

Beyond the Great Juncture

by

Wayne Ellis

© Copyright Wayne Ellis 2013

Edited by Wordfix www.word-fix.com.au

Chapter 1 - The Voyage

“What do you think about this Temple on Mars?” asked Christophe Braun. “Do you think we can actually achieve hyperspace via the realms?”

“It’s worth a shot,” replied Lena Knopf. “It’s either twenty minutes or twenty years. I really think we’re not in this universe to live in space.”

They sat in a coffee shop called “Superb Brew” aboard the Starship Centauri. It was one of many shops that made up what looked like a small rural town, recreated inside most of the Starship’s main fuselage. And it came with some very earthly comforts: a gentle breeze blew outside; the sun was shining; and you could see in the distance many plants and trees. Even a small creek ran through the centre of town. First of its kind in the Interstellar ships, Centauri was quite a feat of engineering.

“I think you’re right, Lena,” said Braun. “I don’t want to become an old man out here.”

Christophe was thirty-two and always had to be the life of the party. He was the type of person who could suddenly turn a very serious situation into light-hearted humour. He had black hair and a short stocky build, due to his German descent. He wore the Earth Federation’s uniform, which was heavily influenced by the Indian kurta. The Earth Federation’s patch was proudly woven into the upper-left side of the jacket. The patch was a sixteen-pointed star made up of nine interlocking triangles, surrounded by two rows of eight and sixteen petals.

Zac looked up from an electronic magazine he was reading. “I read an article a few months ago that the late Sean Cummins wrote. He said that not only is it possible that we could hyperspace via the realms; we could go beyond the need for spacecraft altogether.”

Zac Reeve may strike you as a young man who did exceptionally well at university. You might even believe he was still at university! He looked a lot younger than his

twenty-three years of age, with his boyish looks and blond curly hair. He also wore a uniform similar to Braun's. He was New Zealand born.

"You mean, like StarGate or something?" asked Lena.

Lena was twenty-seven, with thin build and sandy-coloured hair. Born in France, she had her hair in a bob and wore the sari version of the uniform. Unlike commercial airline uniforms a century before, hers had a high collar and a long dress.

"Perhaps. Cummins said, and I quote, 'The realms would give us the capacity to become so united that the whole galaxy would be like one big Earth'."

"Woa," said Braun, "I'll have so many contacts, I won't have time to talk to everyone!"

"I don't think Mr. Cummins was talking about social networking," said Lena. "It's something much more subtle."

Reeve raised his eyebrows at Braun. "You should read his biography, 'From Seeker to the Keeper'."

"I read it," said Braun in mock surrender. "Hey, Zaco, you're taking this all way too seriously!"

Lena smiled, feeling a little elated. "The power of the Oracle and its realms is a broad subject."

"It certainly is," said Captain Daniel Withers, entering the coffee shop. Withers was a tall man in his late forties. His head was shaved really short and greying a little. As well as being tall, he was rather solid without being overweight.

"Your timing is impeccable, sir," said Braun.

Withers grinned as the three leaned towards him with interest.

“Don’t forget me,” said Yuri Gusev, the First Officer, entering soon after Withers.

“So is yours, sir,” said Braun.

Yuri Gusev was younger than Withers at thirty-four. He was also tall, but somewhat slimmer than the older man. He had short, sandy-coloured hair and also wore the Earth Federation’s uniform.

“No show without Number One,” said Gusev in his Russian accent.

“That’s right, Number One,” said Withers. “The Oracle and its realms is a broad subject.”

“Please continue,” said Gusev.

“Our elder brother, Arden from Caldon, described the Oracle as something infinite,” said Withers. “This may well be enough information for transformed beings who are still back on Earth, but because we have a special divine mission I should go into it further.

“Now, when I say ‘Oracle’, I mean,” he held up the small disk, “the Oracle of the Guardian and the Planetary Oracle, respectively.

“The mandala within the Oracle is formed by nine interlocking triangles that surround and radiate out from a central point. The four triangles here that point upwards represent God or the masculine aspect. Five of the triangles point downwards, representing the Goddess or the feminine aspect. These nine triangles are interlaced in such a way as to form forty-three smaller triangles in a web symbolic of the entire universe.”

“So, four of the Guardians channel the masculine power,” said Reeves, “and the other five, the feminine.”

“Yes,” replied Withers.

“And the forty-three triangles represent the Realm Keepers?” asked Lena.

“That’s also true,” replied Withers, “amongst other things. Like I said, forty-three of these triangles make up the galaxy. One of these triangles is called a ‘quadrant’. Within this quadrant, nine solar systems represent the Planetary Oracles, at the Realm of innocence.”

“Planets like Mars,” stated Reeve. “This quadrant is what we’ll be fighting to liberate, isn’t it?”

“You’re all well-informed,” said Withers. “We are about to liberate the last Planetary Oracle.”

