

# Beyond the Origin

Howard Beck

*"It doesn't Matter, it's all Relative."*

*- Albert Einstein*

## Primordial

I want to go home, I keep saying this over and over in my head. But where is home, I have no clue. It's not where I am, it's not where I was, I don't think there really is a home anywhere. But here I sit on the toilet staring at the wall, the third time today, sighing over and over again and thinking, I want to go home.

I get up from the toilet, turn and look inside the bowl, nothing.

I wipe my ass and see a couple smears of shit on the paper, guess I really didn't have to go after all, but it felt like it.

Good thing the cleaning station is next to the toilet, I can wash my hands in the cold water and stare at the mirror while flicking my long graying hair off my face. Good thing I shaved the other day, otherwise my hair would be sticking to my face from all the stubble.

I stare at my aging face, I once was a young man, now, today I'm turning into a senior citizen. Where did the time go, I have nothing to show for it really, anyway, time to go back to the main cabin and join

my fellow crew members on our journey to a newly discovered black hole deep in the Splinter Galaxy, 15.3 megaparsecs from Earth.

Nine months we've been heading to this destination, scientists on Jason Richter 4 at Innercore Datatek Global Systems gave us the coordinates and said this is the "one", the black hole of all black holes. The one that will lead us to new dimensions and new worlds, but they've been saying that since 3120. Twelve months ago IDGS scientists received transmissions from inside the black hole. We were sent to verify if the transmissions were from the source and location they believed.

"Jahn, it's about time you got back, we need ya man." Tristan Olsen says to me as I enter the cabin. Tristan is the captain of the ship, the leader of the pack, the main dude, the head honcho, you get it.

"Yeah, well, you know us old farts, always going to the bathroom." I replied taking my station.

The main screen had a view of space in front of us 40 billion kilometers away. All I saw was blackness and a few stars, is that what a black hole looks like? This was my first black hole trip, I only stayed around star clusters near home, there's that word again, home.

Mary Jane Poole was sitting next to me, she was the Main Science Officer on this probe, she had more knowledge of black holes than anyone on Jason Richter, she was a genius, studying these phenomena since she could walk, literally, she started out as a toddler learning Astroscience.

She was young, blonde and well endowed, my lecherous old man was coming out of me, I secretly glanced in her direction periodically. Daily

as a matter of fact, just to keep my juices stirring. They were withering up just like my face, gotta keep young somehow.

I look at the clock, it's 2:27. Seriously, why do I keep looking at the clock, we really don't go anywhere, anywhere of significance, just empty space.

I know, I keep bitching, about everything; if I didn't want to be here why was I here. Well, because, I might be a bug up someone's ass, but I'm good at my job. A great astrogator, just something I was born to do, like Mary Jane. I always had a way with directions.

But now that I'm getting old and have been to a lot of places, I'm starting to get bored with it all. I'm hoping this trip, my first long excursion will be exciting and memorable. A black hole, come on, that has to be a freaking fun ride. The whole idea of this trip is to actually journey into the hole, not just record and witness it, but actually penetrate the damn thing, see where it leads. And yeah, it could be dangerous, but I'm getting old, I need some excitement other than Mary Jane's body, which I'll never really get to, well, you know.

I give out another heavy sigh, look down at my scaly, blotchy, withering and wrinkly old hand, damn, I'm getting old. I turn the nav knob next to my right hand, just a smidge, the ship turns right three degrees, the main screen has the same view as before, three degrees isn't much, but that's where the next heading is for finding the hole.

"Jahn!" Tristan shouts out after I made the adjustment, "good job!"

Ah, a pat on the back, for doing my job, awesome, love my job, love the people I work with. I'm such a schmuck, and I still want to go home, wherever that is ... (sigh).

"Course 1, 4, 6, 9.0, relative bearing 4, 6, 2, 9." I let the captain know the coordinates so he can tap them into his personal log console.

"Cool Jahn, got it, thanks bro, you're a god send."

Damn we're so polite, and after all these months traveling together. Not one hiccup, not even a bitch fight over food in the Mess Hall. Amazing, even with my temperment, how the head honchos put this crew together is beyond me, the psych tests matched us perfectly, I'm not being sarcastic, honestly.

Our ship, the Lost Haakon, measures 120 meters in length, it's a Class Five Turbo EMB Plasma Quantum Reactor/Full Gravity turning spaceship with twenty solar sails for smooth riding. Made from the best materials known to man on Jason Richter to get us through the black hole without disintergrating on impact due to its heavy gravitational pull. We should be able to withstand any G forces to keep the ship intact and not fall apart once inside the hole.

Although, the Engineering crew, the 3Stevs, who were born in a CRISPR mind link genetic syrup for efficiency. Alien looking like a three headed octopus with multiple arms, know how to handle much of the unknowns since most of the crew have been through a few black holes already; this is just the most prestigious black hole known to us at this time.

Previous unmanned probes have been able to penetrate and return safely. So the ship can withstand whatever the black hole can throw at us. It's just a shame the unmanned probes didn't maintain video, audio or data records due to heavy radiation destroying the data on those probes once they returned back to our system.

As the black hole got closer, the ship started to feel the pull from the gravity, stretching the ship forward, bending to the left and right, causing the ship to tip and bounce, alarms blasting as the ship starts to enter the black holes portal entry, next thing I know I start to grab Mary Jane and tear her jumpsuit from her body, revealing her huge breast and erect nipples. I start biting down on her nipple and tearing at it like a dog with a stuffed animal, tearing flesh, blood gushing---

"Jahn!" Tristan yells, "get this ship back on track!"

Awakening out of my strange delusion I was having, I try to turn the nav knob left to fix the projection of entering the black hole. Nothing is happening, I can't even see Tristan yelling, the G forces are pulling me back into my chair like an elephant sitting on my chest. The force of the gravity is making the ship start to break up, but yet, it's still intact and just on the verge of destruction.

My mind races to find a solution to get up from this force that keeps me in my chair, I reach out to Mary Jane, who is still beside me in her chair stuck to the back of the cushion and not able to move, I reach my hand out to grab her, but nothing is moving.

"Jahn, Jahn ... Jahn!"

Damn, all I hear is my name being screamed into my head, over and over again, I can't move, I can't do anything. As the ship plummets into the void, my mind starts wondering again.

'In the beginning...'

What? Oh my God! what is happening to me, then a peace comes over me as I drift in solace, a feeling of ecstasy as my mind wonders incoherently.

A voice, not of my own spews out this weird overlay of thoughts.

'There are several theories about the origin, the origin of everything. Is it the big bang or the steady state theory or did God create everything in six days? Whatever theory you believe, there are other theories beyond that. Did everything materialize out of cosmic dust and debris or was it programmed from a higher entity?

If you live on Earth, third planet from the Sun, in the solar system on the edge of the Milky Way, you probably believe some, one or all of the above theories.

Why is it that man in all corners of the Earth have a version of God, even those people in the farthers of the planet without contact from another human species have developed their own gods to worship or believe in.

Why is it that all men have a god they believe to be the real god and not open to the idea of numerous gods to believe in. Why are we so determined to make our God the right god and your god isn't the one to believe in and kill to get their version of god be the only god to exist.

And why is it that killing in the name of your god, a godly act, all others are doomed to destruction in God's name.

I don't really know, but I think about it constantly, is there a God, is it the right god, are my gods better than yours, will your god kill us if we don't believe in it, will our gods kill you if you don't believe it?

I don't know, like I said, but I don't think so. I don't think if there is a God, that that god is a killing god. Only man and animals and insects kill, some to feed, others for enjoyment. God as an entity, may be out there or may be in here. I think it's throughout inside and out, beyond your origin and within your being. The truth is, we don't know, but we keep trying to find out.

And so, let's try and find out. Let's go for a ride beyond my mind'.

"Jahn!" the voice kept yelling my name, I kept silent and listening to my thoughts once again, this voiceover seems to be going on for hours, I'm unable to stop this flow of insanity.

'Trees are a wonder to me, I have a fascination about trees, they are longevity beings, they're strong, majestic and foreboding. They exist everywhere and strive to reach for the sun even in the darkest of places. Trees are friendly things, sometimes they topple on structures and people, but don't we all sometimes. I like trees, always have, just the structure and internal makeup of a tree is miraculous. Take the branch, how they make up the trunk, all symmetrically aligned surrounding the trunk and spill out to make a branch. They're amazing how they are located almost exactly in the right point and dimension.

Take an insect watch how they move and look closely at how they too are created, miraculously, as a tree, these two entities make up just a couple of the things that are here on Earth. Are they a product of a God that created them to act and look this way, both different but yet identical with their structural makeup.

Take humans, clouds, grass, water, atoms, the atom is next in my love for next to trees, the atom makes up everything, and it goes beyond

that to subatomic particles and beyond that, don't let them tell you differently, they don't know, they haven't discovered exactly how multidimensional life really is.

Way beyond the origin of everything, way past the start, end all.

Beyond the realm of existence, beyond your "soul". Beyond all dimensions, all galaxies, all space and time. God if it is, is not what you think it is, or is it?

Does God exist as it is in heaven and sit on a throne with Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha and other nephilims? Or is God an unseen unphysical being, yea, thou hast been created in the image of God, you say, as the Bible says, but is that image, truly the image of a physical makeup of God or are we in the image of a unseen God, is that inner voice you or God or both?

The image of God can be many things, you have to look deep to find it or feel it or believe in it. You have to truly find God somewhere deep inside your "soul". That thing that makes you tick, that voice in your head, is that God? Is that you?

What is that voice in your head, just your brain making connections with neurons passing as a actual substance of valid reality or is that a misnomer playing with your reality?

It's beyond me, beyond what I think or believe, I'm trying desperately to find out what is real and what is not real, and time is running out to find that answer even if you live to be 105, it goes by so quickly, I know this for true, my grandmother who lived to be 104 told me how fast life goes by even at that age.



Find the truth, find the real, find the hidden gem that is actually what life is, not just on Earth but everywhere, micro to macro.

Search, find, try to find the answer or not. That too is a way to view life. Don't search, don't try and find an answer, just be. Who am I to say that's not the way to go, maybe there isn't anything other than what there is at this moment in time if there is time. Maybe everything is just moment by moment, nothing past, nothing future, nothing that sends you on your merry way daily, maybe days don't really exist. Maybe everything you think is real isn't.

What if things aren't what they have been told to you, maybe all the stuff we learned isn't true at all. What if it was just made up to keep you from whatever. Maybe there were people who want to control others, perhaps there is a deep state and maybe the world isn't really a real world but a computer hologram. It can boggle the mind, it can make you swim in chaos, is that what life is, chaos?

Things that happen, just happen, not program, not even a hint of structure. Maybe it's all just random bits of nothing making up other random bits of nothing to end in nothing but nothing. Maybe nothing ever was created, maybe everything isn't what we think it is, maybe it's all a lie, fake, made up in a computer. Maybe that theory is true, maybe we don't exist at all.

Are we human or are we alien? Are we both, can an alien species materialize out of a dimension and transfer themselves into an Earth creature and make up that being as two beings from two different worlds, like in my case. When I was a child I saw a something materialize and disappear and wasn't the same since. Did that happen to me or did I make it up or was it a dream, I asked my mother if it was

real, she said I saw the spaceship, but am I really remembering that correctly, I can't ask her, she died as did all of my immediate family. Where are they, where did they go, do I contact them in dreams? I dreamed of going to my house, no one was there. I'm on my own with all these questions, and would they or could they tell me the truth, I honestly don't think so'.

Finally this voiceover stopped its persistent gnawing at my brain, what the hell was that, and is it going to return. And what the fuck is it talking about Earth for, I've never been to Earth, this is some fucked up shit. It's fucking scary is what it is. I hope I'm not cracking up, is this space flight messing with my body, am I losing my mind?

"Jahn, will you please get this ship on track!" Tristan yells as we drift off course.

"Fine!" I yell back gaining control of the nav knob, turning it left, then right a smidge, just to set our original course into this unknown. The G forces diminished its affect on me, I can move again.

"Jahn, thank you." Tristan says with relief. "Where the hell were you?"

"I don't know, I've never been in a black hole before, someone could have told me all the shit that happens, like your mind fucking with you."

"Well, welcome to the jungle." Tristan says smiling, bringing me into the fold of the rest of the ship who have explored black holes before.

"It's pretty fucked up isn't it, Jahn?" Tristan says, "it affects us all one way or another."

"Yeah, that's pretty fucked up, really fucked up shit." I said gaining my repose.

Finally, now I feel like I'm one of the crew. I'm a part of something other than my old ugly self, and finally those nasty daydreams of ripping Mary Jane apart are over. I'm back to my normal sarcastic self again, and nobody has to know those evil thoughts I had or those strange thoughts of God or that historical planet.

Why was I thinking like that, I have to ask my crewmates what they go through when entering a black hole.

I have things to do, I have to gain control of the ship and head us on the right course and not wonder off in my insanity, at least until I can get us to our predefined destination.

Suddenly I was relaxing and getting the ship on course, I suddenly felt numb and my sight was dimming, all the structures around me were disintegrating, nothing was around, darkness enveloped me, I felt nothing but emptiness, floating in black, just a corner of a cube could I make out, there was a faint light in bars above my vision, but just a meter long, and only a few stretching across my view, then a few dots descending to another bar or two of cream coloured lights measuring a meter long to the side of my vision, was I in a cube? what happened to the ship? Where am I?

Where were the crew members, everything was gone, just my thoughts, were these thoughts mine?

The cube turned into a sphere, no lights, just darkness, only my thoughts were available. I felt a tugging on my lower body, like I was being sucked into a vat, it stopped, but I hear voices, was that Mary Jane?

Tristan and Mary Jane suddenly appeared to me, I was in my seat in the ship, everything was as it was, damn, I was happy that it was over, what a strange thing. Then suddenly it was dark again, no one around, was this the Singularity? Is this what being in a black hole is like?

## **Ascension into the Singularity**

Is this what being in a black hole is like? Is this what being in a black hole is like?

What the fuck!

Echoing in my mind or was it? My eye hurts. Damn this isn't what I expected or even wanted. I thought this would be just another jump in jump out sort of thing, this is totally different. I don't even know what is real anymore. Every thought, every dream, everything seems unreal or is it real?

I don't know anymore. It is what it is. Whatever is happening is what's happening now, and there's nothing I can do to stop it. I try so hard to find a way out of this quagmire.

Mary Jane appeared in front of me, the ship, Tristan, all were appearing before me once again, I was back home on the ship, finally out of that dark, eerie existence, back on board the Lost Haakon.

Tristan maintaining his authority even through the disruption of reality, Mary Jane, still calculating information and my hand still on the nav knob, amazing we were all intact and sane. The 3Stevs were also continuing with their separate chores of maintaining the ships structural integrity. We were only in the Singularity for only a moment

or so it seemed. In reality, if there is still a reality, we were in Singularity for a week.

