

## ITD

A hovercraft touched down on the snow-filled landing pad in an open, desolate plain somewhere in Siberia. Col. Kyle Betske gave the verbal command, "open says you." The hovercraft was lowered to an underground hanger where workers were busy with their daily routine, performing maintenance on aircraft and land vehicles. Cy and Kyle stepped off of the landing pad. Kyle placed his hand on a security scanning plate allowing the elevator door to open. They entered and the door closed.

"S101," said Kyle. The elevator car began to free fall.

"Hey, what's happening!" shouted Cy as he grabbed onto the elevator car rail with a death grip.

"Don't worry. It will all be over soon," laughed Kyle.

"That's what I'm afraid of," exclaimed Cy in a panic.

The elevator car came to an abrupt stop, the door opened, and Kyle walked out.

Cy remained in the elevator, sitting on the floor, clinging onto the rail. He opened his eyes and noticed that the elevator had stopped. "Wow! Can we do that again?" He picked himself up.

Cy's eyes were dazzled with astonishment. "It's an underground base?"

"Why are you surprised?" asked Kyle. "There are underground bases all over the World."

"Nothing like this."

"We strive to be the best," answered Kyle. "Follow me."

They walked into a small lunchroom where Dr. Saliah Romante was sitting alone, sipping on hot chocolate.

"Dr. Romante, I would like to introduce..."

"Dr. Cy Lesst," interrupted Saliah. "We've met before. Thank you, Colonel. You're dismissed."

"Doctor?" Kyle replied.

"You may leave. Go do something else. As in: get a life," replied Saliah.

"Very well. That is, if you think you'll be all right?" asked Kyle, addressing Cy.

"He will be fine. I will be fine. We are fine," said Saliah.

Cy nodded his head, telling Kyle that he would be all right.

"Have a seat, Cy?" asked Saliah.

Cy seated himself. He could barely believe that he was in the same room, alone, with Saliah Romante. "I had no idea that you were working for this side."

Saliah smiled while sipping her hot chocolate. "I don't. I work for myself. I am an independent. It's simple. Services are rendered to the highest bidder. I am not loyal or sympathetic to either side."

"What does your mother think of your occupation?" asked Cy.

"My mother? You mean my surrogate? I've never met her. I was removed from her at my birth. I was raised in a controlled environment designed to maximize my potential."

"That's terrible," exclaimed Cy.

"What difference does it make? She wasn't my real mother. I'm the product of genetic engineering, a hybrid. I have ten mothers and fathers, all of different races. I am unique in many ways, a race of my own. I am the first-and the last."

"You're the first and the last, what does that mean?" asked Cy.

"I will have no children. The genetic engineers that designed me had their own idea of perfection. I was born without reproductive organs, so I would never be bothered by

inconveniences such as menstrual cramps. So, here I am, an Eve without fruit. Enough talk about my family history.

“I chose you to be on my research team for some specific reasons. I believe that you can be of service to me. The questions that I asked at your presentation were not meaningless. It was all a quiz to see if I wanted you. Consider it as a job interview; I did.

“We have done quite well with our research with the nannoid, but we’ve hit a wall.”

“I know that wall quite well,” replied Cy.

“No. We hit a wall much harder and further down the line,” said Saliah. “I developed a special set of lenses for a four-dimensional microviewer. They measure only twenty millimeters in diameter, but they each weigh over three hundred pounds. My microviewer is the World’s most powerful. I am able to measure objects as small as ten to the minus one hundred power of a meter. With it, we are able to see the other side of the nannoid.”

“That’s fantastic. Tell me, what is the neutrino wave that exits from the nannoid?”

“They are just as you predicted. They were stars, planets and other debris exiting through the nannoid. We have been able to adjust the aperture of the nannoid so that it does not create a cataclysmic black hole into the Interterrestrial Dimension which I have nicknamed the ITD.”

“You’re able to see into the other side of the nannoid?” Cy asked, excitedly.

“Yes, of course. For the past week, we’ve been monitoring an entire galaxy.”

“An entire galaxy?” exclaimed Cy.