“So the Realms make up the Planetary Oracles,” said Reeve, “and are activated only by all the forty-three Keepers, under the protection of the Guardians.”

“So what do the Shadows hope to achieve?” queried Lena. “I mean, we have such a unified force.”

“The Shadows are the universe’s unwillingness to evolve. They are negative left-overs from all the transformed worlds,” said Withers, “but a collective dark force in their own right. See this mandala?” he said, pointing at the Oracle of the Guardian. “See the fourteen points? These are the milestones of our evolution up till now and into the future. People of Earth who made it to the seventh point were transformed.”

“So that means the Shadows can only access the realms up to the sixth,” suggested Reeve.

“Yes, only the lower realms,” replied Withers. “A Shadow in the first realm can possess and control a person, or collectively possess a nation or even the whole world in this way.”

“Like Earth,” commented Reeve.

‘Or in the sixth realm, there are dark ghost-like, human or beastly physical forms that have dark influential powers.’

“Oh, brother,” said Lena. “I guess we’ll be up against more of the latter at...”

“Udicia,” said Withers, “and you could be right there. Brother Arden said they had a strong hold over this planet. I suspect the Shadows will throw everything they’ve got at this Last Bastion.”

Later they all walked out of the coffee shop, elated. At last, all the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle were coming together.

Withers looked at his senior officers and grinned. “It’s big, I know. Like the Gurus who were chosen to transform the Earth one hundred years ago, we’ve been chosen in these times to help transform the galaxy.”

“Well, I’m blown away!” exclaimed Braun.

“Anyone for a bit of fresh air? I think I’ll go for a walk,” said Lena, feeling a little dizzy.

“Sounds good,” said Braun.

“OK,” said Reeve.

“We’ll meet you back on the bridge,” said Withers, motioning Gusev to follow him.

They walked along the street not saying much. The artificial sun had risen high in the projected skyline.

Everything inside the ship within the emulated town was real. The only virtual parts of the whole scene were the sky and the vista. In the distance, the waterfall looked like it was coming down a mountain side.

Passing through the main centre of town was like passing through any typical country town on Earth. People either walked or rode electric scooters up and down the streets. Some were having conversations on the footpaths, while others came out of shops with new clothing or groceries in their hands.

“Hey, guys!” called a voice from the roof of one of the shops. “Nice day for it.”

It was Tristan Seymour, the town's leading technician. He was a Frenchman, of medium build with brown curly hair, and was twenty-eight years of age. He was wearing an overall-style uniform, with the mandala woven on his left breast pocket.

“What are you doing up there?” asked Lena.

“I was just checking the roof. Apparently, it leaks in the rain,” said Seymour, climbing down to where they were standing on the road.

“That’s funny,” said Braun, looking up at the simulated sky and chuckling. “You’re one step in front of me in humour, today.”

Reeve grinned.

“Feel like a walk?” asked Lena.

“Sure! Why not?” replied Seymour, “I’m between jobs, anyway.”

They all walked together to the edge of town. Coming into a parkland area, they could see many different species of birds, flying among the trees or pecking at seeds on the lawns.

The four crossed a stone bridge in the shape of a rainbow, staring at Centauri's version of the Oracle. Pillars surrounded the Oracle, with swastikas displayed on each one of them.

Further ahead, a modest-sized, domed temple proudly stood with an etching of the Primordial Fountain on the front of the building. A large group of people were sitting in front of it, meditating.

"Hey, Lena!" called a young woman from the group. She walked over to the where the four were standing. "Haven't seen you for a while."

"Dana, nice to see you again. How's the military going?" asked Lena with a funny look.

Dana was thirty, tall with sandy-blond hair. Born in Israel, she was the military adviser for the Centauri.

At that moment, Jere Bourne sneaked up on her from behind as a joke. Without looking behind, Dana grabbed Jere's arm and flipped him over her left shoulder. A stunned Bourne looked up at her from his horizontal position.

"It's going great!"

"I'm OK," croaked Bourne, climbing to his feet.

Jere Bourne was twenty-seven, of medium height with straight brown hair. He was born in the United States.

"Oh, Mr. Bourne, our Chief Engineer," said Braun.

"Well, someone's got to keep the cogs turning," said Bourne, shaking Braun's hand. He looked at Reeve, Seymour and Lena. "Hello."

They exchanged pleasantries, and everyone was silent for a while as if they all felt something at the same time.

“Did anyone else have an ‘in the moment’ experience?” asked Lena.

“Yeah,” said Seymour.

“Me too,” said Reeve.

“Same,” said Bourne.

“What happened?” asked Dana.

“We're all Keepers of the right way,” said Reeve.

“I'm not,” said Dana. “I'm in the Juncture.”

“What's the Juncture?” asked Bourne.