Tristan stood on his command perch, "I have an announcement."

We all waited for what seemed an hour for his next comment.

"We're going back into the Singularity once more, this time for even longer."

Oh my god, really? I don't know how much more of this I can take. Both mentally and physically, I'm not a young man anymore, this strain on my system is ripping me apart, but I won't say anything, not a peep. I'll do as commanded, I am an astronaut after all. Ready to die if need be for my crew and ship.

The Lost Haakon spun around thanks to my turning of the knob 360 to head back into the Singularity one more time. I took a deep breath and Mary Jane looked at me and smiled, "It'll be okay, I promise." she said leaning back into her chair for the coming squash and stretch. In a moment our ship was back to being pulled apart and twisted inside out, just like before, and this time it was to be even longer, god help us all.

The shift came quickly, there were more blackouts, more flipping inside out, more of the same, and I really thought that it wasn't as bad as before, I think I might become accustomed to this rigmarole.

After what seemed an hour or two in real time, the shifting started to subside, reality started to replace the craziness of black hole transition and everything started to calm down to the stillness of the Singularity, the eye of the storm, the oasis of the black hole, I was starting to enjoy the state of being we were in. The more I go through this the easier it's

becoming, sometimes, even the stretching and squishing wasn't as uncomfortable as before.

Blackness once again enveloped me, the crew, the ship, gone once again.

Here I was in the stillness of the black hole, the oasis, alone struggling to make sense of it all, struggling to keep my body from changing into god knows what, but it was not as bad as the other times.

I lie there or stood there, is there a difference at this point. Looking deep into nothingness, but then an image was appearing, a cube, box, something other than blackness, a form of some kind, there was something forming in front of me or around me, does it make any difference at this point.

The cube formed I could see three dimensions, only three, I was afraid there might be more dimensions than I was used to, and maybe there were, but I couldn't see them, and I didn't really want to.

At the end of the cube or inside the cube, I saw a wall and that wall extended further back making another wall; still maintaining the same cube structure on all sides, like a vortex opening up and descending further back; and still more cubes formed, more vortex walls were created looking into infinity.

A peaceful feeling enveloped me, I was maintaining some form of form and not changing with every moment into a squish and squash, but a solid. Well not exactly a solid, but a solid state of being, which was peaceful.

The voice narrative came through again, not my voice but another voice explaining what was happening or what will happen or what did happen, does it really matter.

'This vortex cube that you see is life, all of life from beginning to end, there really isn't a beginning or an end, just these vortex's extending past, present and future, all is what is.

You mean absolutely nothing to it at all, just one of the many things that occupy this vortex of extended cubes that form the universes. Nothing really matters, your life doesn't matter, the sun, earth, moon, stars, nothing matters, nothing makes up anything; but it does make up everything, all is what is. It is what it is and nothing more or less.'

The voice kept saying that over and over again 'it is what it is' constantly reminding me not to freak out about anything, worry about anything, basically feel anything about anything, because I had no control over anything, and at this point, no control over how long this narrative was to continue.

Being in the Singularity was starting to get really boring, sure it's nice to know all of everything mankind has been trying to find an answer to since it was formed long ago, but now being in the all knowing vortex with the narrative telling all the secrets of the universe was quite frankly, boring me.

I really wanted to be back on the ship with my crew, especially Mary Jane, I liked looking at her, I liked being next to her, and I know I sound like a old man lech, but maybe I like being a simple entity crawling on all fours or a primordial slithering worm.

But here I was alone in the vortex listening to a lecture on the origins of the universe, trapped by this pull from the center of the black hole.

I couldn't believe this black hole had held the secrets of the universe, perhaps, this is why they were calling it the end all be all of black holes.

I kind of understand now why we were sent here to explore it. Maybe when and if we get back to reality we can share our data with the universe as we know it. But right now I was bored to tears, if tears exist where I am. Maybe tears isn't the word I'm looking for, perhaps the word is tears, tears in the universe opening up its secrets to me. Was I the only one receiving this information, was the 3Stevs also included with this great knowledge of the universe, was Tristan, Mary Jane receiving this data, was the ships sensors and computers taking all this information into its chips for extraction at a later time period. I don't know, but being here is boring and I really wanted to get back to my reality, I really wanted to ask the others if they were receiving this information also.

But time was irrelevant, non-existent, there was no time, it just was.

I fantasied about being on Earth, lying in the sun naked at the Borrego Valley Inn, just soaking up the sun. Drinking a few beers, watching the naked girls by the pool and glimpsing a few road runners dash across the Inn's central square. There's that cube thing happening again, changing my thoughts about where I was for a moment, taking me away from my nice day in the sun to my present location.

Suddenly the narrative stopped talking about the origins, I was happy for that, although, I kind of lost interest and stopped listening to what was being told to me long ago. Hopefully, my subconscious would



remember what I was told. The scientists on JR4 would be able to extract the information if by chance the rest of the crew wasn't receiving the same cumulative information I was, it would be sad if this information was lost due to my distracted mind.

The vortex cube was now singing, the voice narrator was done explaining the origins and now singing. I really don't know why singing would be happening, was I in heaven and the angels were all singing praises to God?

The singing I realized was high and low frequencies being sent from the center of the vortex cubes deep down the line. I couldn't see its beginnings, they thrusted towards me very quickly over powering my hearing and causing some pain receptors in my inner ear to ache. Wow, a feeling, a physical feeling was happening, that was new.

The sound continued as the cube vortex started to change from a cube to twisting its walls to the left making a spiral image appear like the cube was changing shape to be a twisted screw-like object. I felt a tug on my being force me into the center of this spiral. I rapidly descended into the spiral, sound deafening, pain encompassing all my being, as if my "spiritual existence" was again taking form with my physical being I was born with, which if I'm in deep space and in a black hole, wasn't exactly a good idea, I could die of the elements and lack of oxygen if I was indeed being formed back into my earth shape and being.

I didn't like the idea of this, but fuck, I'm not in charge of anything.

The speed and sound slowed and lowered where I was not in any pain anymore, my transitioning into my physical self also stopped forming and I was able to relax in my black hole state of being once more, free

from pain of any kind. The movement kept going, the sound more regulated and my tugging was becoming more comfortable.

It was actually quite pleasing of a feeling transcending into the spiral vortex. I could see or sense images passing me through the descension.

My guess was the images must be other spaces, dimensions, realities, universes, time, space, whatever...just a guess really, no one was giving me a narrative about what was happening, I had to make this shit up myself. The descension was again timeless, but even in a timeless state of being was taking some time, I did sense that, I mean, just because time doesn't exist, doesn't mean time doesn't exist. I still feel the sense of time happening.

After what seemed like a decade it ended, slowed, my feeling of descending was slowly coming to an end, the singing faded as the sense of movement ended. I was again in a stationary state, all quiet, all black.

The spiral shape ceased into a faded blackness once again.

Limbo.

## **Primordial Resurrection**

Limbo is just a state of mind.

I opened my eyes, looked to my right, there was Mary Jane sitting next to me at her station. Tristan was again leading the way of our ship.

I was back on board and so happy to have come out of that black hole intact once more.

This time was longer than the others and Tristan was still accurate about that fact, these guys really do know their shit. I don't know why I even questioned their expertise, I was just a novice space traveler not a seasoned space voyager.

I looked around the spacecraft happy to be home again with my friends and not alone in the great unknown, when suddenly I blinked, and I was back in the Singularity.

Gut wrenching rage came over me, I was back alone in nothingness, just when I thought everything was normal, back to this loneliness and as I floated in this timeless space my anger subsided and I suddenly felt relaxed, more relaxed than usual, I've never actually felt relaxed very much normally, but now, I was.

The anger subsided and my feeling of loneliness ended. Orbiting the Singularity was feeling like home, I was angry that I lost my friends, my ship, but here I was feeling like I was home again.

I didn't even think about when I was going to be back on the ship again, if I even was going to be back, maybe this time I may never return, I do know that orbiting this timeless object I was still outside looking in. If I concentrate hard enough, maybe I could break through the barrier of the Singularity and actually penetrate its interior and perhaps gain more knowledge of everything.

My concentration was limited and I still found myself outside the Singularities Core, it was a bit frustrating, but the relaxation was completely enveloping me enough that I didn't care if I entered or not, I was just happy to be where I was.

Suddenly I felt different, I gave up on concentrating entering the Core and felt like I entered, I gave up trying and suddenly there I was inside, it wasn't a visual thing, more of my senses were heightened and like I even had more than the five senses of humanity.

The Singularity Core was even more than I expected, but my expectations were always pretty low, but this was beyond anything I ever thought.

Suddenly I felt a surge of adrenaline in my brain, and suddenly I felt depressed, sad and suicidal, I hate this, I hate where I am, I hate this, I hate this, that's all that I thought, how much I hated being in the Core, alone and far from everyone and everything that I thought was making me complete as a man, a human, a soul, but as time was passing; my life expectancy was starting to vanish from my mindset, and I just wanted to let it all go and become nothing and drift off into the eternal bliss of nothingness and let it all go.

I always had these thoughts, but now, alone in the Core of the Singularity I was even more alone than I ever was while I was in a physical being, now I'm in a unknown realm of existence, not knowing what was real what was not real or was all this real and I just was too stupid to understand what was happening to me.

I just drifted here as a split entity, I wasn't human anymore and as the time floated endlessly around me I realised, that my life was over as I knew it, I had that feeling before, but now I realised that what I thought was my life was now over forever.

I was lost in the realm of the Core and whatever split I was in was going to be permanent, I knew it, I wasn't going to return to the Lost Haakon, I wasn't going to see Tristan or Mary Jane or the 3Stevs again.

I don't know how I knew this but I knew it deep down that returning to the ship and being aboard with my crewmates was never going to happen again. Call it intuition, or ESP, my mind or what was left of it was telling me that I was at a point of no return and that my life as I knew was over and now I had to adjust to this new way of "living".

Here I was split in the eternal bliss of existence just floating endlessly in nothing forever.

Talk about bored, I was now living in a boredom that made my past boredom like a party with strippers with heavy doses of LSD and cocaine.

I was now faced with nothing.

Nothing was in front of me, nothing behind, nothing on the sides, 3 dimensional was gone to multiple dimensions of viewing life from every aspect of the universe, and it was boring as shit to me.

I don't appreciate anything, that was a thought that kept creeping in my "head". I knew that this was a new thing for humans and yet I didn't appreciate it, so why was this vision of life given to me a cynic, lost soul without a clear thought of wisdom was given the opportunity of viewing this first hand, and yet I knew that my experience wouldn't be spread to humanity, it would be lost only to me.

Life was a joke and I was the participant without a hint of humor. I was taken here by circumstances beyond my control. Given the vision of the

universe by being a navigator on a research ship and now I had this overwhelming responsibility to give it back to the world, if I could ever return to my world.

This wasn't going to be a task that I would complete I don't know where I got the idea that any of this would be returned to the universe as I knew it.

Nothing.

Nothing happened as I kept thinking about this bullshit, nothing was happening to me. Nothing was the thing I was living. Nothing and more nothing and even more nothing was showing up in front of me.

My last thought was this sucks, then I lost any attempt at reality.

It was over, I was just waiting for what was next. But nothing was next.

I waited years, centuries, eons, multiple eons, nothing happened.

Nothing was going on, nothing was happening, nothing was sensory, nothing was happening in my thoughts, nothing was happening forever.

I drifted in the Core forever, I felt it, every last minute, every last second, I could feel it all, every last moment was endless, and nothing, my boredom was an endless boredom and the loneliness away from humanity or any entity was making me so sad.

I couldn't kill myself, because I was already dead, I was alone without anyone, not even a God to cure my loneliness and sadness and I was struck with the idea of how in hell my life had become.

I was alone, I was without anything that would help bring life back into my emptiness, I was floating endlessly in the Core and the Core was not going anywhere, just a sphere spinning endlessly.

I thought being in the Singularity Core would open up worlds but there were no new worlds. I was very frustrated and angry that my vision of the universe wasn't living up to my standards.

Don't you love it here! Wow, a new thought entered my unbody. I felt a new feeling after God knows how many time spans.

Was it a turning point. Was I now entering a new era?

Was I now going to be given another opportunity at seeing something new and different or was it another delusion. I miss Mary Jane. I only wish I had given her more of my love and affection while I was human, but I lacked in expression and lost my opportunity multiple times and I was sad about that, but now a new feeling was overcoming me and I was feeling more alive than I had in God knows how much time.

Was I now ready to receive a new essence, a new vision of life?

Was I now going to see the future as I had envisioned it or was it another lost attempt on my part in viewing life as I wanted it to be.

It was.

I lost it all, lost my attempt at attempting to reinstate my life. My reboot was lost in a shitty attempt at rebootation. I was lost once again and I didn't have a clue when a new vision of life would happen.

Sad.

Lost.

Alone.

Depressed.

Alone.

Sad.

Lonely.

Nothing.

Lost in Nothing.

Lost in being lost is very frustrating and making me even more angry than I ever was before.

How the hell is this helping me in my quest for a new vision for humanity?

How is this going to benefit anyone, I can't even benefit myself.

"Please lord forgive my sins, please heal me physically, emotionally, creatively, spiritually, mentally, please come into my heart. Please help me with my relationships, please take me to heaven, please help me with my depression, my anxieties, my alcoholism, my fears, please help me, save me, love me."

This "prayer" repeated for centuries, it would repeat this until I got an answer from God.

Hello I love you won't you, when the music is over, turn out the lights.

Was my answer.

What?



Who?

What?

Until the end.

But, I'm already at the end, what the hell am I supposed to do now. Even God has given me a cryptic message from God Almighty, and me, a mere human, less human in my state now than I was, so how can I decrypt this message?

42 seems reasonable at this point.

Dave said Hey to me, I said Hey to him but I say Hey to everybody, how fucked up is that brah?

Dave Matthews, you know who I'm talkin' about.

Dave Matthews, that's so 21<sup>th</sup> Century, what the hell was that? I wasn't even born in the 21<sup>th</sup> Century or on Earth.

Was my life changing? Was I gaining some form of essence?

Was I now entering another realm of existence? Was I now being REBORN on Earth?

Was I now going to be given a second, third, fourth chance at living in the real world and not this muck of an essence in nothingness?

My vision was clearing, I was entering a new era of existence.

I was being born again, and I liked it.

I was given an opportunity to change my life again, not the emptiness I had in the previous one I experienced.

I was feeling a tug from the unknown emptiness of the Core and suddenly felt something trying to tug at my life.

I viewed an opening at the end of the Core of nothingness and surged through the opening at the end.

I entered the light that was surrounding the darkness.

I entered into an unknown world.

I was now in the mist of a new existence. I was now a newborn in a world I never saw before.

## **Primordial Rebirth**

Before I could breathe my first breath I felt a sadness, I felt that the people around me weren't in my corner, they were just mere pawns in the world that surrounded them, a world I was unfamiliar with, a world of unknown thoughts and realities.

