

SEED OF BABYLON

By Paul Hudson

Epilogue

I have tried to keep as close to reality as possible when creating this book using the IUT (infinite universe theory) that our matter universe is but one universe in an endless void of space with countless other universes similar to ours.

Then using the matter universe and the antimatter universe that is proven to exist, I simply put the negative charged antimatter universe in another dimension so as not to cause actual contact and thus inhalation, yet all around us and being a mirror of the one we now exist in.

Then, collating the very real possibility that an advanced life like ours evolved countless of billions of years ago, they eventually took over all other species and became the dominate species, and not an 'ant type' species per say, but a species similar to our human frame (well in fact, they designed our mortal bodies to be used to grow the antimatter body within, that upon death it is released into a vacuum chamber in the space cities they inhabit to possess a biological super body, that they now use).

With intelligence, that makes our puny 300 years of so called 'enlightened advancement' having a humorous effect on them, and with their 'enlightened advancement' mere machines became obsolete and 'living machines' (biological bodies) became the 'norm' to grow antimatter bodies.

These watchers plant worlds and eventually bring them into the infinite realm of endless planets.

Also, using the singularity theory that any atom can be in any place in this matter universe at the same time, I incorporated the next dimension world of antimatter, and with a little hocus pocus commanding the quarks in the antimatter universe, to move from this universe to the next, but in an entirely suggested nominated spot in this universe, thus causing the matter object in an eternal dance (like a positive and negative magnet) with that quark to move with it, and thus teleportation was achieved.

With this power of teleportation and keeping the balance in play using a mortal with obvious self-centered ambitions manipulating the power of fire.

The Earth becomes the focal point of the Federation and is divided; the good from the bad so to say, and it creates a mass population shift of people worthy to become a part of the endless planets 'out there' or simply - die.

Rex, the simple but achieved man, is the main character in this game of life.

Who knows they could be watching you right now! Having a little chuckle at your eccentric nature!!!

Smile.

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Chapter one

Rex and the watchers

Rex hit the red button, "Oh crap, I wish this insane world would wake up". The news always made Rex a little on edge as He knew that a simple remedy would solve all the world problems, but it all seemed so impossible.

Rex was a dreamer, and seriously believed in higher intelligences and other worlds that have idyllic societies and well, to put it simply, had attained peaceful co-existence planets in total harmony; though Earth seemed to be getting further away from His dream of becoming one of them.

Yes them..... Rex was convinced that they watch us and would love to have us as a part of their endless planetary communities! "BUT" - there always seems to be a 'but' thinks Rex, still being an idealist and a dreamer to boot, he saw the good that man was capable of. I'm not talking goody-two-shoes kind of good, No, just the simple love and respect that a fellow mortal can have for a person who was a bit down on his luck.

We see it more rarely these days, and sometimes it even hits the news - as it can be a 'light' in a darkened world, when there is too much bad news.

Still, Rex would talk to these fellow 'alien' sympathizers. "Hey watchers, what would you all say to a little fun here on this dreary day". The winter was setting in and Rex knew all too well how his neighbour would turn up the volume to his 'noise-maker' just to block out the thoughts of another winter of limited heating in his not-so-new building complex. "Hey watchers, what do you say to a little stirring of the pot" winked Rex, as he peered into a rain swept window.

Little did he know but his ten thousandth attempt to arouse the brother "'alien's' was about to pay off, a council was held just before he asked for the umpteenth time to give him teleport power, a council to bring Earth to its final days before they would invade, pods from many distant galaxies, had gathered at a golden planet, just two hundred light-years from our blue world.

Yes living ships, before the first billionth year of intelligent life, machines were obsolete and biological machines were vastly better, they were so brilliantly developed that a super biological body was now the main vehicle for carrying the anti-matter counter part of a being that was safely locked away in the next dimension to possess.

Beings like gods, assembled to discuss the fate of Earth, and how it could be saved from total inhalation or cleansed, as they put it; Uar came up with a simple solution – Rex! Yes Rex. Let's use that insignificant mortal and see what can be saved from that doomed planet Uar the King suggested. Twenty three of the other Kings encircled on majestic thrones looked deep into Uar's heart, and some even broke out into roars of laughter. Uar kept his stare in resolution toward the few that thought this too humorous to put into play, taken aback they said with a soft tone, "YES"! BUT - Uar laughed... Yes but, it might work?

Though these immortals have extraordinary powers, moving from one dimension to another, and they could predict the future to a point, the fact was that some variables made it impossible to say.... such-and-such would happen, and nothing can change such-and-such, the main variable being 'love'; It was the spanner that changed the cogs of time and its consequences.

As Uar had finalized the meeting they all bowed their heads to hear from the power; all twenty four projected their minds to one central spot as a beam of pure light ripped and crackled with energy; A form spoke: "Protect the balance children".

