

PARALLELS - UNIVERSES

By [Respected Author To Be Announced]



Prologue

ORIGINS

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“When a cell comes into being, constituents of a new universe are born. Every living thing - Unicellular organisms, insects, humans, have each a universe or are part of one depending on the level of their cognitive abilities. The higher the cognitive ability of an organism, the larger the allocation of stars and other bodies in the physical representation of the being’s universe in space or of the universe the being shares with other beings of the same cognitive and sentient level. The concept of the universe which is similar to the zodiac, is represented by the actual worlds, planets, stars and galaxies throughout space. This universe is not an aggregate of all the galaxies in space as was thought thousands of years ago but a congregation of heavenly bodies with similar characteristics. It could be made up of one or more stars comprising little, more or no other bodies. A compendium of all the universes of the beings throughout space including the various physical representations, is what is known as a multiverse.

Unlike the tenets provided by the rudimentary Zodiac employed thousands of years ago, before the Greatdisturbance, it has been discovered that the acts of the universe is not one sided in the sense that the universe does not only control our acts and behavioral characteristics, our activities also control the way the bodies in space interact. Our deaths, joys, sadness amongst others, affect the acts of the physical universes. When a person cries for instance, that singular act orchestrates a commensurate reaction in one or more of the bodies in the physical representation of his universe in space like a star in his universe dimming for instance. When he or she rejoices, a star might glow brighter in his universe or some other activity depending on the character of that particular

universe. The death of a person also, might send bodies in that person's universe in space crashing into each other. The obvious conclusion to meet is that the death of a person eliminates his or her universe from existence but that is not so because of the existence of reincarnation. A person might have existed before in a different frame of time or might have his or her universe taken over or split by another being or beings when reincarnation does not occur immediately. The consequence of this is that when a person of a particular universe might share it with others and when a person feels a particular emotion, it is reverberated throughout the corresponding physical universes and galaxies in form of supernovas, solar flares and all the persons of that class in the present, future or past feel these emotions in a way especially those who have a strong connection. This might be explained as mood swings in humans – an instant seemingly baseless swing from one emotion to another.

Stars live for billions of years and have a strong connection with the beginning and end of the life span of a being's reincarnation. When a reincarnation phase comes to an end, the reincarnation line of the person concerned ends and a supernova or the straight contraction of a star occurs, ending the extant state of that star in the person's universe as it once was and in some cases, collapsing it into a black hole.

To a human, the existence of all the universes seems like a single universe, due to the interactions of these different universes. The human mind for the purpose of balance and communication merges these entire universes into one coherent experience. So every human being lives in their own universe and in a sense own it. We just perceive other human beings as being present in our own universe because of the interactions between the different universes. Some universes have sub classes and types which are generally the same with slight deviations. Some people who belong to certain classes, have stronger manifestations of the characteristics of that particular universes than those of

other classes. The various universes serve as a code for the buildup of those within it. It is the code that writes their reality – the way they perceive things and respond to them. This is why some people can see and interact with gnomes – ghosts and other beings that exist in a reality different from the physical; and others cannot. The universe of those who cannot see these beings are encoded not to include the reality of these translucent beings.

One of these universes is the velar universe which I am a part of. It is one of those with unique characteristics. One of them is that it is layered and has different classes. It is the only universe inhabited by humans with true rational thinking capacities and people capable of making absolutely objective decisions and opinions. Although we are the brightest of the universes, we are however not a very happy bunch. We have our defects and weaknesses. For example, a large number of the classes have slower comprehensive abilities even though there are some bright ones among us who think faster than some others blink. They are the naturally genetically improved species who belong to the highest of classes as I do.

But the existence of these universes created by the ancients faced extinction when certain forces somewhere in the future attempted to orchestrate something wrong in the inner workings of the universes using the silence of the ancients as a cover. In order to forestall this, the ancients awoke and created a vessel with the ability to transfer one human being from one universe or the same, in a particular time to another universe and time within which rests another human being.