I felt a sadness, when my own parents didn't recognised me. I felt abandoned once again.

This is starting over again, not the way I want it, but the way that is it always seems to happen, another life of emptiness and loneliness is ahead for me, what the fuck!

First five minutes into this life, my "parents" had no clue who I was, they didn't even know I was their child.

I thought, what the fuck am I now supposed to do?

They continued to abuse me both physically and emotionally, but that's the way it is always, another life of emptiness, loneliness and trying to figure out what the fuck I'm supposed to do. Too Much!

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith, here is your newborn baby." The doctor told my parents.

"Oh no, that's not our baby." They both said to the doctor.

"But he is." He reinstated to them.

They reluctantly agreed and were given me to return to their home.

The home where earlier in my mothers pregnancy they attempted to abort the fetus, me. How did I come upon this knowledge, my mother shared this wonderful part of her life to get me to love her more, because she didn't want to abort me, only she loved me, she said.

But if you love me why did you try to abort me, because someone told you so and you just attempted it anyway was my betrayal thought after learning of this episode in my life.

Once again, I remembered my past life on Jason Richter 4, going through something similar yet different.

Once again I was forced to live an endless life of betrayal and loneliness, now on a far off planet in a far off galaxy billions of light years from my own home.

Arf she said...Oh my God, I've gone insane!

How many references of oblique origin and fucking bullshit can I be living?

How much of this bullshit can I take and still be able to think as a rational man?

How many parallelisms can be forced upon a society bore in complete bullshit and oh my God I just entered the 21<sup>st</sup> Century and started to embrace it as my own century, I forgot the past or the future in my case.

I was now bound to living this life as my own, as my existence, as the new me, and I wasn't happy about it, even though, I was a child of 24 hours old on a planet that was so foreign to me that anything and everything was going to be one of the hardest experience I would ever encounter.

"We'll call him Michael." my mother said to my father.

"Michael, why not Ronald?" my father asked.

Just then the phone rang and my father's brother Curtis was on the line saying, "don't call him Ronald, my son is called Ronald, call him something other than that!"

So they called me Michael Smith. I had a name, I had a existence on Earth in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, living as a young child to Mr. and Mrs. Smith in the country of the United States.

Georgia was the state, western Georgia precisely, a small dead town in the country of small dead towns on Earth. My life was now completely uphinged and insane. I missed my old life on the Lost Haakon with my fellow crewmates, I missed my chance of proving the existence of unknown life and finding proof of the existence of a God.

No, I was here starting over again in a world so foreign to me that I just let things happen as they might. I was not happy about that outcome, but what else could I do?

I was thrust into a world that would make my life a living hell, unlike the one I just left billions of years before.

I would let the waves of time wash upon my body and mind and soul and let it be as it would be. I was again thrown into a life of experience that would make me stronger or make me long for death. It was the ever ending loop of existence that I seem to always bounce into, I could never get pass this realm of never ending lost and loneliness that once again occupied my existence.

I settled.

I was living a new life on the planet Earth, 2055, oh my God, what was happening to me, I was lost in a new world far from my own, but here I was day by day living a new child-like existence. The first five years was okay, except for a broken wrist, which I can't explain, how can a child of less than a year old run across a floor and slam into a door and break their wrist, explain that to me.

But such is life as I knew it, although, my life was unspectacular at that point little did I know the next phase was the most unforgiveable and unforgettable in my entire life on Earth at that point.

My father and mother gave me the best life possible from living with my grandmother, I was tossed from a well nurturing family to the most abusive life I could ever encounter.

I left a well formatted life of normalcy into a hell of depravity, humility and injustice.

First year out of the sanctity of normalcy was thrust into a place of nudity and anger and passive aggressiveness.

Then my friend of less than a year made me put my mouth on his dick and he mine, just to be a friend? Never had this happened even with my friend Bonnie Kaye who asked neighbors to put plastic bags on their heads to suffocate them.

Just the start of all the torment that was to happen over the next twelve years enough to cause a severe case of suicidal tendencies that would last a lifetime, but what the heck this was my new life and how much I longed for the life of being in a Core of a black hole was much more satisfying than this, but what the hell, such is life.

Eight years old playing with the dick sucking friend, I saw the Lost Haakon in the sky for a moment, then passing quickly in the sky it appeared again and then vanished. I thought, oh my God, it came for me and entered my human body and would help me release myself from this hell on Earth, but alas, it didn't happen.

I was lost on Earth for thirty more years until I saw the vision again in the skies over the Arizona desert city of Apache Junction just outside of Gold Canyon, my spacecraft appeared again and I was once again transported on my ship with my crewmates, thank God I got off that decrepit planet and back to my own time and space.

I was once again outside the black hole and the Singularity Core. I was back where I belonged and not in that hellhole called Earth.

My friends were back. my life as I knew it was, and fuck if I was ever going back to that hellhole called Earth again.

## **Defenestrate Abdication**

I blinked, it was all gone, all my friends aboard the ship, I was once again back in the Singularity Core.

I didn't see, feel or have a body, I grabbed for my dick, it wasn't there, I always grab for my dick to comfort myself, my awareness nodule. Nothing but empty black space. No thought of brains or matter, organic or thought transference, just empty black space, endless for an undetermined time.

I did feel my presence, just a portion of thought that let me know I was "alive".

I floated again for hundreds of billions of years flirting through different lifetimes and dimensions, entering new worlds, living lives of beings I soon would forget and who would soon forget me. Nothing but this empty endless being jumping from one port to another, for no apparent reason except, just because. The boredom was constant, the point of being meaningless, but I still travelled through time and space.

I was aware of when the life ended on a planet, but never fully remembered the details since they all seemed to vanish in the haze.

I travelled through vortexes that were identical and different at the same time, causing me to think I never really left where I was at a given moment in time, and my life was just a string of moments in time after all this plunging and mucking about. It seemed my existence was just mucking about for eternity with no real direction or purpose.

Was this truly life?

Mucking about without purpose or reason? Was I trying to make something more out of my life than it truly was? I had questions, and no one to answer them. I was adrift again as soon as I pondered on this concept only to have the concept ripped from my thoughts after diving into another beings thoughts and living another life on another time and space for no reason. But I continued to still function with a bit of my old self still intact, only to have it disappear after another jump into another life.

This black hole thing was never going to let me go, I wasn't ever going to get back to my time and space, I really thought I'd have a chance to regain myself with my friends again, but I really don't think that's ever going to happen again, it's been too long this time, there's no way I can reconnect to my old self after this much time has passed.

Another life I penetrated, a young being from an unknown galaxy light years from any I ever entered before. My whole being squashed and stretched in new directions, I could feel the pull from the Singularity even more than ever before, was this a new phenomena for me or just the usual bullshit I've been encountering, I was actually a little bit excited about this one, could I actually be excited about something?

The pull was long and hard, I could feel my being being stretched beyond its limits, but it felt good, I liked the feel of it, the long stretch into another new world was pleasing, and I was conscious to all the nuances of the procedure, more than any other in billions of years.



I waited for the rebirth to begin, but it didn't happen, there was no birth canal, no spanking of the bottom of life, no entry procedure at all, I was just there.

I awoke from my non-dream world, I was awake at the start, just a blink of an eye to a new rebirth without birthing. I liked it.

I stood, stood on a new planet unlike others I ever saw before, I stood alone and without anyone else around for my arrival. It was different, weird, and unsettling, but pleasing and I liked it. I kept saying how much I liked it to myself. I actually had a self again, someone I knew, almost as much as, Jahn.

I looked out at the sky of red-yellow hue of clouds and suns, purple tainted sharp mountains thrust up from blue rivers and pink oceans below.

This was my new world, this was my new existence, this was my new life. I felt I could do anything here. I started out here alive, fully grown and no one around, I lifted up my right arm and trails of red light and blue particles drifted off my arm, amazing, I flicked my fingers and brightly colored masses of green and orange emerged and flickered away in a drifting haze of dust. It was magical this new world I entered, magical and the possibilities were endless. I was free, any thought I had could become reality. Any wish, any form of matter would be materialized and made real. I thought of Mary Jane, she appeared, not as Mary Jane from my time and space, but Mary Jane as I envisioned her, my perfect woman, perfectly made by me for me. I entered a world of my own design. This never happened before, ever in my entire life spans, never had I encountered a world of make believe. I liked it!

The black hole was my soul.

Maybe the next life will be better.

Reality isn't what I thought it would be, I wish I could change it, make it the way I want, but I know that I can't, reality is always going to be reality, ain't nothing I can do to change it, oh my God, I'm repeating myself to myself, I'm in a loop of loop of insanity...

I can't ... I won't change my way of thinking, no I can't change my way of thinking, no matter how long I live, I keep going back to the same damn life span thought, shit!

No...I won't let "it" win, I won't have it invade my thoughts, I'm here on this planet, MY planet, I can make it what I want, I'm not going to let my mind take over my thoughts anymore, I'm going to concentrate and make my life the way I want. I won't let my mind steer me into the blackness of my empty demon invested gates of hell. Those demons won't invade my mind, I'm going to keep them out, make my own way of living, a nice harmonious way of living, klattu where are you?

Concentrate...mind over matter, Mary Jane, Mary Jane materialize before me, be the woman I envision, be mine tonight...what am I saying, what am I thinking, I have to concentrate, make this more possible. I'm just fucking around with this shit, I ain't making anything happen at all, just fucking around with this shit, oh fuck, looping again, envisioning a new life isn't as easy as I thought it would be.

I need to stop and think, I need to really think about what is going on here, I just can't make shit up, I have to concentrate, concentrate, concentrate until I figure this shit out, I have to concen..fuck. looping again.

Stop. Breathe. Think! God damn it, THINK ,motherfucker!

Deep breath.

Deep breath...

Breathe...what do I want? What do I really want?

I need to think about this.

This is my planet, my life, I can make whatever I want to happen, anything I envision will be mine. Just stop and think and create that's all I have to do.

I can't ... I really can't ... I can't make the life I want to happen, I can't create this new world, I don't have the balls to do it, I don't have the brains to make it happen, I can't create the perfect world, I'm incapable. I don't have the ...

Back on the ship I was, Mary Jane, Tristan, the 3Stevs, we were all together once more, I was back at my post, the master astrogator.

Finally a place I was use to the whole concept of creating new worlds was beyond my realm of experience, I couldn't do it, and yet I remembered the whole thing like it was a minute ago, wait...it was a minute ago, and now back on the ship, crew intact, my life intact, all is as it should be, all those years, eons, gone, like nothing ever happened.

I was aboard my ship with my friends again, outside the black hole. How was that possible. Like we didn't even enter it yet. Was it all a dream? Was my thoughts of the last billion years just a second of a mind fuck?

“Mary” I said her name. I was like in a trance, just going through the motions of living.

“Yes, Jahn.” I heard her reply.

“Have we entered the black hole yet?” I asked, again just mouthing the words not really hearing them or feeling them.

“No Jahn, we’re still kilometers away, why do you ask?”

“Because I feel like we’ve already been there.” I said, trying to get back to reality.

Mary Jane laughed, “Oh Jahn, you’re such a jokester.”

“I’m not joking.” I insisted.

“We’re still clicks out; read your panel.” Mary Jane looked puzzled, “What’s wrong with you, do you need to see medical?”

“No, not medical, I’m just ... maybe it’s the pull of the black hole, the gravity hitting me at my old age.” I said, trying to change the subject and not continue with this conversation.

“Maybe I’m just thirsty, I could use a drink.”

“Yeah, a good stiff one.” Mary said back at me, turning back in her chair to her control panel.

“Jahn, just concentrate on your duties and get us into the hole without destroying the ship, okay.”

I nodded in agreement. “Sorry, just space jitters I guess.” I replied to her as I settled in my chair and stared at my readouts.

She nodded and went back to programming our new route and sending the new coordinates to my panel, which I promptly entered.

We'd be in the hole in exactly ten hours, twenty nine minutes, enough time for some sleep, I seem to be needing it very much from the way I was reacting to everything around me.

. . .

Time span

Time trace

Time lost

Time assembled

Time reformatted

Time fragmented

Time without lineage, formatted disrupted and reconstructed, deconstructed and re-entered as normal.

We entered the Event Horizon twenty one minutes ago and counting. The count went in reverse once we entered the Event Horizon, time slowed down, what would look like minutes slowed to days from the outside looking in. Our ship maintained structure as developed and all systems were normal. With time on our hands, we had time to just sit back and relax for a few weeks if not months as we drifted towards the Singularity.

Captain Olsen, with the insistence of Mary Jane had me schedule a few psychological sessions with Dr. Lindsey Conners. My trance-like black out on my post was giving my shipmates concern. Dr. Conners would scan my neural pathways looking for bits and pieces of memory to reconstruct my memories, and process that into a algorithm to go over with me about what happened on the Bridge before we entered the Event Horizon. The trance-like state and video of my actions weren't normal at this distance from the black hole and finding the reason to rectify my further behavior was warranted. Even though I thought I was fine, it would be nice to have a checkup to make sure I react like my fellow crewmates.

Dr. Conners told me it would take a few hours to compose my analysis and get back to me. She suggested I'd return to my station and she'd call me with the evaluation. I stopped off at the Mess Hall before heading back for a sugar snack to get my feelings back in sync. Sugar is always a good morale booster, at least that's my professional opinion.

"Hey Jahn, good to have you back." Tristan said upon my arrival to the Bridge.

"Yeah, good to have you back." Mary Jane said smiling and grabbing my arm as I sat next to her. It was nice to be back home on board the ship and not lost in space. I finally felt at peace with the whole black hole schizoid shit.

As I sat in my comfy chair and looked at the viewing monitor of deep space up to the void of the black hole and wondered if I was indeed insane. My thoughts were moving like a speed demon on crack thinking all scenarios of what would be the matter with me.

Was I just being me after all or was I somehow being forced into something I wasn't before the transition to the upcoming black hole. Only the Doc could tell me in a few hours. In the meantime, I might as well sit back and relax. Maybe gazed over at Mary Jane and fantasize about her as usual. So nice to be back to normal. I sat back and doze off to sleep. My head bobbed and I awoke from my light nap and looked over at Mary, she was still working on her console and not noticing anything around her, especially me. I smiled at the fact I could quickly glance her way without detection. Knowing I could think obscene things about her as I secretly stared at her, the perfect setup for a pervert like me. She quickly glanced my way and caught my eye, oops, she saw me, look away Jahn, quickly don't let her see you.

"Jahn" she said, "you need something?" she asked me knowing full well I was perving her. She smiled, flicked her hair and pouting her lips playing with my desires for her. She smiled and winked and went back to work. Damn that girl could fuck with me, that's okay, any signs of affection fake or playful was fine with me. Like I said, it's good to be home. I looked at my console, all my readings were correct, just waiting for further instructions from Tristan or Mary Jane. I knew what I was doing, I really didn't need any instructions but protocol is protocol. About an hour flew by as I watched the screen of space when I got the call from Dr. Connors to come to Sick Bay and receive my diagnosis. I was anticipating the news, it would be nice to know what was causing my insanity once and for all.