“We have been monitoring all radio frequencies from one dekahertz to nine hundred exahertz,” said Saliah with disappointment. “We haven’t heard a word from them.”

“Nine hundred exahertz?” Cy asked in surprise. “How have you obtained all of this technology?”

“I simply create it as it becomes necessary,” replied Saliah.

“Like you created the lenses for the microviewer?”

“Exactly.”

“What are these lenses made from?”

“They are made from refined silicone. We used a particle compressor to compress the silicone into its tightest bond. The final product is a lens that is one thousand times denser than a diamond. This allows us to focus the ultra blue laser in a more concentrated stream and to measure objects as small as ten to the minus one hundred power of a meter,” Saliah proudly explained. “The wall that we have hit is the inability to develop a lens that is more dense. Without it, we are unable to focus in closer to better distinguish the characteristics of the many different stars of the ITD galaxies. We have viewed many of these galaxies, but the story is always the same. It’s as if we’re forced only to view the Interterrestrial galaxy from a great distance.”

“Maybe it’s a wall that is built into nature, a way for God to tell us that we are not permitted to travel any further into his inner world. It could be a way of maintaining order between our dimensions,” Cy suggested. “I’m flattered that you’ve chosen me to be part of your team, but I don’t understand why you need me. You’re doing great.”

“I’ve never been one to follow rules, natural or man-made. This project must be a complete success. I have worked too hard for too long to stop now. I chose you because you’re not a quitter, even when the deck is stacked against you.” Saliah rose from her chair. “Come with me. Today, we’re going to try something drastic in the lab and I don’t care if I must break the rules to do it.”

The Micro observatory was designed and developed in a joint venture by the Russian,

German, and Japanese governments. Dr. Saliah Romante had been the head of the research project since the discovery of the phenomenon from the helix cube project. Saliah was the first to analyze the neutrino wave that came from the helix cube and to conclude the cause of the phenomenon. Since then, she had had access to any resources that were necessary to make the project a success.

“Cy, you’ll have to wear these goggles to properly see the image of the ITD galaxy. This entire room is the viewing area,” said Saliah.

“What kind of goggles are these? Do they protect your eyes, or what?” asked Cy, looking them over.

“I suppose they could protect your eyes, but that’s not their main function. It’s part of a little something that I was in the middle of developing, just before my attention was diverted to this project. I call it ‘full radial peripheral vision’. These goggles allow you to see everything around you, simultaneously. Go ahead, put them on.”

Cy put them on. “What in the World. I can see everything in front of me, in back of me, along side of me, above me, and below me. And I don’t need to turn my head or bend over to do it,” said Cy, staggering around the room. “This could take some getting used to.”

“SARA,” called Saliah.

“Yes, Dr. Romante,” replied SARA.

“You have access to SARA?” asked Cy.

“Of course. Dr. Schmidt is on our side, remember?” said Saliah.

“Does the WOC know that you have access to her?”

“So what if they do. They can just be glad that we haven’t decided to disconnect her from them,” said Saliah. “SARA, please activate the laser to the microviewer.”

The energy collector engaged, the laser activated and a full radial peripheral image of the ITD galaxy was displayed in the center of the viewing lab. The image of the galaxy stretched out four meters in diameter and was one meter thick at its dense center. With the aid of the full radial peripheral vision goggles, they were able to view the galaxy in an enhanced form from all of the possible vantage points.

“So, what do you think of my little galaxy in a bottle?” asked Saliah.

At first, Cy couldn’t speak. He was so deeply choked up that he could only produce tears from his eyes. “This is incredible. I mean...it’s beautiful,” said Cy with a tremble to his voice. “It’s hard to believe that this entire galaxy measures only ten to the minus one hundred power of a meter. I expected as much, but this is a real feat of technology.”

“It may be incredible, but we’ve yet to complete our task,” she said while sensuously placing her head beside Cy’s and pointing to one of the largest stars. “Do you see that star?”

“Yes,” replied Cy.