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The connection of these universes to a living being is not restricted to just earthlings. Throughout time and space, the different beings inhabiting places in space also have their universes. But there is something unique about earthlings.

Although they may be a fragile bunch, the growth of the universe began with them. They were the first of living things actuated by the three ancients. Thus, the foundation of life, space and time is intricately bound in their very existence. Theirs is the only planet which is not a body within the universe of any other being in space. The planet Earth later named Puvian after the great war is in a class of its own within the bounds and control of the ancients themselves. A clear testament to this is the fact that they are protected by a magnetic shield created by the ancients. After the dawn of humans, save for warring aliens, no destructive meteoroid has ever found a way to the surface of the planet.

*Not all universes share the same level of genetic perfection; some universes have substantial deposits of impurities which negatively affects their DNA, resulting in natural deformities of all sorts. In universes where these imperfections especially of character are found in large quantities, these flaws in consonance with external factors lead the persons who live in or have the universes to grand vices. It has always been beings whose universes irrespective of whatever planet they come from have the dangerous deformity that have been responsible for catastrophic occurrences throughout time. In order to resolve this, the very distant ancestors of current human life on earth who had been reclusive because of this phenomenon, created a vessel that can transfer one human being from one universe to another universe owned by another human being.” – **Memoirs of Richard Drachmi, 3052/5/22;PI3.14 pg. 2***

Chapter One

NO LOVE LOST

Richard stepped out of the house and let his eyes run over the picturesque landscape; the view his glassy front porch offered him. Taking in gulps of air hungrily, he savoured the smell of the morning – of earth, dawn and dew tinged with the aroma of the flowers that lined his driveway. Savoring enough, he walked tiredly towards his vehicle, ‘Oh well, another day.’ He mumbled to himself.

He had woken up on the wrong side of his bed literally and figuratively. He had thrashed about as usual owing to the nightmares and frequent dreams he had been having with the strange lady in it. He was a restless sleeper normally and the nightmares didn’t help it. The dreams where he saw her were not horrid but the fact that he couldn’t snap out of them when he wanted to scared him as much as the nightmares did. He felt he was losing it. This much had soured his enthusiasm for the day. He had this rather wan look that suggested despair on his face, not to mention the almost permanent suggestion of despondency written on his face but as placed his thumb on the print starter, he remembered the smile on the faces of his children that morning and broke into one of his own.

Most mornings normally, irrespective of his problems, Richard would rise with an exotic blend of passion and fire for life fueled by the thought of his research generally and the questions he hoped to answer when he was done. Nothing made him happier than discovering new answers to the conundrums of life, the mysterious and the civilizations of outer space which was his discipline.

That morning, he had risen with an untoward lack of passion towards life generally. His appearance was gloomy but as his three little children ran out, he had this goofy smile plastered on his face. He loved his kids more than life itself. As they made their way towards him running with the hurried patter of rain on sand, he walked towards them and smiling loudly, lifted Christy up, swinging her to the right and to the left, with little John laughing broadly. But his laughter ceased momentarily and he began sobbing, while stretching his little hands up urging his father to carry him when he saw his sister had no intention of coming down soon.

"Okay dear, one minute." Richard said as he swirled Christy around once more before picking John up, he felt the greatest sense of devotion whenever he had his children in his arms. The type that seemed to take away his worries and the constant dispassionate feeling he had towards their mother. 'I wish I still love her as much as I used to.' He thought. Sometimes he imagined how their marriage got to where it was now. 'How did we turn from being two young people in love to being just roommates?' He used to love her without reservations then they were inseparable, she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his life.