"I just got a call to see the Doc." I told Tristan while getting up from my chair. "It's okay to go see her, you don't need me on the Bridge do you?" I asked out of respect.

"No problem Jahn," Tristan assured me, "we can handle any developments if need be." With that, I made my way out of the Bridge to Sick Bay to see what the doctors analysis was on my "condition". I made my way through the corridors pass Engineering where the 3Stevs were working feverishly as usual. They saw me and nodded in acknowledgment and smiled. Well, if the 3Stevs are on my side I'm in good hands. The Sick Bay door slide open, Dr. Connors was sitting next to her computer workstation and smiled.

"Jahn, please come in." she said gesturing to a chair beside her, "please sit, relax, it's all good." she said reassuring me. I must have looked very pensive in my entering of Sick Bay.

"We have conclusions to your medical analysis and it's not as bad as we thought. You have Bipolar tendencies with Dissociative Identity Disorder and Severe Depression." she said smiling.

"The good news is, this all happened while you got closer to the black hole, you didn't have these tendencies when you left JR4."

"So, what does this all mean then?" I asked.

"Well," she hesitated for a moment to reflect on answering, "you developed these anomalies after getting close to the black hole, it could be because of your age or because they were hidden DNA tendencies that our prior evaluations weren't privy too, but it's all adjustable with pharmaceuticals and we can work on settling your reactions appropriately."

"Well, that's good then." I said feeling a little bit better but still not fully understanding what she was saying.



"We'll see what happens in the next few weeks with the medications I'll prescribe. But you should be capable to maintain your present position on the ship and do your duties without any problems."

"Cool, can I still keep drinking my usual load of alcohol?" I seriously was asking, space travel isn't easy without the help of alcohol, everybody knows that.

"Yes, well, extreme drinking is frowned upon, you have to have some sort of deterrent to continue at maximum levels and with the drugs I'm prescribing the balance of scripts and alcohol have to be suitable for maintaining functionality."

"So, no drinking?" I asked.

"At this time, yes, limited amounts, if any at all is the best prescription." she continued while handing me a vial of drugs. "Take appropriate amounts as described on the label."

"Sure Doc, I'll try and avoid mass consumption of alcohol with these meds, promise." I told her snatching the drugs from her hand.

Hey, I don't mind taking drugs, if they help, hell, if they don't help, drugs are fine with me, and so are drugs with alcohol fine with me too. But then before leaving Sick Bay, I had to ask about the Multiple Personality stuff.

"But doc, what's up with the Identity Disorder stuff?" I asked.

"Yeah, that's something of a concern for me." she relinquished, "that does concern me the most, Depression, I can understand and being Bipolar is okay too, but Dissociative Identity Disorder, well that needs more looking into." she said punching her keyboard.

"What is Dissociative Identity Disorder anyways?" I seriously was asking, I never heard of what that was or what that entailed. I didn't feel like I was really crazy, crazy, yeah, I felt crazy, but CRAZY, no, not me.

"A disorder characterized by the presence of two or more distinct personality states. Dissociative Identity Disorder, previously called Multiple Personality Disorder, is usually a reaction to trauma as a way to help a person avoid bad memories. Dissociative Identity Disorder is characterized by the presence of two or more distinct personality identities. Each may have a unique name, personal history, and characteristics. Treatment is talk therapy." she smiled, and continued to say, "you can come here any time and talk about anything you want, I have an open door."

"So, a while back I was having these weird thoughts or feelings as we entered the black hole." I confided to her.

"But we haven't entered the black hole until recently." she looked concerned, "what time are you talking about?"

"I seemed to have been in the hole already and experienced a multiple lifetime episodes and thought I was going crazy, because I kept coming back to the ship but also being in different lives." I confided to her, knowing she might understand what I was talking about. She looked at me, I could see her eyes were searching for an answer to my query.

"I'm really concerned now, from what you are telling me." she confided. "I think we might have to do more than just talk and do drugs, you seem to be having a strange set of symptoms I'm not familiar with."

"Um, I think I might be sorry about bringing this up." I stated.

"Oh, don't be, it's okay, we can work with it, I just need some time to figure all this out." she continued, "I don't have a problem with you being as you are, but there are some things I need to research and get back to you, but we have time, lots of time and I'm sure I'll come up with a very good conclusion to your problem."

Great, I have a problem, I thought I was okay, well, I didn't, but I thought I was just going through some black hole shit, now, I'm not so sure, now, I'm thinking I might be full on batshit fucking crazy. I don't want to be fucking batshit crazy, I just want to be a cranky old man, I'm too old to be fucking batshit coo-coo. I mean I'm fucking a million miles from home, I was okay when we started out, even the doc said so, so why now am I fucking crazy. I'm not crazy, I'm going to have to keep telling myself that, just like those old loopy days I had in the Core. Was I even in the Core after all, now that was my question to myself, did I even enter the black hole back in the time I thought or was I just fucking crazy.

And if I am crazy, am I able to continue being on the ship as an asset or should Tristan relinquish my duties and quarantine me in my quarters until we return back to JR4?

Am I safe to be on the ship? Am I able to be put in my quarters or should I be put in the Brigantine?

"I can see you're concerned Jahn." Dr. Conners said touching my knee. "You'll be alright, we'll work this out, don't worry, it's all good." She smiled and handed me a pill, "Take this for now, it should calm you down."

I grabbed the pill and swallowed it and relaxed, if anything the idea of taking a pill soothed me. I relaxed my mind and my body, I took a deep breath and calmed down. I wasn't going to let my crazy mind take over my whole existence.

"You'll be okay, I promise." she assured me. "I suggest you go to the Bridge and tell Captain Olsen the prognosis."

"Won't he be upset that I'm fucking crazy?" I asked.

"He'll understand, he's been in space for a long time, and has been in black holes before, he knows all too well what space travel does to people. This is nothing new to him, he's seen it all, believe me, so have I." she smiled and whisked me out of Sick Bay. "Come back if you have a panic attack or anything else that discomforts you, I'm always here."

Well, there you go, I'm fine, crazy, fucked up, nuts, but fine. Typical quack technology, just say you're fine and move along, whatever.

Before heading back to the Bridge and continue my awesome astro-nav skills, I thought I'd take a few minutes to go to my quarters and take a shit. This pill, relaxed me so much, that I wanted to take a big long shit. All the shit that was clogging up my mind was now taking on a physical form of a half round big brown turd in my toilet. Finally, when I turned and looked in the basin, there it was, my long awaited shit, so much shit, I had to evac it two times to freeze dry it into space.

But the funny thing is, while sitting on the toilet, a fascinating thought few by, everything seemed like it was eking out in all dimensions; some fractal golden means ratio symmetry. I thought it as a fractal multi-universe symmetry theory, that all things were extruding this multiple fractal image from every atom in the universe. Very interesting theory,

if I do say so myself, being it's my theory after all; drugs, such a marvelous invention.

Also before heading back to work, I thought I might just jerk off for that extra push of being normal again. I stripped off my gear, laid on my bed and started to slowly caressed my dick. Stroked it up and down with my fingers and placed my thumb under and my fingers over it and tugged on it until it got so hard it stood up by itself from my belly. After a few minutes of tugging and stroking it sprewed my gunk over my stomach. I rubbed my hand all around my stomach until it was embedded in my skin; rose up and rinsed off both my belly and hands to get back to work. So far, this was turning out to be a good day. I only wished, Mary Jane was here to take my junk in her mouth and let my spooge drip out of her mouth onto me after I came, that would be the perfect day I was dreaming about.

The ship was still heading 0.001 towards the black hole, and Mary Jane was still looking longingly at Tristan, funny, I never had seen this interaction between the two of them before. I always thought the relationship on the ship was always a professional one. And suddenly, under the influence of this new drug, I saw the two of them in a new light. They were a couple...wow, I did not see that, I always thought I had a chance with her, but now I saw I was just a nothing in her view of relationships.

I suddenly realized, that I was just an old man on the ship to navigate everyone to the Core of the black hole and nothing more. I really need to spend more time with Dr. Connors and work out all this shit and a lot more.

I settled back into my big comfy nav chair and started to catch up on my readouts; with what I missed going to the doctors and taking a bit of extra time for myself. I had the coordinates all leveled out and everything was going well when Mary Jane came over to my station and touched my arm.

“When you get some time, come to my quarters.” She whispered in my ear so no one could hear.

“Sure.” I said turning my attention back to my work, I’m not going to give her the satisfaction of tempting me with her charms. But I was, I definitely would be at her quarters anytime she said, fuck, are you fucking kidding me, she’s a goddamn muthafucking fox. I ain’t letting that shit not happen. I sat there for my shift, not really doing anything, we’re just a few kilometers inside the Event Horizon. As if I’ve never seen this before, but what the hell, we’ll go through this over and over no matter what. I sat there and turned my nav bar to the left every once in a while. Tristan was happy just sitting at his Captains chair looking at the monitors of the upcoming event. Sometimes I could catch out of the corner of my eye, Tristan and Mary Jane capturing glances at each other. Why would she want me to come to her quarters when she and Tristan were so “together”. Oh well, I’ll find out once I actually go to her quarters and see what’s up.

My shift was over, so was Mary Jane’s, Tristan stayed on the Bridge for a few more hours, he liked to put in long days, what else are you really going to do, there’s nothing to do out here.

Mary Jane’s quarters were just down the corridor from mine, I went back to my quarters to brush my teeth and wash off my dick, just in case something happens to my liking. Which, probably wasn’t going to

happen, because every time I think shits gonna happen it doesn't. But, anyway, what the fuck, I'll give it a chance, ain't got nothing to lose. Anyways, I cleaned up and headed out the door to her quarters.

After walking the whole three meters to her quarters, I stood at the entrance and buzzed her door. A few seconds later, her door opened. She stood there in a very sexy black see-through short, breast revealing bit of nothing with a glass of wine in her hand. Her normal sized quarters were lit very romantically, but then again, this was the first time in her quarters, maybe this was her normal lighting. I made my way through the entrance and waited for instructions from her about what I should do next. I would be on my best behaviour, I don't want to mess this up. Whatever it is.

"Please, sit." Mary Jane motioned her hand towards a chair near a sofa.

"I want to talk to you about something." She said sitting on the sofa as I sat on the chair she offered.

"My relationship with Tristan," she said pouring a glass of wine for me.

She motioned the glass to me as an offering, which I accepted, to hell with the drugs I was on, I'll play with fire, just this one time.

"I want you to know, that the relationship with Tristan is just sex." She gave me my glass and poured some more wine in her glass before sipping again. "I want you to know that I'm really interested in you."

Whoa, I did not see that coming or did I, what do I know, I'm a fucking lunatic.

"I thought you'd like to know that I find you attractive." She continued.

“I want you to know, that even though Tristan and I have “relationships”, a lot; I want to have a relationship with you too.”

I smiled, well, that was different from what I thought was going to happen here, I thought she was going to talk shop or about her relationship with Tristan and leave me out on my own without her. But here she was offering herself to me. I’m not going to not take it, she was fucking gorgeous. Young, pretty, smart, and very sexy... I just started to get all gooey inside thinking about the prospects of doing some really nasty shit to her fucking tasty body. I’m old, not dead, and not too old to be a fucking delinquent at my sexual thoughts I had. Like licking her head to toe, literally, even her asshole, which I think was probably just as tasty as her pussy. Sucking on those big fun bags of tits, and just gnawing at her, munching and licking, and sucking, and licking some more, and nibbling.

“Jahn.” Mary Jane said. “Are you listening to me?” she asked. “Where were you, you dazed out for a second.”

“Huh...what?” I stuttered turning red.

“Where were you?” she asked.

“Oh, just thinking.” I answered blushing a bit more, well, blushing a lot. I could feel the heat coming off me from the embarrassing moment.

“Were you thinking about fucking me?” she asked smiling and sipping more of her wine.

“Ahhh, no, well ... yeah.” I confided.

“That’s cool, what were you thinking?” she asked edging closer to me.



“Well, actually, you don’t want to know, it’s really rather perverted.” I said gulping my wine.

“Oh I don’t know, try me.” She said egging me on to find out the nasty details.

“Well, honestly I was thinking about eating you from head to toe, and just devouring your body and blending our bodies together into a single mesh.”

“Wow, I knew I picked the right guy.” She stated. “Tristan’s nice, but he’s still young, not experienced like you and you might be a fun guy to play with.”

“Well, I am old and I have had some experiences as a young man, but as I got older my experiences got few and in-between. Mostly in-between, and I almost, if not, did forget a lot of stuff by being on my own for years.” I confided my sad life I led as a sad, lonely old man after the age of forty. Sexual experiences seem to have dried up as you gain age. But the lust was never lost, and the hope and dreams of having sex again was always present in my frontal lobe. I was a guy after all, and we just have pretty much one thing on the brain; getting laid, in all sorts of weird ways, and the older you get the more different ways get even more weirdly enhanced.

“Well.” Mary Jane said setting her glass down next to the sofa. “We should get at it.”

I was taken aback for a moment, you mean, now, I thought, nah, not now, I’m not ready, I’m too old, she’s too young, I’m not ready, I need more time to think about this. This isn’t what was supposed to happen, it was, but not really, just my fantasy about what was going to happen.

She was offering herself to me, she wanted me to fuck her, now ... and I wasn't ready. I needed more time to think about this.

"Jahn?" Mary Jane said, "you okay?"

"I don't know, are you asking me to fuck you now?" I asked gulping the rest of my wine.

"Look, Jahn, if you don't want me." She said flirtatiously drifting apart from me.

"Oh I do want you, I really do want you, so fucking much!" I said putting my empty glass on the coffee table next to my chair.

"Well then let's go." She said grabbing my hand and heading towards her bed. She shed the light see-through covering she was wearing and stood there naked.

"Come on Jahn, eat me." She said while lying on her bed legs spread dropping over the side.

Oh my God, I want her so bad, I stripped off all my clothes and basically jumped onto her and thrust her on the bed. This was everything I wanted and dreamed since day one on the ship. Here she was, mine for the taking, I was young again, I was hard again, I was longing to fuck the shit out of this bitch. Whoa ... that's a pretty nasty way of thinking. My upbringing started to seep into my lustful thinking, again.

I didn't mean that ... she wasn't just a piece of meat to devour, she was a human being, a person, a woman of integrity and intellect, not just a piece of ass to fuck. What was wrong with me, my dick went limp, my mind went blank, my thoughts were fucked and my lust was waning and my thoughts were of ... where's my meds.

I got off her body and started to gather my inner fucked up thoughts.

“What’s wrong Jahn?” she asked, “Why’d you stop?”