“Where the left and right ways meet,” replied Reeve. “Haven't you been spending some down time with your ring?”

“Well, no. Engineering takes a lot of my attention,” said Bourne. “Can you run me through the basics?”

“Sure,” replied Reeve, happy to be able to give a small lecture. “Basically, the first realm is the Realm of Innocence. Then there's the Realm of Knowledge, Realm of Contentment, Realm of Security, Realm of Collectivity, which is yours, and the Realm of Forgiveness.

“As you know, there's a left, central and right way to all these realms. The left and right ways meet at the Realm of Forgiveness, and it is at this point that it's called the Great Juncture.”

“But didn't the Gurus call this point the gate?” asked Bourne.

“Yes,” said Reeve, “it was called the gate, because it was the gate to enlightenment, the gate to our self-realisation. It still is, but in the universal scheme of things we enter the Realm of Innocence and move up through the other realms from there. That's why it's called the gate, in a galactic sense.” He paused. “However, the Great Juncture is still a gate, too, because it has to be opened at the other end, for a particular world to become enlightened. Like the Gurus, we'll work from the Realm of Innocence to the Great Juncture, clearing the ways and realms as we go. Confused?”

“I'm an engineer. I'm always confused,” responded Bourne.

Everyone laughed.

“Hey, our Temple is emanating a pleasant, calming power,” said Lena.

“Vibrations,” said Reeve, “the universal power.”

“I think we are close to Mars,” said Braun, tuning in to the vibrations. “Let's get back to the bridge.”

Captain Withers was sitting in his “ready” room. He waved his hand across a tiny projector embedded into the top of his desk. A holographic head-up display shot up, which he began interacting with.

The holographic projection simulated a trajectory over four and a half light years, predicting it would take over twenty years to reach Alpha Centauri-A under normal propulsion.

A holographic image of his First officer appeared on the screen.

“Sorry to disturb you, sir,” said Yuri Gusev, “but we’re approaching Mars.”

Withers raised his eyebrows.

“Bring us into orbit.”

Withers stood up and walked out through the automatic doors to the bridge. He briefly eyed the crew before looking towards his first officer.

“We’ve entered Martian orbit as requested, sir,” said Gusev.

Withers looked at the holographic image of Mars projected above the centrepiece console of the bridge. Projected data from the Cydonia region scrolled through at the side.

“Move to directly above the Temple,” ordered Withers.

“Aye,” said his helmsman, Braun, “onto it.” He danced his fingers through the hologram over his panel, manoeuvring the holographic versions of the ship and planet to align them. “Done.”

A huge mandala suddenly appeared in space. It was turning in a clockwise direction.

“Are we sure it leads to Alpha Centauri-A?” wondered Lena, the Communications Officer.

Withers wasn't sure, because intergalactic realm-jumping wasn't Earth's time. He figured he would have to fall back on a scientific approach. “Zac, fire a small probe into the centre of it, and monitor where it goes,” he ordered.

“Yes sir,” he said, his fingers dancing over the head-up screen in front of him. “It’s away.”

They were now looking at the front of the ship projected in front of them. If you weren't accustomed to it, it looked very much like something had sheared the front section of the ship clean off. If you walked over there, you might get sucked into space. Of course, no one flinched; this type of ultra-high-definition video had been around for a very long time.

They watched as the probe shot out of the side of the ship and headed towards the mandala with incredible speed. The console in the centre of the bridge started displaying a bird's-eye video of the probe.

"That's beautiful," said Lena, referring to the colours that glittered around the mandala.

Suddenly, the probe's-eye view changed from the view of the stars on the other side to nothing! They had lost the video signal.

"Sir, the probe's entered a different region of space," offered Reeve.

"Well?" said Withers.

"Yes," said Reeve, surprised, "I've received the telemetry." He diverted the view to the centre bridge console. Again the computer simulated the Centauri's trajectory in relation to the Earth and Alpha Centauri, and it also added where the probe had ended up.

"That probe has jumped four point five light years!" said exclaimed, awe-struck. "It made it to Alpha Centauri! That's good enough for me."

He turned towards Braun. "Take us in. Use the same trajectory the probe used."

"Gotcha. Hold on to your hats, ladies and gentlemen. We may be in for a bumpy ride!" Braun's fingers danced over his head-up display, and the ship started to speed towards the opening. "Yee hoo!"

Withers gave Braun a funny look, conveying similar but more formal sentiments over the intercom ship-wide.

Like the probe, they approached the mandala. At once, their whole view of the universe changed.

Chapter 2 - The Realm of Innocence

The Centauri materialised within the orbit of a planet similar to Mars. In the distance they could see a huge armada of dark, crude-looking ships stationed in orbit.

Suddenly, a wide beam of energy shot out from one of the dark ships, hitting a different class of ship in a lower orbit. It exploded in a huge fireball, before being quickly extinguished.