His car stopped automatically at a red light and while waiting for it to turn green, he let his mind drift to when their paths crossed back in High school, she was his major distraction and I couldn't stop thinking about her; that kind of distraction that was so sweet and beautiful that you could never let it go even if the world was crumbling about you. She had the voice of an angel with a gait and body that made heads turn. He wasn't the coolest kid there was, he was the kind anyone would call a geek, the nerd no cool girl would hang out with. She on the other hand, was the cynosure of all eyes. Everyone wanted to take her out to prom. He knew he would be reaching for the moon if he had any intentions of winning her over. Richard had always been a voracious reader with an

insatiable quest for knowledge. His passion for knowledge drove him to go on a voyage of discovery into the meaning of life. His mind constantly plagued him with the question, “what is the reason for everything, the reason why we’re all here, what was the final answer to the controversial debate of the parallel universe and how we’re related? Cheryl found these topics interesting too. He didn’t know until one day when they got talking during break. This was the starting point of their attraction. She was drawn to him in ways neither she, nor he could explain. It was magical, like the meeting of the day and night. Each time, they discussed the meaning of life, the attendant debate it generated along the lines of its origin and how much play the universe had in the acts of man. They soon realized that they were inseparable; the very definition of affinity itself. There was something in their respective universes pulling them together. Butterflies filled their stomachs with sparks flying every time their eyes met. It was the perfect love story. They got married after high school shortly before he went to college. In college, he majored in astronomy interstellar studies at the Michigan University. Cheryl couldn’t go to college immediately because she had to stay back to take care of their son; John. He understood she made a lot of sacrifices for them both and wondered mildly if she had certain regrets. Was that it? Was that it? Was that what was pulling them apart? She has been there for him longer than he could remember anyone being. They ended up having three wonderful children together. They were the very essence of his joy and fulfillment.

Each morning, he literally woke up and looked forward to seeing them smile. They give me reasons him a reason to live alongside his work. Thinking about them and the legacy he had to leave behind to make them better persons when they grew up, fueled his passion for anything he set his heart on. Sincerely, each day, he wished he still loved their mother as much as she loved them and that they were as happy as they used to be. The love they once shared was no more.

He couldn't bring himself to feel a pint of love for her. They didn't even have sex anymore. It was as if something had shattered the glassy sheet of love in which he was once entranced. The children were the reason he was still holding the relationship together or whatever was left of it. Many times, he had entertained the thoughts of getting divorced but thoughts of his wonderful children seemed to keep bringing his thoughts back to the very beginning. They were now his sole purpose in life and he had to hold onto them as he continued to pursue his quest to find the meaning of life.

The light turned green and his car continued on its way towards the University. After obtaining his first degree at the University of Michigan, he had obtained a string of degrees and returned to the school to teach and do his research. When the affection between Richard and Cheryl began losing color, they had made frantic and painstaking efforts to turn the distasteful table around but much to each other's chagrin, their once buoyant love was now nothing but a silly figment lost in the bowels of the past.

Chapter two

REIGNITION

One night, Cheryl called Richard after work to meet her up at a secluded in somewhere in Detroit they used to visit when they both needed some quiet time and she suggested that they both come at different times. A simple walk down Chevy Street would attend one with several sights - young teenagers and folks entering and exiting brightly lit pubs abuzz with the animated chatter of several people drinking to their fills. Cheryl had told Richard to present himself in fine feathers. Richard's favorite was a dark blue tux with a bow tie. When Richard drew close in his car, he fought hard, the intense dislike he now had for his wife. She irritated him so much she didn't look forward to going home every day save for his children. But thinking about it deeply, he realized he somehow wanted back the profoundly intimate relationship he once shared with Cheryl, he decided to make it for the restaurant Cheryl had promised she would be waiting.

Richard met Cheryl sitting outside patiently waiting for him. Her beauty was unsullied on that night. She was unnatural in her impeccable disposition. Her graceful beauty; spotless face with a beautiful jaw that showcased the one trait he admired in her nonetheless – determination. When she smiled, her flawless set of teeth sparkled in the artificial lights of the evening. A set of dimples complemented her cheeks, like her long brown hair that shimmered in the night's glamour as if gods sprinkled gold dust on her. She was wearing a midnight blue sequined dress that clung selfishly to her body, dribbling mildly to her ankles where the material spread out in a circle hiding her shoes.

Mesmerized by Cheryl's stunning look, Richard inadvertently bumped into a bystander and spilled the man's glass of wine on him.

"Watch it man!" the aggrieved man roared.