“Oh, I left my stove on.” I said, gathering up my mess and trying to put my clothes on. I was really messing up this situation, just like other situations, this is why I’m an old ugly lonely old man, my fucking mind, was fucking with me again, I was fucking this relationship up just like the others in my past. Fuck me! Fuck my life! I thought, I got to go, I have to go to my room and ... no I have to see Dr. Connors, I need to get some advice, I need to go to Sick Bay and see what the fuck was wrong with me. Here I was having the dream come true, and here I was fucking it all up again ... I’m such a loser!

“What the fuck are you doing Jahn?” Mary Jane said stopping me from leaving the room. “What the hell is a stove?” she asked bewildered.

I stopped my frantic episode and started to relax a little to grab a pill from my pocket from my jumpsuit and gulp it down to get more relaxed. I was just going crazy, I always do this, when things get really good, I find a way to fuck it up. I’m not doing this ... this time.

“You’re right, I’m going nuts, it’s been a long time since I’ve been with a woman and I’m not going about this very well. That’s what happens when you get old and you’re out on your own too long.”

I settled down and let Mary Jane comfort me more. She came over and sat next to me on the side of the bed and hugged me and drew her in closer to her and gave me a big loving hug.

“You don’t have to do anything more than what you want, you can go at your own pace, it’s okay.” She said kissing my unshaven cheek. “I’ve

always had a thing for older men, don't worry about that, men your age are so much more aware than younger ones, believe me." She said calming me down even more. "I just want you to be happy with whatever we do, I really do have feelings for you and not just sex."

"Thanks." I said, "I really needed that, I've been trying too hard to impress you and have you like me for the longest time." I confided to her.

"Thanks for letting me freak out." I said as I started to get back to being normal again. The two pills I took and the wine I drank made me feel a little sluggish, but at least I could still maintain a chubby to get the job done if needed. But with all the freaking out and the whole psychological bullshit, I doubt if that was going to happen tonight. The idea of having sex tonight wasn't going to happen. My episode of insanity caused a bit of a rift with the whole situation and Mary Jane was a little bit disturbed by it, even if she didn't say anything, I knew it was time to leave and call it a day.

"You know, I think I should go." I said getting up from the bed. "Maybe some other day we can continue this."

"Sure Jahn." Mary Jane said reluctantly and feeling a bit sad from the whole crazy ordeal.

Instead of heading to my room, I had this crazy idea, no matter what time it was to go see Dr. Connors and get an assessment from her about this.

Yeah, it's a bit narcissistic but I'm fucking crazy, what the fuck do I care. The doctor was in her quarters and not in Sick Bay. It was late, but I knocked on her door anyway.

She answered.

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

“I need to see you!” I said barging into her room.

“What you are doing here? You’re not supposed to be here!.” She screamed.

I ignored her reprimand and continued acting like the asshole I was.

“I want to talk to you about my relationship with Mary Jane!” I insisted.

“What relationship?” she asked. “Tristan and Mary Jane have a relationship, not you and Mary Jane.”

“Oh no, that’s not true, Mary Jane and I have a relationship, she asked me to her room tonight and I freaked out.” I said grabbing her roughly by her arms. “You have to help me fix this!”

She looked at me frightened and puzzled and screamed. “You have to leave you can’t come to my room and demand things!”

I slapped her... she slapped me back. It stunned me, Oh my God, what did I do, I just slapped my therapist. I could go to the Brig for this. I’m really losing control of myself.

“I should call security and have you arrested Jahn, but I understand your preoccupation with Mary Jane and I’ll help you ... this time.” She said relaxing from the previous ordeal. She managed to gain control over her emotions and try to help me.

Oh thank God she didn’t have me arrested, what was wrong with me, all I do is fuck up everything, every relationship from friends to lovers to therapists. What’s wrong with me, I wasn’t always like this, what was

happening to me, for God's sake I hope it's the goddamn black hole fucking with me and not really my mind unravelling.

As Dr. Conners was about to say something profound to ease my pain, suddenly Red Alert signals went throughout the ship. I had to man my post pronto and forfeit any insanity and do my duty as a crew member aboard the ship. I stopped my frantic bullshit with the doctor, said my excuses and left her quarters to the Bridge.

Mary Jane was already there with Tristan and heading towards the void in the the black hole, the Event Horizon Membrane was penetrated and new frontiers of exploration was ahead of us. The whole sexual escapades with Mary Jane, Tristan, etc. would have to continue later. We now were faced with new things to consider.

I manned my post and toggled my nav bar to the directions instructed by the main computer, I was fully capable of doing my job when need be, even considering my last few hours on ship being completely insane.

My instincts and training kicked in and I was functioning at primo level and doing what was needed to get us through the next few hours of locating the Singularity Core and directing the ship to the space surrounding it and occupying its interior to hopefully the inner hourglass portal to the other side of the black hole into another universe. At least that's what the protocol was calling for. The JR4 scientists were pretty much aware of what should happen in this black hole and we were summoned to prove them correct in their theories.

But really, it was just theories, nothing was written in stone, so who knows what was about to happen, if anything. Hours went by after the

Red Alert was canceled and we just sat on the Bridge looking at the monitor in front of us of nothing but pitch black, no stars, but heavy gravity was pulling our ship towards the center of the black hole, hopefully, the Core and the portal to the other side. It was slow, it was draining, it was exhausting with the G forces and the 3Stevs had everything under control with the ship. Nothing was going to pull the ship apart no matter how close to the Core.

Tristan stood from his chair and said to the crew, "At ease everyone."

We all felt a bit of relief from his words, he was the Captain and trained as the best of them from JR4. He knew his shit and when he said stand down, relax and go about your business we knew it was cool to just relax and enjoy.

The penetration of the black hole was complete, we now had to find the portal to the new universe and that would probably take months to initiate.

The time spent at the helm was nice and soothing. Mary Jane was working with her computer and figuring out which way we should go. Tristan was still in command, and I was out of the Brig, for now. My episodes of violence were being sanctioned and I was off the hook for any improprieties. The void of dark emptiness and lack of gravity was pleasant.

I sat there with my knob in my hand just gazing at the nothingness of the monitor for hours. I dozed off for a few seconds and awakened to Mary Jane hovering over me, breast exposed and her face getting closer to my face. She kissed me, rubbed her tits in my face and stood back a bit to the open room and stripped off her jumpsuit. She was

totally naked on the Bridge and dancing, well, twerking her ass for the whole Bridge crew to see. What was going on with her, this wasn't like her at all, she was more subdued than this, was the black hole finally getting to her like it was to me. Were we all starting to go a little bit crazy inside the black hole?

Tristan got up from his chair and stripped off his clothes and started dancing with Mary Jane, both twisting and twerking and sexually simulating sex with each other.

Was this another one of my episodes, was this a dream, did I fall asleep again at the wheel?

I tried to get myself out of the dream I was in, if I was in a dream, but it all remained the same. The dancing, the strutting, the deplorable behavior in front of me and the rest of the crew. I stood from my station and started to put myself between Tristan and Mary Jane to stop this show of lustful depravity.

I jerked and tried to awake... Gaspd for air, sucked in more air, tried desperately to awaken, felt confined, jerked and tried to arise, felt like an elephant was on me, then suddenly I was awake... it was the Core playing with me again. I can't tell real from the unreal anymore. I was or wasn't laying next to Mary Jane in her room. Our naked bodies intertwined with each others in sleep. We fell asleep after having sex. It was all coming back to me now. The drinking of the wine, the sexual encounter of both of us blending together with each other in lustful love. I started to remember the whole ordeal we just had, it was like a dream, but it still felt real. Past, present, future it all was mixed up, I had no grasp on reality, I just need to take each moment as is.



Mary Jane opened her eyes and smiled, "You okay Jahn?"

"Yeah, just thirsty and I need to pee." I said moving away from her and getting up from the bed.

"Don't be long." She said, "come back and do me again, that was really nice."

Okay, that went well, I just have to get my mind to start catching up with my body and not get in the way of myself.

I stood up to find a glass of water and take a pee and then return to the love of my life. She was still waiting for me to return without going back to sleep. I laid next to her as she turned away from me, I rubbed my dick against her butt and tightened my arms around her and pulled her closer to me and thrust my groin a bit to set the mood.

"Oh Jahn, do me, do me good." She said pushing her ass against my dick.

"Oh yeah." I said grabbing my dick and sliding it under her butt cheeks and trying to find her pussy. This is so much harder than it use to be, I was so much better at this back in the day. Now it's just a obstacle course to find where everything goes and how to do it right.

I found her vagina, I started parting her lips with my fingers to insert my dick inside her...finally. I could get relief from my frustration all these years. I could finally get inside of a woman again and feel the oneness of two people being together.

Just then the ship started shaking, Red Alert Signals went off.

"All hands on deck, all hands on deck." The intercom screamed.

It was a Red Alert, whatever we were doing we had to stop and report for duty, no matter what we were doing, fucking, showering, sleeping. All hands on deck meant stop everything and go, naked, wet, groggy, whatever, you left the area you were in and proceeded to your station.

Mary Jane ran first out of her quarters into the corridor and started to jog towards the Bridge, me following her, dick flopping, just like her tits flopping, nice view from behind, especially watching her ass muscles move up and down as she ran, damn, nice piece of ass, and I was just tapping that too.

The door to the Bridge remained opened as she went in first and I followed and both of us jumped into our spacesuits. Tristan donned his already and was standing on his perch at the Captain's chair staring at the main view monitor.

The monitor was ablaze with activity, star clusters and brightly lit up images were across the entire screen.

"What the fuck is it?" Mary Jane asked Tristan as she sat at her station, punching up her computer to get updated to the new situation we were encountering.

"I don't know." Tristan confided with anxiety. "I've never seen anything like it before in all my space travels and nothing like it in all of my time in black holes."

"What the fuck are we supposed to do?" I asked sitting at my station grabbing my nav bar and just holding it until someone instructed me to move it one way or the other.

Tristan turned and looked at me and sat back in his chair and sighed.

“I don’t know, Mary Jane, what does AI have to say about this?” Tristan asked as he continued to rub his fingers across his face in absent minded gesturing.

“My AI readout says it’s not sure what it is and it’s not revealing any cohesive remedy for the situation either.” She said as she continued to punch her keyboard.

“Well what the fuck do we have the latest tech to show us what to do and it ends up telling us dick, fucking piece of shit of a ship!” Tristan said angrily. “I’m sent out here to explore the muther of all black holes and they give me this shit to work with... mutherfuck!”

We were all taken aback by the way Tristan was acting. He never lost his cool ever, this is the first we’ve seen it. But then again, this was the first time I was under his command, so what do I know. He may be like this all the time for all I know. Mary Jane would know, she’s been serving under him for a few years, but finding out the inner workings of Tristan’s mind was the last thing I needed to do. I just needed to be ready to do as commanded. I waited for instructions from my commander, and he was having a mental meltdown it seemed.

I was a little happy to see this happening, not only was Tristan losing it, but he was losing it at a moment where a good commander doesn’t. In my own fucked up way, I was happy he was losing it, made me feel normal and not so bad about my previous insane encounters of my own.

Maybe the black hole saga was doing everyone in their own way. Maybe being crazy was part of being in the black hole and so what if he

was losing it. As with me, maybe this is what it's all about. No judgement.

Tristan stopped his freaking out for a moment and composed himself.

“Mary Jane, instruct the main computer to override whatever the AI is instructing. If it says one thing make sure it does the opposite of its intention.”

“But that would...” Mary Jane responded back to his instructions, but before she could complete her sentence. Tristan interrupted.

“Do as I command, Ensign!” He demanded.

“Yes sir.” She complied and reworked her keyboard to instruct AI to respond as Tristan ordered.

The ship continued on the same path, I didn't make any adjustments in the navigation controls and headed straight for whatever we were viewing and encountering.

“We just have to ride this through.” Tristan said, more relaxed and sitting in his chair composed and staring at the screen with both arms extended on his chair arms.

Having Tristan more relaxed was soothing, even though, I liked the freak out internally, I really like Tristan being in command more than my petty superiority complex narcissism. A captain has to be in command of his ship. There's no other way about that. If he doesn't have command and isn't in the front of any situation, then we're all fucked and getting fucked in space isn't a good place to be, because if the shit hits the fan here, it's over for good, ain't nobody gonna help ya out here. Especially in a black hole of all black holes.

Thank God Tristan got his shit together, he was composed, ordered Red Alert to cancel and started to take control of the ship once more. AI was adjusted and relieved of misinformation, even if the information were true and logical. Being out here in a black hole needed more than logic, it needed human initiative and human chaotic random thoughts to save the day. At least that's my take on it.

I sat back more relaxed with my hand on the nav bar heading 0.0003 straight ahead into the sparkly cosmos that was ahead of us.

The idea that so much light and imagery was so immense inside a black hole was stunning. Beautiful to see and not what you'd expect. I always thought being in a black hole would just be black. Not lit up like a Christmas tree. And I know what you're gonna say, Mary Jane would ask, what's a Christmas tree? The good thing of being insane and going through all this before entering at least in my head, paid off. Even if my head was full of shit, at least I thought I knew what we were getting into, it sure does pay to be full of shit.

The intensity of the light started to wane as we got further into the hole.

I scanned the readout of the nav bar and saw that we travelled two light years further than the last three minutes, amazing.

"Tristan" I tried to get the captains attention.

"We've just travelled two light years in three minutes." I said sending my console readout to his.

Tristan studied it for a minute and looked up and smiled. "I know buddy, black holes are amazing. Thanks for the readout and info."

Tristan got up and moved over to Mary Jane's station and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Everything good here?" he asked. She looked up from her monitor and smiled, "Yep."

"Cool." Tristan said returning back to his chair. "Jahn, make our heading 4.692."

"Acknowledged sir." I replied turning the knob in that direction. Within a moment or two the new heading was injected and we travelled even faster through the black hole than before. This time the readout stated we were twelve light years deeper into the black hole in a matter of a minute and a half.

Whatever Tristan had up his sleeve, he was doing it fast and we were moving closer to the Core, was my surmise. Once we got near the Core, who knows what was going to happen.

## **Immersion**

We were drawing closer to the Core by every second. The whole ordeal was over in less than an hour. We penetrated the Singularity Core and were deep inside the corridors that were spread throughout the interior of the Core, Multiple dimensions awaited us, choose one, was the only procedure to encounter. Tristan looked at Mary Jane then to me. "What do you guys think?"

He sat back in his Captains chair, relaxed, "What do you want to do, where do you want to go, it's all up to you." He said as he threw back his arms to the viewing monitor and awaited our answer.

Mary Jane and I looked at each other and nodded, let's go for it!

"Whatever you want to do Captain, it's fine with us." I said.

Tristan waved his hand over his console and the ship headed directly into the portal next to us on our left, wherever it landed was going to be a surprise, and we all were included and colluded with whatever was ahead of us in the next few minutes.

