

What others are saying about
*IMPOSSIBLE JOURNEY, A Tale of Times And
Truth:*

“Impossible Journey is reminiscent of The Time Machine by H. G. Wells with a unique...twist. In the year 2025, a team of researchers (representing various cultures and religious beliefs) create a time machine. The aim...is to go back in time to the Garden of Eden to warn Adam and Eve not to be tempted by the serpent. The team hypothesizes that if this event can be altered, then sickness, death, and war will disappear not only from the modern world but also throughout human history. The journey contains a number of twists, turns, and unique challenges as the team members are chaotically thrown into various significant events in human history , [and meet] various famous personages.... The team also gets a peek into a bleak future....”
---Tami Brady

“Impossible Journey is narrated in a very casual tone, ... and the characters break all the commonly accepted rules of time travel. That bothered me a little but was made up for by the fact that I found Becher’s premise fascinating and I wanted to see where he was going with it. The characters have no qualms about changing history – that’s why they’re making the journey.”

---- Donna Gielow McFarland for Readers' Favorite

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2nd printing

This is a work of science fiction time travel, with elements of historical fiction. Names places and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or, are used fictitiously. Similarities to real persons, places or events are, in some cases strictly coincidental, but in other cases are NOT necessarily coincidental. The Author uses fiction to point to truth

DEDICATIONS AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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IMPOSSIBLE JOURNEY
A TALE OF TIMES AND
TRUTH

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CHAPTER 1: THE IDEA

Imagine if you will: The year is 2025. The possibility of time travel has been theoretically proven and is accepted without question by the scientific community at large, although it has yet to be demonstrated by actual experience. The world is standing on tiptoe.

Today is Monday, June 2nd, the date set for the annual meeting of the World Scientific Society. This particular meeting is destined to be different from past meetings. Its outcome will affect certain of the society's members in ways that they cannot now imagine. The revolutionary events detailed here will all happen as a direct result of a simple question which is about to be asked by the chairman Mr. John Sterghean of Switzerland. After the group has chatted idly for some time about various diseases, illnesses, and problems, he suddenly strikes the gavel on the table and cleared his throat. When everything is silent, he speaks.

"Gentlemen, we have been discussing various individual diseases, illnesses, and problems. But let me set before you a question which is crucial to them all. Gentlemen, what do you see as the main cause of disease and evil in the world?"

The members sit in silence, each one pondering the answer to the question. The group includes Walter Bryant, from Germany, William Nifang, from Japan, Kerry Nadine, from Saudi Arabia, David

Sung, from China and Allen Daniel Cohen from the USA. All of them have given their lives to the betterment of mankind through scientific pursuit.

It is Cohen who finally speaks. "It seems to me that the main cause of disease and evil in the world is sin."

"And, just what do you mean by 'sin'?" asks the chairman, smiling. "Please define your terms."

"By 'sin,' I mean a failure to conform to the law and precepts of Almighty God."

"I'm sure we would all agree with that, responds the chairman. "We all believe in a God, although we may call him by different names. To you, he is JHWH, to Kerry, he is Allah, to Will, he is Buddha, and to David, he is Confucius. So then, my friends, we all agree with brother Daniel's proposal do we not?"

All nod in agreement.

"But, objects Walt, "This is a scientific gathering, not a theological one. I'm sure you have a point."

"I do, affirms John, "and a very poignant one, if you'll just bear with me. But, where did this failure to comply, this 'sin' as you call it, originate?"

Mr. A. Daniel Cohen thinks for a moment and then reaches his hand into his coat pocket.

"Gentlemen, if I may,--." He pulls out a pocket edition of the Hebrew Torah. "Allow me to offer a rough translation."

John nods in approval and Daniel begins translating:

"Now the serpent was the smartest of all the

beasts. And he said to the woman, 'Does God really say you should not eat of every tree in the Garden?' And the woman said to the serpent... 'of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God has said we shall not eat of, neither touch it, lest we die.' And the serpent said to the woman, you shall not surely die for God knows that in the day you eat of it you'll be like gods... And the woman took the fruit of the tree and gave also unto her husband and they ate."

As Daniel translates, John notices the light of recognition dawning on the faces of the others.

"Ah yes, affirms Walt. I remember that. It's part of the E document, I believe."

"It's from 'In the beginning'," asserts Kerry.

"Ah! We have some sort of story like that in our ancient Japanese literature," says Will.

"Chinese likewise," agrees David.

"But, the point?!" objects Walt.

John smiles broadly. "The point, my friends, is simply this: What do you think can be done about the situation?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is, do you think, in the light of our present knowledge, that we could possibly do anything to change the situation?"