"Forgive me, I was unmindful sir", Richard pleaded courteously. He walked with quick strides to meet Cheryl where she sat cross-legged in feminine demureness. Cheryl stood up, reached for his shoulders and hugged him. Richard stretched out his arms and clothed her within his arms. "You look beautiful tonight, Cheryl" he whispered. She giggled and followed it with a broad smile before complimenting Richard's handsome outfit. Richard fiddled with her hair as they held hands and intermittently brought color to her face by giving her random kisses and at that moment, he wondered why he no longer loved her. He held her hands and they walked into the restaurant. It was a five star restaurant with a grandiose decor - The enormous chandeliers with serrated nozzles within which were buried luminous lightings hanging up the ceilings, the gala swathes of Ivy that decorated the large hall and holly curtains on the bay windows.

The quiet clatter of cutlery and the whisper of voices lent a sort of romantic appeal to the restaurant. The entire hall was strewn with people eating lavishly in an exotic arrangement of chairs and tables. In a ballroom a doorway away, they could see people dancing with the women swiveling their waists like oiled ball bearings. It was altogether an enthralling sight to behold, one that, under normal circumstances, should sparkle off or revivify waning bonds of intimacy. The couples sat together both amused by the attempt by either of them to reunite the bond of love they once share fulsomely.

"Good evening, May I get you started on some drinks or would you pass that up for some of our culinary delights?" inquired one of the waiters. Richard was now sitting almost idly as Cheryl conversed with the waiter and made orders for them both. She always did that whenever they went out to eat. This is because he never seemed to settle for anything. The waitresses were finely dressed in

frilly white aprons and served with smiles beaming from cheek to cheek. With too many spots of bother running through Richard's mind, he paid little attention to the beauty around him. After the first flash of felicitations was over, he couldn't help it but go back to wearing a long face.

"You look blue, Richard. Would you mind a drink with me?" Cheryl asked, trying to restore his dying interest. "Come on, it's on me." she finished smiling.

"No, thanks Cheryl, I'll pass" he responded. He had never had a head for fanfare and eating in public. Everything just seemed to irritate him at that moment.

His mood was contagious - Cheryl at this point drifted off to looking grim too, saddened by Richard's prompt refusal to engage in her attempts to salvage their marriage. "Don't you think its better we talk this over? What's happening to us, Richard?"

"Nothing is happening. I just don't feel up to speed with this."

"With what?" she quizzed further.

"I don't feel up to all these. I mean, I don't know what's going on but I'm rather dismissive of this whole charade" Richard snapped.

"Charade? You call this a Charade? I'm trying, Richard. I'm trying to pep up what we have. Don't burn the bridges at both ends and leave me stranded on one end. It's just not fair" She explained.

"I'm sorry if that's what it looks like. Honestly, I have no idea how we got here. It's just that I've grown quite disenchanted of you and I'm drawn to make amends as well but it's not working for me". Silence enveloped the duo after Richard's reply. Neither of them moved until the waiters brought the food. Cheryl, with her face glued to the food before her, ate calmly and tried hard not to break into a paroxysm of tears.

"You could at least use a glass of drink, or touch your food you know. The food is good. You can't just sit idly as if you are on your own and in the valley of despondence." Cheryl snapped after some minutes of deafening silence.

"Alright, Fine." he responded begrudgingly, picking up the glass of wine and taking a long pull. If he wouldn't speak well enough to bolster Cheryl's assurance of a better matrimony, the least he could do was to save her from burying her face in the shame of her husband sitting right in front of her yet utterly uninterested in her and only vaguely aware of the surrounding activities of frolicsome young couples and teenagers. It was sad. He couldn't help it but his universe felt something was seriously wrong somewhere. He wasn't sure where – with Cheryl, with himself, he couldn't tell but he knew something was off. He didn't feel the same level of trust he had for her when they got married.

"I am sorry Cheryl, I guess it's the pressure from work and stuff, I just feel increasingly apathetic to everything else."