G forces hit us hard, we jammed into the portal hole and ended up flying for hours in intense light and gravity. But the ship stayed glued together thanks to the unending devotion to the 3Stevs ingenuity and complete knowledge base of its internal AI components and CRISPR DNA related capabilities of JR4 scientific technology, a nod to the corporation for such a good job.

I stared at the monitor and felt my hand move the nav bar a slight over the right of what Tristan had authorized. The ship moved a smigon to the left, undetectable. My hand lifted off the nav bar and I put my hands across my chest and waited for what was to happen next. Nothing. The ship continued on its same course that Tristan authorized.

I felt a wave of relief thinking the adjustment went undetected and settled back ogling Mary Janes profile, including her breast, oh those big juicy breast.

The cluster of stars faded as fast as they appeared. The sparkly light bursts surrounding the star clusters dissipated and we were in a void once again. The idea that black holes have a reason or rhyme was inconclusive as far as I could tell. The idea that we can understand or surmise what is next is also a matter of reasoning, which isn't reason at all, but just a chaotic chance symmetry.

I set my heading a little bit higher than what Tristan said, I figured, what the heck we're in the middle of a black hole, anything goes.

Uh oh, the ship started to swerve to the right. I made a bad adjustment, I really thought I could do anything and it would be okay, I was wrong, we started to dive into a hole unanticipated and we got swallowed up into a void of the unknown. As if any setting really made a difference in reality, the idea that there was a rule to the idea of surviving a black hole was insane on its own. But I took a chance and it fucked up, as usual, but, what the fuck, that's where we were now, unknown territory, thanks to me and my drug induced drunk ... well, let's just blame Dr. Conners, she was my reason for this bullshit, I'll blame her, fuck the repercussions.

We smacked that portal hole like a young twelve year old boy slamming a seventeen year old girl, it went whack, totally whack. We were lost in another dimension in seconds with no return, our hole to JR4 was now gone forever, we're on our own, and on our own meant, we ain't coming back no matter what. We're in this for the whole mutherfuckin deal and there ain't no coming back, think about that...we're gone, brah! Gone forever!

We went deep down inside, the whole hourglass purge was about to happen, thanks to me and my defiant way of being. We were now heading deep inside the hole of a black hole and not knowing where we're ending up, and that's really what we were really here for, fuck the whole protocol bullshit, shit doesn't get done going by the book, shit gets done going outside the box, going beyond what was the right way of thinking, we have to move pass that bullshit and just go for it, and we're going for it, do or die.



Deep down inside. The whole escapade took a minute, we were through the whole portal in seconds, on the other side was more nothing, but there was something in the distance from what I could tell from the main viewing monitor. There was a hole of light, stars or just a bright light of lights, I wasn't sure, but it didn't matter, it was the only thing in this realm we could decipher, and we headed for it. My nav bar steered itself without my help to the range of 9.0. and the ship thrust itself to that coordinates in a nano second, we were there and through it before we could even think what happened, we're in uncharted territory, we were in the middle of exploring the middle of the middle of the black hole and not knowing where our direction was heading us to.

The ship went black for a few minutes, I couldn't see what was in front of me let alone the monitors, everything just lost electric. Electric black happened, and we were adrift in the middle of a third dimensional portal. My fault, at least that was what I thought. Tristan, looked at me and smiled, gave me a thumbs up, "dude...way to go brah." He said smiling and settling back in his comfy chair and enjoying the ride we were about to hit. The whole ship floated for a second before slamming into the hole with a blast of fusion on both the right and left sides, we were slamming back and forth like a high wind storm in the desert, no way to determine what was going to happen. And. No one cared. We were just here for the party, no matter what. And BLAM! We hit it!

My mind just started to drift to the left of my head. My thoughts, were being transferred to the left with the brain matter. My skull started to transfer to the left, my face and neck and body followed. I was being pulled further into the hole I just led us into, the ship, intact. The body, not so much. We were being swallowed up into the portal I had set up

into and the ship was okay and left alone to survive the gravity, but we as a people, well that was something else.. Good luck.

We slammed out of the ship and headed into the vortex of the black portal. The ship remained intact in space, but the people on the ship were experiencing more changes than expected. And that's just what I set in motion, just by being drugged and drunk and totally unaware of my actions. Funny, how one persons actions can cause such an effect.

I looked at Mary Jane looking at her console. "I'm sorry." I confided. "It was me who fuck this up." I said.

She looked at me with those beautiful eyes of hers and I saw fear in them. I really fucked up, I thought, I never saw fear in her eyes before.

I have to fix this, was my thought. I have to fix what I made happen, I should have stayed with protocol and not make waves, but I'm a true asshole and asshole follow asshole rules, it's a given.

I made an adjustment on my nav bar and we were heading out of the portal just as fast as we entered. I did my part to remedy the conflict and I wasn't going to be the demise of my crew members in my own idea of what should be done. Who the fuck do I think I am, making decisions for everyone else, I'm not Donald Fucking Trump, I ain't that much of an asshole to think I know what was best for the whole. And who the hell is Donald Fucking Trump I thought.

The thought of cutting my wrist passed through my mind as I sat at the nav bar waiting for Tristan to help rectify what the shit I did, but Tristan, didn't raise a finger to help the problem, he just let it happen, what a fucking jackass. I thought... Jackass? What the fuck is that? He's

my commander in chief, my main man, my main hunk, the dude I work for, my leader, my master, I am his pawn.

“Jahn, what the heck bro?” Is all he asked.

I shrugged, I was just trying to help I let him know nonverbally. I only can do what I think is right at the most appropriate time, but I’m an asshole, we all know that, why would anyone let me near a nav bar is beyond me. Truly, I don’t know what the fuck I’m doing on a starship, let alone navigating it, I’m not the sanest person to let anything be attended to. I just fly by the seat of my pants and those pants are full of holes. Black holes at this point, why anyone would put me on a ship of this importance, was beyond me. I was a fuck up from the beginning, and it was all recorded throughout my life, no matter how great of an astronavigator I was in 3D Sims. My essence to fuck up was inevitable in all psychological profiles. The heads at JR4 were fucked up having me be the nav on this important research ship.

Truly, what were they thinking putting me on this ship, I was the only thing that would cause a fatal error, a end of life function. My insanity instincts would have opened lots of books to what not to have happen.

Was this a total write off, a full tax expunge, was I just the catalyst of making this mission a write off and nothing more than a financial gain for the home planet trillionaires. Fuck me, fuck them, but, really...was I the reason for the end of the mission.

As we entered the hourglass portal once again in a near fatal pass, all of our cells disrupted and started to flow from our heads outward into the portal, each cell mutating into anaphase, metaphase, superphase, we all ended in our own multicellular fractal negative universe. It was

out of my hands, I might have set this in motion, but it was taking it to the extreme and setting itself up for whatever lay ahead of us. I was willing to take some responsibility as was Tristan, we both were causing what was happening to happen.

Mary Jane, looked at both Tristan and me and shook her head. My thought was, she must think we're both crazy and here she was in love with both of us. What did that say about her own mindful reasoning. She was just as crazy as the both of us, since she loved us both.

The ship flew into the portal, the ship was losing gravity and the 3Stevs chamber became cracked and fluid leaked out and the chamber was crushed from the gravity, the 3Stevs were left in their chamber struggling for breath, since their fluid drained and they suffocated in the minutes passing as the ship split into multi-dimensions, as did the cellular make up of all the people aboard the Lost Hakkon.

We were gone as far as JR4 were concerned, never to return to this reality.

I sat there watching all of this unfold, I sat there watching Mary Jane vaporized, Tristan, all the others on the Bridge, the Bridge itself vaporized, as did I. Particles meshing with black hole portal mesh from Positive Universe transference to Negative Universe transference, then the total collapse of the portal universe transference itself.

We were gone from our existence, never to return to JR4, well, our JR4, we may return to some form of existence, I don't know, I'm just a astrogator, obviously, a bad one. But there were no judgements now, nothing would recover to be analysed and synthesized and organized and rehashed and completed. Fuck it all.

Oh to be the man who discovered Negative Universe, and not tell anyone about it. Also to be the man who unintentionally vaporized the crew onboard a starship and not be tried for it was also great. The idea, that any of this mattered at this point was funny to even think about. We were split from our existence once the portal opened the sands of time and space to just about anything you can or can't imagine was first to hit my cortical brain matter, that reformed on the other side of the Positive vs. Negative black hole worm hole. All were gone, Mary Jane, Tristan, Dr. Conners, the 3Stevs, the others on board the Lost Haakon, I was left alone, as previously in my encounters with the black hole before entry. I didn't really think this was happening, this was just another part of the puzzle that was always showing itself to me, and I would always return to the ship as usual.

That was my thought. Yeah, the whole enterprise of all that just happened seemed real, but was it really? Who knows, time will tell.

Time didn't tell, I waited, but then again I waited long periods of time before. Prior to this version of the black hole enlightenment center, my fulfillment center as I like to call it, wasn't happening as quickly as the last multi-lastations. This was a little bit longer than usual, was what I was thinking; but then again, I was just thinking, nothing was materialized in front of me since the ships demise. I sat in my negative universe waiting out for some form of reconstruction, which didn't happen. I waited for eons, it felt like eons, maybe longer, time wasn't really a factor anymore, all the humans, and all the hard material structures of life were gone. There was nothing but emptiness throughout. And throughout meant all the fractal multidimensional ratio geometry I imagined as my one and only theory on life. I had all that creativity of creating a multiplane negative universe, and yet, I still

had no control over my own destiny. My destiny was the same as always, left up to someone or something else to do as it will. I had no more control over my life as I did as a human being, even though, I was a multistructural being inhabiting a multifaceted universe of my own creation through cellular mass reproduction. I was still a nothing.

Beyond the origin I thought, what a joke, I really thought there was something else out here, not just nothing. I really thought, that whatever I dreamed of or thought would transgress into reality of some form. But here I was at the end of my journey it seemed. And nothing happened. Nothing at all. Just emptiness and void. No rebirth, no command of my own destiny, Not a God. I was just, still ...

Nothing.

It eked out my pores, my cellular pores, my dark, black matter pores. I eked all this material, but nothing was imagining itself as substance. I sat in my cosmic stew just waiting for something more to happen. Was this all there was to my life now? Was I just here in this weird universe just being and nothing more. No more random searches of new life to investigate, no more being drawn into some form of three dimensional life character to research other forms of life. Was I now transpired into a being of lack of substance, just of intellect or beyond imagining. Was this the way a god exists? Was I a creator of universes and just an overseer of multi-dimensions? Is this what nirvana is?

If I'm questioning my own existence, then, this isn't the end all ... be all.

This is still just a transference of energy to reformation of thinking and being existent on another plane of existence. Even if it wasn't what I thought it would be, it was what it was and I had to adjust to its way of

being. We all follow a path, no matter what path that is, we all follow the path laid out. This path, was laid out for me, and I wasn't happy about it, but it was mine. I should just accept it and follow it through.

I waited.

Time was time, now was now, I was I, it was all it was and it was all it would be. I sat in my cosmic stew and waited.

Nothing.

I can't believe this!

Nothing?

What the fuck?

More Nothing!

Well, what the fuck?!

Still nothing!

I waited. And Waited. And Waited. And Waited. And Waited.

... Nothing.

What a joke, what did I do to deserve this punishment? What was the idea about all of this, life in general and still nothing was being materialized as a reward. Did I need a reward to just be alive. Wow, what an asshole I am, what a prima donna dipshit was I.

Did I really think the universes revolved around me?

I did.

I silently laughed at myself, I couldn't believe what an asshole I was, and not only to other people but to myself, what a fucking, damn, fool.

I was thinking that the all whole universes revolved around me. A damn fool. I was. I sat in my realm of existence in my multiplane universe of negativity and lusted after anything other than the shit I was in charge of.

I wanted to be the master of the positive universe, not the negative universes Dark Prince of Darkness, the energy of Black. 51 Dimensions of Empty. I wanted to be of light, not dark. I wanted creations, not emptiness. I wanted to be apart of searching for new worlds and new ideas and following a path of light and shine, not this dark empty souless death I was in charge of.

I wasn't a God after all, I was just still something in search of a God. I prayed to God, the true God, the God of no title, no meaning, no form. I prayed to the real God, the God that made me whatever I was, The God that was open to whatever I thought I needed or wanted. The God that was helpful, needed and true and loving. I wanted to be immersed in its love, its life, its reality. I opened up my soul, my life for completeness, I opened up my subatomic structure to immerse into its subatomic structure. I immersed in the immersion of total Immersional Synthesis.

I gave up my search for truth on my own, I couldn't do it on my own, I needed to open myself to the openness of openness and be one with.

Impact adjacent to the whole, my inner mind was symbiotic with the true light, my dark soul ran dry. My spirit was of one and I had become the soul that I always anticipated to be. My essence was complete and my inner thoughts were of unity and I only had to complete one task to



finally become one within myself. I opened my eyes, figuratively to what I wanted and seek to make it all so.

I wished for Mary Jane of course, and of the universe and planet I envisioned decades before where all I wanted was to imagine and it was so. I completed my task. And all was forgiven within myself and without. I had been purified and humbled to the new realm of my new existence. I had completed the role I had been created to do and now I was able to just become the thing I wanted. Free. I wanted freedom of thought, freedom of purity and freedom to just exist.

My goal complete. I sat and watched as it all leveled out in front of me.

I sat on my mountain top and viewed the whole valley below. It was of beauty that one could not have imagined. It was of colours beyond the spectrum. It was warmth beyond imagine, the wish was granted, the eyes could see again, the body renewed, the mind open and perfected. The dream came true, she was with me by my side, Mary Jane, was there as never before. Her essence was new, her being was new, but I could sense her as the Mary Jane I knew. I had wanted her from the start of the voyage, and here she was next to me in my new imagined fluorescent new world of make believe. I thought and it was so, whatever I imagined would be in front of me. I had the life I always wanted. Free. Free from all of the evil that mankind has pursued. Free from all the evil in dark hearts and souls. Free to be pure and open, honest, and away from beings of pain. I had my world of dreams, and my girl of dreams and I will now sit back and enjoy the gifts of the Gods.

My plan was to immerse in the immersion and synthetically superphase. But in my case, one more inclusion of response to the unimaginable was to include a new form of superphase, to entrain a

new essence into the whole concept of superphase and that was to indoctrinated the iSuperphase Transition.

To be one with the all, one must iSuperphase from molecular subatomic particles to random, chaos symmetry.

## **iSuperphase**

Be one with the all, on with transition. On with interphase of the whole. One with the ability to adapt to chaos random symmetry. This was the way to freedom. I sensed it, we sensed it, Mary and I. I opened to her, she to me, we as we were one in complete iSuperphase.