“Its position is different than it was last week. Actually, all of the stars in this little galaxy have changed position. If this were a galaxy in our dimension, it would take thousands of years for the same changes to occur. It’s almost like watching a galaxy in our dimension through a time-lapse camera. Sort of romantic, huh?”

Cy backed away from Saliah. “We should calculate the time dilation ratio between our dimension and the ITD. That could give us an idea why we haven’t been able to receive any form of communication from the inhabitants. That is, of course, if there are any inhabitants,” said Cy.

“I have already calculated the time dilation ratio. Ironically, one Earth day equals one thousand ITD years. That is accurate, providing the movement of the stars of the ITD can be used

as a celestial clock.

“I do believe that there is some sort of life in there. Look at all of those stars,” Saliyah said, amazed. “There must be a billion of them. I would find it hard to believe that there is no life among all of those stars. When we first viewed these ITD galaxies, we found hundreds, possibly thousands, of different galactic classifications. Some appeared to have much the same structural form as those galaxies that we are able to see within our dimension. Many were elliptical, some had tightly wound arms, and some had loosely wound arms. Another type of galaxy that we examined had large double barred arms.

“One of the more interesting structural forms that we examined was unlike anything that was known to exist. We have classified these as mother galaxies. These mother galaxies are made up of a multiple of elliptical formed galaxies that are so tightly webbed that they interact with each other, together forming a sphere. From all of the different galaxies that I had to choose from, I chose this one to monitor.”

“It’s interesting that you chose to monitor this particular galaxy,” said Cy. “It is much the same type of galaxy as our own Milky Way.”

“Yes it is. It’s almost eerie. I feel as if I can just reach out and touch it,” she said, trying to place one of the stars between her fingertips. “As I look at this galaxy, it’s hard to believe that it is so small, it could easily pass through me, without so much as to interact with the atoms that make up my body.”

“I think that we could learn a great deal, even if we are only to observe this ITD, and are not permitted to interact with it. By observing this galaxy, we could learn more about the development of our own Milky Way,” said Cy. “The center of this galaxy seems to be so dense with stars that I’m unable to distinguish one star from another. However, out here, at the outermost and less dense area, I am better able to distinguish many of the stars, especially the larger ones.”

“You’re easy to please,” Saliyah remarked, snootily. “I am not so easy. Today we’re going to send something through the nannoid in hope of attracting some attention.”

Cy ripped the goggles off his face. “How is that possible? We can’t compress a computer chip to such a small size.”

“The other end of this microviewer has been sealed inside of a particle compressor. All we need to do is to compress the object down small enough to allow the object to interact with the nannoid. Once the object begins to move through the vortex of the nannoid, it will transmute further until it becomes part of the ITD,” said Saliyah. “We have had this technology at our fingertips for over a week now. Dr. Suko and Dr. Schmidt are both hesitant of initiating any form of communication with the inhabitants of this galaxy without first developing a protocol to prevent any possible problems.”

“That would be the prudent choice,” remarked Cy.

“I agree, but I’m ready to try now. There is only one problem.”

“What’s that?” asked Cy.

“I’m not sure if we will be able to return the objects once they are sent through the nannoid. I could probably maintain control of the object until it enters the vortex of the nannoid, beyond that, I could lose control.” Saliyah removed a ring from her finger. “This one means nothing to me anymore. I’ll send it to the particle compressor through the vacuum tube and set it up for transmutation.”

“A ring? What kind of message is that?” asked Cy.

“It’s no message; it’s just a little something that I don’t mind losing. Don’t worry. If this

experiment works, we'll be sending them a good deal more."

"What, hazardous waste? That should tell them what kind of people we are. Now I know why Doc Hi and Edmund wanted to give this more thought."

"Oh, Cy, Relax. We'll only send them hazardous waste and other such things, after we make enemies of them," Saliah replied, jokingly, or so it seemed.

"That makes me feel better," Cy said, sarcastically.

"Goggles on," ordered Saliah.

The particle compressor compressed her ring to a small enough size to be influenced by the nannoid.

"The ring is entering the vortex. It's working. It's actually working. Look at that!" exclaimed Saliah.

"Come on, Saliah. Stay focused on the ring. You're losing it," said Cy, as he watched the experiment through the microviewer.

"Cy, I'm not losing anything. Where is that ring?" Saliah asked, while trying to keep the microviewer focused on the ring.

"Ah! You lost it."

"No. Look. It's right there. It's exiting the nannoid."

"Now where did it go?" asked Cy in wonderment.

"That's as far as we can go, remember?"

"I wonder what they think of your ring? What kind of ring was that, anyway?"

"Just an engagement ring. It was a gold ring with a two carat diamond."

"Oh. That's all? Well, it's gone now," Cy asserted. "Wait a minute. What is at the exit of the nannoid? It's returning toward us."

"The interior of the nannoid is unstable. I'm just going to remain focused on this side of the nannoid. We'll see what it is just as soon as it appears."

Cy burst out into laughter. "It's your ring."

"SARA, please reactivate the particle compressor to decompress the ring back to its original size," commanded Saliah.

"Yes, Dr. Romante," replied SARA.

After the ring was decompressed to its normal size, Saliah examined it. "Where did the diamond go? Wait. What type of script is engraved on it? It certainly wasn't there earlier. It must be alien."

"Saliah, we have it. We have the evidence that we need to convince the scientific community. If we show them evidence like this, how can they deny that we're right?" elatedly asked Cy.

"We have nothing to show to anyone. This is between you and me. No one else is to know. We have more work to do before we consider this project to be a success."

"Sure, but at least we know that we're not on some foolish quest."

"I never doubted my sanity, Cy. The science community, as you call it, are no more than self-righteous witch hunters. I have no intention of sharing any of this," answered Saliah. "SARA, please interpret the script that is written on the ring."

"Yes, Dr. Romante," said SARA. "Dr. Romante, the script on the ring interprets as follows: 'A Seal Of My Love, To My Love', in two hundred fifty three different languages."

"What kind of message is that?" asked Cy. "I could understand maybe, something like, 'We are here. We are the little people'. But, 'A Seal Of My Love, To My Love?'"

"I thought that it was romantic at the time," said Saliah as she thought back.

"Romantic? What do you mean?"

“That is exactly what was engraved on the ring. It was a gift from a man who loved me.”

“Look at the script that the Interterrestrials engraved on your ring. There is so much on it. Each character was engraved so small that we’ll need a microviewer just to make it out. These characters are not of any human language. Although, it does appear that the Interterrestrials must use a type of hieroglyphic pictorial system,” said Cy. “SARA, please explain more about the script that is now engraved on the ring. Is this language less efficient than ours? And also, do you know what happened to the diamond that was set on the ring?”

“The Interterrestrials use a hieroglyphic form of script. Each character represents a single thought or sentence. The diamond was on the ring when it arrived in the ITD, but returned without the diamond,” SARA answered. “I wish that you could be as romantic, Cy.”

“I find it hard to believe that their hieroglyphic pictorial system language could be more efficient than ours,” said Cy.

“If we send them more, they will probably return it to us translated into their many different languages. We had better be careful about what we send to them. It could be a mistake to send them information on how to build an atomic bomb,” said Saliah.

“For the moment, I agree with you, Saliah. I believe that we shouldn’t give them anymore clues about our level of technology. Your ring has already given them too much information about us,” said Cy, expressing his disapproval. “Meaning, they already know that we possess the technology to refine gold to nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine ten thousands pure, to create jewelry by setting cut gem stones onto it and to engrave words on the gold in small print. Not to mention the capability of sending objects to them through the nannoid.”

“That’s quite all right,” said Saliah. “They, in a sense, too, have told us something about themselves. We know that they probably have achieved space travel. The only way they could have intercepted my ring, changed it, then returned it to us is if they are technologically advanced enough to have achieved interstellar space travel.”

“If that’s the case, we might have nothing of value to them,” Cy reasoned. “Just to be on the safe side, I believe that we still need to be cautious about the content of what we send to them. We still aren’t sure why they chose to keep the diamond.”

“Good point. Let’s consider sending something that could serve as a message. It must tell them something about us as a people, yet not give them any more information about our level of technology.”