She smiled; happy he was opening up at least. Now she could get the information she wanted. "You can talk to me about anything that's bugging you, you know." Richard started with telling her about the financial challenges he was facing as regards his research. The area he was researching on was quite uncharted. He kept talking and before he knew it, he had transcended from a grim looking Richard, in to and animated even dramatic personality he used to be and who he knew she fell in love with. They discussed their juvenile delinquencies; how they much of malingers they were in high school when their love was at its peak. They would shirk school and steal away to a quiet place in the woods where they would take long walks and watch birds. It was musical – the chatter and singing of the little things. It enthralled them, the way the garden rabbits rolled out of their holes running and traipsing about in excitement. They would hear doves call and try to pinpoint the bird on its perch through its call

while sending birds flapping their tiny wings in hurried escape at the sound and thump of the voices and feet respectively.

Then, Richard was head over heels in love with Cheryl and she was too. It was an open secret back then, one which their friends were privy to. It was as though what they shared was handed down by Venus, the goddess of love herself. No wonder therefore, that despite the apparent strain between them, all that it took was an effort to start a conversation and it blossomed into an animated chatter of their salad days. They both laughed uncontrollably at each other's jokes so much so that they didn't even notice when most of the occupants of the restaurant started leaving. They both knew that since the birth of their son, John and the inception of the strain that visited the family, the couple had never been any happier than they were that night. It was late when they left the restaurant and walked back home serenaded by the sound of the wind kissing the trees by the road side.

It was a perfect evening to take a stroll especially after a beautiful night of eating and dining together. The paths leading to their house were a rustling carpet of leaves and the air hung heavy with the smell of ripe fruits. They walked in the direction of the meadows and continued keenly in their lighthearted prattle.

"My goodness, you're such a funny bone, Richard", she would intermittently confess, hitting him lightly on his shoulder. They communed in hushed tones and sometimes gave way to profoundly hysterical gales of laughter. Cheryl had always been a talkative girl. Her talkativeness was of the intelligent intense variety that demanded concerted responses and this even made their discussions more exhilarating. Oh well, the night was for the turtle doves with a blend of funny jibes and repartees and as one thing led to the other, they had some moments of heart-to-heart talks, even kisses at different junctions.

Given to such dalliance, in what was supposed to be a short walk as their house was only a spitting distance after the main turn at Chevy Street, the couple spent several minutes cavorting and paddling their feet slowly through the paths, crackling dried leaves and twigs that colored the ground with their dry fragrance and beauty. They knew they should be home at that time but it was as though they both resigned to enjoy the moment, deep inside, they were scared and neither was sure of what the future held for them after that night.

"Richie," She suddenly said to him. "We hate to admit it. We want people in our lives. We desire to be noticed, to be wanted in no small degrees. We are wired to need people and our happiness is connected to others in a really mystifying convolution. It is often said, that life is like a journey on a train. You meet stations on the way, people get on and off jostle you and we get occasional accidents on the way. Out of those ones who board the train –our siblings, friends, children and lovers, many will step down through death or certain problems. This will leave a permanent vacuum; some will leave so unnoticed that we don't even realize that they vacated their seats! This train ride is full of joys, sorrows, fantasies, adventures, expectations, summed up in dramatically symbolic hellos and goodbyes. To succeed emotionally, physically and all round in life, we must have a good relationship with the passengers we meet on our train, requiring that we give the best of ourselves. The mystery to everyone is that we do not know at which station we step down. So, we must live and do the best way we can; Love, forgive and offer the best of who we are. It is important to do this because when the time comes for us to step down and leave our seats empty; we should leave behind beautiful memories for those who will continue to travel on the train of life without us. Give lots of love. Be thankful each day for life. And Richard, I thank you for being one of the passengers on my train. I love you. Just promise, you will never leave me." she finished.

Richard had the wind taken out of his sails, utterly mystified at the wisdom tumbling out of his wife's mouth, making him see things in different lights.

"It's late, let's hurry home, John and the nanny must have flaked out by now" Richard said quickly and they continued walking home only this time with an increased pace.