My body renewed in the seven by two fifty, she in the new body of six by one thirty, we embraced and caressed, we intertwined into one and meshed to become complete in iSuperphase two point oh. What a relief it is. I fluctuated and phased in and out of pilot wave LQM. I and she reached beyond the origin of being. I had encompassed the realm of interrealmness and structure and sat looking over the vast valley below my new eyesight. I see all as it is. I am all as it is. I complete completeness in infinity and beyond that of human thought and transition. I am I.

I sat on the edge of the valley of oro and sat and stared at the two bright gold suns in the far distance galaxy and opened my soul to the vastness of nothing and sent my soul into transitional phase rewarded.

I sat with Mary, Mary was like me, we were both iSuperphased and thus together forever. I opened my mind to more enlightenment and glowed with the shadow of darkness behind me and opened to the

bright light of being without random chaos symmetry, without random particle inclusion, without purity of light and oneness, without whole and non-structure entity. Open to being free of all-ness in oneness in superphase autonomy and lost in the delusion of self. I was I to whatever I would imagine I would be. I was narcissistic beyond structure, my impure mind was thus open to the complexities of wonderment and I was so full of shit I could barf. I sensed my new being was just another apparition of the black hole Singularity Core. I saw the distance fluctuation in my inner eye and knew something was amiss.

iSuperphase had an odor of shit about it. This whole structured, unstructured world I thought I was making was superseding my intellect. I could tell bullshit when I sensed it and I was sensing it big time. I sat on my perch overlooking the valley I created and the thought that I was some sort of a god creating a world of my own making was causing me to want to vomit. The bullshit my new mind was filtering into me was coming unglued at the seams. The illusion I was creating was causing me to not believe anything I was seeing or sensing. I knew that this whole existence I was participating in was just another mutherfucking illusion by the goddamn, Singularity Core portal illusionary hourglass worm holes that were another play with mind and matter. But I wasn't going to let this illusion betray my real thoughts. I was going to make the adjustment back to reality, no matter how hard that reality was going to take to make me see the truth once more.

I had to adjust my mind to this falsehood of illusion that the Core was playing once again. This illusion was killing me. I couldn't take the falsehoods that kept presenting themselves to me. The ship, the crew, the love of Mary was going to drive me insane, I had to open up to the real world in front of me once again. I had to open to the truth of the

black hole. Dr. Conners would help, I hope. Even though I had hurt her, she would still come through for me in the end, I hoped, I prayed, I wept in sorrow that I was such an asshole to her. I pray for her forgiveness and I apologize immensely to her from the grave and beyond for her forgiveness. I only hope we can all come together one more time in this reality and make amends and get back to the journey we were put here for. The complete mapping of a black hole and to give our findings to the scientists of JR4.

“Jahn.” I heard a voice familiar.

“Jahn” there it was again, that’s the sound of my Captain, Tristan. Oh. I longed to hear a familiar voice of reality and there it was. Once again I heard it and I was thrilled to be back on board my beloved Lost Haakon. I sat up from my illusion and looked to my right.

There he was at his Captains chair, standing overlooking the Bridge. He and Mary Jane beside me once more. The strange delusion over, again. The brain was caustic to the rambling of the Core. My thoughts were of reality once again. Here we were back on the ship, intact. No one died, I didn’t kill anybody, we were back in the real. I loved it so. That I rose from my station and moved over to Mary Jane, and in front of the Bridge crew, gave her a big long kiss. Back with my homies once more. I was so happy.

“Jahn, what the fuck are you doing?” Tristan asked.

“Sorry, I just, I don’t know, wanted to do that.” I said returning to my station.

“Well, not on duty, there’s a time and place, man!” he said returning to a sitting position.

“Take us over to 5.90 heading directly into the Core’s base matter.  
“We’re going to head into this mutherfucker once and for all, and get a real glimpse inside this bitch.” Tristan said, punching his chair console for a manual Red Alert Signal.

We sat back and waited until we could slam into the Core’s base.

I sat there smiling about the fact I was once again on board my ship with my comrades. That whole mind fuck with the Singularity was always making me doubt reality. I hope to God no one else was going through all of this mind fucking that I was going through. If they were they weren’t telling me. Maybe being a novice was the problem, I was new to all this brain farting that the Core was sending out in waves.

I sat there typing in astronav positions based on the last trajectory in the Core heading which Tristan led with. But the fluctuations in the pilot waves LQM was mass, and I couldn’t get a real reading on what nav bar transition I should take. I didn’t want to burden Tristan with this insufficient flux and continued to tap into my console more directions which would head directly to the center of the Singularity Core and lead us to the outer regions of the hourglass and into the real parallel or ultimate universe directly below or above us. I waited for further instructions from my commander. Not putting my reason over my Captains experience over my novice narcissism.

## **Cull**

My experience just happened to fluctuate with my inner core that was having a hard time recollecting the last five minutes.

Modules of light and heavy gravity crashed against my body as I sat in my nav chair. I looked to my right for Mary and Tristan and saw

darkness. I tried reaching over to touch Mary but before I could touch her my being was tossed into oblivion. Again.

There I was lying in a dark room, under bed sheets opening my eyes to the world around me. This wasn't the world I was inhabiting before the transition into the black hole, this was a new world.

I laid there under the sheets in the dark room, when I heard a door open to the right of my bed. I saw a beautiful brown haired girl in a nurses outfit. She came into my room and looked at me cowering below my bed sheets. The look in her eyes told me she was not amused at what she saw. She was concerned, the man in the bed which she just encumbered was me acting like a crazy man. Cowering and acting like I was afraid of everything that entered or was. I laid there thinking that I really messed up this time. This illusion of insanity was or wasn't real. I waited until another nurse entered my room to confirm the other nurses worries.

I laid there for a few more minutes, realizing I wasn't on board my spaceship anymore but in a hospital.

I waited for another nurse to enter my room and confer with the other two nurses. What was going on? I wasn't aboard my ship, I wasn't in a Singularity Core meltdown or was I?

I waited.

I pulled the sheets down from my face to stare at the room around me. It looked like a hospital room. The windows curtains were open to dawn. Sunshine and a slight breeze was happening outside. What was I doing here? How did I come here. Was this another Core memory lapse? So many questions, I waited to hear the answers from someone.

Perhaps Dr. Connors would help with this new illusion I was entering. Perhaps the Core had spent all of our lives into this vex of uncertainty.

Perhaps I entered another portal that was just a transition to another lifetime or perhaps back to the ship I linked to normalcy.

But as the day drew on. I watched what was unravelling before me. I was in a hospital room. They told me I admitted myself the previous day and be evaluated. I was told to get up and take a shower. Which I did, while in the shower, jerking off, my morning ritual. The two nurses outside the bathroom asked if I needed any assistance. I thought for a moment pausing myself, 'no, I'm fine', was my answer, but my mind was, yeah, sure come on in and jerk me off or better yet suck me off. But my mind wasn't really into the present situation to actually follow through on that. I just finished up showering quickly and emerged feeling rushed. I left the bathroom, clothed and ready for whatever the day laid out.

I walked the corridor of the locked ward. I was told Tres Northe in Hospital del Sagrado Corazón was a sala de psiquiatría. The people occupying it confirmed it. There were people who mumbled to themselves. Others who were walking around in a daze. Others angry and aggressive and needed medication constantly. I was given two pills that day. I don't know what they were. They were given, I took them. After my shower I went back to my assigned room and wrote poetry and drew pictures about what I was feeling.

I felt trapped. Here I was in a hospital ward with crazy people. Locked away from the entire hospital units. Locked away from the outside. I wasn't allowed to leave to go outside, let alone to leave the ward.

I got up after drawing a few pictures and writing some poetry and walked the corridor to the locked door at the end.

I watched the crazies scattered about. Thinking, what the fuck did I do?

I wasn't this crazy or was I?

I went back to my room and noticed my sketches and poetry were gone. The nurses had entered and taken my most intimate ramblings probably to the doctors for evaluation.

I really was in deep shit now, not only was my freedom lost. By my own hand, but my freedom of thoughts were stolen from me. I wasn't happy about that. I think I told a nurse about it, but she shrugged it off to ramblings of a lunatic.

I sat at the table for lunch with the rest of the crazies and observed the whole situation as a sane man. But, was I really?

Afternoon time was for taking the whole ward to the entertainment facility. We all got together to the elevator. A girl I knew was there, someone from my past. I recognized her and she had bandages on her wrists. She came up to me and held my hand and said she didn't know why she was in there. She was at a party and somehow cut her wrists. She wasn't suicidal, at least that's what she said. I believed her. And held her hand in the elevator to the few floors below to the entertainment room.

They paraded the lunies in front of the whole hospital, I thought that was perverse, but I'm a crazy so there. As you can tell I'm now certifiably crazy by being in a psych ward.



We played cards, there was a piano, which I pecked at, and a pool table which I dabbled with the pretty girl with the slashed wrists.

After an hour entertaining, they paraded us back through the hospital corridors to the elevator to ward Tres Northe, where I lost contact with the suicidal girl. She vanished. I was left in the ward with the roamer and the mumblers and fun drinks and snacks.

I did have a evaluation with a doctor on the ward. It wasn't Dr. Connors, she wasn't anywhere to be found. Not in this sector of the universe or time expanse.

The doctor asked questions about my drawings and poetry and let me ramble on why I was there. My answer was I was under some form of drug that cause me to have convulsions and I couldn't understand what was happening to me. He did his doctor thing, checking off boxes on his paperwork and excused me from the session.

I sat in the TV room with the crazies observing what was going on behind the doctors front desk.

I did notice that the doctor was having a female psych patient sit on his lap and they were sexually flirting with each other. I wasn't happy about that, and started to freak out internally. I was not happy with what I had gotten myself into. I had to get out!

No matter what I had to get out of this place. I wasn't getting any help that I thought I needed. All I got was more insanity, not only from the people around me but from the doctors and nurses themselves. I realized the truth about mental health, that all were participants, including the doctors and nurses. All were psychopaths. I included. My

blood rushed to my brain and I felt a flushing in my skin and I started to spin and fall...

I jolted in my chair, I was again on my ship with my crew heading to the Core.

I sat there looking at my console. December 5. I knew that date. That was the date that my mother died. I recalled thinking about that date days or weeks before it happened. And here it was again before me, the date my mother died. I was sadden and unjarred at the same time. She wasn't the best mom and she wasn't the worst mom, but she was my mom and I can only believe what I felt and lived. I do have reverence for this date and the time 2:27. I saw the console readout. Dec. 5<sup>th</sup> 2:27. Historic date and time. I and my crew were about to enter the Core.

I looked over to Mary Jane next to me, gave her a smile and a wink. I never wink. But today I did.

2:27 significant time. The one that was always presenting itself to me through out this travel, it probably was significant before this trip, I just didn't see it. But here it was, finally, all circles ending from the beginning to the end in one sphere. My sphere was completed today. My milestone complete. We were about to enter the twilight zone.

I sat back in my nav comfy chair, directed my nav bar to 0.000.

We entered the Core.

Tristan set Red Alert. The crew waited for impact. Mary Jane and I glanced at each other, she at Tristan for a moment afterward, and...

"Not so full of burrs, burry." She said.

I sat up in my chair.

“What was that?” I asked Mary Jane.

“I said burry, Hahaha.” She replied and chuckled to herself as she adjusted more punching on her console to enlighten the crew to the new destination ahead of us.

Burry or bury, was she referring to our next adventure into the unknown or our adventure into death. I wasn't sure, the only thing I was sure of was I wasn't sure of anything.

I sat at my station with my hand on the nav bar, total adjustment 0.000.

I wasn't going to deviate from that position no matter what, even if it killed me. My honor to my Captain was my honor and nothing was going to keep me from keeping that heading into the Core center.

All the fucking brain farts that have been happening since we got close to the black hole was just that, brain farts. I was going to head into the center of the Core and head us into our predestined heading. No matter how much the black hole and Core was playing with my mind, it wasn't going to win.

I really think that the black hole and the Core were playing with just me and not the rest of the crew. I felt that the Core was trying to sway me from entering the center, no matter what. I wasn't sure if that was true.

Being that the whole time out here, I've been completely bananas and if it was trying to make me feel that I was crazy, it was proving correct.

I watched the screen in front of me like the rest of the crew. I was holding the nav bar at 0.0 max. Nothing to deviate, nothing to change

course. I held my own against all of the incoming irrationality of the Core.

How could a space anomaly have influence over a human brain. I asked myself as I kept my hand on the knob.

“What’s with my brain farts?” I asked Tristan finally before entering the Core.

“What?” Tristan asked looking up from his console.

“Why am I having all of these brain farts, all of this wild and insane imaging happening to me as we get close to the Singularity Core?” I asked hoping for an answer before we all entered the Core in moments.

“Well, to be honest, I don’t know.” Tristan said. “I’ve never experienced anything that you are talking about.”

“Really?” I asked in astonishment.

“Really, I only have had minimal existential experiences in all of my space travels.” Tristan confided to my amazement.

“I’m a physical being, a work horse.” He said, “I live in the present only. That’s why they picked me for the Captain’s chair. DNA protocols say I was the right fit for such a job.”

“Wow.” I said, “So they picked me for my job, because of my DNA protocols?”

“Probably.” Tristan said. “Now, get back to work and let’s not quibble over such bullshit.”

“Aye, aye, sir.” I said staring back at the screen.

## FIVE POINT TWO KILOMETERS BEFORE IMPACT

The readout on my panel on my console read, both visually and verbally.

The audio portion was in a southern accent from Earth. JR4's little joke for the crew when we would enter the Core. They thought that the sound track for entering the Core would be an honor to all of the humans who had journeyed out beyond the stars from our home planet of Earth. They thought the accent would be appropriate in entering the next phase of space frontiers. And the female audio AI saying things in that accent would be a honoring gesture.

Of course, I never heard of Earth other than the history files and the sound was jarring. I would think AI would be more intel oriented than regional reflectionism, but what the fuck, who gives a fuck if the audio AI was talking in a strange language. It was stating facts, and facts is what we were working with in entering the Core.

I didn't adjust the stick, I punched in all commands to be completed by AI from now on. Who knows what kind of G forces and who knows what kind of out of body experiences we were about to experience. And trusting human brains over AI wasn't a good idea. Everybody knows that.

AI completed takeover of all systems.

AI COMPLETE ASSIMILATION OF ALL CURRENT LOGS AND SYSTEMS INCLUDING ENGINEERING AND NAVIGATION

My readout read in audio and visual. I sat back with my dick in my hand over my spacesuit.

CURRENT READOUT PROBABILITY ASSIMILATION INTO CORE AT  
.000052.

.00003, .00012

TOTAL IMMERSION IN 3.5 NANoseconds.

HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS BOYS!

AI made current calculations, we were in the Core in 2.1 nanoseconds.

We hit hard.

Very hard, so hard I lost grip of my dick.