There is a brief moment of silence, and then David speaks

"Well, in the light of our present knowledge of time travel, I suppose we could possibly attempt to go back to that time and warn the people involved, so they never make the fatal mistake. And then,

everything would be different."

"Exactly!" exclaims John.

"But, protests Daniel, "time travel has not been fully proven as yet—that is, it hasn't been tested."

"Perhaps," suggests John, "because there hasn't been enough of a motive, yet."

"But," objects Walt, "even if it is possible to go back in time, we don't know how far back we could go, or even if we could control our landing point. Suppose we land just after this fall you read about and can't go back to the time before it."

"My friends," affirms John, "The question of controlling the local destination of time leaps is what I've been working on for the past five years; and I believe I've finally gotten it pretty well figured out. You simply vary the intensity of the horizontal thrust in accordance with the calculated rotation of the earth in relation to the time platform. The temporal locator works pretty much the same way. But, so far, with our present thrust capabilities, it seems it would only be possible to go back 200 years more or less in one leap."

"So," observes Will, "we'd have to go back in leaps of 200 years each, and, at the next to last jump, we'd make the calculations, and set the coordinates in order to arrive at our exact destination point."

"Exactly! And with the right calculations and the right settings, the time and location could be controlled within a few days and a few feet. By setting the dial enough ahead of our desired time goal, we'd give ourselves a good margin of error."

"Sounds like you've really thought this thing through," observes Walt.

"I certainly have. I've been waiting for this meeting to present this idea."

"But, even if we test it and we find it works," asserts Kerry, "if we were to send someone back in time, there's a good possibility they might not return. We should all be aware of that."

"The question is, my friends," John's voice rings out loud and clear, "whether we see the goal as being worth the risk. Think of it, my friends! Think of being able to change the course of world history--being able to eliminate all sickness, disease, and evil--to make it as though it never happened."

"Do you really think we could do it?"

Again, John's voice is strong and assertive. "If there is a chance that it can be done, wouldn't it be worth trying?"

"It would be like ushering in Paradise!"

"Well, I guess it does deserve a try."

"But where would we get the money for such a project?" asks Walt, who has been waiting for a break in the conversation to insert this matter of practicality. "We could each contribute something, but how far would that go?"

"We will have to find some financial backing from somewhere." agrees David.

Daniel's face, which had been drawn in thought, suddenly lights up. "How about that wealthy financier, Mark Lewis? He's interested in matters of this sort."

"But do you think he'd be willing to back such a project as this?"

"We'd have to do our best to connive him of the usefulness and feasibility of our plan."

"Well then," John strikes the gavel again. "Let's try to work out the details first, and then adjourn to the home of Mark Lewis."

All agree.

After several hours of concentrated effort, they have a fairly workable plan in hand.

CHAPTER 2: THE PLAN

As they approach the huge brick house, they are still talking among themselves, obviously excited, like children on their first trip to the circus.

"Think of it! Being able to go back and visit the various eras of history!"

"What a thrill!"

"Perhaps we would have done it anyway, sooner or later, for the pure thrill of it all. But now we have a reason--a purpose, in addition."

"You say we can go back 200 years in one leap?"

"Give or take 50 years based on our present knowledge. But, perhaps with the application of more force, we could increase the distance slightly."

"We could make it a fact-finding tour as well, to note any unwritten details of historical interest we may stumble across."

"Who knows what new insights we might discover!"

"Gentlemen, Gentlemen!" The chairman's voice rings out above the din. "It seems it would be best to hold our excitement until after our visit with Mr. Lewis."

"True, true. Do you think he will grant us the funds?"

"Oh, he must, he must!"

By this time, they have reached the front steps of the big, imposing looking house, with its huge columns and statuary. Suddenly, the door flies open

revealing an imposing figure in a smoking jacket, standing there with a cigar in one hand and a brandy snuffer in the other.

"Gentlemen, Gentlemen! What's all this excitement about?"

"Invite us in, and we'll tell you all about it, Mark."

"It must be something important to merit a visit from all of you at once." He extends his arm, glass and all, in a gesture of welcome.

They enter and seat themselves on the two plush sofas which line the walls.

"Something to drink, Gentlemen?" offers Mark.

"Perhaps some wine would be in order," suggests John.

All nod in agreement.

Their host pours the wine and seats himself on a movable chair which he positions in such a way as to be able to see the whole group at a glance. "And now, to what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"Well, it's just an idea--a concept."

"But one that could change the whole course of human history if it works."

"Plus, we may find new items of historical value on the way."

"It's the most exciting concept ever—"

"Gentlemen, Gentlemen! One at a time please!"

"Yeah! Since you're the chairman, John, why don't you do the talking?"

"All right! Well, it all started with the question of the origin of evil. And then we decided to put our

present knowledge of time travel to work in an attempt to change the course of history."

Mark smiles as he blows out a big puff of smoke from his cigar. "Time travel, eh? I've read that it has been proven theoretically. I don't quite understand what that means. But anyway, about the other thing you said: you mentioned something about changing the course of human history. Just what do you mean by that?"

"Well, let me ask you, Mark, what in your opinion is the origin of disease and evil in the world?"

"Well, I never thought of that before." Mark Lewis puts his finger to his lips and thinks deeply on the matter.

"Wouldn't you say it would be the failure to comply with the Divine law, which failure, call it what you will, is very much a part of us all?"

"Sounds reasonable." Mark takes a sip of his brandy.

"I mean, you do believe in God, don't you?"

"Why, sure! I'm a Jew, like Cohen here."

"Ever read the third Chapter of *Genesis*?" asks Daniel

"I never bother reading the Bible. I leave that to the Rabbis."

"John gestures to Cohen. "Read it to him, Dan."

Daniel reads, or rather translates, the scripture again. As he does So, Mark re-lights his cigar, which had gone out. As the translation finishes, he takes a big puff, blows the smoke out slowly and

says, "Yeah, O.K. So, get to the point."

"The point is that if we could go back there to that time, we could warn those people and thus prevent the whole thing."

"We would be able to eliminate all evil and disease from the world!"

"Gentlemen!" With a look of astonishment in his eyes, Mark sets his glass on the table and flicks the ashes off of the end of his cigar. "Gentlemen, are you serious?!"

"Very much so!"

"But time travel has been proven only theoretically, not as an actual fact."

"Well, that's exactly what we intend to do." John sips his wine for a moment and then continues. "Perhaps the reason it hasn't been proven in actuality so far is that there hasn't been enough motivation. Well, now we have the motivation."

"Think of it," adds Will, "the whole course of history! No more sickness, disease, or evil, no more war or killings, no more misery of any kind, because no more sin!"

"Now wait just a minute!" Mark takes a sip of his brandy and another puff on his cigar. "Let me see if I can grasp the whole picture here. What you're saying is that by a single act of communication on your part, once you get to where you're going, all of history will be changed. Is that correct?"

"That's it!"

"--So that when you arrive back here, things will

be different in all three tenses, so that not only will our time be different, but also the history books will be different, and the future will be different than it otherwise would have been."

"Exactly!"

"Boggles your mind, doesn't it?"

Mark takes a rather large gulp from his brandy snuffer. "Are you certain that such a change is possible, or that it would indeed result from your activity?"

"We are certain of nothing. But, if there's a chance, isn't it worth it?"

"Well, I admit that the prospect does sound promising." Mark sets his brandy snuffer on the table and takes another puff on his cigar. "But, how sure are you that you will be able to go back to that particular time?"

John sips his wine and sets his glass back on the table. "At our present state of experimentation, there's about an 80 percent chance."

Mark shrugs his shoulders. "High enough to run with."

"But there are two drawbacks. Number one is that with our present thrust capabilities, we could go back probably only about 200 years at a time, give or take 50 years. Thus, new coordinates would have to be set at every stop. Also, the thrust would tend to partially destroy the cylinder, so that we'd have to repair it each time before attempting to go back further. The repair material (as lightweight as possible) and the fuel supply (powdered fuel, of

course, to be mixed with water at every stop) would be carried with us in the cylinder, thus adding to the weight and helping to limit the thrust capability. Thus, with each stop, we should be able to go back a little further than the last one."

"Sounds like you've got this pretty well figured out."

"We worked things out a little before coming here."

"But you said the time cylinder could go back only about 200 years at a time?"

"Based on the necessary size and weight, and the resultant thrust capabilities, that is our present estimate."

"Let's see--that would mean a total of--" Mark's brow wrinkles as he tries to calculate.

But John has the answer already at hand. "--A total of 60 leaps back--give or take a few."

Now, instead of being drawn inward, Mark's eyebrows are raised upward. "--A project which could cost millions." He pauses to sip his brandy and the silence is almost tangible.

"You mentioned two drawbacks. What's the other one?"

"Nothing that should concern you, really. Just that there is no guarantee that whoever goes will make it back to the present time."

Mark leans forward intently. "And you are willing to take that risk?" His eyes scan the group.

All nod and some say verbally "We are!"

He sits back and puffs his cigar once more.

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