With this confirmation, Uar had convinced the council and in a heartbeat all the Kings were already back on their home 'worlds', popping from one dimension to another and enjoying their simple lives, when Uar sent a watcher to appear before Rex and grant him his one wish.

"Rex" - softly came a pleasant voice from the mist in the crowded living room. Rex just about fell from his chair and yelled out "Holy Shit"

A mist began to form upon his lounge, a relaxed but serious young man looked straight into Rex's eyes and repeated "Rex hello, I am Rabashak!" said the god-like 'alien' that looked very similar to an ancient ruler.

Rex regained his composure and greeted Rabashak. Rex was moving in position to prostrate himself – not being a religious man but one that was obviously way out of his depth and evidently not quite sure or knowing what he should do - then before he could complete his action Rabashak signalled him to get up, waving his finger saying "no, no, no!" Rex felt slightly relaxed, though inside he was raging with emotions, he stammered "What can I do for you Rabashak? What can I do to make you feel comfortable? I just knew you guys would visit me - I knew it, are you a god?" Rex queried, he desperately wanted continuity with his concept of these 'alien' brothers.

Rabashak was taken aback - he expected a little more fear, but as Uar predicted, mortals have a way about them that does make them worth while.

"Thank you Rex. I am comfortable and no, the concept 'god' is a mortal one, there is no god who has a magic wand who says 'presto' and out comes a trillion universes and sneezes and a few more come out on top - No, we are what we are, intelligence beyond your understanding and we have been around forever and we grow worlds, but without any more rhetoric, I must tell you why I am here".

Most watchers did not like to venture into the 4th dimensional plane because there were too many variables and usually only one chance to live through most of them.

"We have watched you with great amusement - and hope these past years we have laughed with you and cried with you and felt a lot of your pain. It has been decreed by the council to bring Earth into the countless worlds that exist in our Federation, we would like to use you as a tool to accomplish this task".

A 'tool?' thought Rex, well I've been called worse! I must focus and get the meat of this monuments encounter with my fellow alien's, I've always felt we were brothers he mused as he looked intently at the peaceful like person in the mist speaking to him with such authority and certainty.

"Would you rather I leave you in peace or whatever you call this state you are in?" He snapped at him! Wow that grabbed Rex's attention, then he blurted out - "No, I was simply thinking of the way you would use this tool" pointing to himself "my mind imagined a gut-wrenching experience", he winced looking at Rabashak in sheep-like bewilderment.

Rabashak looked sympathetically at his frazzled state and answered. "Rex, if we didn't think you could do this we would not have asked you, besides it will be another source of amusement for both you and us; so what do you say? We would never force a person against its will - a cliché I know, but it's a common law of our endless worlds" Rabashak quipped shaking his head.

Rex –excited - and with all the boldness he could muster up and without hesitation stammered "Well err.. Of course I will. Sign me up" not even considering the fine print! The thought of an adventure with the watchers and to actually be a part of Earth's history - who could refuse!

It was a no brainer.

Rex's mind swelled with all sorts of erratic adventures. "Hold on Rex" said Rabashak, jolting Rex back to reality, "We just need to do a bit of minor surgery on you first! re-adjust your DNA sequencing and open up your frontal lobe to receive the new data it will need to unlock and lock-in the two dimensions".

Surgery! Brain, dimensions! Rex went into 'panic' mode. His eyes widened and a pale sickly look swept over his entire face; his look changed to a more surreal, Oh my God what have I gotten myself into here kind of look.

With a nervous twitch Rex stuttered "But of course - genetic surgery huh, why not!" only last week he panicked with the stark reality of donating his blood - he committed to do this many years before, but every month when it came around – the thought of it was always a bit hard for him beforehand.

Rex had studied anatomy and physiology for many years - just for the experience, along with quantum mechanics and many other sciences, it made him feel like he could keep up with his 'alien' brothers if anything ever occurred, better to be ready and not need it than to be caught with your pants down –so to speak - as he often told his girlfriend.

"May I ask what this re-adjusting of my neural network will do, and why the DNA fix-up? You know I know a bit about this stuff Rabashak". Rex stated – airing his little knowledge and with all the bravery of a war vet, though he was still in a state of shock.

Rabashak was so very patient and seemed to enjoy the encounter as it happened. He touched Rex's shoulder and Rex felt for the first time these 'alien' brothers were flesh or some sort of flesh! Rabashak spoke comfortingly "It will make the process permanent". Rex repeated Rabashak's words wryly "The process - the unlocking of the two dimensions; are you talking about quantum entanglement? How an object can be in two places at once?" said Rex, showing off his limited knowledge of quantum theories.

"Yes. Though what you are doing is untangling the universes in each atom, the anti-matter quarks untangle first, so they are the first to move into the mirror universe or their anti-matter universe. It's really quite simple when you get into the flow of the process; crudely put - it's sort of like your fax machines here - but not."