The shaking of the ship was like a wind storm over 300 KPH. The enormous headache from entering the Core was like four aura migraines with vomit and cognitive dissociation. The pain searing through my body was like having three knives plunged into your gut. The pain was so painful we all passed out in 3.2 seconds of penetration.

ALL READOUTS CURRENT AND SOLID.

ALL ASSIMILATIONS RETROACTIVE AND COOPERATIVE

ALL SYSTEMS STATUS STRUCTURED AND ATTAINED ALL MATTER  
PROPORTED AND CURRENT.

ALL SYSTEMS FUNCTIONAL AND OPTIMAL.

AI readouts were concise with protocol. We were in the Core, unfiltered, unapproached and in solid order. We were alive and the ship was intact as predicted by JR4 scientists. We were able to live and the ship was able to stay together to get us through the next phase ahead of us.

Tristan awoke first, being the captain and of physical mind and young at heart and body. Plus he'd been in dozens of these, so this was like a walk in the park to him. Mary Jane came out next unhindered and alert.

I was a bit more sluggish getting out of the total immersion.

I woke up groggy, but able to sit up in my chair and handle the grip of the nav bar if needed, but why, AI was in control.

I rose up more solid in my sitting and looked at Mary Jane and smiled, mouthed, I love you. She looked blushing away at that and started more keypunching on her console.

Love and all of that sexual bullshit would come in second to her ability at her job. She was borned for this, trained for this, this was her calling, sure sex and love were in there but not as much as her duty to the JR4.

I accepted the blowback and went on my business doing my job. Which was now pretty much obsolete. AI had control of the ships navigation and pretty much everything, including the 3Stevs engineering platform.

3Stevs, even though made for this adventure, directly was happy to relinquish commands to AI. They basically were the same entity really.

I asked to be excused from the Bridge, since we were pretty much in the center of the core of the Core and any reason I was on the Bridge was pretty much null. AI was in charge, why was I needed. Anyway, I needed to see Dr. Connors again. I ran out of meds in the last three hours and needed more.

Tristan gave his okay and I left the Bridge and strolled down the corridor to Sick Bay. Dr. Connors was inside her laboratory working on something as I entered.

“Sorry, Doc to intrude.” I said.

“Oh, oh...”she said hesitantly and a little bit nervous.

“Did I intrude on something?” I asked.

“No, no, just...”she said, “give me a few minutes.”

I stood there watching her act very weirdly. Why was she acting so weirdly I couldn't understand until I saw the white powder on the lab tech station.

Okay, I get it, she's medicating herself, nothing to be ashamed of. We all know how shrinks are, we all see it, we all get it. Nothing new here, she shouldn't be ashamed or embarrassed. We all do it. Over medicate, it's human, she's human. No judgements was my thinking.

“Sorry about that.” She said scrapping off the powder from the table.

“What did you need?” she asked standing erect and alert.

“I need more meds.” I said, “I ran out.”

“I just gave you a months worth yesterday.” She said.

“Well, it's been a long two days, sorry, but I had to do a bunch of shit the last couple of days, and more this morning and I used them up, sorry.”

“Okay, I understand.” She said, “but just this one time, how much do you need?”

“Twice what you gave me.” I said looking over her shoulder to the table where the powder residue was still clinging.



“Okay, and only this time.” She said. “You don’t have to say anything to anybody about what you saw here, right?”

“No problem, your secret is my secret.” I said with a smile.

“I won’t tell anybody anything, don’t worry about it.” I continued.

“Just remember, we’re in a black hole in the center of a Singularity Core and god knows what if ...shit we may never leave this place alive.”

“I know that, I’m a doctor goddamnit!” She shouted at nobody.

“Here, take your meds, hell, have another load for the next ten days, what the fuck do I care.” She said, I think the powder she ingested was taking effect.

Hell, I’ll take the meds, I’ll take all the meds, I really think we weren’t ever going to come out of this Core, no matter how much Tristan and JR4 promised. But then again I’m not an optimist, more pessimistic than anything and the more drugs to cover up my feelings the better.

Hell, I knew Mary Jane and I were over, she was now in her element, the total immersion of the Core was her sexual dildo now. I had no chance anymore. Fuck, there really wasn’t anything for me to do anymore, I relinquished control of nav to AI. All I really had to do was wait out the trip, wherever it took us. And loading up on some good meds would make it more palpable. Plus I still had alcohol in recon to mix. I was set for life. And for all I know, this was life, however long or short it was.

RED ALERT>>>>RED ALERT>>>>PASSAGE NOT NOMINAL

Red alert signals flashed in the Sick Bay, I saw the writing on the wall, literally.

“What the fuck?” Dr. Conners screamed again at no one.

“You’ll have to take shelter.” I said, Red alert in the Core only meant one thing, big shit was about to happen.

“I have to head back to the Bridge.” I told Dr. Conners, “take shelter in your quarters and don’t forget to take more meds!” I said, and I wasn’t kidding about the meds thing, the more out of it the better it would be for her.

I took my own advice on that too, I dumped a couple of pills down my throat on the way back to the Bridge.

Nothing I couldn’t handle, nothing that would get in the way of my performance as a nav tech, but then again AI, had control. I was just eye candy, moral support, and I could maybe help if needed. Maybe holding Mary Jane’s hand, wow, these meds were good.

As I left for the Bridge, Dr. Conners, high on whatever decided to pursue her theory about her diagnosis of me, and contacted IDGS to find more information.

As she typed in my name and asked for information she received this message.

ACCESS DENIED...ACCESS DENIED.

Infuriated by this blockage she contacted Tristan to get access to my IDGS files from iNeonlabs on JR4, which after Tristan authorized it, she

gained access to all my files. She snorted more whatever and continued to type in her console and promptly received all confidential inquiries.

It seems I had Kramer's Disease (Multiple Personalities) and had ESP/Psychic and Empathic abilities created in a CRISPR environment. Much like the 3Stevs, but created as a humanoid, but still a creation all the same. This information was given to her on the certification she not divulge this to me or anyone on the ship, including Captain Olsen, which she gladly signed the proper documents.

Red Alert was flashing in the Bridge and the main screen was filled with blue screen.

FATAL ERROR...FATAL ERROR...FATAL ERROR

AI was in reboot status, AI malfunctioned four minutes into the immersion. I can't believe it was only four minutes since we entered the Core and I had that talk with the Dr. Oh well, time flies, when you're having fun I guess.

"What the fuck?" I asked as I entered the Bridge.

"Glad you're here Jahn." Tristan said standing next to Mary Jane. "The blue screen of death happened just a minute ago."

"Well, fuck, what the hell happened to AI?" I asked. "Where are the 3Stevs?"

"I've gone over that already Jahn!" Tristan said belittling. "I have control." He continued to state looking at the screen.

I don't think so, but who the fuck am I and I'm on drugs so, duh.

"We have to override the AI." He continued.

“Yeah, I know that, but I’m a navigator not a programmer.” I replied back taking my big comfy nav chair, getting my keyboard situated to tap on.

“I can try and help, but we need the 3Stevs on board too.” I said, setting up my hands to tap in something, but what, I had no clue.

“The 3Stevs are online, they were after the AI went down. It’s symbiotic with those two.” Tristan told me as I waited to type in something.

“Cool, what can I do?” I asked looking at my keyboard. I had nav skills, not programming, all of these function keys meant nothing to me.

“Just be ready to type what I tell you, okay Jahn.” Tristan said, walking towards Mary Jane’s station and placing a hand on her shoulder for reassurance.

Mary Jane glanced upward and smiled with confidence of Tristan’s handling any situation. These two really had a strong bond, no matter how much Mary said it was just a sexual thing, it was more and you could tell.

Tristan went back to his chair and started tapping on his console.

“Jahn, enter in 6.0 in function key F4, double tap 50.6 in function key F12 then backslash triple tap, Enter, Enter ESC.”

I did and the blue screen faded to black with a cursor in green flashing.

“Good, we’re nearly there.” Tristan said while tapping in his console.

The screen’s cursor moved to the right with gibberish, but I’m sure it meant something in programming language, whatever language The Lost Haakon was embedded with.

Tristan continued tapping and gave one more giant tap and slid his fingers from the console.

The screen went from black to fully functional. I guess entering the computer system from the back door helped.

“Thanks for your input Jahn.” Tristan said, “again, you’re a real life saver and I literally mean that buddy.”

Again, Tristan and his accolades, he was really good at that; making you feel like you were worth every penny they paid you to be on this ship.

With the monitor functioning properly and the 3Stevs back in control of Engineering, we were still in the middle of the Core without AI.

I’m not sure if that’s a good thing or not, but it was, what it was. I accept fate as it happens, it was my only choice really.

Mary Jane tapped in her console a few equations that made the ship respond differently than before, our heading changed, she seemed to be taking over navigation and heading the ship deeper into the Core. The speed was so powerful, my back sunk into my comfy chair like squishing a nerf ball in a body builders hand, without the popping.

The G forces grew the faster we got deeper in the Core and my head was pounding from the force, that it felt like my eye sockets were going to pop. Speaking of popping. I drew in a deep breath, as much as I could under the stress that my lungs could barely expand. This lasted only a few seconds, but it felt like hours. Mary Jane released her hands from her console and we went back to normal G settings, and the squishing stop just as gently as it started. My breathing was better and my hand was tightly gripping my dick, my old stress relief buddy, but it was a bit

too tight I thought, so I let it go, but not without a nice tug, just to make sure everything was still working properly. Once I felt a little wet spot on my spacesuit, I knew my gunk was still seeping out like normal and I could get back to watching the screen like everyone on the Bridge.

I really don't know why I keep grabbing my dick, must be from some traumatic event in my past life, but then again what I've been going through, could be past lives, for all I know. I should consult Dr. Conners on this later, when we're both sober.

I sat there staring at the screen of light blue streaks from the center of the Core deep down inside. The streaks fluctuated and pulsed as we sped through the center of them to a spot at the end. It had no light coming from it, but pure black, much like viewing a black hole from a distance.

Tristan stood on his perch and hit a button on his console.

"Attention everyone." He said straightening his Captains coat.

"I have an announcement to make." He continued.

"As of zero nine hundred, we are now exiting the Core of the Singularity and heading into the other side of the hourglass black hole. What we will encounter is unknown, but be well assured, each of you for better or worse made this unique situation happen and I and the JR4 scientific community are endowed to your abilities and accomplishments. We all salute you and what you've done here today. God bless and Godspeed."

Tristan ended his speech. He sat back in his Captains chair and stared at the screen like the rest of us. In seconds we passed through the streaks

and ended in a black chasm. Moments later the screen revealed stars, nebulas, galaxies, all systems returned to normal, including AI.

AI FUNCTION READY...

Momentarily flashed on the screen. We entered another universe it seemed, all normal, but yet not normal. It was a different universe than our own. But we survived the Core, that in itself was amazing. I should trust scientists more than I do, they really came through, and so did the rest of the crew, including myself, which I found completely amazing.

Mary Jane continued her work on her console setting up protocols that were created on JR4 and applied all of them to the central control system where AI and the 3Stevs would continue monitoring and setting up functions for our next level of exploration.

I don't know how they knew where we'd be after we exited the Core, but somehow they had this all worked out. They had star maps and charts showing exactly where we were. The screen showed our present location among the star systems and computer printouts of everything flashed on the main screen as well as our individual monitors recording the information and sending back the data to JR4 through subspace transmissions back into the black hole behind us. Amazingly, the black hole was still open. Nothing collapsed behind us, information would get through. Confirmation was complete according to main screen readout.

That was fast, JR4 would be gaining information and processing it. And we would be in another universe exploring to our hearts content.

The idea that the black hole remains open also says we could probably come and go whenever we wanted or when something drastic happened that we'd have to return to our own universe.

“I think this calls for a drink.” I said to the Bridge. “Anyone want to report to the Mess Hall and have a few stiff drinks, come on down.”

I stood up and started to leave when Tristan stopped me. He put his hand on my chest and slowed me down as I stepped to the door.

“Dude...hold on there.” He stood back a little and straightened his coat.

“I’m the one who gives orders here, not you.” He said all seriously.

“Only I can command my shipmates to drink in the Mess Hall.”

I stood back and bowed my head. “Sorry sir.” I said humbly.

“I’m just messing with you, but, I will command the entire ship to report to the Mess Hall for drinks. Besides, once we entered the new universe it was protocol to give a toast to our achievement. JR4 Command commands it.”

Tristan stood on his perch and click the intercom button.

“All hands on deck, all hands on deck, by the direct order of JR4 Command I command all crew members to meet in the Mess Hall in one half hour for a ceremony of accomplishment. No one is excluded, that includes you too Dr. Connors.”

I don’t think that’s going to happen, she was pretty well toasted last time I saw her, but who knows, maybe she’s a trooper, maybe she can handle high amounts of drugs, I don’t know. I’m going to the party, hell, it was my idea originally.

Time went slow for that half an hour, I went back to my quarters to change out of my spacesuit and into my regular jumpsuit. Washed up a bit, tugged on my dick for a minute or two, just for old times sake and



combed my stringy hair.

I even took a shit, again. Stress and what not, caused me to have to poop before heading to the Mess Hall. It's not that I don't like shitting, I do, but cleaning it up, wiping, is my thing I dislike about it. A good shit is fine, but clean up, not so much.

Just as I put on my jumpsuit to head out the door. Mary Jane knocked on my door. She was dressed in a jumpsuit and put her hair in a bun and some light makeup. She always looked fine, with makeup or without, with clothes or without, she was a fine woman. And here she was alone at my door.

"I just wanted to tag along with you to the Mess Hall, I'll be your date." She said holding out her hand so I could take it.

"Why yes, my lady, indeed, you may accompany me to the ball." I said shutting my door and grabbing her hand. "I would be honored to have you by my side." I continued as we walked to the Mess Hall.

The entire ships crew were already there, including Dr. Conners, although, she looked worst as all get out. But she was still there holding on to the table beside her with a cup of alcohol in her hand.

Tristan was there already drinking two glasses of wine and eating hor'd'vours which were made by the 3Stevs behind their portable life chamber. I don't know how they did it without them getting all gunky from their chamber, but the food was passable and edible; maybe a bit salty, could be from the fluid they reside in, who knows, fuck, I've had a lot of drugs today and now alcohol and my favorite girl by my side, all is good. No problems with salty food. Speaking of salty food, my mind wondered for a second to the after dinner party with Mary Jane. At

least I hope there was an after dinner party with Mary Jane, I'm sure there would be.

Tristan gave a small speech, though, slurred, a speech all the same. Fitting of a Captain of high rank and fortitude and honor. He was a legend on JR4, he always came through for high command. Plus, he never lost a crew member no matter what happened on his voyages.

He was amazing for a man of thirty five, I figured he probably was like the 3Stevs, made in a CRISPR. Fuck, maybe we all were made in a CRISPR for all I know.

The party lasted an hour or so and everyone went back to their stations, just because they were drunk, didn't mean their work load was over. