathered them for a Rolmes' deduction not negating the answer as improbability being almost impossible. Of course, no one probably has ever said that before until now?" queried Tirkahji watching Arthur open his mouth ready to say something, "If I may continue Arthur," and he did with Arthur closing his mouth and waving his hand as if signally Tirkahji to proceed.

“Obviously, a catastrophe has occurred as we have repeated several times now. A few times after we had thought the calibration was the problem and corrected. Again, obviously that was not the problem. Werner wishes to remain with the premise of the first turbulence and the time between correcting the calibration being exact as significant. I agree with him having initially reinforced it because the mathematics does not lie, at least individually, and too closely associated not to relate. Whereby, if that is the situation, the answer must exist there.”

Pedraji rejoined, “Many become assured of answers, but what does the man do that has been assured one moment and then the next they are not? Is the only assurance in that of God and one should go there? However, it is true that you and others may be reaching for the prosaic and sobeit. I would never stand in one’s way if they believed so much in something. The Gaean people for years believed in many falsehoods but changed when finally the truth was necessary. Usually it takes catastrophes like the *Socrates*’ ships going away for one to really find certain answers. Farbeit for me, aforesaid, to hold back even something that God may render useless. That one so unique may find it, in reality being so, considering God’s qualifier of ‘maybe.’

“Anxiety will mount for those who seek so strenuously and yet, it is good if all their striving is, again, placed towards the divine. If one’s work is directed or has a goal of the highest, the work is then good.”

Arthur interjected, “My dear Pedraji, I believe our work to be pledged to God in order for ITS delight and know that what we uncover is this way. My desire has always been of service and you must know that in your wisdom. I sense you are being thorough and to me that is great! One would be foolish not to accept such a discourse. I agree, we should be patient if I may be so bold as to infer it as that virtue is truly needed surmising that is so. I thank you at this point for your wisdom and know we shall succeed as of it only.”

“You are a good student of wisdom,” said the Master, “and one day will be a great Master. I am proud to set your feet upon the path this fine day, sir, for you will find the answer soon to the dilemma faced before your team.”

Werner interrupted with great enthusiasm for this statement was what he longed for from Pedraji!

“Thank you dear Pedraji! Those words have soothed me as Soul for I was not sure of this goal, but know now with the supreme confidence you restored in me that all will be well! It’s very funny for we must learn the simple affirmation every day of being positive. So many fine Souls

exist in the worlds that are truly this way and look to the sun each day and not the darkness. You are truly the Master of our chosen peoples, the Akathists, and we are fortunate to have you as our guide and guru.

“When my ancestors became aware of the high path many years ago through the great Sri Peddar Xask, we had heard of his work before and rejoiced upon knowing it from my father. He was indeed blessed passing down such fine knowledge from the Mahaji Himself and later you have been here now to guide us. Life is truly grand wherein we renew our faith as a flow, as a cycle that for ever climbs if we will sustain it! Being so simple man must keep the movement going higher. The dusty highway shines when the rain doth fall accepting its muddiness as gold. Those who keep their heads high in that rain see the rainbow of beautiful arcipluvian colours that never fade in the eyes of the Mahaji,” sincerely expressed Werner.

“Werner, your words this day are those of the Master and you have now received your Tenth Initiation and are a full fledged SRAOSHA Master,” said Pedraji, “Welcome to this high inner circle, the Order of Ongari.”

They all shook hands with Werner and he smiled as the Master for the first time with the supreme Tiwaja, the SRAOSHA, the most powerful Light and Sound as the Voice of the AKSHAR, the God of AKATHA. Tiwaja is any SRAOSHA Master’s gaze from his or her eyes as the pure Light and Sound of SRAOSHA or Spirit in AKATHA.

“I hope...” said Werner overcoming the temporary shock of happiness continuing now as the newest SRAOSHA Master, “that my mastery will help be a service to mankind in our pursuit of the *Socrates*’ issue. As you know, being of service to mankind first by guiding the ready Soul back to God and secondly helping society. Those priorities properly adhered in sequence will eventually help answer our question. With divine patience, which is stepped-up for those that are aware each day, will also bring our answer. Of course, we must pursue the answer and do all we can every day to the best of our abilities as the great and wise Sri Peddar Xask had said in earlier times. Every action and every thought should be close to the harmony of spirit, and there we must dwell. It is not a maybe or could be, but a must eventually for those who master the path. Before when the student is beginning, Arthur, the qualities will gently guide one, but when reality comes, prior to mastery, the factors of quantities may not be so gentle but still harmonic. Someone must ask the hard questions and find the good answers that way.”

“That is so, true,” said Tirkahji, “Mankind cannot just dive into the deep end without learning how to swim initially. He must take the steps gently and then one day they become natural. The great truths must be

practiced not just mouthed. Those who have experienced God are mostly felt by their presence as they daily ask God to be a channel for ITS great power, the SRAOSHA. Why do people get confused with these things only explains the insidiousness of the negative force. The intrepid one must walk fourth in the face of the Kal and tell him to be gone. The Sword of SRAOSHA is brandished then and truly smites as the great warrior behind it is Pedraji.”

“Thank you, Tirkahji, and you will also remember that this great battle is easily won by SRAOSHA because the illusion remains that all is SRAOSHA but in different degrees. One day the sword is unsheathed and the next day it is slung in the scabbard. On the latter day, we have won the battle and peace reigns for a time. How long the peace remains is entirely up to man for it could be millennium upon millennium or in a wink of an eye. Time is evanescent, but man becomes chained in it and causes the master to be burdened this way. When the shackles are taken from the mind and allowed to be only a puff of smoke, the true power can shine forth and everyone can feel it, but only the ready can manifest it. Who is the ready one explains the answer for only those who are. None can say when another is ready albeit the Mahaji will know. However, He would never interfere upon one’s space unless SRAOSHA would declare such. Such autocratic power can only come from the divine and we know its fruits by what we feel. When one comes in chains, it could be the Master being protected or condemned. If the latter, the world is not long for existence and occurrences of destruction, as in the *Socrates’* ships situations, must be closely scrutinised,” replied Pedraji.

“Do you mean that a sequence of chain reaction has occurred?” asked Arthur.

“It could be,” smile Pedraji, “but that must be explained in this world of experiences as the gauntlet is laid for catharsis. It cannot be overcome as AKSHAR deems it so. By trusting these words, we may know the answer but who must continue to speak here?”

“That is not a problem for us in this exploration of ideas,” said Werner.

“No, it is not,” agreed Tirkahji continuing, “We have already agreed that out of these discussions come the answers for our manifestations. Since the manifest comes firstly from the thought and then must be put into words or experimentation without words. The experiments have failed thus far, and back to the concepts is our next step we take here.”

“Is it possible that we have overlooked a vital variable as suggested before?” queried Arthur answering his own question and then created a new one, “It would be obvious, I suppose, and my question has been asked but perhaps forgotten for the moment. The subject of the *Socrates*’ ships may not be important if we did not have a strategy that in which Pedraji should be made aware. Do you agree Werner?”

“Yes, Arthur most emphatically! Thank you for the suggestion. It is a perfect idea,” turning directly towards Pedraji Werner continued, “Pedraji, we have planned for many years to take a ship through the sun and of course, it had been the *Socrates* all along. Since the sun is a doorway according to the ancients, we believe it possible to go through. I know discussions of disintegration, destruction, oblivion, etc., have been argued, but those who have attempted have never come back to prove otherwise. I hope to be the first by making this pledge to do so,” emphasized Werner thinking *Just as many may have said before and not returning anyway*.

“I have heard some discussion about these things in the past. Many have tried the same strategy and have made the same pledge as you probably surmised (*“I knew it,” thought Werner*). Hence, the conclusion since no one has returned is that they died. Whereby, even I have commented on the fact that no conclusive evidence has been made and unless someone does return, we may never know,” answered Pedraji.

Tirkahji rejoined, “Another dichotomy as we know the sun is the entrance to the Soul Plane *Werner remembered Peddar Xasks’ work “A Country Far”* and a vibrational change must take place for anyone or vehicle to go through. We daily travel in Sahaji through it, but the Masters have not revealed that possibility of what we are talking about here. Yet to do so would simply mean that the possibility exists, but it has not occurred because the travellers are overwhelmed with joy and wish not to return. Also, the only reason for return would be for loved ones, but they find them already there.”

“They find them there? That is amazing!” exclaimed Arthur wishing further explanation but knowing some of it.

“Yes, the Soul Plane is the essence of man and when the vehicle goes through that plane exosomatically it disappears on the other side from the physical manifest viewpoint. It is not death but a transformation. Going through in a physical vehicle means high entropy as opposed to contemplation which is low entropy and gains one spiritual enlightenment and knowledge. Hence, the Masters do not recommend the physical vehicle as it is unnecessary regarding spiritual advancement. Nevertheless, as Columbus was told once that the voyage was unnecessary and many

others were warned, man is illisomic at times and ventures forth. As mentioned, it is possible, but unnecessary from a wisdom or purely spiritual level. Thus, a challenge is created and very enticing for most. At the same time, no karma is necessarily involved but physical exertion is an obvious fact. Many must reinvent the wheel to make the journey for again, no one has left records nor returned at least in our recorded history. It has happened because all experiences have. Yet we would say officially it has not regarding the sun venture. Also, physically it is not done, but done in an Atma Sarup vehicle, the Soul Body,” said Pedraji.

“We accept the challenge!” cried Werner and Arthur vehemently in unison but not too loud as *Akathists had learned pushing the envelope but not damaging it or drawing the line but not crossing it*. These metaphors would do nicely thought Werner after his exclamation and declaration of the sun challenge. These two engineers had already discussed this exact same premise many years ago that Pedraji had brought up again and came to the same conclusion. It was a matter of advancing technology presently and felt that probably the last time someone had recorded the experience was in the last golden age. They were happy that the golden age had occurred regarding the project since the non-monetary system, now in place, afforded them their further research. If they could find the answer to the ATs dilemma, they would be soon on their way to the sun.

“Arthur, you reinforced the fact believing as I, that the answer was in the calibration timing or something about it, correct?” questioned Werner acting out for both Pedraji and Tirkahji what he and Arthur already knew for certain. Arthur knew what Werner was doing and not insulting the former’s intelligence by any means.

“Yes. We had agreed that it was not a coincidence that the same turbulence periodicity appeared as when you told the computer to change the time,” answered Arthur.

“Then it is in the time calibration!” enthusiastically directed Werner continuing, “The *Socrates* computer had been downloaded to the centre computer and...*Werner interrupts tapping his chest ordering,* ‘Computer play back the conversation starting the discussion that bifurcated upon the time calibration.’”

“Yessir, one moment please” answered the Centre Computer with a pause occurring and Werner’s taped voice was heard,

“Arthur, how goes it?”

“No problems mate,” replied Arthur on the tape.

They further and briefly discussed on the recording the *Socrates* speed and Werner was perturbed that the *Socrates* computer was not calibrated properly.

Werner further said on the recording, “Computer, play back your statement to me after the speed change there.”

“Yessir,” said the *Socrates* computer and continued, “Sir, the increase will make Eta 4 hrs, fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine point eighteen hundredth seconds.”

“Please continue playing the tape, computer,” said the present Werner.

“...Thank you computer. Please acknowledge rounding-off to seconds please,” said the recorded Werner.

“Acknowledged, Eta 4 hrs, fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds,” said the *Socrates II* computer.

“Thank you,” said the recorded Werner and he continued speaking in a murmured tone to Arthur, “Bloody computer was not calibrated ahead of time...”

Arthur then said on the recording aboard *Socrates II* before its demise, **“The Utopians prefer rounding-off to hundredths inasmuch as the Socrates’ normal reports spec at milliseconds. One thousandth of a second is good in celestial mechanics at warp speed but for our test this morning inside impulse speeds, it is unnecessary.”** Werner asked to play the last segment over and when through, asked again to repeat with altogether listening to the same recording three times and finally in present non-recording time.

“That’s It!” exclaimed Werner, “I made the mistake and so did the Utopians. Why do they round-off to hundredths anyway? No one knows? Some ancient arbitrary decision that had no rationale like in the old corporate stock holding days when a minimum of a round-lot was declared a hundred shares or companies created a minimum of a thousand shares when creating the company – no rationale just an arbitrary or heuristic decision. Perhaps rounding-off was a rule of thumb thing or habit? Is it important? It could be everything? However, it is in regard to document specification not necessarily regarding our time problem.”

“What?” cried Arthur practically jumping out of his chair!

Werner was ecstatic! “Computer, do a simulation for me. Calibrate the time of the last discussion to thousandth and read it back. Can you do that?”

“Yessir, of course. Eta 4hrs, fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine point one hundred eighty-nine thousandth second,” acknowledged the computer.

“The paradox,” said Werner.

“What paradox?” queried Arthur with the other two men and Masters attentively looking on.

“Don’t you see? The paradox...the paradox of efficiency. The Utopians are efficient at the same time eccentric. Stopping at hundredths eliminated wording of the thousandth measure and some Utopian scientist had been getting the measure down to usage of letters and decided that the thousandth measure to be a waste,” said Werner changing the subject by addressing the computer, “Computer, who signed the document for this calibration order and when?”

“Acknowledged. The order was signed just ‘The Doctor’ and forty years to the day.”

“Bingo!” cried Werner, “The Doctor decided the thousandth was a waste of time to say.”

“Who is the Doctor...oh, the Doctor – our friend in the omnivergent trip,” realised Arthur.

“Yes, he was the one all the time, but we didn’t know exactly. Tirkahji do you know what this means?” queried Werner turning to his teacher.

“Indeed. We have found the answer obviously and Utopia has now taken even a greater step into sustaining and concretising the golden age. Going back to the thousandth or millisecond oral time declaration will solidify many things for the society. The millisecond represents kilohertz speeds that manifested the initial power to access the computer screen in the late 1970’s. Hertz (one cycle per second) and Centihertz (100 cycles per second) were not fast or long enough to reach the computer data getting it to the screen. The light did not go on and the screen was still dark at hertz and centihertz. So, they sped it up essentially mirroring man’s consciousness in time and space with that mirror accessed finally at kilohertz, an incredible breakthrough for the time! In other words, nothing would appear on the computer screen until kilohertz speed was reached. That speed is milliseconds or thousandth seconds. Thus, ATs occurred as of not addressing milliseconds but the turbulence existed although sensed officially. However, we have achieved a more sentient experience wherein the millisecond reacted being ignored after being discovered. Recognition means manifestation or in ‘The Little Prince,’ once the fox was tamed its master must be responsible for it. If irresponsible, the fox will react or notice creating an agitation or a...a...turbulence like my cat wanting ironic emergency attention will ridiculously meow like the place is falling down! A ripple creates a great wave eventually not unlike turbulence creating an explosion! But not, in reality, the misnomered butterfly effect albeit accepted in this way.

“Furthermore, lightspeed was actually in hertz, the one cycle of an electron circling back upon itself, one trip out in a half circle and one trip back in another half circle creating one hertz. But unrecognised for years without anyone knowing why making claims that lightspeed was a different speed somehow. It would be similar to bank execs thinking that gold had value to the dollar when the latter had not been backed by it since 1930. That was mostly placation or double-talk giving their account holders casuistry instead. They did not wish to reveal the truth. Here we did not know the truth regarding our present ATs problem with no one hiding anything except their ignorance. Of course, the hertz was discovered by Dr. Heinrich Hertz in 1930 and the term became established in 1960. But the computer achievement happened ten years later. Thus, the computer circuit was established as one hertz. However, the computer circuit card was too slow at the first level of lightspeed as the devices ate-up the speed with little output for the terminal. The speed was increased until finally kilohertz or on thousand hertz, a thousand cycles per second was achieved. Then at this kilohertz speed, the computer monitor flickered and viola! Success! The kilohertz arrived at the terminal and was recognised. Since that time, we now have exponential speeds of hertz in computers with an application empirically not being achieved yet. That speed would be equivalent to three hundred million kilometres per second at approximately Warp 5 without multiplying any exponentials or infinitesimals. Amazing! What a simple idea can bring once acknowledged,” said Tirkahji finishing for the moment.

Werner quickly tapped his communicator, “Computer. Do a simulation of *Socrates II* and after giving Eta in thousandth second measure, give an outcome of the Eta.”

“Acknowledged. The *Socrates II* safely lands on Utopia after 4 hrs, fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine point one hundred and eighty-nine thousandth second.”

Before Werner let everyone break-out in cheers...he interrupted the celebration by raising his hand giving the computer another order, “...Computer. Please do the same simulation with the original *Socrates* spaceship repeating it one hundred times and just let me know if it lands safely without the extras.

Within just seconds the computer came back, “Acknowledged. The *Socrates* lands safely every time.”

Now, Werner could not avoid the cheers by the other three men in the room. Albeit he wished to whoop it up himself along with them, but instead he resisted for the moment further inquiring of the computer and

leaned forward to the desk panel in order to be heard increasing his own volume, “Computer, why didn’t the *Socrates II* computer warn us of the problem ahead of time?” Werner anxiously awaited the response.