Rabashak answered with a deep look "Teleportation. You have constantly asked for a teleport machine, well we do not have one! we teleport by unlocking sub atomic anti-matter particle into the next dimension, then we lock them back into this matter-dimension you live in, this unlocking process is the heart of teleporting and makes teleportation of matter a very simple process that even our children can do with ease, then we 'will' them to enter the 5th dimension; and they obey. I know it sounds strange Rex but it works, then we 'will' them to come back to this 4th dimensional plane, but in a different area - literally, anywhere in the universe".

Rex picked himself up from the side of the chair - then as he steadied his grip, nervously exclaimed, "I knew it was a simple process, but of course the pieces of the puzzle all fit together perfectly. Oh I am so happy Rabashak and still can't for the life of me understand why you would trust me with such power".

Rabashak fixed his eyes intently at Rex and replied "We don't trust you; if you do the wrong thing this power will be rescinded".

Rex knew all too well what 'rescinded' meant, the dirt-nap, punch-the-clock, kick-the-bucket, or expired!! Hum thought Rex, I might get a month of fun before I blow it! What the hell you only live once.

"But of course Rabashak I understand, we can't have a planet teleported into a sun now, could we!" Rex let out a fake laugh.

"No Rex. I'm glad we understand each other. The team is prepared Rex, you will go to sleep soon and when you wake up you will be on your own again. We cannot stay here and we cannot help you. This is your planet, a planet of mortals. OK? Bye now Rex, it was pleasant talking to you". "The feeling is mutual..." Rex said softly as he quickly sinks off to sleep.

"Your majesty", Rabashak bowed as he moved into the court and blurted out asking a question with a question. "Natas has arrived and asks for an audience with you, this is most disquieting my Lord, and he will not reveal his purpose. Why would he come after four hundred cycles? Would you like me to put him in the court prison till we discover his intent?"

"Rabashak" Uar laughed, "you're not still angry with him over the torture he put you through are you, eh?"

"Your majesty, you know he can't be trusted and who knows what he has planned" Rabashak pleaded, quivering with a twitch of a sore nerve, and justifiably!! Natas plotted against Uar's realm by manipulating Rabashak's weakness and brought him to his knees - though Uar saw it all as a great purging and made Rabashak closer to his heart than ever before. "I summoned Him - old friend"

"Oh King ...why?"

"Do not fear Rabashak this is between him and me. Call it a family gathering" Uar smiled with a sigh.

"Make him comfortable for a day - and then send him to me alone on the Earth at the usual mountain meeting spot. I will let you know when", Uar ordered. Rabashak bowed as he signaled his complete obedience and trust in Uar's judgment, though he kept his hand close to his protective defense shield with one eye on Natas.

Whenever Natas came into the royal Crystal City he was guarded by two destroyers; this was simple protocol because of his obvious rebellion of Uar's rule, he was not permitted to speak to anyone or interact in the city - just simply to appear in the royal court then be released back outside the city again.

The Crystal City is a giant pyramid, the size of our Earth's moon. It is engineering at its best, with crystal golden walls that encase three levels of living area, each level five hundred miles high, with each level supporting its own atmosphere; to look up from one of the mountains on the bottom level you would swear it had no ceiling, the sky was orange with a blue haze. On the third level - as the cone of the pyramid became more visible, the sky was more of a golden blue glow.

This third level was Uar's personal command post and had millions of administrator's, ambassadors and leaders that lived and worked in the upper level - governing the hundreds of millions of Earth-like worlds already flourishing in the Milky Way Federation of our galaxy.

This city was one of millions of encased cities that existed in the Milky Way galaxy. All with similar designs and all of them under Uar and his cities protection and government. They are autonomous to a point and like any monarchy over-lording a government; they had a self-governing body that dealt with their worlds personal needs.

This is the way it has been since time began; and no one can pinpoint that event because when they try to actuate the event, like the elusive number of pi, it just seems to grow and hey, wait up - there is another universe just over there, it (time) like 'matter' - has no beginning, and it would also seem it has no end; like the vacuum of space - infinite.

Uar and all his royal counterparts, simply use the collisions of two galaxies as a time reference to a beginning, like our Milky Way galaxy that will collide with the Andromeda galaxy in a million years from now! This will signal a new beginning. A new galaxy formed. And it will be called by another name and everything will be new again.

Eloi, who rules the Andromeda galaxy and its unique species of mortals - that can fly like birds; is a distant relative of Uar from the royal bloodline, and he often frequents the Crystal City. And likewise Uar - often visits Eloi's golden city too. They have a solid relationship that grows stronger as the eon's pass.

Chapter two

Genetic anomalies

One deep breath and Rex was awake on his lounge, and wondering if it was all simply a dream. I have been too engrossed in this brother-hood of the 'alien' that my social life has taken a serious nose dive, my love life is all but a myth - and the only decent meal I have is prepared days beforehand, and set in packets in the freezer, Rex mused.

Little did Rex know how that diet would change! For the next week he could hardly keep down most foods. Vegetables and fruit were the only foods that did not give him nausea, meat was a real trick but, after seven days he figured out that processed foods and foods with hormones and antibiotics were reacting to his metabolism, at first this did not seem strange to Rex - and his mixed up existence, but after thirty days he noticed, like coming down off heroin - he regained some type of clarity.

What a bazaar type of detox he thought, now that I'm clean from these reactive additives, I feel so much clearer!

Knock, Knock, Knock..... the glass doors slid apart. Crystal had previously text she was coming over to help with the new garden Rex had prepared.

"Hello babe" Rex said as he swung around and gently pulled Crystal toward him - kissing her on the lips! "Hi darling, hmm you even taste different, I mean - I was surprised to see you so fresh... have you been fasting again?" questioned Crystal with a wry smile! She had seen Rex in a seven day fast before - he swore by its healing properties.

"No. I just finished breakfast. Oh I'm so glad you're here - I have been full of life these past few days" Rex affirmed.

"Your nausea is over Rex?" smiled Crystal. She had hoped for a little romantic time after a day outside in the garden.

"Yes, but not just that - I feel fantastic. Like I could climb a mountain - or move one!"

"Rex, that's great to hear" she said – as she moved in closer to kiss him once more, while they were 'locked' in that moment of passion, then Rex recalled the words of Rabashak ...and then commanded the anti-matter quarks to move into the next universe and then to move back into this one...

Rex saw the sub atomic quarks around himself and Crystal as they hugged – and then in every living cell – he could envision two of them, one matter and one anti-matter, that seemed to repel each other like endless magnets, and a type of DNA chain creating endless life – or energy.

Then he commanded the anti matter quarks to go from the sub-atomic level of every cell in his body and every cell in Crystal's body – into the next universe; the 5th dimensional plane where neither time nor space had our relevant laws of physics. Then, as he saw them unzip from each other, it became very misty – even with his eyes shut – kissing his precious babe. Then with another command – he ordered them to re-enter this matter universe – but in the bedroom.

"Ah"! Crystal squelched in an eerie voice "What just happened Rex? We were in your lounge room. OMG what did you do? Did you drug me? What's going on Rex?" suddenly she let go of the embrace and was looking into Rex's eyes in a confused manner of alarm.

"Crystal, I think we just teleported! I know this sounds crazy but I want to tell you a dream, or at least I thought it was a dream – one I had last month", Rex spoke in a low soft tone. Crystal sat on the edge of the bed and looked up at Rex with puppy-dog eyes, tilted her head saying...

"OK. You have been talking about this ever since we met - two years ago, are you telling me you have invented a teleport machine?" She questioned, still stunned from the experience. "I know you repair photocopier machines but I didn't know you were seriously involved in real science?"

She didn't know what to say as she was still in a state of shock. Rex on the other hand was processing the reality of the encounter he had with Rabashak and the magnitude of the consequences of this power or rather, this metabolic change. "Babe, I'll tell you the truth. I know this is going to rock your boat, but here goes... 'Alien's, well 'alien-brothers' - they are just like us, they are real babe! They - well one of them visited me. I thought it was a dream (remembering not to mention the surgery) but I did what he told me to do and it worked. I teleported us - into this bedroom" he said, as he waived his hand around.

"Oh Rex. I believe you - although I don't understand! Can you tell me how to teleport?" Crystal shyly grinned.

"No babe, no one else on the planet has this power but me. You can ask them for it if you wish. Who knows" Rex smiled.

"OK. No I don't know them like you do Rex - it's OK. So what are you going to do with this power?" Crystal asked.

“I have always had a plan for such a power; a base on the moon with mining and eventual exploration onto other planets outside our solar system. I will need to collect finances first and then build the moon base and begin the next phase of my dream. So do you want to be a part of it babe?”

Rex was so excited, he just couldn't wait, without waiting for an answer from Crystal he jumped onto the internet and clicked 'Google Earth' - NASA... to be more explicit!

Crystal didn't want to answer such a silly question - instead she just wrapped her arms around his neck - took of his shirt and kissed him passionately, expecting the power of his sex-drive to have heightened accordingly.

After a fabulous love session Crystal romantically murmured, “Well, you still have some great uplift captain. I'm a little tired after that session Rex, so let's do the NASA thing in the morning. OK?” as she lay naked across the bed; but Rex was completely exhilarated - with a new lease of life!

“Babe NASA is opened now - and I was going to meet some officials beforehand at their morning tea break. So you rest here for a while. I need to do this myself anyway - you just stay fresh and pretty for tomorrow, because we will need to do some serious research. I will be back within the hour - this won't take long”. Rex kissed his gorgeous girl with a long wet passionate kiss - wishing he didn't have to go then, vanished. Tasting her 'passion' - even after he was gone!

Rex had teleported to a park nearby because he didn't want Crystal to make anymore fuss. While walking down the street he commanded his anti-matter quarks to move into the 'mirror universe' and then commanded them to jump back into this 'matter universe' - but in Cape Canaveral!

He appeared in a park - near the main gate - the very site he had Google earlier.

That Google Earth is a great tool for me he thought. After acquiring a map of NASA and talking to a few know-it-alls. He had the spot picked out to be teleported to.

Chapter three

NASA and the King

Uar had been watching intently at the human process - and how Rex had started trying to use this new-found power! "He must be given plenty of freedom" ordered Uar, taking into account all that was happening around him!

"But... keep a record on his levels of pride as well as his luxury levels; we can not waste time processing his behaviours, like I have done in the past!" Uar spoke with a grin.

"Yes your majesty. It will be done as you ordered. I will personally let Rex know the surety of your will and your desires", Rabashak voiced as he bowed in obedience to the King, knowing full well that Uar was

on his way to Earth again disguised as a charitable worker. His passion for the humble people of Earth had become a regular obsession for many thousands of Earth years now.

"I know you will be, faithful old friend. Tell my council I am off to the Andromeda galaxy for a season or so, I must visit Eloi for a moment, so I will leave you in control of this unique situation Rabashak, because I know you will create a rewarding outcome", smiled the King in reply. All the Kings courtiers were in audience - waiting with bated breath. Then Uar disappeared.

At NASA Rex had teleported himself on the other side of the security gate and spoke to the guard on duty.

"Hello, could you direct me to the leaders command centre, young man?" he addressed the gate officer in charge.

"Who are you and how did you get in here?" said the guard roughly and ordered him to "Wait here". The guard moved his hand toward his AK47 Masada, then - as if having an instant change of mind, moved his hand to his phone and proceeded to call for an escort to meet him at the gate.

Rex was no fool - he knew how trigger happy these guards can be, so he froze and waited – this gave Rex time to concentrate on the anti-matter sub-particles, and to begin his teleport process so that in a second, he could bring it into play when the escort car arrived to take Rex to the holding room.

Rex asked "Are we going over there?" pointing in the direction of a very tall and sleek building the car appeared from.

"Yep buddy, we are going for a ride - and you're my guest - ha" scoffed the chubby young guard smirking wryly.

At that moment Rex ordered the quarks to enter the mirror universe and exit it a second later, at the vacant car space where the escort car had come from.

"What the hell just happened?" blurted the guard in amazement. Falling to his knees he looked up bewilderingly into my eyes and said, "Who are you?"

Rex couldn't help it - he replied in a forceful strange voice, "Take me to your leaders – NOW!" And as if realizing how abruptly he spoke – mellowed his tone down a notch and continued "Or else just point the way and I will teleport there myself!!"

In a humble type of childish manner the nervous guard pointed to the high rise office building on the left, "Up to the top floor..." he squeaked with a muffled voice, all the while holding a hand in front of his face as if I was going to 'eat' him or something, unable to stop his trembling and in total amazement mumbled in a low tone, and with his voice still quivering uncontrollably continued "where....." and before he could finish his sentence - Whoosh - Rex was gone! Then like a flash, Rex suddenly appeared inside the office boardroom gazing into the faces of five men staring at him in utter shock, as if he were a ghost!!

"I know" Rex blurted out with a laugh, "Where did I come from! - and how did I get here!" You could hear a pin drop!

Suddenly the stark silence was broken!

Across the room was a huge commotion at the doorway entrance, this now demanded the centre of attention of everyone in the room.

There, with his clothes ruffled and shirt half hanging out, looking like something you wouldn't believe, was a very nervous flustered guard, the very guard, who had only just moments before, given Rex Directions. He had eventually scurried up the stairwell and finally found his way to the double timbered carved doors of the meeting room, gasping and totally out of breath, trembling un-controllably, was in total shock and looking in amazement at Rex standing there couldn't stop mumbling things like... 'how did..err what the..'

Rex un-perturbed looked at him and chuckled.. "White - with one sugar. Please!"

He glanced at Rex then at the five heads of staff. In unison they beckoned him to bring refreshments all round.

"Yes sir" he quickly replied, saluting more than once – whilst exiting backwards, and left.

This created an air of continuity between all of them in the room, and not letting the turmoil that just now happened, deter them from the event of Rex suddenly appearing, they were still bewildered to what this encounter might bring.

The commander in chief spoke "Are you human?"

Rex grabbed his crotch and said with a sigh of relief, "I sure am, just like you with one little difference".

He purposely did not mention the metabolic change the watcher had made to him - he was sure they would see that as a form of weaponry to be manipulated.

"100% human! Born in a small country town in Australia!"

"Ha". Laughed the CEO, "So you're an Aussie, hey mate? Well - pleased to meet you. You know we have to discuss your apparent teleporting into this room mate", the CEO stammered.

"I will show you the reality of such an event. Where is your car? It wouldn't be that one down there in the VIP parking space would it?" smiled Rex.

"Why yes it is. Why do you ask - do we have to drive somewhere?" the CEO replied with a puzzled look.

"Here are the beverages sir". The staff sergeant whisked the serving tray into the conference room. "Will that be all Sir?" he saluted with a look of expectancy.

"Yes sergeant - that will be all. Stay posted at the door - please", the CEO retorted.

"Tell me sir, do you have the co-ordinates of the ISS and the place in space where it is right now?" queried Rex.

The CEO tapped on a few keys on the board in front of him - and up on the big screen came the ISS with four camera locations - revealing everything around it. "But of course we do, it's our baby!!" The CEO grinned, and before the words were out of his mouth Rex had ordered the Anti-matter quarks to move in and out of the 5th dimension to the ISS co ordnances.

Suddenly alarms sounded - Red alert.

NASA went into lockdown mode and an image on the screen on one of the cameras - revealed a red sports car - less than one hundred meters from the ISS. "What the hell, that's my triumph!!"

The number plates were clearly visible as the camera zoomed in. The CEO looked steadfast at the vacant car space, then at Rex and said "OK. Now we need to talk seriously about this technology you are using".

"My name is Simon Warner. I head the NASA space program - and your name is?" "Hi Simon my name is Rex Zerubbabel, but you can call me Rex. Pleased to meet you" said Rex as he extended his hand in greeting. "Ahem - my car Mr. Zerubbabel" Simon requested, not taking any notice of the extended hand greeting. This affront did not perturb Rex one bit.

"Simon" said Rex "I only do one free teleport, so let's discuss the terms of my power to be used in your program. I prefer to be called Rex, as Zerubbabel means SOB. No!" Rex continued quickly – he could read what Simon was thinking by the look on his face.

"Not son-of-a-bitch, but – Seed of Babylon.

I do not use my Jewish heritage!!"

"OK Rex, whatever you wish" Simon said, then, Simon commanded the red alert to cease and called in a band of other officials. He debriefed them of the situation.

Rex had brought his bank account details with him and proceeded to make his request known to Simon, needless to say in the meantime Rex's cup had been taken away for DNA mapping and fingerprint analysis.

As the officials assembled around the plush conference desk, Rex motioned with his hands for silence. Immediately silence gripped the room.

"First he said, I want this to be as secret as is possible. I know the cat will be out-of-the-bag soon enough, but meanwhile, let's not stir up other countries. Do we agree?" The room motioned with a 'Yes' - ahem and so forth.

"And, I want 80% of the cost of all the expenses you would spend sending 'stuff' out there". "Stuff!" one of the fatter officials blurted out.

"Yes. Stuff! Anything you wish! It will be assessed and then paid into my account the day of the teleporting. Don't ask for a massive station - you can't afford it" Rex grinned.

"I'm thinking of going with the traditional handshake agreement, with the proviso that if you screw me I will put every piece of space equipment you have in space, out there". Waiving his hand pointing beyond the sights of them all. "On that desert – way, way over there.

What do you say gentlemen?"

Rex stared out into the desert. He knew for a fact that he could not beat their legal system or out-smart there capitalistic minds, so he went with the time honoured tradition that worked for thousands of years -

the barter system and - a handshake! Rex knew he had the upper hand, and like the old pawnbroker he was for many years, that suited him just fine.

"Sure why not mate" said Simon with a little chuckle.

"Oh, by the way, said Rex, I want to be the first one, to barter for the first teleport. I want a solid concrete and a stainless-steel space base, built right out there - for me! With walls two feet thick and armoured triple glazed windows with blast shields.

Show me your designs when you call me back for the first teleport, and I want the first building done within a month!" he ordered "The other four can be done later. I want them all to connect and make each one the size of a football field. I like my space! Besides, I plan on putting it on the moon!!

Oh and by the way, could you guys do a diagnostic on where to place it? On the cusp - I thought. I do want to work with you if I can, if you can't afford me, I will go to the Chinese" Rex commanded. With that he bid them farewell saying with a blunt.. "Call me!".

Rex knew they would have all his details soon enough, then he vanished out of their sight; needless to say NASA was a-buzz.

Simon immediately called his good friend Osama, and gave him a full report. The DNA testing of his saliva and finger prints came in as a priority #1, and then he requested from Osama the funding to use this power to further their space program.

He also sent for the best people in the world who knew about this sort of phenomena.

The first report on their 'mystery' guest was brief, but to the point. Rebel, criminal, dysfunctional - were the main words that stood out.

"OMG" Simon laughed, "This guy couldn't even run his pawn-broking business straight, three years jail for a string of offences relating to his dubious business practices.

Attach me to the Australian Prime Minister and to the head of ASIO, we need more information on this character, but discreetly, use the cover he hacked into on one of our NASA computers trying to ... I don't know - you think of something. But don't make them suspect, I want all the data on him in one hour" Simon barked.

"Bob. Who is that Russian genetic scientist that came here last month and talked of such bazaar genetic events? Remember? - he worked freelance for us one time - on the mars missions?" Simon asked his 2IC Bob.

"Oh yes - I remember. Hmmm yes, yes, we had drinks later on that night - he was a, a brilliant man" said Bob thinking deeply, tapping his fingers intently on the edge of the table. "Aaha. Victor! Victor yes - that was his name. He had no family ties and was totally dedicated to his work. Indeed, we could use him here Simon. If this power is biological or has some element of his biology in use, he would be the only man I know that could be brought into this" Bob resounded excitedly.

"Oh yes" echoed Simon "Send for him – right now Bob, tell him the nature of the security - use some type of cover though. I'll find out if he leaks it. We need to make sure these people don't blab" Simon ordered.

“Sir” said the guard who had by this time calmed right down, addressed Simon “The team you called together are assembled in the secure conference room”.

Simon shut the door to the conference room and the security guard was posted outside to keep watch. The teams of NASSA’s top ten seated comfortably around the massive table were looking intently at each other as they began questioning Simon.

“How did your triumph get up there Simon?” asked one.

“Is there a mission we don’t know about?” asked another.

Simon interrupted the string of questions, beckoning all to be quiet.

“I will tell you everything - and as usual - as you would know, it doesn’t pass this room”. Simon instilled in them the ‘rule-of-thumb’ of secrecy.

The monitor appeared from behind a curtain and there seated comfortably with his elbows on the table cuffing his chin, was Osama! As per usual, befitting a high ranking president, he was shadowed by two of his most trusted men standing neatly behind him - one on either side looking quite intently at the ‘busy’ surroundings. “Yes Simon - fill us in” Osama smiled intently. A silent hush fell over the room.

“We have a teleporter!”

A rumbling noise broke out again as everyone started talking over one another. Simon beckoned all to be quiet; an inquiring hush fell over the room once again.

“No. It’s not a machine - it’s a human! I don’t know how yet, but I tell you, be assured, he has teleported three times - at his own will - in my presence - alone! And once with the guard posted at the door”!

“Impossible” quipped a voice at the top of the table.

“As impossible as it may seem - it is a fact, and facts don’t lie” Simon yelled back – starting to feel a bit frustrated, but continued talking...

“He is a dubious character at best. You will all receive a full report by day’s end. And he continued - he has made a simple request: he wants 80% of the costs of all our missions - paid as barter, into a fund, to finance a moon base and all equipment”.

The laughing was sporadic and getting louder.

“What! He doesn’t have a company?” Mocked one of the generals who was being flashed onto Osama’s screen.

“Sir, he wants to do this by trust and a handshake” Simon directed his answer to the president.

“Well, why not Simon? He sounds like an honest man. I would like to meet him soon - if you can arrange the time” Osama smiled. “Mr. President Sir, you will have his brief within the hour. You may not want to make a politician of him, I dare say” Simon blushed “he..

“Do say Simon” interrupted the president “Oh I have just received your preliminary right now. Criminal! What? Oh I see hmmm yes we will have to consider this a little further Simon, by all means continue my friend” encouraged Osama.

“..He said he will be back once we have finalized the first moon base, and have our first project to teleport.” Simon spoke softly.

“Why not teleport a base there ourselves?” one official asked. “Because he made it very specific, ‘Our costs!’ we couldn’t afford to send a slab of concrete to the moon, he has us by the ‘short and curlies’ on this one - besides, he made it quite clear he will go private – or - to the Chinese” Simon quickly replied.

“Chinese. No never! Not while I’m in power. That will not happen” Osama commanded with authority “Do what he wants. Start the moon base project. You have my personal word on it, only report it to me personally Simon, we started this race and by god we will see it through - till the end, and besides in all that - he is an Australian! A fellow brother of the human struggle - he will play ball, have a little faith boys and lets see this through - together! I would love to meet him. Set up a time with my secretary, maybe he could teleport into my office - that would be a hoot, we have all done some dubious things in the past gentlemen, let’s forget the past and look to the future. OK?” Osama replied with a speech fit for a candidate for the noble ‘forgiveness prize’ - If there ever was one! The tension in the room slowly eased.

“Yes sir” Simon saluted standing at attention, feeling very pleased with himself, and with that Osama monitored off.

“Well gentlemen, you heard our commander in chief” Simon chirped confidently “let’s make this happen. I want the plans for the first moon base on my desk by morning; get all available personnel working on it - pronto.” Then tapping his cheek he continued “We’ll call it a Future Mining Project for the Moon”, Simon smiled then nodded approvingly as he left the room.

For the first time the room was moving in a flow of harmony, in wonder of such a person.

“Sergeant. You have just been promoted to my private guard. I will brief you in my office - come.” Simon said to the still ‘bewildered’ guard.

“Yes sir!” the guard replied, following closely behind Simon.

By days end a toy triumph had it’s unveiling in the local news as a prank, led by two NASA employees that were duly dismissed and sent to another level of NASA as punishment for carrying out such an elaborate prank.

Needless to say the two key IT personnel were quickly designated to a secure floor - to work on the teleport project and to keep people away from any sensitive material.

Uar got his first report from Rabashak, and as Uar envisioned it was all going to plan. Uar was on the streets of the Philippines posing as a Red Cross worker - covered in sweat and soiled clothes, when suddenly his tent was mystified with the presence of Rabashak!!

"And - how are you holding up your majesty?" he enquired.

Standing tall and at attention, Rabashak shrugged his shoulder with concern, it was the only time he felt he could actually touch the King - and it also required this gesture for appearances sake, but Rabashak loved

to feel the unseen power that emanated for his lord and King. He liked his quirky nature as much as the King loved this giving process.

"Yes I'm fine old friend, I have three more hours of pulling down a broken home with some other guys before I finish. I will see you at sunset - at the usual place. OK?" Uar glowed with a sense of purpose.

"Besides, the young man I took this body from has a date tonight with two gorgeous women; it seems he really knew how to live. Too bad he was going to die this week! Still, I can't let such a 'love feast' go to waste - can I Rabashak? Like I have said before - I have admired quite a few of the ancient Kings this world has minted.

Solomon; being my favourite!!

Imagine making a bath house with one thousand bathes! He had a great elevated seat above them, and in the evening he always chose three to sleep with that night!

It seem they were the fall of him also, oh well.

But of course, he had other 'royal' qualities, as did many of the Kings of that era. Today they are far too corrupt.

Oh Yes, Natas - my rebellious brother. Send him to me soon. I want to be back here by dinnertime tonight. I promised to take them both to a classic restaurant at 7:30 - and I want to be there!"

"Your will is my command my lord and King, and I will see you tomorrow and don't work too hard" he quipped.

"Sometimes Rabashak, you're like my mother, now go - I've got work to do", Uar arose with a face of adherent focus.

Four o'clock came and Uar said 'good bye' to his fellow workmates; then as he turned the corner he teleported to the Egyptian mount where Rabashak was waiting with Natas. Rabashak left the brothers together as he waited over by a rocky path, still with his eyes fixed on them - both ever suspicious of Natas intent.

"Natas, we haven't finished that chess game yet. Your last move was four hundred Earth years ago", Uar said greeting him with a smile.

"Is this why you asked for my presence, to make a move? Is your life that mundane? What - is that a cut I see in that fleshly body? What have you been doing?"

You're not fit to rule this world - and you know it! Besides, I don't think you will pay up if I win!!" Natas snapped back.

"Brother. I would not lie to you - the wager is the same. You will have free reign of this world for one thousand years, nothing has changed - even though you make every attempt to usurp my rule. I still love you as my brother", Uar smiled. "Enough of this babble, what do you want?"

“OK, make your move then. To recap - I moved my Knight to e5 and your Bishop or Knight is about to breath their last breath! It was during a time like this - the crusades were on and you put too much hope in your pathetic mortals – ha! So move!" Natas laughed.

The game is important - but my move is this - I want to give you three years of rule here, to see you in action, right now! And I will allow you to have one mortal with power to consolidate your ruler-ship. I'll give you three choices of power.

One. Teleport.

Two. Fire.

Three. Instant death!! the ‘off’ switch. Choose now!"

Uar stared at him intently. Neither moved a muscle.

"There is a catch - now what are you planning? OK. I'll play.

Teleport – phtt, no way!! They would discover all the worlds you run - and my reign would cease!

The off switch. No. I can do that myself. I'll take the fire power - it will establish my mortal as a god, they are too superstitious here!" Natas smirked back with a wry smile.

"Done! To keep the balance pure, I have given a mortal, one of these powers as well."

"Which one?" Natas quickly snapped back at Uar.

"That’s my business!! The balance is protected - and remember, if you break the rules I will end this chess game and end your rule - here and now!"

"I'm not a fool. I will play by your rules, at least until I win! Well - it’s your move brother", Natas laughed.

"King to 00. Take your time, we will meet again for your next move brother", Uar echoed in the distance as he sped off toward Rabashak echoing: “Remember, ‘touch not’ my people” and with that Uar teleported to his tent.

Rabashak stayed with Natas, but he beckoned him to leave; he did with pleasure.

Natas pondered his next move and the move of Uar; ‘A King one space! What a waste’ he thought cementing his opinion of his pompous brother, He also considered the prospect of a temporary rule. He swelled with power and convened his council.

"The meeting went well your majesty" Rabashak echoed in the distance - as they too departed.

"Very well, very well" Echoed Uar.

“I will tell you my trusted friend; I am giving Natas three years of rule here on this Earth, and the power of fire to one of his mortals. I know he comes to this world a lot - and has acquired many admirers. If only

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