“My God!” exclaimed Withers, stunned. He guessed it was a Guardian ship.
“Christophe, hold our position.”

“You got it,” said Braun, looking out the front-view screen with concern.

“Where are we, Zac?” asked Withers.

“We’re orbiting the fourth planet from Alpha Centauri-A,” said Reeve a little nervously. “Like Mars, it’s very cold on the surface and harbours no life.”

“Can you see the Temple?” asked Withers.

“Yes, it’s directly below us.”

“Give me a close-up view of the area in front of the dome,” ordered Withers.

The view of the front-view screen zoomed on the assembly area of the Oracle. They could see figures moving around. Explosions rocked the area.

“Sir, there’s a battle going on down there!”

“Oh dear...” started Gusev.

“Centauri, Centauri!” called a mysterious voice over the Centauri’s comm-link. “This is the Guardian of Caldon, Yarmel.”

“Reeve, open a channel to Yarmel!” commanded Withers.

“Open, sir.”

“Yarmel, sir, this is the Captain of the Centauri and the Guardian of Earth. Standing by for your orders.”

“I insist I call you ‘sir’,” replied Yarmel, “as I’ve been given strict instructions by our honourable Arden to take orders from you.”

Wither’s mind whirled: He was the lead Guardian! He was still alive, fifty years after his mother saw him on Cydonia, Mars! He wasn’t sure which concept he was having more trouble with.

He knew this wasn’t the right time to ponder these things. He turned his attention back to the holographic comm-panel.

“Er, OK, what is your situation down there?”

“We’re holding off the best we can, but the shields around the Temple are losing integrity,” replied Yarmel.

“Sorry, sir, but three of those huge space-craft have broken away and are heading towards us,” interrupted Reeve.

Wither could feel a surge of vibrational power coming from the Oracle of the Guardian, which was in his uniform pocket. He pulled it out and attached it to his left breast pocket.

“Continue to hold our position, Christophe, and as before, stand by for Oracle sync.” He turned his attention to the comm panel. “Yarmel, stand by. We’re transferring the Keepers.”

“Thank the Goddess for that!” said Yarmel. “Energy weapons from the Shadows have just penetrated the shields. The Temple dome was just destroyed!”

“We only just got to know her,” murmured Withers, referring to the Centauri. He touched a holo-button on his comm-panel. “This is your Captain speaking. All hands please head to the Temple immediately.” He looked at the bridge crew. “That includes you.”

“Sir, are you going to take the Shadows on by yourself?” asked Gusev sternly. “I must insist that the Captain is putting himself at an incredible risk.”

“You’re too important, Yuri. You must make it to the planet. It’s an order.” Withers lightened his sternness a little and smiled. “Good luck, Keeper of the Realm of Forgiveness.”

After overhearing their conversation, Lena walked off the bridge, annoyed, and met up with Braun back inside the village.

“He’s going to kill himself,” snapped Lena. “He’s important, too!”

Braun gave Lena a solemn look. “He’s not the Captain anymore. His Guardianship has been activated. He’s now doing his new job and protecting us.”

All the crew of the Centauri assembled on the Temple – forty-three of them, arranged according to their positions on the Oracle.

At once, the entire Temple was enveloped in a brilliant, subtle light, and all the Realm Keepers were transferred.

“We have the Keepers! The Shadows have now entered the Temple area,” yelled Yarmel between panting breaths.

Withers said nothing but looked at the enormous Shadow ships that loomed over the Centauri on the front-view screen. The view suddenly changed to a black figure in a black uniform, with red piercing eyes.

“You are doomed, Guardian,” said the menacing voice through the comm panel.

Withers touched the Oracle, and extra vibrations began emitting from it.

“Not exactly a fair fight, is it?” Withers asked. “But I’ll take my chances.”

The Shadow Lord laughed an evil laugh. “Prepare to die!”

“Well, take your best shot!” snapped Withers, powering up the Centauri and heading his ship towards the three Shadow ships.

“What are you doing?” roared the Shadow Lord, surprised. An energy beam shot out from the closest Shadow ship and hit the Oracle-generated force-field in front of the Centauri.

Withers slid the holographic controls to full power. “That’ll teach them for parking so close to me.” He ran off the bridge and into the parklands towards the Temple. As he went over the bridge, the Centauri hit the closest Shadow ship. Withers fell hard to the ground and started crawling towards the Oracle as debris rained all around him.

Standing on the Centauri’s Oracle he put his right hand on the Oracle of the Guardian at his left heart. A pillar fell down in front of him. Something came to his consciousness then, as if the words came out of nowhere.

“Great Goddess, please make me a fearless, pure spirit.”

He felt a downward movement, like he’d entered a very fast elevator.

When he looked up, an angry Shadow Lord grabbed him and pinned him to the ground.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