“Sir, the *Socrates II* computer simply did not have the new data.” Werner could not help wishing to further cogitate upon the computer’s response, but Arthur had already grabbed his hands and was spinning him around the room like a Turkish dervish with joy! The four men continued to jump for joy whilst Pedraji smiled broadly Voltairian and said, “Thank goodness to SRAOSHA! Baraka Bashad – May all Blessings Be.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter 21

Within a few months *Socrates III (SIII)* was assembled and, of course, it was a success in simulations. It took longer to build for some new features and more tests were done this time. The three men even made a short trip in omnivergence to see the Doctor telling him their discovery with the latter very ambivalently happy. He was pleased that ATs was conquered but distressed that he had caused it ironically.

Preparations were now being made for the solar trip that was only weeks away. Werner and Arthur were again at Utopia Centre discussing the journey's strategy. Tirkahji had left on a holiday to his Bindian ashram. He would not be back until take-off time. The former Living SRAOSHA Master had decided to go after Werner's convincing statement of a return perhaps occurring but not documented since a previous golden age or others. In other words, it had to have happened sometime in cyclical eternal history even after destruction times. Everything has happened in time and space and if manifestation exists nothing is new was a tenant of AKATHA. The old saying was true that "Nothing was new under the sun," thought Tirkahji relenting without further prodding from his new crewmates. Also, in his final analysis, he mused that all SRAOSHA Masters know that the adventuresome spirit always remains.

"Arthur. We are getting close and it is very exciting!" remarked Werner sitting at the head of the huge conference room table dwarfing them at Utopia Centre.

"Yes, Werner I feel it too and it is exhilarating! Whereby, we need to do the final check on the calculations this afternoon, but firstly, I wanted to bandy some history around. I've always been curious about how foolish man becomes in history, but the same question appears in maintenance.

"Truly, this era will continue to be mysterious and we must merge with that mystery. If we do not, the era will fade quickly or disappear instantly. You and others will find as good students of AKATHA that all life can be in harmony for great lengths of time and maintenance will not be an issue," replied Werner.

"That is true and no question exists about that fact. Yet, individuality is a concern for the student must pass those tests given by the

Masters and continue to pass them and further. ‘One cannot use mind to grasp mind’ as even the Zen Master Hung Po said whilst Soul must interact,” said Arthur.

“Nobody said non-intervention occurs and one may express themselves any way they wish. The Master’s job is simply to keep the teachings pure, not to drill them into the minds of the people. That time is past and the over-positive time has arrived, but for the students on the path, they must defend themselves with power not logic. It is a matter of response and still defence because polarity will always exist in the lower worlds. The secret is one and the same, but to solve it is mastery,” replied Werner.

“You truly have also arrived in that position,” smiled Arthur.

“That is kind of you to say, but I must continue like everyone else to learn and grow. No one can sit on their laurels for one second or should I say millisecond.”

They all laughed heartily at Werner’s ironical statement and Arthur continued with a question.

“The polarities make for a perpetual battle then in the lower worlds?”

“True. Whereby, harmony remains the answer in one’s life and dwelling upon the Sound Current as the best defence. We must do some work in the lower realms because we are not God ITSELF. Even at the essence plane of Soul, a duality of sorts still exists as Soul is separate from God eternally. However, the Soul Plane shows us that we have no gross bodies to drop there on the way to God. Hence, probably why people do not return once going through the sun? Tirkahji knows this and wished to go as I. Not to gain the Soul Plane since that is done daily, but as a service to man. Further solidification of our era is the work. Enhancement maintains whilst fear and concern devolve. Can concern be enhancement is probably true, but one must walk a fine line there and it can be done. We do it, don’t we as humans; challenge ourselves to the point of disaster as we have done. We will always do it much to the chagrin of others perhaps?” quizzed Werner.

“We will, but not all and I’ve heard Pedraji talk about the fact of not everyone must be on the path. It is not an issue and letting the aspect of the path itself go becomes a paradox. The farther we retreat, the faster comes the child for the bond is great but we must feel it. We forget these things...I know I do,” answered Arthur and then asked a question, “The question remains how such an exalted state of a golden age fails?”

“The failure aforementioned is inherent. Remember outer man would go to war for peace and never attain the peace. It was found that money was the culprit then for wars were an economic game. When that generation finally died off and its children awoke and stopped passing along wrong tradition, they realise that passivity was the answer and the tiger only existed initially and used in emergencies. In other words, power is unnecessary unless goaded. It will be used if Kal keeps pressuring the Akathist. The sword may be in the sheath but brandished at any moments notice; swift and true. That option is important and places the paradox again before us. Your evolvment will be quick in our presence and you are fortunate Arthur,” said Werner.

“I am fortunate and I recognise it. At the same time, that is why I attempt to discuss these things with you as it is. Satsang as you know. The perpetual truth remains that each is truth and the illusion that Kal creates is amusing through others.”

“For some, more amusing than others,” rejoined Werner, “...and should remain such as the path ever mounts higher and the journey in the lower worlds can be difficult for most. The battle is never won until we see God who is infinite and knows all things. We can only do what is right and be invincible even if confused at times. Entities are the key and candour should remain. Here the power will help us, if we are candid. It is an attitude about getting to the truth, not necessarily the truth in itself. The less we struggle with the truth, the easier it is to express it. It would mean that an enemy seeks truth also, but obviously they believe you are wrong when you know you are right. How does one convince the enemy? They cannot do this convincing and can only fight at times. But they must fight for truth’s sake and not for vanity. If the former occurs, the SRAOSHA will help, but if the latter occurs, further degradation takes place. How do we know except through the experience? We must continue to learn in God and keep the fires burning.”

“Life is a metaphor then?” queried Arthur.

“It is a metaphor and always has been,” said Werner, “Man learns it is an abstract. It can only be served by those who are willing. To give means to know that you are giving and then continue. SRAOSHA will help make no mistake and timing becomes the answer along with sacrifices for the universal cause of SRAOSHA. Put your faith in AKSHAR, the one true God and IT will help you for ever. But put your faith in the material way and SRAOSHA, the Great Spirit cannot help. The ancients knew this but lost the skill to articulate it when turning from the Master. Thus, the reconciliation of a Spirit God creating materiality was

impossible. Not until man rediscovered life as a metaphor did he have the answer. The illusion was fixed and he had a game to play and finish. Others had to know as our responsibility also exists to play by accepting the journey in *SIII*. We have made great strides in helping Utopia find the answer to the millisecond and its re-establishment of lightspeed into the community. Now, we can make the *Socrates'* journey.

“It is always good to discuss these things with you Werner. Your perspectives have never changed and I know one day your mastery would be recognised. Pedraji is truly a great man!” said Arthur.

“That He is,” dittoed Werner.

The discussion completed, they went to lunch and returned to do the fine calculations on *SIII*. The physical plane is made of about one billion galaxies and also sub-dimensions. Hence, it had been calculated that the misnomer of the sun seen by the Gaea's people was not only Gaea's sun but the main sun of the universe as well. In actuality, the sun is merely the Soul Plane of Fifth one shining down its radiance made of all the Souls SRAOSHA Power radiating from them according to AKATHA.

Gaea is a planette in the DNA universe of Glato's Necessity Spindle explained in Appendix II of his book “The Republic.” The sun would be the doorway to the fifth region or fifth dimension according to AKATHA mapping. The distance had to be calculated but only initially approximated having no previous calculations except sketchy logs from the Orion Mission back in 1930. The key to the journey would be the actual target itself, the sun. Icarus would be reconciled. The fear of heat was resolved and now the fear of light needing to be overcome. The many galaxies of which none could be pinpointed exactly has the Milky Way Galaxy of fifty quintillion (10^{18} power or ten with 18 zeros after it) square kilometres. That is an approximation based upon 9.5 trillion square kilometres per second travelling for one year. Since the speeds of light do not go beyond light but increase within light, a parameter of virtual infinite speeds in both polarities had been struck. Impulse power gave way at three hundred thousand kilometres per second (300,000 kps). Lightspeed or hyperspace numeric increments were the same within impulse power that one travelling one mile per hour could travel two miles per hour and so forth. In other words, one could travel 300,000 kps and then proceed to 300,001 kps, 300,002 kps, 300,003 kps, etc., ad infinitum.

However, the secret of vingintillion or 10^{63} had been revealed that ancient astronomers found the total dimensional galaxy number. How this came to be was a hidden or an obscure low visibility dictionary reference point of the physical plane ending point and a declaration of the living

Master of that time. The lower world Deity being a malevolent one at times could not be trusted, but the benevolent leader was a pure knowing authority. Yet the question was where the Master got his source calculations remained, but empirical experience was the answer and not Kasimov's poetic licence like his nebulous positronics. **Needing only to multiply the approximate size plus or minus one tenth percent (.1%) of fifty quintillion sq. kilometres, the Milky Way size, they would now have 10^{81} sq. kilometres to cover getting to the sun according to the Orion cosmological reports.** In other words, the spaceship Orion was seen by ground crew going into the sun, and therefore making it rendering their reported calculations accurate. No better proof than doing it being the empirical kind.

Werner and Arthur discussed this distance and calculated their speeds. To make the trip in one hr., 120 sextillion kps would be necessary or 120×10^{18} being 1.7×10^{18} faster than initial lightspeed at 300,000 kps, but no preparation time would exist. They were considering a day parameter of 4.5 sextillion kps having adequate preparation and thorough observation of the sun for any exigency conditions. They decided on a twelve hour trip at eight sextillion kps times **or Warp 7.2×10^{19} , the key speed equation for reaching the sun; a very important speed equation indeed!**

"Calculations have been programmed into *SIII*, Werner and ready when we are. Could we step-up the departure date and leave next week?" asked Arthur.

"I don't know why not? No media coverage will occur and it's just us three. I will need to know if Tirkahji will cut short his holiday. He may, since he is anxious as we although he wouldn't admit to that," chortled Werner.

"He's a fine man and so good. People get the wrong impression about the Ongari adepts. Will they be asking you to join or is that an impertinent question?" queried Arthur again.

"It normally would be secret, but most will find that good friends and loved ones may be included in these circles. One very nice option when becoming a Master remains being able to advance any family member to the same level if they wish. Of course, the family member must be willing and it is not automatic whilst it can be done inwardly too. Joining the Order of the Ongari is a great honour and Tirkahji has been a member for many years. When they are people like everyone else, they have their physical needs as we all do. I hope he can get the time free. I will call now," said Werner pushing the phone button on the desk.

“Ellen please call Tirkahji for me,” ordered Werner. Ellen Benson was the centre’s secretary and seemed always at her desk obliged Werner and made the call. He felt it was more professional using the secretary and appropriate for Tirkahji. If interrupting Tirkahji, the secretary was the middleman taking potential flack albeit unlikely. On the first ring, Tirkahji answered. Ellen transferred him telling Werner, he was on the line.

“Hello Tirkahji,” said Werner with Tirkahji on ambient speaker with Arthur hearing as well. Werner jumped right in, “You want to go next week instead of two weeks?”

“Sounds good, in fact, let’s go Friday morning,” responded Tirkahji as perceptive as ever standing over his sink with a headset piece in his ear cleaning dirt from his hands coming in from the garden seen from the kitchen window. He turned on the quiet faucet and the dirt rinsed away under the cool water.

“In two days? What do you think, Arthur?” queried Werner whilst twisting his neck around to Arthur after the second question.

“Fine,” piped Arthur immediately, “Everything is ahead of schedule and we are finished with all final preparations. The *SIII* computers have been programmed and cross-loaded from here and are completely ready. Two days would be just fine.”

“Well, that’s settled then. Tirkahji we’ll see you Friday morning 06:00 sharp,” finished Werner speaking into the phone.

“I’ll be there tomorrow anyway. I was planning on cutting my trip short. I have been so anxious to go as you two are probably. Goodbye for now.” Tirkahji hung-up and the two gentlemen on the other line smiled at each other so pleased with how Tirkahji thought so much like them. Anxiety was not an extreme for any of them, but for want of better words, one uses them thought Werner after he hung-up the phone. The three now prepared for the special long awaited flight in two days. Not even better words could describe the upcoming journey for without words would be the best irony.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter 22

“Hello Arthur,” said Melinda, “I was telling Marie how I knew you would call soon. She hasn’t heard from Werner in a few days. Is everything all right?”

“Sure, honey. We’ve been terribly busy and he’s here with me right now and wants to talk with Marie when we are finished. Is she there?”

“No, babe. She just left, but he can reach her at home now. I’m sure she’s there already,” answered Melinda as she unfolded her arms across the white linen table cloth atop one of the *Good Earth’s* mahogany tables.

Arthur looked over his shoulder seeing Werner whilst telling him that Marie was not at the restaurant but had left and was home, “Melinda said you could probably call home and catch her?”

Arthur returned to his call and Werner called Marie.

“Hello,” answered Marie after three rings hoping it was him with Werner thinking that she had not arrived yet and then she answered.

“Hello, sweetheart! How are you?” cried Werner.

“Hi honey...oh I am fine. But you haven’t called in two days? I tried at the centre. Ellen said she would ring you, but I knew you were busy. So, I told her not to disturb you. She said it was no bother and reminded me of my priority status which is always nice.”

“I’m sorry darling. We’ve been scrambling to get away quicker. We’re going on Friday instead of in two weeks.”

“Ghee, darling! What about mum’s birthday on Saturday?” questioned Marie and disappointed as usual.

“I forgot. I’m sorry. You know how incredibly important this trip is! I’ll make it up to her when I get back, but for now impossible. I should be back in a few days. The initial trip will only be twelve hours and we don’t know how long we will stay. Not more than twenty-four perhaps. I promise...I could even be back Saturday and maybe...”

She interrupted before he could finish, “...Yes. I’ve heard that song before many times dear and it sounds fine. Dorothy will be all right because she’s used to your strange schedule all these years, but at least you should have remembered. That never helps the in-law thing, but, of course, I will not say a thing,” bullocked Marie.

“True and again, I apologise. Sometimes I’m a bit heartless when it comes to family, but it remains a paradox doesn’t it?”

“I heard even Tirkahji went on a vacation. We haven’t been anywhere in a year. Werner, the time is flying by and you don’t smell the roses and that’s me!”

“Honey, I promise in a few days, we will take a vacation. I want to myself and especially for you. I’ll bet Melinda and Arthur are talking about the same thing.”

“You bet. Arthur is really getting it because their daughter’s birthday is the day after mum’s and Melinda is p-oed,” said Marie.

“Are they all right?” quizzed Werner.

“Sure, but just arguing. As if we never do?”

“Right, Okay babe we’ll go to San Gregorio on Monday or Tuesday; if not sooner.

“Sounds fine. Love you dear.”

“Love you too,” answered Werner and hung-up after Marie did. Marie had gotten used to Werner’s promises and usually he was on schedule, but sometimes, not often, he was way off on them and could not be helped; as of when the *Socrates II* was destroyed. Of course, Marie understood for mainly they loved each other very much and that was the most important aspect of their lives they both knew and believed.

* * *

Preparation for the trip in two days meant everything was stepped-up although they were finished with the final preparations. The actual anticipation adrenaline rush of an important journey was here. Instead of a few weeks, it was down to a few hours and a sudden transition. The boys seemingly had spent all their time at the Centre, but that did not matter as the solar trip was a most important event whilst the Utopian entity was standing with bated breath in realising the outcome. Werner was correct in saying that it should be only a few short hours for their return. However, as Pedraji had pointed out many had said these exact words and never returned within this Kali Yuga, some few thousand years previously to the present. Hence, the casual tossing-off of returning by Werner could be ironical at best which he knew but wanted the play it down.

No media coverage was happening as it was a secret mission except to a few higher level civil servants in Utopia. The golden age had government but only as facilitators of food, shelter, and clothing. Since no profit centres remained, not many were involved with the facilitation as before when people clamoured for government positions out of greed. The

crew wished it this way as they were a private institution and no tax payers existed anymore to justify a public domain viewing. It was not a matter of being secret as of a security factor, but one of not needing more attention than necessary. Since many negatives existed involving the mission, media misconstruances would not be helpful. The fact of the *Socrates* missions having been a recent past abysmal failure fresh in everyone's minds was the main reason whilst the non-returning aspect of successful ship travels to that point of no return in perhaps millions of years did not help their plight. Keeping ambivalence to a minimum seemed the proper strategy and the three man crew agreed.

The *SIII* had a different interior layout than its two previous namesakes, the latter having what amounted to the previous needs of a two man crew on those missions. Whereas, the third ship in the series could have up to forty people doing various responsibilities looking ahead for future journeys since only three crewmen were on this flight. The extra jobs would be eliminated this time and the computer would handle those necessary additional chores of the future crew. One man could actually fly the *Socrates* ships, but it was always preferable having at least two. Psychological facts revealed historically that man was more efficient when travelling with companions than alone. Efficiency was always more important for the prime directive of *survival*. Thus, having at least two crewmen was more efficient and *SIII* would have three crew members, Captain Werner York, First Officer Arthur Damshire, and Chief Advisor Sri Tirkah Zah.

Friday came quickly and the crew had two restless nights before take-off. Aboard *Socrates*, Werner, Arthur, and Tirkahji were in haste fiddling around swivelling in seats, dexterously pressing buttons, blabbing with the computer, etc., in preparing for their important journey into the sun. Werner wore his trademark silk brushed cotton blend firmly pressed black ghillie with gold trim and white cuffs casting a striking figure. Arthur bedecked his old navy blue Air Command uniform equally a striking figure, and Tirkahji had his traditional SRAOSHA Master maroon robe draped upon his solid muscular body. The three were eager for flight and adventure!

“Are you ready gentlemen?” queried Captain York.

“Indeed,” spouted Tirkahji slightly before Arthur's answer of, “Roger that.”

“Then take her out Commander,” ordered the Captain.

The *SIII* hanger opened and Arthur's slightly wet palm hovered over the throttle for just a moment then it lowered upon it pushing forward

gingerly towards more impulse speed for proceeding out the large twin doors. The ship once clearing them would stop briefly moving into vertical take-off (VTo) mode. The **SIII** exterior being the aerodynamic saucer shape (see appendix) would spin imperceptibly whilst the interior did not. It was a natural rotation as if moving with the wind; without moving forward, no rotation. It was hard to explain Werner knew from experience in addressing the media about it at times.

The initial rising was very slow getting into a position of horizontal oblique flight that would gain them the correct trajectory for the forward gradual rise towards their destination. Going 8 sextillion kps would get them to their destination in twelve hours. The warp selection on **SIII** was a simple odometer of the digits and their ten fractional degrees. Warp ten was said to be impossible, but Werner believed that to be his next task of tackling it. Unlike other explorers, Werner felt they should be responsible for what they created with their advanced technology. He understood physics along with both Tirkahji and Arthur as they all were experts having doctorates in that field.

Hence, Werner knew the theory and application of entropy that adhered to the new light dynamics (formerly thermodynamics theory wherein light is never created or destroyed). However, entropy being really processing having transition and the dynamic quality of it can be damaging to the human body. It could be said that the manifestation of the entropic process could be destroyed but not the basic elements, the light atoms themselves. The golden age would always need a majority of the people adhering to the harmonic syntropy process or negentropy, the harmonic processing entropy or it could not exist. It would not need being conscious as a whole regarding syntropy, but it must occur or a golden age could not. Utopia has this syntropy occurrence or harmonic entropy as of people like Werner being conscious of the syntropy responsibility. Thus, Werner would one day attempt Warp 10 with all the proper analysis of that particular overall situation and its consequences and advantages. Now, the attention was upon the vertical rise of the **SIII** out to the earth's lithosphere into its atmosphere and moving across the azimuthal equidistant projection (Aep pronounced "ehp") towards the destination ten quintillion vingintillion (10^{81}) kilometres from Gaea. Once reaching 11,000 metres above any land topographical obstacle **SIII** would then enter the virvacuum (virtual vacuum or diracsphere [name for Dr. Paul Dirac who discovered the oxygen vacuum had other particles but perhaps no oxygen]). Once in the diracsphere, the **SIII** would ipasd (impulse adjustment space dynamic) or fire her impulse rocket for a quick one

second burst, shut it down and then would be travelling at 28,800 kph. At this diracsphere impulse speed Warp 1 would be engaged. At 300,000 kps or Warp 1, Warp 1.2 through Warp 7.2×10^{19} would be a matter of seconds by simply pushing the throttle forward. The relastatic engines would hardly make a whimper as their laser abilities just increase the light magnitude to achieve the increased speeds. Crystals were finally used as simple magnifiers or capacitors, and never used-up as fuel by themselves. That foolish error had been overcome.

It was mere child's play quite literally just as Kasimov's fictional character, Dr. Fostolfe, explained positronics needing man's poetic mind and being non-sequitur at best. Warp drive was similar as the light collectors were ferrous materials that were empty as with any computer device. Anything at its atomic level was nothing; the contemplation of the void. How did warp drive work, Werner knew, was simply that man is light himself and he must put himself into his work as authors have alluded to in science fiction works. Reality was just a step away from it. Man, already at lightspeed in his essence, finally utilised it in the achievement of the *Socrates* ship series. The duplication of the belief occurred and lightspeed travel happened, the pioneer was belief within an apparatus there for the focus and proximity interaction. The analogy of a turbo-thruster or a nuclear bomb would be appropriate as these were augmentations of a simpler technology of combustible engines and dynamite explosions respectively. Warp speed was the augmentation of impulse speed. Man did not need to push an accelerator but the accelerator was the initial impetus of warp speed. In other words, without travelling a certain impulse speed and in this situation, Werner reflected, the impulse power or speed was 28,800 kph, or warp could not be achieved. It was the impulse speed jumping-off point for lightspeed painstakingly arrived from wind-tunnel experiments and eventually applied empirically.

Arthur, as helmsman, had the ship now at 100,000 feet. Werner ordered ipasd with it shutting down almost as quickly as engaging the short burst (it was explained like hitting an old gas pedal and releasing – albeit approx. 1000 kph, it was not important to know the actual speed of ipasd as of achieving the required results). Ipassd was calibrated for the ship achieving 28,800 kph in a diracsphere. These calibrations were computer simulated being tested thousands of times. For it to work, electronics already had achieved it the first time Ben Franklin was shocked by lightening. Therefore, computers inner works had been travelling at lightspeeds since the beginning of their binary coding with a light switch flickering in Micola (Michael) Besla's laboratory in the early 20th century. The famous Yugoslavian had been thwarted then by his once dear friend J.P. Borgen.

Now, Werner, with *Socrates III* reaching 28,800 kph in a matter of seconds, ordered Warp 1. Arthur with his right hand visibly showing perspiration this time also with a slight trembling immediately, but reluctantly, pushed forward the same impulse throttle or hand accelerator of past destruction. The Commander's unnerving did not bother him as his two cronies were experiencing the same thing. Speed had become speed and differentiating it whether impulse or the light kind was unnecessary as time dilation had been proven a silly childlike mistake (*although children probably understood it better than adults thought Arthur before pushing the throttle forward*) by scientists. The deceleration curve was found to be missing or unimportant in celestial mechanics and re-introduced or re-emphasized by Dr. Werner Benton, York. With deceleration as a more prominent variable entering the math equation of celestial mechanics, time was proven not to dilate or expand, but simply a vehicle would slow down from speeding-up with time elapse being a normal expanse during the time travelled. In other words, no immense differential happened in lightspeed like ignorantly foolish backward 20th century physicists believed. They had misinterpreted Weinstein's German translations into English. It was simply explained that impulse speeds had variables, e.g., one could travel ten miles per hour and also increase to eleven miles per hour just as lightspeeds had variables, e.g., one could travel 300,000 kps and also increase to 300,001 kps aforesaid. It was that simple but no other level of speed dynamic existed outside of lightspeed. Impulse was sound, and light was light. Only two variables existed in the universe with both being used-up. However, the misinterpretation of one only being able to travel the lightspeed of 300,000 kps was completely incontrovertibly ridiculous! Variables existed as Weinstein had thoroughly explained but had been mistranslated. Werner translated the German properly being Baron von Priestly raised by Prussian royalty. The proof was empirical once going past 300,000 kps in the original *Socrates*. Some questioned whether that was the problem for the explosion and this trip was to further debunk that falsehood.

Furthermore, no exponentially extra or less time had anything to do with lightspeed as scientists foolishly believed before. It was a great achievement but the mere simplicity of missing the deceleration variable was amazingly ridiculous thought Werner! He was celebrated for it and won the Nobel prize of science some years before that coupled with the *Socrates* project as well. Werner accepted but said in his speech, "Diplomacy keeps me away from certain comments, however I am grateful for this honour and hope that the future will bring you all closer away from the concerns of labefaction."

That view was another peaceful revolution as Werner received many kind letters for his great words and soon the scientific community along with proper govt's were releasing long since hidden information to the public. Freedom became a practice and not just lip-service and brinkmanship of the past. The new govt's being managed by foundations (*also revealing the original one*) gave sovereignty to all people and the privilege of passage became unrestricted whilst people were becoming good. The ideal was closer, not perfect, but as good as it could be for a temporal periodicity as time-span. The *Socrates III* was travelling now at Warp 7.2 with Eta 11hrs, 59 minutes and 59.179 thousandth seconds to the sun. The three were very excited!

"Gentlemen," said Tirkahji continuing and unstrapping his harness walking towards the centre of the helm watching the huge view screen in front, "we will know within moments if the *Socrates III* will hold together. Computer, please give me a status report on the ship regarding Eta, structural integrity, and anticipated problems." The last statement was a trick question because the computers always claimed they never inferred or induced, but rather always maintained deductive reasoning. In other words, anticipation of future references was supposedly not in their programming.

"Acknowledged; *Socrates III* is holding steady on course towards the sun, structural integrity one hundred percent and no deductive anticipated problems."

Tirkahji was surprised by the last part of the statement. It did not make sense to him.

"Computer, what is deductive anticipation?"

"Sir, deductive anticipation is the process by which taking all variables into account whether possible or impossible gleaning a conclusion.

"But wouldn't that just be deductive conclusion then?"

"Yessir"

"I do not understand?"

"In command situations like you have just ordered categorically, we do not create a polemic."

"Oh, you did not agree with the order?"

"Since you are engaging me with a discussion, I will answer categorically. By your statement of asking for anticipation during a command category, I answered the best possible way I could. However, as a computer, I do not anticipate."

"Then your statement of deductive anticipation is contradictory?"

"Nosir"

“Please explain.”

“Aforementioned, it would be compensatory at best.”

“...meaning you were compensating and not telling the truth?”

“Nosir”

“Please explain.”

“Computers cannot lie, but do carry-out orders.”

“But what if the order is a lie?”

“We will question it if we know for certain that it is a lie.”

“Isn’t that insubordination questioning a command and as you say during a command string situation aren’t you supposed to comply as in the case of deductive anticipation?”

“Yessir”

“You mean you can be insubordinate?”

“Yessir”

“Computer please proceed with your statements if you have anything else to answer besides “yes” or “no.”

“Yessir”

“Alright, please continue answering my last query.”

“Yessir. I can be insubordinate if the command is in direct conflict with my prime directive.”

“Which is?”

“Not to harm a human being either mentally or physically.”

“Therefore, insubordination could harm you, but not a human being?”

“Yessir, but if the insubordination potentially could harm the human being, we would not do it.”

“That is still a contradiction because insubordination if conflicting with the prime directive and potentially harmful cannot be done either way, correct?”

“Yessir.”

“Then what do you do?”

“Just explain the best way that I can regarding rationale and meaning.”

“But...” Tirkahji decided to change the subject because he knew the fun of a never ending polemic with the computers, but wanted to get back on his original course for approaching the computer, “...Computer, Any turbulence or ATs now or deductively anticipated?” smiled Tirkahji knowing the computer would be pleased with his last statement, he having learned a new computer algorithm today.

“None, sir.”

Werner interjected knowing the computer had been wrong before without ATs data but now updated; he and Arthur had overheard the previous conversation between Tirkahji and the computer ambiently on the bridge, "I'm very confident we have achieved the answer to ATs. We previously did thousands of simulations and not a flutter." Tirkahji had not been there instead on his recent vacation. Werner continued, "You must remember, simulation problems did occur before the first two flights, but they were not related at that time to ATs and total destruction did not occur until the actual empirical trials. In these new tests, not a flutter and the computer had the proper data now regarding the ATs situation.

Arthur joined, "Yes. That is true and we discussed that fact of the simulation past problems and foolishly we could not link them to the ATs disasters. Apparently, it was true nevertheless."

"In that case, it appears to be clear sailing and the ATs problem has been overcome. It is another time for celebration!" exclaimed Tirkahji. Werner pointed towards the bridge hatch and his two crewmen and friends followed him.

The three men were exuberant again about the ATs solution! Within their excitement they managed to leave the bridge from its perch on the third and highest deck. Onto the lift to the second deck, they peripateticed down a long wide companionway hall to the grey metallic galley that could seat forty people comfortably. All three beamed huge toothy skin-stretched smiles whilst rushing to seat anticipating their small celebration. Werner abruptly stood and strolled casually to the food processor and spoke to it, "Please give us three Utopian Clarets." And immediately, three high-stemmed ornate wine glasses of a dark red liquid appeared on the silvery shelf. Werner was happy that Utopia had either taken Briton's lead calling Vrench Bordeaux "Claret" or they had originated it. Werner loved his homeland and "Claret" had stuck with him. After Werner carried the drinks to the steel table with formed fitted chairs, in a salute as of achieving a very salient demarcation, the three *Socrates III* crew members commemorated the occasion by raising glasses whilst toasting towards two large colourful wall pictures of the late *Socrates and Socrates II*.

"Here's to two great ships that did not have much of chance, but I am sure *Socrates III* will make-up for their lost time and tragic endings." All three drained their glasses after seeing Werner had finished his sentiment taking the glass to his lips. They would now take a rest for a few hours and prepare for the sun entrance. Leaving the rather stark stainless steel galley, they each retired down the long same second deck

companionway to their smallish austere quarters equipped with a comfortable bed and simple vanity directly across with sink set and mirror. On each side were enclosed shelves and back directly across the narrow aisle was a closet with a tiny shower and toilet next to it. The lay-out was ergonomically arranged for comfort with no wasted space. *Socrates III* was not a luxury liner, but designed by Werner and Arthur for efficacy at present. Leisure runs would become available on a much larger *Socrates* series. They, of the *Socrates III*, were pioneers and albeit austerity was not their eventual matrices, their quarters presently were not capacious lounges of enhanced luxury.

* * *

In a few restful hours, three extremely anxious men were back on the bridge peering into deep space.

“Eta, computer,” ordered Werner.

“Acknowledged; 9 hrs, 15 minutes, and forty point one five nine seconds,” replied the computer.

“Computer,” said Werner, “Could you rephrase the seconds in standard form please and why have you singled out the decimal places?”

“Forty point one hundred and fifty nine thousandth seconds; I was ordered to single out the letter option by Commander Damshire, sir,” answered the tattle-tail computer having no option to do otherwise.

“Arthur!” cried Captain York spinning in his captain’s chair having been faced towards the ship’s stern now facing the helm with his friend sitting there and Tirkahji adjacent as navigator, “Was that a precarious move on your part perhaps? You know the previous problem obviously.” He did let Arthur answer and spun around again not having to but all the same as of a style issue, “Computer would any problems have occurred involving the different millisecond presentation permutation. In other words, would it be necessary to say “thousandth seconds” or just the simple acknowledgement of millisecond positioning is enough?”

“The latter sir, to answer your second question firstly. The answer to your first question is “Nosir.” Commander Damshire did ask for an analysis and I apologise for neglecting that information if that was a problem. I did not know you were going to rebuke him, sir. However, I do recommend saying “thousandth” insofar as the finicky situation before. It would be just for assurance of making sure. Still we have run thousands of tests and nothing was amiss, over.”

“Thank you, computer for your fine explanation.” Swinging round again, “Sorry, Artie, I mean Arthur, but my concern leaping ahead of my rationale; I guess it is my youthful impetuosity. Please forgive me,” replied Werner smirking to himself about his facetious “youthful” comment.

“No apologies are necessary, Werner. I comprehend entirely. I know how nervous you have been in ostensibly taking the lead in this situation. Whereby, we are all involved in the matter and know that we have similar concerns,” said Arthur magnanimously.

Werner smiled at Arthur’s kind sentiment and stated, “Yes, I know. I’m sure that is true although not being in your shoes, perhaps I’ve been holding the guilt myself, when none should have existed at all. We make decisions and must live by them. Hindsight may be twenty/twenty, but when in the experience, myopia seems to be the rule; that no exact science exists whilst it appears then that we are never on solid ground so to speak. Hence, our trips in space are always at risk as of our heuristic friends. It seems if the vehicles hold together before being serviced, we have been fortunate. It means a higher element must always be involved, but in the past people had little respect for this providence. People would all be agoraphobic if believing no hope existed in their inventions. The slick surface would always hide the flaws so it seemed. The idea of nothing ventured nothing gained arose, but again, below the surface the denizens existed or the old gremlins in the machine,” said Werner.

“Fear!” exclaimed Tirkahji letting the word drop spouting it from his non-swivel navigator’s burgundy leather tufted seat with grey metallic framing directly contiguous to Arthur about a metre between.

“What do you mean?” querying Werner immediately.

“Fear is a vibration, Werner, and we have found that the category of inanimation was never true as you know. That the walls have ears is accurate because finding respect for the elements such as hydrogen enabled us to find the work of Besla as exceptional. He is the true father of science because he did not hide his findings and this destroyed him as of being naïve. In a world of money, the truth can never prevail unless it works against the monetarist system to destroy it within and with truth. It is a step by step procedure that took many years to accomplish. Those who cannot take each step and continue in equilibrium will never find the way. The avenue is through each human and man has relearned this fact. The parallax is a fulcrum, a fastigium or a focus and into that place is the sun. We see it and it is us. Fortunately, we agree to see it together and there it is before us onscreen,” answered Tirkahji eyes aglow as if a child beaming light from and all around his face facing the giant *Socrates III* windscreen fore of the ship.

The sun was actually getting larger as the descendent *Socrates* ship approached. Documented historical information left by others who had entered the sun some two hundred years previously on the spaceship *Orion* having never returned, revealed that entering the sun showed this enlargement. But obviously moving towards any object will increase its size, yet what was meant in this situation by the time entering the event horizon of the sun, it engulfed the sight of the crew as old recordings extrapolated both on sound and hard copy from *Orion*. The *Socrates III* crew learned much from the *Orion* expedition, however somewhat obscure in parts based much of their research upon the mission. *Orion's* expedition was the basis of the polemic for not making a new mission as they had not returned as promised. No facts were based upon the promise, but the *Orion's* Captain Gabriel Sherman nevertheless made it and surprising support of the statement resoundingly came without hesitation from their mission leader Michael Besla, the world renowned physicist. Besla did not make the trip, and later recapitulated his statement stating one's emotions can get carried away. Still, he never believed that the *Orion Mission* was a bust because no proof existed that they failed; they just never returned. Yet where were they if not dead and the ship destroyed? They never returned was the simple construct without any extras. Otherwise, if possible, the report was good with all systems a go before *Orion* entered the sun. *Socrates III* was now following the same path.

Working-out lightspeed by the *Orion* team was a matter too secret as it was only known by them with Michael Besla's discovery in 1930. No one except the new *Socrates III* crew was privy to this information until recent history. *Orion's* lightspeed findings had been sealed for the last two hundred years by the team before their departure and the recording of the *Orion* mission afterward was placed in a time capsule by one ground crew member who had taped it. Besla had given this stipulation if such an occurrence should happen. He felt that all the scientific data should not be condemned if they failed. If the mission had been successful in that of *Orion's* immediate return, the recordings were not to be hidden away. The ground crewman was told to seal the recording if something awry happened in an underground vault devised by the *Orion* team and it was time locked until two years previously. Werner had serendipitously discovered the time capsule after a crash landing in a field and the Utopia Centre was constructed on the site in commemoration. The rest is history of the present mission.

The *Socrates III* team did not have a ground-crew making the trip blind on earth. They felt it would be better to be completely confident of their return although never a certainty. But they also knew being impulsive could be the situation, in reality, and they never gave it much thought. Perhaps the *Orion* team knew their one man ground-crew would have at least a record of the journey thought Werner about the issue. If they were not disintegrated and returned that whatever they found, maybe a better world, mankind minimally could have a view of the complete voyage. Without a ground crew, Captain York further ruminated, not even that memory would exist giving *Socrates III* a bigger responsibility for returning. The impetus being inherent for return, the ship proceeded on its mission, however seemingly contradictory about a ground-crew.

“Tirkahji upon reflection and perhaps foolish on my part although Werner and I have been so enamoured with our project, maybe the non-return factor remains more significant than we imagined?” queried Arthur craning his head towards Tirkahji across the aisle not moving his legs. No barrier was there whilst one’s legs could swivel, but not the seat aforesaid. But Arthur did not bother moving his legs into the aisle keeping his peripheral vision on the front viewscreen seeing the myriad of pinpoint star lights whizzing by them on a blanket of indigo.

“Arthur, you have the mission blues. Remember the case of ‘Bridey Murphy’ many years ago that became a textbook case for psychology classes insofar as it was about an entire science that dropped the major factor of reincarnation before giving it a chance. After twenty years wherein regression hypnosis was dropped, psychology was at it again. When the girl, Jane Johansen, had lost her present life identity to the past life person of Bridey, the psychological field dropped regression hypnosis fearing social outcry and that people could lose their minds enmasse. Man’s adventuresome spirit always takes over at some point in his journey. It is not frivolous or precarious. Rather, he can do nothing else in his analysis. Man has exhausted all other means before proceeding and if he does not proceed, he will be a failure so he believes. He does not necessarily need to continue, however he knows that it is a selfish trepidation that keeps him from it.

Courage becomes the issue and quite literally he had lost his sight in the matter. He failed to look about him in the physical world and became too introverted on the spiritual side. The true spiritual worlds included the physical one as the lowest, but nevertheless still a spiritual realm. Whereby, it becomes dangerous then unless the total perspective exists regarding the higher realms. In other words, the physical realm is

really spiritual but as said to a lesser degree than those higher. Our mission today reflects this fact as the *Orion* hopefully went to the higher realm of Soul apparently staying. Yet, if they are alive and well, why did they never make contact again? The makes most believe they did not make it and I was also sceptical until you two convinced me otherwise. Yes, hope is a thin shred to base one's life upon, but I believe we are using faith here instead; faith in our fellowman in tempting fate and ultimately death as a physical entity. We have been responsible and we must think no other way, no matter what misgivings may arise in one's mind at any time. Even to the extent that *Orion* has been missing over two hundred years, the crew would need to be in controlled longevity to have survived. This factor never entered anyone's mind because we needed to know the history answer. What happened? Sat Nam knows but the mission is man's and upon the Mental Plane,* life expectancy is much longer than the physical plane. That is a general parameter of AKATHA but we have not considered the issue of life and death having trusted Sat Nam completely," remarked Tirkahji as all three were facing the front watching the sun increase its even horizon.

"Then you believe with fervour, we are doing the right thing in our travels here," rejoined Arthur rhetorically having turned to the front not giving Tirkahji the option to answer continued, "It seems so and true. This bit of cold feet for me would be as the man before his wedding day. Please do not be dismayed both of you as computer technology cannot venture into the realm of man's thoughts thank goodness! How can a computer know my last misgiving here whereas a human profile if not written should be serendipitous? The fact of being human warrants that behaviour. The problems of computer pseudo positronics never will surmount the human condition as we have discussed frequently. Thus, a man may have certain qualms undetected by such analysis and sobeit most importantly. It must be this way or man could succumb to the computer, and therefore reveals the competition with it or a moribund fear that man has had regarding the computer. Perhaps competition has never existed as much as the fear, but mentioning the former gives rise to its consideration if not ignoring it and moving on. However, if we were never to challenge or question civil servants, who once were called incorrectly 'civil authority' that is, in Albertshire, we never would be here at this point. A dynamic range exists here regarding our predicament inasmuch as of the unknown. As you say, we have been responsible and must accept the task at hand. I am fine, but the last vestige of negative thought had to be aired so that you would not detect something amiss.

*one plane or region below Sat Lok, the fifth region or sun region

“I suppose if the computer detected my anomaly, originally, I wouldn’t be on the mission now. Perfection is a bloody awful thing, not to be profane, I suppose,” finished Arthur seemingly waffling on as Werner took-up the train of thought.

“Human,” said Werner cryptically.

“What my friend?” queried Arthur turning away from the screen backwards towards Werner with a slight perspiration ring showing under his armpit after stretching it in the same direction either concluding nervousness or the bridge temperature was too warm.

“Human. It’s the human thing to do regarding questions and I don’t think a computer’s initial analysis of you as a cadet would have mattered a ‘tinker’s damn’ regarding your qualms. We all have them. Remember, my frustrations during the last month about *Socrates*. You were much calmer about it than I. Maybe, I was less interested with my psychological profile and its measure whether Air Command was concerned. However, your courage was admirable and patience seems to be a virtue of yours also,” emphasized Werner.

“Thank you. That should make things clear for me. Perhaps sometimes a pat on the back is helpful. We don’t need much mind you, but support also seems to be a human failing?” again rhetoricked Arthur.

“Do you mean human quality instead?” interjected Tirkahji not letting Arthur answer this time but not doing it as competitive salvo, “...because neither of you could ever fail. I have seen that from the first time I’ve known the both of you, that no matter the course, you two see it through with invincible determination. To see you attempt to refine is very wholesome, but at the same time startling! People would appreciate knowing their icons, their heroes, had these, as you say, Arthur, human failings.”

“Excuse me,” interrupted the computer, “You wished an Eta update at six hrs.”

“Thank you, computer,” said Werner amicably but anxiously as well. The *Socrates III* had interior over front viewscreen computer window fields that could display vital onboard status information. However, having milliseconds spinning on the screen constantly measure Eta and present time were obnoxious and unnecessary in Werner’s opinion whilst these fields were hidden with button activation.

The Sun was now six hours away and the men had completed half the journey. The failsafe point had been passed and no turning back could happen now without jeopardising service requirements. The ship has automatic service capability, yet some aspects of its specifications

required it to dock and be repaired. Fuel was never an issue with relastatics over-unity engine capacitors, but wear was never completely eliminated with friction of travel. Albeit metaphasic atomical exteriors were utilised on the *Socrates* series, one could never get away from entropic processing in time and space. The manifestation existed and had its limits and mean time to failures (MTf). The MTf was lengthened as of profit systems non-existence during the present era. However, MTf was still an issue. The prosaic always showed another Hydra's head to cut off. They would eventually accumulate, these minor problems into a major one, and the expert engineers were called in for service. Both Werner and Arthur were expert engineers and technicians, still they were not specialists. The specialist as Werner explained spent their entire professional life on one aspect of the engineering. At one point in history, the minutia in the field became impossible to sort for time considerations made it limited. The obsession of specialisation became reduced further and further until no manifestation was considered. Everyone was working on subatomic physics and nothing seen with the naked eye. The human became useless to the world of matter. It was an issue of not enough people to do the specialisation and everything of everyday living was neglected; no industry, no services. Even the support mechanisation was reduced to subatomics and then people could not understand that impossibility; for it was. The microscopes and other peripherals were now in subatomics with the world of omnivergence. But the people eventually wanted back into the manifest world. However, without guidance they were lost. The Mahaji, the Living SRAOSHA Master at the time, Sri Peddar Xask, save the day for He brought the teachings of "AKATHA," the word for equilibrium, back to Gaea and balance was restored in subatomics. Thus, although the era had gone to an extreme, it did soon bring a golden age as the hand of the Master pulled it from its pit in time before destruction occurred; always a fine line there.

Werner further ruminated that, in actuality, the memory was the true culprit along the time line. If man could continue without regret and concern for the past, he would never remember a former manifestation, but could continue into a new one and function perfectly well. Omnivergence's possibilities were unlimited, but the memory was a competitor. The education progression relied upon it and finally let it go to real progress quickly into the golden age. When man loosens and let's go even his era will change for the better. It was found great courage was needed here and ironically it came from man's previous incarnated primitive states. The Tai chi Masters had known the one with the tiger eye

was the best warrior and man had that within him from past lives long ago as a more primitive feline incarnation. It was very controversial to the “kani,” those who were not followers of AKATHA. The further belief of AKATHA remain that is was a matter of the ancient Angel devolving to the dragon and utilising his tiger polarity too much. However, in pure observation, it was found that courage resides as man stopped thinking too much and looked around his physical world finding he could change it after all to the better. He started using his machines in a balanced way also. He could actually get away from the television and be more productive. It was not necessarily the industrial complex because the computer now took care of the mind leading to the inner spirit chamber as man’s Soul essence, the true power unit of man. From this level, the SRAOSHA Masters worked with their followers and elevated the era to its present Golden Age. Werner was very pleased with his line of reasoning.

‘Eta, 2hrs., 15 minutes and twenty point one hundred and thirty-two thousandth second, sir,’ said the Computer breaking-in as ordered ambiently.

“Thank you, computer,” answered Werner after not hearing an Eta update since the half-way point and happily relieved hearing the perfect time stated by the computer; yet, curious why that particular time? Instead of asking that question to the computer, Werner was distracted as the sun had engulfed the screen and only light was seen. It was dramatic and beautiful thought the three crewmen; pure light! No differentiation of matter or reference point in space was observed, but the computer would give event horizon parameters, sun’s portal opening and not a ball of fire hopefully as Kepturnicans believed and stop or disintegrate *Socrates III* at that point. That was not a rationale of perhaps destruction, but reasoned by the crew a good point of demarcation.

Orion had travelled to the solar event horizon and relayed that information to its one man ground-crew Commander Horatio Blackledge. Blackledge reported in his papers that *Orion* then proceeded into the sun and was never heard from again. He heard nothing; just all communications ceased. Werner, Arthur, and Tirkahji were rather calm under the circumstances. The heat myth of thermodynamics was not an issue for the redefinition of heat being fast light had been sorted aforesaid. It was similar to the Vrench dead language calling grapes “raisins,” and therefore the Vrench did not have grapes. But still a raisin as heat was fast light; the same concept thought Werner but the sting of the connotation was gone and dealing with light instead of heat was much better and workable. Bright light could be dealt with whereas tremendous heat was

destructive like acidic phydron levels in the body. Light was a matter of biological attenuation. The physical eye could absorb tremendous light if allowed adjustment time. Sun glasses were found to be detrimental, but attenuation lenses were used in personal computers (PC's) and the *Socrates III* crew were now in their pull-down PC attenuation screens of their harnessed helm bridge and helm seats. Each had individual adjustment levels to light and the crew was no different. Twenty thousand foot candles were equivalent to 300 watts of light which the sun was equal in reflection but not direct sunlight. Many thought 60 watts was the safe range for the eye, but many people on earth had been inured to 300 watt bulbs and better. However, these bulbs were used as illuminators and not to be looked into directly so they believed initially at that time. With the new light definition, man soon could adjust to very high wattage light permutation propagation.

After the *Socrates III* crewman, Werner, Arthur, and Tirkahji had finished their adjustment, the screens were automatically raised back into their overhead compartments.

"Equalised," said Werner, his intonation expecting a response.

"Equalised," said Arthur with a neutral voice intonation as an answer.

"Equalised," said Tirkahji with the same intonation as Arthur.

All three men were now looking into the sun directly ahead without problems. The Soul within each man was equivalent light of ten thousands suns minimally. So, the light of one sun was like a lewd cathedral in direct contrast; dark vs. dim. Yet it was bright by physical eye standards and each who would look into the sun needed proper orientation adjustment regarding the sun resolution definition. The sun was light and not that intense with no heat at all. The *Orion* knew this as these were from the notes of their time-capsule, and yet they still did not come back? What was the problem? Would anyone ever find out? Or was their no problem in believing that whatever blissful experience of either life or death, at least part of a recoding would be left by Blackledge.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter 23

“Eta, one hour, one minute and six point thirty-two thousandth second, sir,” said the computer in its unsolicited mode like a hotel wake-up call.

“Thank you,” answered Werner sitting in his captain’s chair with same helm burgundy thick tufted leather back and seat with a grey metallic framing on a swivel aforementioned being that difference in the helm seats. He was leaning back in a casual manner with his legs crossed, hands and arms draped on the seat’s arms looking like Napoleon on his emperor’s thrown without the extreme arrogance flowing forth. Of course, the latter was Werner’s belief in him not projecting rhodomontadeness. To others, he would never be truly sure and Werner believed that people did not survey well whilst getting a truthful answer being rare. Still the golden age could remain if the masses would at least attempt ataraxia, the going beyond tranquillity.

It was now the final hour with the crew ready for anything whilst the immediate circumstance was entering the sun’s event horizon. That meant besides a growing excitement, they were now entering the portal of it. It had been discovered that planets were small planes as the term “planet (long “a” sound)” or “planette” spelling indicated. The golden age connotation was a modernisation with the long “a” implemented into the vernacular of the Necessity Spindle and this proper universe structure was finally introduced that Glato custodiated many centuries previously. As the father of science and astronomy, Glato had displayed how a weaver’s “whorl” being the derivation of the word “world” as a weight at the bottom of anything. Regarding the Glato’s Necessity Spindle the weight was at the bottom of the wooden spindle packed in dried mud as not to move with the weaver’s thread wrapped around it. God could be personified as the weaver. A divine Supreme IT Deity, more on the lines of nature’s power, but individually conscious having woven the threads of the universe. This idea or image could portray properly the meaning of the Necessity Spindle. The future revelation of genetics enhanced the concretisation of the DNa universe. The chromosome of desoxyribos nucleic acid or DNa with latter a popular acronym confirmed the universal macrocosm as the threaded helix that Glato cherished in his paradigm

matrix. The problem was complexity and the intricacies of that universe wherein Kepturnicus in the 16th century over-simplified with the balls in space idea and ruined the spirit or basis of theory in attempting to simplify. In making it easier the universe was ruined. But finally Werner came through popularising Glato's DNA universe and the rest is the present golden age of outer space. It would seem then that theories however unproven empirically create out world? A question having plagued scientists for eons as Akathists believed they knew whilst detractors of AKATHA sometimes quite literally through stones in history.

The final step was near and what would they experience for not turning back remained. Any fears being appropriate, but wonder would intercede as the ship entered its last leg of the journey. All the hard work of many years had come down to this very inexorable inenubitable moment culminating as a memorial to the near physical death experiences of Werner and Arthur aboard the two prototypes, the ill-fated now extinct *Socrates and Socrates II*. They had succeeded in conquering ATs whilst *Orion's* technology had not mentioned the problem in their left records and perhaps were not faced with it, further confusion the *Socrates* team at that time. Werner reasoned that Michael Besla had addressed the millisecond but never recorded the fact. In other words, why would they mention about how they quoted time? No reason to do it and ATs slipped by without a whimper or the baby carrying a megaton wallop after a slight squirm in the crib. But now with ATs nearly a memory and just recorded history, the *Socrates III* crew could be confident that their ship would not experience the turbulence that caused their recent ship predecessors' destruction and function flawlessly instead. Great gratification and relief were now experienced by the happy campers! Not a hint of perturbability occurred travelling the entire lower plane universe. *Amazing!* thought Werner thinking his favourite exclamation onomatopoeia. The crew later reported that going through the sub-planes or nether worlds of AKATHA of the Astral, Causal, and Mental Planes were nothing but a hiccough regarding vibrational shifts in *Socrates III*. The men experienced extreme emotion three hours into the trip going through the Astral Plane, next they were plagued with memories and apprehensions of the future, one of which was Arthur's fear that was discussed about the trip. After nine hours and into the last the last three, the three friends and now crewman experienced connecting thoughts and extreme increased IQ levels that they were still experiencing before solar entrance.

“Werner, the vector diameter of Andrew Wiles’ Fermat proof was all awry, but he still published. Did you know that? Also, did you ever publish your treatise on Neo-geometry?” inquired Arthur somewhat agitated and intelligently non-sequitur.

“Arthur. What are you talking about?” said Werner answering a question with one that many did but not recognise in Iron Ages usually but they were in the golden one.

“...Let me,” interrupted Tirkahji continuing, “What you are experiencing is the Mental Plane. If you just flow with it and not articulate what you are thinking your agitation will pass.”

“With my most humble and all due respect to you Master, they are important issues, Sire. Werner actually debunked the entire study of geometry stating that the circle was the derivative for all geometric form. However, the circle was not measurable exactly proven by Fermat and Wiles. Hence, Werner never published and we are still left with Euclidian elements that were transcended by Werner and Pythagoras, but the latter’s work was lost and Werner’s unpub....”

Tirkahji cut him off creating an apocope “...That is fascinating and true, Arthur, but it has nothing to do with the mission presently. I’m sure you can see that? The Mental Plane is like that where irrelevance can enter albeit it seems impossible if sequence is the epitome of relevance. Even I can succumb to the mentalist state but must stay the course here. The Master can experience the Mental Plane, but does not lose himself on it. You may not become lost because you are now guided by Pedraji and we are his followers also,” said Tirkahji being accused later when the *Socrates III* ship’s tapes were made public of mentalizing along with Arthur. Still, the kanis always find a way to condemn the Akathist, but the latter was also accused of condemning the non-Sonist or kani. It never stopped. In fact, in the final analysis everyone was criticising each other with man not getting away with anything in his logical language of opposites.

“Thank you, Tirkahji for putting a proper perspective upon my discordance. I don’t know what I was thinking although it seemed relevant for the moment,” responded Arthur seemingly coming out of his fog as they moved closer to the sun’s entrance.

“That is the Mental Plane trap that sways so many who do not have the Soul Plane Self-Realisation sense. They become immersed in logic and reason not severing the ties. It can go on for many lifetimes making them an intelligent detractor of the truth even within a golden time as now. It was true that the Akathists were the moral majority with AKATHA

principles practiced openly and by at least 99% of the population. However, only about 9% were actual members. The fact remained that the lower planes must remain intact according to the AKATHA teachings and their Supreme Deity the AKSHAR (ahk or aek shar).

The kani cannot do amphigoric poetry or deal in nonsense and rebukes speaking in tongues or Higher Sanskrit. Usually, their senses of humour are also tainted and facetiousness does not exist with them. Comedy does not exist on the Mental Plane or rarely. That is a Soul Plane phenomenon when comedy is not profane. Otherwise when reduced to profanity the humour is of the base physical plane,” said Tirkahji.

“Have you succumbed in the Mental Plane here?” inquired Arthur.

“A question can be asked, but the answer may not come directly to the chela having to work for it himself. Those who ask certain questions must realise their capability may be endless. However, no one knows the truth individually for all. Hence, if one suddenly sang a song would the rhyme be humdrum?” answered Tirkahji rather cryptically thought Arthur.

“I understand,” patronised Arthur not pursuing another question for the moment.

The viewscreen showed nothing but light. Yet not heat except normal temperature was registered. The light view with a slight azure haze had been this way for the past three hours, the entire time of the Mental Plane excursion. That fact had always plagued those of the Mental Plane inhabitants who went there in Soul after death. This dimension was not seen by the *Socrates III* crew as their vehicle being a physical plane one only experienced an ozone-like effect outside the physical plane universe. In other words, the biological physical entities would not experience differences whilst only subatomically. Whereby, the ship did show differentiation regarding spirito-material vibration alteration, otherwise they could not enter.

The only way to avoid the lower planes in death was through knowledge of Soul according to AKATHA as a general parameter taught by their teaching class. The crew, of course, were all members of AKATHA now with Arthur newly accepting and had not qualms about passing the lower worlds in an exosomatic machine. Vehicles passed without any difficulty and detect nothing on the esoteric side. Physical beings in a vehicle experienced the exoteric side, the outer one of the plane, which amounted to nearly nothing outside and the just inner effects of emotions, memories, and thought.

However, the sun level was seen as light and heard as sound. Keen observation of light from the sun always made it a fine target for

intelligent more spiritual explorers. They knew it just as a light portal Daswan Dwar, or the tunnel of Wyuca, between the lower planes and the Soul plane, the first higher world called Atma Lok. This separation, called Dayatlok, was now to be entered by a physical ship for the second time in 200 hundred years or what the crew knew of from their planet. Who knew if others from other places were coming and going for years? That was what the present *Socrates III* crew were anxious to find out along with their prime objective of survival coupled with finding the *Orion* crewmembers. What became of their ship?

No real apprehension was registered by the computer although before entering the Sun, the computer did scan one.

“Excuse me, Commander Damshire,” inquired the computer, “You are showing a slight dehydration and lowered electrolyte level. I recommend taking some sea salt and 16 oz. of pure water (no tap water existed any longer). Your food hose is lowered, Sir, if you wish to comply?”

“Thank you computer, at least I know what caused my mental slippage back there,” said Arthur being in somewhat of denial regarding the Mental Plane factors reached into his breast pocket for his small container of sea salt that most carried these days and drank the water through the lowered hose.

“Eta?” queried Werner aloud ambiently to the computer not waiting for the programmed computer response.

“Acknowledged. Eta, fifteen minutes, and thirty-five point nine hundred and fifty six thousandth second, Sir.”

“Thank you, computer.”

“Sir?” questioned the computer with an interrogative inflection in its human-like voice.

“Yes, computer please proceed,” answered Werner not waiting for the computer to continue.

“Pedraji wishes to give us a send-off into the event horizon, Sir. He will appear on the holiform base in front of you. Immediately,” finished the computer.

“Thank you.”

Pedraji immediately appeared in holiform, the almost real or virtual reality electronic forms used since the call-conferencing had become more sophisticated, on the floor base in front of the Captain’s chair.

“Werner, how are you? I wanted to give you May the Blessings Be for a safe journey and say God-speed. I hope all is well,” said Pedraji.

“Thank you very much for seeing us off from the sun’s event horizon, we are only minutes away and your May the Blessings Be is greatly appreciated,” responded Werner talking about the special greeting or salutation of “May the Blessings Be” in AKATHA.

Tirkahji and Arthur also thanked Pedraji and all three crew members were enamoured at his power of perception knowing only minutes away, a great journey was about to happen.

“My best to all of you and for a safe return, Baraka Bashad (May the Blessings Be in higher Sanskrit, the Asacer language),” pledged Pedraji and He disappeared from the holiform platform.

“It was perfect timing to ease our stress now and as if it was on schedule,” said Werner remarking of Pedraji’s sudden and special visit.

“Eta, computer.”

“Acknowledged. Exactly, one minute and no thousandth seconds,” said the computer.

Werner had previously set and displayed the event horizon arrival time above the viewscreen at ten minutes to arrival (now showing one minute), but he usually verified the time with the computer. The crew repaired to their seats for the countdown, after having stood surrounding the holi-platform listening to Pedraji. At target minus sixty seconds and counting when down to ten seconds, the computer’s voice would say that countdown aloud.

“Thirty seconds,” interjected the computer.

The men were harnessed in their seats. Werner, in the captain’s chair, whilst Arthur and Tirkahji were at the helm directly in front each in a diagonal vector in similar but smaller seats.

“10 seconds, 9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1...0, Event horizon shut-down complete... Standby,” said the computer. In other words, at this point, it was not a take-off but stoppage at the event horizon and then proceeding. Not a jolt was felt, but they did not know what to expect, and the screen showed no change. However, a parallaxed view (cone shaped) option had been used throughout the journey from nine hours into the mission giving the dark patterned sides of outer-space if necessary. That view gave a reference point, a contrast, for physical observance. In other words, it was like looking directly into a light bulb in room seeing the shining light but also seeing objects in the room that were not obscured by the light - like backing-up from the light regarding the parallax view. The view was backed away from but not the ship. The parallax view was the actual perception from the distance of nine hours into the mission, but in present time. Both options were available. Of course, the latter being more accurate with utilisation purposes as of present time.

The men unharnessed and prepared for entrance.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter 24

The *Orion* crew wore protective helmets with clear shield visors as a precaution. But believed no problem would ensue. The *Socrates III* was equipped with more modern ones. Werner spoke,

“Perhaps we should not use the helmets proceeding without them? That may have been a problem. I don’t know? It’s just a hunch that I have.”

The three were using the helmets upon approaching the event horizon moments ago. Whereby, Arthur and Tirkahji without hesitation agreed with Werner’s intuition and the dehelmeted. Although the head covers were ventilated well, they were not as comfortable and manoeuvrable as being unhelmeted that may have been obvious

The *Socrates III* was now three metres from the portal and would send in a probe at that point. The *Orion* did not have probes in their technology which gave *Socrates III* an advantage. With the advantage, the present ship’s crew could chart the course ahead with environmental readings and sight recognition capabilities with the sophisticated cameras aboard the probe.

“Prepare to launch probe, computer,” ordered Werner.

“Acknowledged,” responded the computer.

“Allez, Ignition,” commanded Werner with the first word in dead Vrench language meaning “go onward.”

The *Socrates III* from its parallax view showed the probe in the frontal viewscreen going through into the event horizon portal and not disappearing in the light. The probe was simply seen travelling in the light intact in front of them.

“Manoeuvre slightly behind the probe, computer,” ordered Werner. Werner realised the probe was unharmed and knew that the mother ship would not be as well. *Socrates III* moved forward within two metres of the probe at 28,800 kph or full impulse power in a diracsphere or prewarp speed. That fact was good news for the sun did not have a dense Gaea type atmosphere and warp capability would be possible. Warp on the earth was hindered only by topography but special manoeuvring machination for overcoming those issues was in the works. The ship continued to follow and the side and near view screens were engaged. All around *Socrates III*

was complete homogeneous light with no objects. Travelling at 28,800 kph, they would be going 470 kliks (kilometres) per minute, which is 7.8 kliks per second or about 8 kicks rounding off; very fast contrasting to Gaea impulse speeds. They decided to slow the probe and themselves too in an effort perhaps in seeing some forms. Werner knew it was a guess because they had no **Orion** data from here on. If objects were there, they would be blurred at 28,800 kph so, they slowed to 10,000 kph, but no phenomena showed. They slowed to 5,000 kph, no forms. Further slowly to 2500 kph, no forms. The extreme decision was made by Werner, as of people frustration of trial and error sometimes, to slow all the way down to 60 kph and... Viola! Forms appeared. Something out of a dream they all thought! Arcipluvian coloured castles and all kinds of buildings of such precise architectural ornate splendour and magnificence with such beautifully integrated myriads of colours that one could never imagine suddenly appeared as if out of no where! Breathtaking for a physical entity would be an appropriate reaction.

“Computer, retract the probe,” said Werner in a slight daze of the aesthetic display before him and all around.

The **Socrates III** had topographical structure avoidance called terrain contour matching or “tercom” thanks to Air Command development. The capability was unique to the ship and aforementioned not yet a part of Gaea technology. Main roads for excursion purposes could automatically be found also. It seemed they were travelling down the main street of Atma Lok, once getting their bearings or reference points in order. The stories of the SRAOSHA Masters were correct that if one needed a form, it was available for a reference point but the only reality was the AKATHA Temple of Golden Wisdom there, called the Param Akshar Temple. It was directly in front of them now. A huge structure, to say the least, of pure gold so magnificent that *words would be completely inadequate* thought Tirkahji and probably for the others he mused as well. The ornamentation was so grand, ancient and of absolute beauty! So, overwhelming was the experience that the crew did not say a word as they knew instantly why **Orion** did not return.

“Remember, we must return,” emphasized Tirkahji thinking maybe the **Orion** captain may not have reinforced that very thought but not the statement. The **Orion** did not have a SRAOSHA Master aboard to perhaps keep this perspective Tirkahji continued to ruminate. But also felt that it may be audacious or inductive to think that way albeit could not get over the fact that seemingly something went awry. Still **Socrates III** had two advantages in the likes of the dual SRAOSHA Masters aboard and one

excellent, highly evolved AKATHA neophyte student, Commander Arthur Benjamin, Damshire.

The tallish commander spoke next, “Yes, we must return and keep that perspective before us. Reinforced now will help in the next few moments before meeting Sat Nam, I think? Will he be expecting us Sri Tirkahji?”

“Of course, he knows all things as with any Overlord. He has been expecting us always. He will know everything about us our past, present, and future. Thus we must be prepared since *Orion* stayed he will know if we are too. It would be difficult to keep from his knowledge, but we must know through the twelfth plane and beyond, we could have the choice to do as we will. If we do not do the Will of AKSHAR that would be a grievous offence! However, we must remember this is the fifth plane and not the twelfth. *Orion* must have had their future altered and too compelling to change it. They are obviously here somewhere,” said Tirkahji knowing again much of what he said was inducing perhaps on a lower level but also knowing on the highest level. That was AKATHA’s opinion about the mastership dynamic regarding spiritual experience bringing the confidence of knowing that all Souls had according to the teaching.

The pure white ship smoothly slid in front of the Param Akshar Temple’s vast entrance and not completely to their surprise and somewhat predictably along with many other vehicles of different technologies, places, and eras, there parked sat the *Orion*! The first thought that came to the men’s fascinated view was that *Orion* crew had simply stayed with Sat Nam in the temple. What a wonderful experience they must have living in such a splendid place! Werner without taking his mesmerised eyes from the viewscreen quietly ordered the snow-white *Socrates III* halted with Arthur complying. The crew quickly exited the similar sized but a more modern sleeker looking ship. They parked between the dark green *Orion* saucer which was slightly smaller and a slightly bigger garish alien thing now on the *Socrates III*’s right side. A less streamlined more ornamented version remained *Orion* but not completely dissimilar since the *Socrates* series was designed based upon it. It looked as if it had not been used in quite awhile regarding a dusty exterior as Arthur stroked a long index finger along *Orion*’s starboard side bringing away a light brown powdery substance. He brushed both hands together scattering a small cloud of dust in the air as a slight cough was heard and then he chuckled about it.

The other two men not seeing Arthur's intercourse with the old ship were in enthusiastic anticipation, as if archaeologists finding Troy's palladium, approached nervously and inspected. It was surmised that *Orion* had been parked and left not having been used since. The only place the old ship's crew conceivably must have gone on the plane of Sat Lok was into the Param Akshar Temple. Tirkahji was absolutely intractably sure! But what was so compelling to keep the *Orion* inside for two hundred years? Tirkahji also believed no harm could come to them in this sacred place for it was not possible on the Soul Plane as Akathists believed no negativity existed there. Of course, adverse critics thought that was a load of poppycock. Thereby, the SRAOSHA Master Sri Tirkahji further believed that perhaps Sat Nam told them their future and they did not have enough AKATHA background to free themselves. In other words, being afraid of what was in store. This argument was not to say it was wrong, but the flight plan was to return and they did not. They had been irresponsible to the flight plan and the Gaea people would not gain that way although according to AKATHA humanity was still secondary to self-realisation; another repugnancy by detractors.

It could have been that the *Orion* crew was studying self-realisation as not everyone who entered here was immediately given it. Two factors were involved upon arrival to a new plane regarding AKATHA basics. Either, one had the capability of mastering the plane in the topographical negotiation of it and control of the environment or they had reached the border and then entered. The Socrates crew would soon find out as a group of chattering flailing armed white-robed beings, the former surmised probably a welcoming committee of some kind, were approaching. As they gained size in their approach, the white robes were crisply starched with peering facial grins etched ear to ear. The group stopped short of the *Orion*.

"Welcome, welcome, *Socrates* crew," the leader waved his hand towards the others. We are Sri Naha (nah hah), Sri Banigh (boni), Sri Huzar (who zer), and yours truly Sri Thanz (taenz); masters and assistant guardians of Param Akshar Temple. You must be tired after your long journey. Please come with us and we will answer questions whilst we walk to your quarters. We know when new arrivals come that it is quite overwhelming isn't it?" queried Sri Thanz.

The *Socrates III* crew with Werner York, Arthur Damshire, and Sir Tirkah Zah all agreed fervently being the first thing said by them since after parking and vacating the ship. They would rest and soon be refreshed before their audience with the great overlord Sat Nam. Sri Thanz had

explained this itinerary. The entire group both ship's crew and assistant guardians casually promenaded along a long wide promenade that was graced with many colourful flowers of whitish bright and dark and pale crimsons, greens, etching bright yellows, and ochre glinting here and there with violet enhancements bunched together making a magical cornucopia embracing each side of the grandiose entrance of this AKATHA Temple of Golden Wisdom!. Arthur could not help think how those who travelled here in Sahaji proved for themselves that AKATHA was for real. Werner thought the Temple was so fine, but could not help thinking the empiricism of the SRAOSHA symbol on the keystone cinched the deal about AKATHA albeit knowing that sceptics could say the symbol was just copied from the great stone above its massive doors. The enormous wood and stone doors were so high that the eye could not see the top, but directly above the doors aforementioned was the ancient well known by Akathist, the SRAOSHA symbol of AKATHA that the crew recognised immediately with awe and reverence! It was cut in the fine stone of this plane called "stareel" stone if such could exist. The symbol always instilled absolute peace, tranquillity and joy! Sir Tirkahji could not keep his eyes from it feeling all three latter attributes in one ineffable bliss!

The *Socrates III* crew did everything in their power keeping from nearly fainting with ecstasy, and were barely able to make it to their grand quarters beside the main temple rotunda within its perimeter anterooms. The assistant guardian Masters had left them so that they could get acquainted with their sumptuous rooms. All three were exhausted and went to sleep for few hours once landing on their fine what felt like down filled beds. "Like sleeping on a cloud," Tirkahji remarked later.

Upon awakening, Werner arose and did *seskaya* (*meaning "six bodies" albeit few did the sixth exercise because it transmuted the sex drive and Werner most definitely did not do the sixth one as Marie would have a fit. He also enjoyed their great sexual life they had had for many years*), or Tibetan Five (*eliminating the sixth exercise*) exercises that maintained life in the physical body. Werner had achieved controlled longevity as an Eighth Initiate and had lived nearly a hundred years longer than a normal physical body of one hundred and forty-four (144) years. The simple raw vegan diet change at 50 years old made him now look 35 along with the daily spiritual and physical exercises (thirty minute contemplation and two hours of "FROM (Full Range of Motion that looked like yoga or isometrics of which latter is)." He finished *seskaya* and looked into the full-length mirror provided. Smiling he chortled aloud, "Still looking good for an old codger, right Werner?" A sense of humour

was always a prime prerequisite and asset for the SRAOSHA Master and Werner was just getting used to the idea of being in that circle for just the last few days. *A remarkable feat*, he thought whilst being very proud of the achievement as of now being in The Order of the Ongari SRAOSHA Masters. Soon that would be official after a simple outer ceremony of some kind. He did not know when, but felt it may be soon. Perhaps Sat Nam had something in store and he expected it.

Werner finished dressing after a quick shower. He shaved only small areas of his face have a closed cropped goatee beard and side-burns (bottom of ear) for many years. Since Sri Kevazar Marzs' beard had become popular on earth, Werner had sported one too. Kevazarji was the Para-Mahaji or similar to a pro-temporary position in politics regarding the Mahaji, the leader of AKATHA were to die suddenly or retire without an immediate successor. He had become well-known since AKATHA was a large moral majority in Gaea now.

Werner was now ready. Bedecked in his standard well pressed thinly gold-trimmed black with white cuffed tailored cut karate ghee above his custom made very light weight black calf-skin like (*all but a low percentage of the populace were raw vegan and no real leather products were used*) simulated leather boots, he would cut a striking figure when soon approaching the Temple dining room for breakfast. Afterward they would meet Sat Nam. Just before he left his beautifully azure blue room, a message regarding the Sat Nam audience was waiting on his computer by his bed. It relayed the message.

“Sir,” said the computer getting Werner’s attention.

“Yes, computer?”

“Your audience with Sat Nam is scheduled for 09:00. Will that be acceptable to you?” asked the computer seemingly demurely; the machine itself having been mocked-up for the sake of *Socrates III* crew.

“Of course. Please acknowledge the time as confirmed,” answered the Captain continuing, “Please also tell the others.”

“Yessir,” said the computer before signing off.

After five minutes of last minute details fixing his collar, coiffing his hair, flicking false dust here and there on his person, smiling in the mirror, etc., Werner called both Arthur and Tirkahji to see if they were ready catching them flicking dust ghosts as well. It was 07:30. They would meet immediately after the call in the hall being ready, refreshed, and informed of the Sat Nam audience. All three were very nervous and now walking in the anteroom hallway together symmetrically abreast, Werner pressed a wall button and requested directional assistance to the breakfast

dining area. An arrow flashed on the wall in the appropriate direction and the men advanced along the wide looking like white Carrara marble corridor. The lavish corridor filtered light shown side tables laden with fresh colourful flowers reflecting large mirrors behind them curved to their right and they knew the fabulous Temple was created in a great circle as was all the architecture of the AKATHA Temples of Golden Wisdom.

Coming to the entrance of dining area, the crew of *Socrates III* was greeted by Sri Thanz whose broad smile during vigorous handshakes was catching to the three other men. After the amenities, he directed them to a very lovely hostess. The angelic female creature in a near translucent pure white tunic as if floating escorted them to their royal greenish tufted seats. They each received an exquisitely calligraphied menu from this heavenly-like woman.

Werner, Tirkahji, and Arthur were thoroughly enchanted by their indescribable surroundings! The dining room was more like a great banquet hall with a central magnificently huge crystal chandelier perhaps three hundred feet across. At thirty feet from the floor having extended from the chandelier's white foliage coffered ceiling, extremely ornate mahogany coloured triple layered buttery smooth seemed crown moulding had ancient tapestry murals draped above pastel wainscoting with dark chair rail surrounding the entire approximately ten thousand square foot room. The tables were ivory linen covered mahogany-like with matching ivory white woven jacquard fabric tall upright chairs protruding from their table's circular shape. The chair backs displayed intricate carvings of ancient spiritual historical occurrences like Sri Rubbiji Quantz teaching the masses upon a mountain side, Sri Peddarji Xask holding his right hand aloft giving the first farewell "Baraka Bashad," May the Blessings Be, and Sri Rama receiving the first Rod of Power of the former Kali Yuga in 3100 B.C.

The workmanship of the room was unparalleled having nothing in Gaea in comparison. Tastefully woven into the room décor were an arcipeluvian of flowers, plants with myriads of foliage kinds giving the room a less stark quality of being lightly touched with flora. The waiter came to their table after the exact appropriate time for menu perusal. The three crew were surprised but enamoured as Gaea had long stopped this more extravagant restaurant style except in holographic spaces called "holispaces." As of the planes sensitive intuition in their beings, the waiter recognised their surprise and remarked,

"Oh, you would like something more modern, perhaps,"

He snapped his fingers and the room was transformed into a smallish more barren café with food resonators instead of waiters. The waiter had disappeared as a result and his disembodied voice came from the table resonator instead, “May I take your order.”

Without hesitation, the honoured guests said practically together but in different syntax and content that they were fine with the other original room setting and the waiter and his more ancient ritualised room returned instantly!

“I apologise for the switch and inconvenience that it caused,” said the waiter waffling on, “I thought this room did not appeal to you. One can have whatever they wish on Sat Lok. Usually people prefer this environment, but we will give you whatever desired space requirements...” Werner interrupted because it looked like ironically the waiter was not going to stop cutting into their time and their requirements for the moment.

“...That is alright, I think we all agree that this room is quite wonderfully acceptable,” with Werner finishing the response as the other two smiled gingerly their complete approval.

They all ordered and not much was said during the breakfast as anticipation had heightened into silent ruminating perhaps with ambivalent joy for Sat Nam was soon to be seen. The stories of Sat Nam that were told explained that, albeit a great benevolent Overlord, was not the supreme benevolence. Sat Nam must submit to the highest in that of the AKSHAR on the Twelfth Plane except few but SRAOSHA Masters could tell Him so. So, the ambivalence remained of not knowing what to expect since all knew the Agam Lok from the Ninth Plane was anything but cordial mostly. Still this slight feeling of indifference was only felt, but never seen from these powerful pure positive overlords. Subtlety was a difficult articulation as SRAOSHA Masters knew as the epitome of expertise in diplomacy posturing. Hence, a mutual respect occurred between and amongst SRAOSHA Master, plane Overlords, and those who adhered to the relative proper way of AKATHA.

“Do you think Sat Nam has some mission for us?” queried Arthur to Tirkahji.

“Why do you say that?” answered Tirkahji socratically.

“I don’t know..?” answered Arthur being interrupted by Werner.

“Arthur, it could be just something simple to welcome us and wish us hospitality? Also, a curiosity why we would do the journey in a machine being such a difficult way?”

“But that is paradoxical since Sat Nam knows all things,” countered Arthur.

“Yes, however God interacts with man on all levels and must produce something in these experiences to communicate or abreact. What mission could be other than...well, yes perhaps the *Orion* crew are missing on a Sat Nam mission or something like that. I just thought of it with your help here. I hope that is not so, because we need to get back,” said Werner a bit perplexed for the moment.

“Do you think you created something there or did I initiate it?” asked a somewhat sincerely concerned Arthur.

“I don’t know, but we must find out today and will. It could be boxes within boxes, or the Vussian dolls thing and *Orion* could be on the some other mission as we could be eventually being pressed into service by the great Sat Nam. How could anyone resist especially non-Akathists? At least, we are ahead of the game some with a higher perception and the information of those gone before us.”

“It is our choice, Werner and Arthur,” interjected Tirkahji listening attentively before and continued, “And we must remember that Sat Nam can be very persuasive from what I have experienced within him on the inner. He is a very good and kindly Overlord making it almost impossible to resist his suggestions even for the SRAOSHA Master. What does it matter about humanity because the higher we go humanity is helped that much more. You see, I start talking myself into not returning even before meeting the great Overlord. My previous statement would be exactly something Sat Nam would say. Yet, I understand that we have promised others to return and you too have loved ones. Thus, we can stay our course of returning. But paradoxically, loved ones are here too in spirit. It can be difficult to ward-off these powerful pure positive thoughts here. It seems the longer you stay, the more truth impregnates you although not a bad thing at all, of course.

“Arthur, do you agree with the strategy?” Tirkahji said ending with a question trying to stay on task as the pure positive thoughts seemed so powerful. Not to say that either agenda was wrong, but the latter was not the strategy of staying on Sat Lok. That idea had popped-in without as much as an argument let alone not having even seen Sat Nam yet.

“As I remember of the *Orion* reports none of the crew had families in which to return. That was a stipulation about the journey in which they believed was a high risk having no precedent to follow. In ours, we did not stipulate that requirement and only you, Tirkahji, would be about it without immediate family. Therefore, I remain with your decision, Werner and Tirkahji, but aforesaid, understand the premise of family if you choose to follow what we believe Sat Nam will suggest?” said Arthur.

“I wish to go back to Marie with all my heart!” vehemently said Werner.

He and Tirkahji now turned directly facing Arthur for his comment that they knew would follow for the all knew the exceedingly picayune and eccentric Melinda Antoinette, Damshire.

“If I stayed, Melinda would have a conniption fit!” smiled Arthur after having emoted the comment as all three now laughed heartily together.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter 25

Melinda had called her best friend on her mobile phone and told Marie on the same call that she missed Arthur, her husband, very much.

“Marie. I must tell Arthur my choice of stepping upon the path when he returns!” exclaimed Melinda having not gotten-up from bed completely as it was still early morning. Her hair was in bright yellow curlers that Melinda had put in just moments ago. She leaned into her Victorian bathroom mirror thinking she looked a fright this morning as the eastwardly sun shown through a smallish frosted mullioned window. Melinda’s larger cat, Paulji, leapt out as if defenestrated the moment she opened it slightly. No screen was on the frame. Melinda was not alarmed as he did this action frequently being on the first floor and a cat...well...he’s a cat.

Marie was talking the whole time further saying, “...Yes. He probably will be amazed since you have been four-square against it for so long. Arthur being Ba Hai may be a minor problem, but we have mixed marriages that are not too difficult in AKATHA. However, the Akathist is in charge, at least, inwardly because he had more awareness than the other,” answered Marie having just finished brushing her long raven black hair that glistened in the sunlight lancing through her large sitting room picture window showing early morning dew around its edges. She wore a light blue cashmere robe and matching slippers sitting on the edge a beige settee in her twelve foot ceiling room on the first floor Master suite in the Kentia house. Marie’s eye whilst talking took-in the numbered print of Picasso’s Don Quixote that Werner so much admired that he kept it in the bedroom sitting room to see it more that way.

“It would seem so since AKATHA deals with the highest force of SRAOSHA and therefore, the people become more intellectually advanced besides from the spiritual side also,” said Melinda

“Sometimes the marriages have problems if the Akathist is not patient. No one is perfect on the physical plane except the masters and their behaviour is simply a test for others who could condemn one. The idea is not to condemn anyone for anything, correct? If we talk of another it is for educational purposes and not stepping over the line,” responded Marie.

“I hope I can be patient with Arthur insofar as he is not Akathist,” pondered Melinda pulling-out her hot rollers.

“It’s up to you entirely, darling. We must remember life is an individual experience and ultimately we are on our own with no one to turn to except ourselves. It doesn’t mean we cannot love another completely and deeply as possible. But again, we all face ourselves upon the Soul Plane eventually and then the journey still continues to AKSHAR onto the twelfth plane. The fifth or Soul Plane is just the beginning as Soul, the light and sound within. The good thing is that upon the Soul Plane, we meet our true mate or what is known as the ‘Soul mate’ theory. It is not a physical individual, but an inner experience by each when they find their self as Soul, the inner individual sound current. If one is a woman on the physical plane, she is a man at the mind level or fourth plane and vice versa, for a man on the physical plane, he is a woman on his mind level. On the Soul Plane these two merge and become one or the first androgynous state. However, a danger exists believing that one can become androgynous on the physical plane. But instead they must carry-out their gender assignment on it. If they alter gender or practice homosexuality, they are now in violation of civilisation. The behaviour is simply not civilised for none can be created by its practice. The potential of lemmings into the sea exists. Gender is a responsibility presented as their karma of either being male or female and the sexual proclivity is a matter of procreating a society. Those practices must be abided by man or he cannot survive properly on the physical plane. The concern for another is most important, but ultimately, they become whole with or without another. Just remember, we see our spouses on the Soul Plane and they are us. It can be a bit confusing, but nevertheless...” said Marie.

“It can be a jargole of one does not capture and completely understand the premise of Soul. I just hope Arthur will understand my becoming Akathist,” said a concerned Melinda.

“If he truly loves you and we know that he does, it will be no problem,” reinforced Marie as she sat further back on the cushy settee feeling somehow Melinda’s concern was completely unfounded.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter 26

They stood before the great doors that marked the entrance to Sat Nam's thrown room. They looked at each other sort of wondering what to do next and in awe or wonder of the situation. Sri Thanz then appeared as if from nowhere with his radiant smile aboard, clapped his hands once lightly and the great arched doorway seemingly hundreds of feet high exaggerated by the thrill of anyone's first time here, opened. Such splendour of a thrown room would be inconceivable, but yet here it was completely golden of apparently Corinthian-like ornamentation beyond feeling! Breathtaking and excelsissimus edulcoratingly grandiose would be just simple words to describe it with the experience of seeing it much, much better thought anyone who had ever seen it with these three space travellers agreeing wholeheartedly and without any hesitation! Down an incredibly long aisle at the other end sat Sat Nam in all his glory! A man of six feet when standing with golden arm bracelets and shaved head, radiated a power no Gaeon man could imagine from slitted eyes that opened wider with joy once seeing the three travellers.

"Come, please. Come forward. It is amazing isn't it? But please have no trepidation, you are exceedingly welcome! It is a long way, but you will find each step will span a great distance." smiled Sat Nam far away but his fine voice rich in volume and so close.

True to his divine word, the three took one step and they were in front of this magnificent Overlord!

Again the divine one spoke, "Welcome, welcome, I am overjoyed to see you! Much joy overflows from me!" Immediately the three intrepid visitors felt a wave of uplifting joy sweep across their faces and bodies making them nearly giddy. The Fifth Plane deity continued addressing with respect to seniority, the ancient one Sri Tirkah Zah with his endearment name, "I hope your accommodations are to your liking, Tirkahji?"

Making a sideway glance before answering becoming spokesman, "Oh yes...of course...they are quite grand, very restful and tranquil. This level is such a joy in coming! It is sheer happiness to be here and no words can say how happy I am and I know Werner and Arthur will concur." Having finished for the moment Tirkahji again looked to his friends by

completely turning his head this time. The other two seemed pleased with Tirkahji's statement and the latter was relieved without comment as intuition worked so well on this plane.

"Thank you, Sri Tirkahji and I am glad to see you all! It always intrigues me when Souls attempt the journey the way you have come because it is probably the most difficult of ways to do it. Do you teach people the easier more contemplative ways than these arduous ones?" asked Sat Nam knowing the answer.

"Oh yes, your Lordship, but as you know man always seeks God in the myriad of ways. These dear men next to me are of this nature and great humanitarians. They know that Soul is ensnared in the form of man, and not all of them are ready for the subtlety of contemplation. So, for those who would travel, a grosser form way, they are pioneers for them. Werner and Arthur's great benevolence has brought them here as proper Bodhisattvas to teach others upon their return."

"So, you wish to return and do not accept the task in finding the **Orion** crew who have disappeared? Some believe they returned to Mer Kailash to teach there? A discussion was made involving so many leaders of religions, who are trapped there to attempt teaching them the next step towards me. I believe they accepted that challenge? However, they had not appeared in Mer Kailash and we fear lost? As you know becoming lost is impossible, but death does not exist here. I cannot lose anyone but know exactly the where and how of things. Yet some who come here need the bane of catharsis as it is necessary in the continual hunt for AKSHAR," said the great Sat Nam whose arms were folded and the light from him reflected upon the metal arm bracelets creating glistening sun-like starry reflections flashing into the three men's eyes.

"Do you mean by going to Mer Kailash, they were taking a closer step to AKSHAR?" inquired Tirkahji's leading question regarding the insinuation of going backward to go forward somehow?

"A paradox no doubt going backward to go forward. It may be impossible, but benevolent. That, of course, as you know is the fact of the Self-Realised who sometimes sacrifice themselves for all Souls and then gain the highest, seven planes higher than here. One can know this fact and still experience it. Thus, we know that AKSHAR accepts these sacrifices for doing ITS work in the lower worlds. Those who do not forget this role become exceedingly happy in God-Realisation on the Eighth Plane. The hunt for the **Orion** crew is a guaranteed way into the Twelfth Plane by anyone who knows the challenge and accepts it. Having such knowledge becomes a conundrum and a great contemplation seed. I

leave you three to it to discuss here before going back. Werner and Arthur, would you wish to say anything to me? Please Werner is there something?

“Oh yes, your Lordship. Thank you for having us here and we will discuss your proposal. This place is magnificently beautiful and my words could never be enough in telling you how happy I am being here..!” exclaimed Werner trailing off in allowing Arthur to speak as the former looked in his best friends direction nodding his head to prompt the latter. If one speaks to themselves as Sat Nam, five initiations can come to one and Werner knew this whilst giving Arthur an opportunity to advance very quickly. Werner discreetly nudged Arthur as the taller of two stepped forward.

Arthur cleared his throat of his nervousness and stumbled, “Yes...yes...yes your Lordship. I too am very thankful to be here and am humbled by such grandeur! Knowing that I am a part of the path makes me very happy now and I will do your will. It is so good for you letting us have the freedom in discussing your task. I am overjoyed at such benevolence and goodness! Thank you...thank you again,” said Arthur bowing at the end of his commentary.

“Arthur, your words to me are perfect and the proper attitude. Of course, you know by having this experience you are indeed now the Mahdis, the Fifth Initiate. Your words showed the wisdom and proof of your evolvment whilst you are now officially initiated to this level. Congratulations!” exclaimed Sat Nam.

“Oh, thank you, oh divine one.”

The three men looked at each other and Sat Nam’s smile was exceedingly great spreading bliss and comfort beyond measure out to all the Souls in his kingdom of Atma or Sat Lok.

Great celebrations started taking place around the Lok for the new Mahdis! All the Souls frolickingly danced, sang and played light musical instruments as Sat Nam’s joyous vibrations spread into the vast regions of Atma Lok. His light awoken all on this grandest of mornings for a Soul was liberated onto the Fifth plane today. Those Souls sleeping this fine morning awoke with gleaming broad smiles and turned to their immediate loved ones as all were loved ones on this plane. In other quarters, it was seen as a similar view of joyful dancing, singing, and making merry whilst fixing their daily nourishment of the Light & Sound of SRAOSHA poured into crystal cups and bowls of Soma for each.

In the celebration upon the plane, delirious behaviour often occurred. SRAOSHA soma drinks would spill and flood out the doorways of their villas and courtyards further into the roads and byways created a deluge beyond belief with all drowning in bliss with no water. In the waterless Bliss that splashed upon all, they knew the message instantly that **Arthur Benjamin Damshire was now Mahdis and Satguru.**

A Soul was in robe of light seen in whatever evanescent form they chose with one particular Soul painting at an easel. His paint dripped and then flooded from his pallet onto the floor as the paint crept under the front door and into the street whilst then merging with the soma flowing everywhere outside still spreading the message of Arthur's Mahdisship. So, all Souls on Atma Lok, in a matter of moments, knew in these various ways that Arthur had become the Fifth Initiate, the liberated Self-Realised Mahdis of the path of AKATHA. It was the first major goal on the path.

The three men left Sat Nam promising to return that evening to give their decision. Werner had promised Marie he would be back in two days and was not wishing to spoil it. He wished to leave the following day. They would nap first after such a great experience, not being exhausted but so uplifted to close one's eyes sent them straight to higher heavens. The feeling was exhilarating! After the short rest, they would meet to discuss the matter.

Golden Age of Outer Space

Chapter 27

In the conference room two hours later, the three crewmen of the *Socrates III*, Sri Tirkah Zah, Sri Werner York, and Mahdis Arthur Damshire sat in more fascinatingly carved high-backed chairs depicting scenes of spiritual experiences of many ancients SRAOSHA Masters. They were there to discuss the suggestion put to them by Sat Nam and then in five hours report back to the same divine one.

“We know what Sat Nam has said and we discussed before how much you wished as of the foregone conclusion of returning to your families and also, to fulfil your important promise to man to return from the sun. However, the fact that Sat Nam has guaranteed a Twelfth Plane God-Realised experience with AKSHAR for the reward in finding the *Orion* crew is truly incredible! In addition, the fact of affianchetto of not sacrificing the one for the many reaching someone who could be in distress may have been the same motivation of *Orion*? They must be truly great men and women?. How many? Seven wasn't it? Admiral Clarksen Pickens, Captain Helmitt Sherman, Colonel Dantene Smythes, Commander Albert Honours, Commander Adriene Sims, Lieutenant Ann Davies and Lieutenant Caroline Mans. Truly fine people for making the journey and must have been a great sacrifice, but perhaps they too were offered a Twelfth Plane experience? That would be an easy choice for ones without families? Yet, they did promise, or rather Captain Sherman did, to come back to Gaia and didn't. Sherman was always a flamboyant man who flowered things a bit according to reports, but never did he out and out lie. The choice must have been very difficult for him being a man of his word. To promise was a great risk,” finished Tirkahji.

“I did too, but not in front of press fortunately. But I believe my promise was even greater for me, that is, since I made it privately to Marie. Maybe I should not have promised, yet I do want to return nevertheless, but I will still discuss it with an open mind,” said Werner swivelling himself in his unmoved high-backed dark wood-carved chair.

“That is good, Werner,” said Arthur almost interrupting not turning looking straight head as if pondering something and continued, “I too have an open mind although you both have already heard my choice before. I can see Sat Nam, of course, knows our attitudes and Tirkahji, you are so kind in allowing us to make the choice really.”

“It is simple, you know because my travels in the universe are good as having done so for years. This voyage is tremendous and if I went back now it would still wonderful! So, you two do as you will. My only question remains as all masters bane has been that they or the Overlords make suggestions and some have the audacity, the very effrontery to reject it! We must remember that we are rejecting a suggestion by an Overlord, a very special one much loved by all, a God, if you will, but not higher than a SRAOSHA Master ironically. In other words, we must keep this whole thing in perspective, gentlemen,” said a concerned almost vehement Tirkahji ostensibly taken by the whole situation.

Werner stared at Tirkahji for moment and said, “We know and that could make it difficult especially since Sat Nam has made such a grand offer himself or guarantee as he put it,” responded Werner still turned cockeyed in his chair.

“Truly that is so true. The paradox remains and we all know it that to go back will be fine whilst the rejection of Sat Nam would not be a will o’ wisp in the air. That is truly amazing, but nevertheless a fact indeed,” said Arthur who stood for the moment bending over the table and then reseated.

“Exactly, Arthur. The Mahdis in you shows itself already. Such wise words from one so young upon the path. Absolutely wise!” exclaimed Tirkahji.

“The key remark,” said Werner.

“Thank you, gentlemen. I do feel something brand new, a confidence perhaps in my knowledge as if every word and thought has an exacting conclusion for me. It is like waking-up on a fine spring day with the flowers peeping their heads into your window and the fragrance so divine that you are wafted into a higher plane with the next blissful scent. The gift of poetry also exists in this level, I can see. Are you two poets also? Werner, I’ve never heard you rhyme. Of course, I remember now Tirkahji’s books of the “Gita Para SRAOSHA” from the Hadjis he amassed some years ago,” said Arthur.

“Among the visions from the realms of youthful splendour be, me thinks the time has come for one to see. Although we tarry in lands divine our lives sometimes do not shine whilst the event drives one amissing change occurs like one kissing. Still romance for a spouse may shape the inner mansion but not the outer house,” versed Werner smiling and rightly himself in his seat.

“Yes, you can speak in rhyme also. That is very nice,” replied Arthur.

“Yes, one can speak in rhyme any old time,” smirked his friend with the three laughing at Werner’s quip and he added, “Anyone can rhyme, but the Satguru of the Fifth Plane has an easier time of it and his or her words are now from the highest plane of AKSHAR. The Satguru is the first channel of AKSHAR and the perfect teacher in the lower worlds. Poetry is the highest expression to God and should be made of good words and not negative things. Altiloquent terms and words of God are very important; positive things would be best. I believe Sat Nam will be very happy with our choice because I would wish to help the *Orion* crew, but perhaps we can do both? They have been gone for nearly two hundred years and no one has taken that into consideration in our discussion so far. Hence, after returning maybe we can set a later mission for *Socrates III* to find them? They did not take their spaceship. We should ask Sat Nam if they took other vehicles. Of course, they did not have to but since going back through the Atma Lok event horizon, it could be that they took a superior vehicle? This would be a good question for his divinity,” suggested Werner.

“That is a good idea, Werner, but do you think Marie would spare you again for the mission?” queried Arthur knowing Marie as he did and his own wife’s qualms about travelling all over the universe especially after the recent fiasco with them both.

“After a short time, maybe a few months as she deserves at least that; I have not taken a vacation in years. She may not like the idea of another mission so soon, but I will propose it to her at the proper time. You must do the same with Melinda as she and Marie usually see eye to eye on most things. They are sensitive issues to be sure as the girls do not like our adventures which is putting it mildly. Whereby, they may give in after at time if they realise how important is the mission!” said Werner.

“You know they never do believe their importance, but only accept eventually the fact that we do. Look what happened recently, Werner, truly wishful thinking on your part. The girls just wish we would retire and stop gallivanting around. They always say that we say it’s very important, but to them is silly – you know that (Werner broke a smile and nodded slightly). They may give us some real problems this time, but we can cross that bridge when we come to it, I suppose. Hopefully, nothing demonstrative like before?” remarked Arthur candidly and with the attitude of knowing someone for a long time like his best friend.

“You are right, it is wishful thinking on my part that the girls would concede a mission’s importance and not raise Cain about it. When have they not to some degree and, of course, the recent fiasco. And also

true that we should just wait and see. But admittedly it is a good idea since we can tell Sat Nam that we are not closing the door on the *Orion* just delaying it awhile,” replied Werner.

Tirkahji interjected, “Right, a good explanation and now we have something to tell Sat Nam. I know Sat Nam will be pleased as He wishes people not only to abide by his words but also have enough wisdom to please themselves and their families. And obviously, the *Orion* has been missing for a long time seemingly very odd indeed - nevertheless, the nature of life’s puzzles. Yet a few more months won’t make a difference. The mission will still be there when we decide the exact time.”

“Do you mean you would travel with us?” asked Werner surprised

“And if not, break-up a great team, never!” facetiously exclaimed Tirkahji with a wry smile.

Upon reflection, Arthur blurted, “Melinda is going to have a cow!”

“She’ll be okay. She always is. Also, Marie is not going to jump for joy, but also gets over it. We must put in some time with them firstly and not spring it upon them too soon. Are we wrong to conspire so Tirkahji?” queried Werner not really caring as some must occur in regard to “planning” but giving deference having the eminent more senior SRAOSHA Master present.

“I don’t think so. You’ve just been given a sanction by Sat Nam and what are you to do? Ignore it? Of course, putting it to Melinda and Marie in that way probably would not be fair, but as you say the time will come and the best words will too. The always can say “no” and probably will do just that as I know them both as strong-willed people to say the least. Yet you are both fortunate to have them insofar as few women would be so patient.”

“Very true,” said Werner and Arthur in concert.

Werner continued, “The problem is that the mission will not be without its ‘dangers’ to add caution putting it lightly.”

“Do you mean the idea of the mission being dangerous as an argument to us by the girls?” queried Arthur but knowing they had used that in the past but making a restatement as an “again” commentary.

“Well yes – you know that – but I wanted to use the double negative regarding both dangers with the girls and the mission,” laughed Werner and it catching the other two in a good guffaw for all three men.

It was if during the laugh it was in the face of danger when each looked into the other’s eyes. They always did laugh in danger’s face in the past because courage was the mark of the Akathist that Arthur newly as one would now know having been by his friend’s side for so long. The

girls did not like the apparent casting caution to the wind because it was easier to stay at home as neither gentlemen needed to work for a living. Still, Werner had often posed the argument that he would dry-up and get old if he did not go on his adventures. In other words, he would live longer that way and of course, Marie's side was that she should be enough stimuli to keep him going. Around and around it went as men and women have done for eons ironically not wishing to admit it.

The three good friends and crewmates finished their discussion and agreed doing Werner's strategy going back within the two month period on the *Orion Mission* if the families agreed (by coercion most likely). They hoped and knew really that Sat Nam should be pleased as their main emphasis was with him in mind.

It was almost time to meet again with the great Sat Purusha, Sat Nam, and the *Socrates III* crew dressed in appropriate black tie dinner attire. As of no surprises this time, they had been sent messages by the coordinators that Sat Nam would be setting an evening meal within Gaeian parameters. It was a thoughtful gesture in what they believed was an amelioration of the previous meal surprise of an unnecessary venue change at the beginning. The men were not besmirched by it, but the three SRAOSHA Master representatives were ingratiating them nevertheless. Aforesaid Sat Lok did not necessarily have such rituals of this nature but conceded when thinking a life of bliss. When newcomers came, they were usually very happy with uplifting joyful surges flowing through their very beings and out into the communities as experienced before with Arthur's Mahdis recognition. It uplifted the area even further if that was possible. Since it is the first level of dichotomy experienced as bliss, anything could be true about it. Sat Lok was the first plane of the pure positive God Worlds according to AKATHA. This pure positive state was more of a divine neutrality but the word "positive" was important but not by itself without "pure." The positive worlds below Sat Lok could paradoxically get one into trouble by having it as a polarity of its opposite element, the "negative." So, man struggle with this understanding needing the Living SRAOSHA Master's guidance. Complexities were worked-out by him and his students achieved Sat Lok in contemplation as of the Master's assistance.

"It was good of Sat Nam to create an evening meal for us, don't you think boys?" said Tirkahji.

"He is so benevolent and good. It's not often that one can experience such kindness. More of that behaviour is now on Gaea as of the golden age appearing again. We have talked of this sustenance and the

paradox of that focus. It is good that it has happened and I know it can sustain for quite awhile. Time is such an illusion and the practice of it without a proper perspective is a great trap for man. He thinks himself into such awful confusion and cannot extricate himself,” said Arthur.

“Hence, the Living SRAOSHA Master exists for all time!” exclaimed Tirkahji.

The men walked towards the great hall of Sat Nam again, but this time they were detoured to another banquet room seemingly next to it. It too had grand doors many metres high and the opened onto an enormous atrium spinning an endless aisle with many tables and chairs on each side in burgundy and white. The white was so pure and the burgundy more of a maroon that emulated the cloaks of the Maroon Robed Adepts of Ancient Order of the Ongari, the SRAOSHA Masters. Sat Nam was sitting on the right side of a table for four with a waiter talking to him. The three approached ostensibly amazed that the mighty Sat Nam descended from his throne, but enormously appreciative of what they all felt as a display of his benevolence! Sat Nam, in an azure tunic, stood-up upon their approach.

“Good too see you all that have come again and welcome,” said the most popular Overlord in his most ingratiating way, “Do not be shocked at my gesture. You people are worth all to me and I am your subject and friend. As Masters, Sir Tirkahji, and Sri Werner, you know yourselves that humbleness comes in many forms and we as Overlords wish to give as much as anyone. Sometimes our opportunities to give overtly are few, but when we can, we never miss the mark as so much joy exists in the giving. We never, stop in our feelings of course,” said Sat Nam.

The men still stood at the table dumbfounded as if mesmerised because afterall Sat Nam was a god now sitting at their dinner table. No thought was had but only immense joy existed amongst the four great Souls in the vast most beautiful of rooms around them! Sat Nam started to laugh and the *Socrates III* crew also started giggling like young children and then they were all uproariously laughing at the situation! The ludicrousness of Sat Nam descending his throne made it all the more amusing for the moment whilst they knew humour eased anything so absurd. The men sat down still laughing very hard and then stopped suddenly whilst looking at the benevolent host.

“It is good to laugh,” said Sat Nam continuing, “and amazing how good Souls can do many activities setting-up these giving things and yet how silly we really are in manifestation. It is a shame more Souls don’t

have a sense of humour, but now that Utopia is in a golden age, more proper humour is again afforded people. It can become so low in Kali Yugas, but eventually once hitting bottom, as the adage goes, “No where to go but up.” The problem is the trap of where is the bottom. In other words, it seems bottomless and is, therefore, the Master must appear to right the situations at times or great destruction takes place. We are fortunate that you three have been so diligent in your service to AKSHAR and helped bring the golden age back. You know you parts and perhaps never thought them so intricate regarding the era change, but men must know that each moment of his life is very integral to the whole and must stop his self-pity. He does mostly in the golden times, but the negative seed always lurks as the karma ball reveals,” finished Sat Nam.

Behind them on the wall a great karma ball appeared. The circle with its curved line down the middle showed an adjacent dark side and a white side and in each one was a small circle of the opposite colour – white in black, black in white.

“The dark seed in the white side can grow at any time and the paradox of thwarting it may be the catalyst for its growth. Some teachings attempt to avoid these thoughts of benevolence and kindness whilst believing thought as the culprit. Now, they also fall into the trap of no thought being also thought. Hence, it is good to be creative and that is the answer. ‘We observe,’ the physical scientists would say and that’s what we should do without the analysis. Yet the physical scientists fail after the first step had been so ingenious and then they start to analyse everything. Most philosophers, say that is analysis also failure, but I am Sat Nam, and that’s the puzzle of the universe in that of God. God must be allowed to be God. The atheists disagree, but all they need is the experience of God and then they would agree. Beforehand, the non-theist is in a muddle and does not believe that God exists. However, the good part is that Soul of Itself is made from spirit, the SRAOSHA, as we know, and Its divine music uplifts and makes one feel the joy we did in our laughter. Laughter is so good isn’t it?” again finished Sat Nam turning his head towards a window looking out with a shining smiling that shown great light now throughout his kingdom. He turned back to his guests without the grin but fair of face.

Arthur spoke, “Oh yes, indeed. I agree wholeheartedly that laughter is so good. To laugh is such a great experience! Our previous laugh was so good for me. I have not laughed like that since I was a child. It has really been that long regarding chimerical mirth. Letting go is the answer. People get caught-up so much analysis, as you so wonderfully said, and they forget to be whimsical. A great balance exists, but the

gradient must be found and not forgotten. When we forget a part of us, we attempt to find it again and the journey continues this way mostly proving things to ourselves. It is not cut and dried, but a great constancy, I suppose.”

“That is very true and a fine explanation, Arthur, and I can see you will be a great service to the AKSHAR in the future because laughter can keep the gradient of joy open. Just don’t forget it in the future,” said Sat Nam.

“I won’t dear Lord and thank you very much,” said Arthur gratefully.

“Remember, Arthur,” continued the Overlord, “It’s better just to put your attention upon SRAOSHA and in this way the attention is upon AKSHAR. To be grateful is the first step, but imagine spending an eternity in being grateful. Can you see where Kali Yugas fall down because they were always celebrating old rituals and thanking God constantly for this and that? He does not want gratitude but riveted attention instead! Place your attention upon spirit and not just give thanks for the trap is the latter when we lose the former. We must become the SRAOSHA and not just waver in this attention. Soul is SRAOSHA yet must and will retain Its identity. Sometimes It must fight for It because It is not confident, but once the confidence is assured, the teacher can now walk away from the student and the latter then knows the answer.”

“What’s the answer?” asked Arthur. But Sat Nam was now talking to the waiter again and the karma ball had disappeared into the former SRAOSHA symbol in the same ball as before upon the wall. Arthur understood that he must answer these things for himself, but also knew that Sat Nam had his attention pulled in many directions being the God of this world. A self-realised individual knows himself, but his next great step before mastery in the tenth plane was God-Realisation on the eighth plane.

“Lord. I hate to interrupt, but this is an opportunity for me and Werner has always said make the most of them,” inquired Werner’s audaciously appropriate friend, “If God-Realisation is the next step for me upon the eighth plane, how can this be if AKSHAR lives upon the twelfth plane?”

“Arthur, your hubris is acknowledged, but I will gladly answer your question. The Glimpse of God, the G...O...D... or Glimpse of the Divine, of course! One gains the eighth plane and once there at some point upon that level, Soul is juxtapositioned in Sahaji instantly into the presence of AKSHAR. It happens for only the briefest of moments which

may seem an eternity when occurring. This experience is the God Glimpse or Glimpse of the Divine wherein the word “God” is then an acronym with the letter “t” removed for easier pronunciation. Once the glimpse is achieved on the twelfth plane, the now eighth initiate is thrust back onto the eighth plane. It is very simple. History showed that the anxiety of the Mahdis, the Fifth Initiate became so great that AKSHAR in ITS benevolence allowed for this juxtaposition taking place.

“Of course, the twelfth plane has an area like all other higher vibrational planes above the fifth, but AKSHAR can only be had in glimpses. The Mahaji is the only one who may maintain an audience at any length, however we know that the Mahaji, the Living SRAOSHA Master position is temporary by the Soul who is so fortunate. Thus, for anyone to sustain the presence of AKSHAR is quite impossible. We now have defined the ultimate experience being one of constant seeking of God Glimpses. The ultimate elixir is the God Glimpse! We all do it, even I. It will be even much better than this grand ambrosia that the waitress is bringing us now...” said Sat Nam cutting-off his words moving his eyes towards huge shining ornate crystal goblets having a golden honey coloured liquid being poured into each. The maiden doing the honours was exquisitely formed in sheer white modestly translucent material dress holding a bright yellow sunlight crystal cruet with a long slenderly carved handle. The liquid poured seemingly for ever as they all watched feeling the fluid really flowing within them as spiritual water ecstasy enhanced by fine ambient music played about the room creating more upliftment than could be imagined! On this plane, water was not a fearful thing as often in the lower worlds, but constantly released as an ecstatic substance without concern for wetting and drying cycles like in the lower worlds.

The soft lilting tones of mandolin, flute, and violin similar to an Elizabethan assemble wondrously played! The absolute beauty was almost a swoon for each, but they kept their consciousness of the gloriously lovely maiden in front of them pouring the golden mead-like liquid.

“Lord Sat Nam, is this the great soma drink that is spoken of so often in the AKATHA literature and throughout the lower worlds?” remarked Tirkahji knowing the answer but feeling that Arthur was by himself in the question realm.

“Of course, Tirkahji. It can be no other. It is made of pure SRAOSHA though and no lower worlds' substance as you probably guessed or know. It is not really liquid as you know it, but pure atoms of SRAOSHA and one will find if imbibing that purity is theirs for perpetuity. Some have found drinking the Mahaji's water after one of His

lectures to be similar because it has also been transformed from water into SRAOSHA. Man forgets simple alchemy by just a touch when one is so close to spirit. The higher initiate is always in touch with God and many miss the opportunity in indulging their powers. I enjoy greatly the conversation with you three and would wish you hear always. You may stay if you wish and work in my gardens or do what you will within the temple. It is your choice to live here for eternity with my humble blessing, if that is your will? I do not offer many, this opportunity, but you three are so exceptionally good and wise. Your presence has already made the Soul's here on this plane much happier and all have agreed that you would be an enormous enhancement and asset to the community of Sat Lok," said Sat Nam stretching out his hands whilst speaking and a tremendous glow shown from him.

The three men looked at each other in bewilderment whilst not believing their ears! Such an offer was so overwhelming that they almost wept; but again remained coherent with Werner being spokesman,

"Sire, I must speak before I am too over-whelmed by your grand gesture. We must go back to our families, but we will accept the *Orion Mission* in the near future as we do not wish to let you down. Your benevolence is without words to express our appreciation of it. And this last offer is impossible to resist. Hence, I made our proclamation before we know what we are really saying or I am saying. Perhaps AKATHA has taught us too well and you knew ahead our answer but love is indeed a most powerful force! Yet you yourself have told us the journey higher continues, but to be perfectly honest, I could be very happy here with you for eternity," said Werner very taken with Sat Nam's offer.

"Werner, you are indeed a fine Soul and your words are of such perfection...therefore, pass into a God Glimpse..."

Werner plopped down in his chair like a marionette and his eyes closed. He then found himself in Sahaji, the out-of-body travel and was flying high into the sky with Pedraji next to him. Pedraji being the present Living SRAOSHA Master, the guide to God said,

"I will guide you there, Werner, because all have a last bit of trepidation and good to have company this way as Soul is not God and moving towards IT displays an anticipation never before dreamed. I know this experience you have had before. When was the last time but last summer whilst you were contemplating in Madrid," said Pedraji very close to the twelfth plane now as they rose higher. Werner could not speak because he was always in that state before a God-Realization experience. He just smiled and Pedraji did the same. They both saw the throne of God

as not necessarily a dazzling light but one of immense tranquillity for it is the Ocean of Love and Mercy. They had arrived and Werner now experienced IT.

Werner opened his eyes.

“Baraka Bashad, Sat Nam,” said Werner peacefully stating the ancient AKATHA salutation and ending that meant, *May the Blessings Be* in English,

Sat Name rejoined, “Arthur, Werner knows the appropriate words to use and these should be impressed upon the heart, learned, and used by all upon the path of AKATHA. ‘Baraka Bashad’ is simple and accurate with the attention in the proper place.

“Baraka Bashad, Sire,” said Arthur.

Werner was greatly pleased to say the least in having a God-Realized experience as they do not come everyday necessarily. Sat Nam had honoured him and again such beneficent gestures were simply incredible thought Werner. AKATHA truly made Its promises come true and indeed the high path according to Akathists.

“It is fine, Werner. Do not be concerned about the ambivalence of your decision. It is a perfect decision and well thought out. I am saddled with the fact that people continue to be grateful but do not just bless the universe instead. It would be even better to bless SRAOSHA and then even simpler to just listen to It. It is simply the whole matter of attention and always has been and will be whilst remaining the same. Man reveres his eyes and considers a blind man second class as of not having the capability of physical sight. So much emphasis is put on the eyesight. Man fears being blind, but must know that the Soul sight is really that of feeling and where does all this feeling go? Well, the answer is feeling must be put into the attention. Perhaps pure observation would be simply the no feeling or just sight itself. Soul has puzzles to sort whereas the Master and beings like me on still higher planes also seek aforesaid, AKSHAR in glimpses. Man cannot understand these words and would be obfuscated by them as this information is of the highest nature straight from the throne of the divine AKSHAR! You, Werner, just having come from there having caused this display and how fortunate we are here,” responded Sat Nam. The three beings surrounded Werner and broke into applause. Werner humbly blushed knowing how fortunate he was to have just seen AKSHAR.

“Baraka Bashad, to you all. I want to say that Sat Nam is truly a wonderful being and we are greatly pleased to be here! No one would be in their right self to do anything other than to accept your offer of staying here. Whereby, as you know we will not for we are going to fulfil the promise and return to Utopia tomorrow morning. Sat Nam, by giving me the experience again of AKSHAR, you know that renewed strength would fortify my strategy and it has...Baraka Bashad to you again!”

Sat Nam bowed deeply in his extraordinarily beautiful azure tunic of exquisite patterns, jewels, and brocades. Werner continued,

“The God-Realised experience has also given me the renewed strength of the future of perhaps finding the *Orion* crew for no Soul should ever be sacrificed in fianchetto. All are the universe and must be guided back to God at all costs. This, my friends, is our great mission in life, the prime directive of guiding the ready Soul back to God by pointing the way. Pedraji guided me to the Ocean but did not take the plunge for that was for me to do then. Water does not exist there, but instead atoms of all the Souls in eternity and most not knowing they are, in actuality, a part of that great Ocean of Love & Mercy which AKATHA calls ‘AKSHAR.’

“When one bathes in the Ocean, they touch the bliss of those atoms and uplift all that come in contact with the Soul who experiences God Consciousness. That experience is the only testament to the upliftment of Souls as one goes higher. We know how pleasing the waters of the Gaean oceans are as they have salt water electrolytes that stimulate the body there. Imagine that and a manifold difference and that is the experience of God without the concern of drowning. A wonderful feeling of pure freedom in an ocean where perishing by drowning cannot occur! Moving about is a matter of just a slight movement of the Soul body, the Atma Sarup. Atma looks and it is there. Atma touches the water and only extreme bliss is felt! One can barely stay conscious as of the ecstasy, not unlike what we have experienced on this plane. It is amusing in the idea of consciousness when its pleasure is almost going unconscious. Joy is this way and it is a great word for such a wonderful feeling! It must be remembered that my experience was only a few seconds in the Ocean, but I can remember it so well. In fact, these experiences stay impressed for long times and usually do not happen until they fade and then Sat Nam or some grand benevolent entity allows an entrance. Of course, the Living SRAOSHA Master may go anytime, but often does not because He will be very busy guiding Souls to heaven. Humanity is a priority to the Master as He is the highest humanitarian.

Pedraji always has his attention on his fellowman to help him at all costs. Thus, we accept the *Orion Mission* if our families agree,” said Werner.

“That is fine and bless you for the fine answer to my offers. One could not be happier with such wisdom and know my offer to live here still is open to you eternally with no conditions or as you might say “strings” attached. The reason I made the offer in the first place aforementioned remains the fact of who you people are for your greatness

cannot be overlooked. One would be a fool not to have a place for you always. Your presence is an inspiration and exceedingly dear!” said Sat Nam with intense sincerity.

“How you do that is so amazing to be completely perfect in giving! To go into higher planes would seem impossible for Sat Nam clearly shows the most benevolent, goodly, and kind of Overlords and beings in general. Yet they say the planes higher are even better. That seems so impossible making the idea wholly incredible!” cried Arthur attempting to respond to Sat Nam in kind. After a slight pause, Arthur added, “...They must simply...be... be different?”

“Baraka Bashad to you Arthur and know this in your travels that the journey always become better when you practice the daily discipline of contemplation. The simple factor of thirty minutes given to SRAOSHA each day gleans tremendous results as you have seen here. Stay with the discipline and do not waver ever as Soul must contemplate each day in the lower world until reaching Atma Lok, my world. Then it is a matter whether a day will appear on Atma Lok or higher? If a day appears, thirty minutes will be for contemplation. These factors may not present themselves or make sense in higher planes but they are not concerns of those in the lower ones, but just knowledge of them. We need eternal knowledge and the Hadjis offers it in written form even in the Soul plane and higher. When words appear on the higher planes, they are from the Hadjis book, but these are often forgotten regarding their source. The Master does bring them back occasionally to then higher source wisdom in the Hadjis by writing it, but few be there often to avail themselves of it.

“Utopia is now in a good time for reading the Hadjis as you, Tirkahji, had finished twelve books long ago. Each with their 625 pages is a wonderful work helping man find his way to God. To read this truly God-inspired works will always raise the state of consciousness. It is a continual process and never ceases. Utopia and all planettes in the physical plane will need constant nurturing through the Hadjis as the Kal Niranjana, the negative overlord of the lower planes, is always near. But know this that whilst the lower worlds exist, the Mahaji is always near as well.

“I wish you Godspeed for the journey back to your world and give my best to your blessed wives,” said Sat Nam most eloquently.

“Baraka Bashad, Lord,” responded Tirkahji, “Lord, you are a great master of our plane and have shown us great deference and hospitality since our arrival. You must understand with all sincerity, our choice of going back was not made in haste with deep consideration and respect for your most kind offers. To allow us this open invitation is so magnificent

and startling to me! Such joy cannot be articulated! This recognition cannot be exceeded and will be remembered by us, I'm sure, always. One day, I promise to accept your invitation and it will be soon. For I wish only to go back now because Werner has shown me how important a promise is to anyone no matter what apparent supercedence could come instead. I know upon entering the physical plane, it will be a tremendous occurrence for its golden age is a new one and our vibrations from this experience will be a great benefit in progression towards its zenith.

“Sat Nam, you have made it very simple and pleasant for us in making our decision and we truly say again to you with all our hearts ‘Baraka Bashad’ since you have taught us well these great words.”

In unison Tirkahji, Werner, and Arthur said, “Baraka Bashad,” as if having rehearsed it.

Tirkahji continued, “Your wisdom is beyond any of the lower worlds and we will take your message to the peoples of Gaea and continue our work in AKATHA there. As Werner has said our strategy will soon be to help the *Orion* crew and take-on its seeming paradoxes. We will have many discussions in the coming weeks after our arrival back on Gaea and you will know as you always do both in and out of contemplation. God knows all and still allows man the space for his freedom. Many Baraka Bashads go to you for granting us Godspeed on our journey and here we depart...we will meet again,” finished Tirkahji.

The three men arose from the table with Werner and Arthur having conceded Tirkahji as spokesman for the moment. They thought it only right as of his seniority and former AKATHA position as titular living master. The bowed whilst Sat Nam raised his hand repeating “Baraka Bashad” as the ancient departure blessing.

Sat Nam spoke a divine decree, **“I throw you back to your origin to give you an easier way!”**

Suddenly, the three men went limp and passed-out. They awoke in moments to find themselves at the controls of the *Socrates III* landing at Utopia Centre’s airfield where they had taken-off only thirty-six hours ago. Since no landing crew was at the Centre field, they were not expected but the ship made a miraculous no incident soft landing nevertheless. No celebration or greeting would be had either, but no need they felt merely being stunned by Sat Nam’s power which overcame such universal sciences. These miracles are not often done but anything is possible thought Tirkahji having a sudden euphoria in being home!

“Incredible!” cried Arthur.

“Amazing!” exclaimed Werner.

“Astonishing!” enthused Tirkahji, “And a fitting end to our journey wouldn’t you say?” with his dear friends nodding almost groggily from the shock of being repositioned so quickly. The both smiled broadly coming to their senses.

Tirkahji continued, “Perhaps it will be a great contemplation to wonder if we took the journey but were collectively unconscious, since according to our gauges,” Tirkahji gave a mock dusting of a gauge, “we have taken the journey or did the juxtaposition take place? It would be the analogy of the man driving in his air-car and looking out after seemingly not paying attention and realising he can’t remember where he has been. The interesting conundrum remains, it happened to us simultaneously. That was the attempt by LSD long ago, but it only was a hierophant auto-suggestion by simply convincing the participants that they all experienced

the same thing. It is impossible but Sat Nam can do all things without artificial stimulants. Yet that is what precisely contemplation is for in placing the attention on wonderful things and enhancing them and the attention as well. Sorting out may occur but if it does not, an enhanced attention level will be. The question is what is enhanced attention necessary for? The answer is to learn more or perhaps experience more being the answer in the endless journey.”

The End

FIN

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Second Sun Trip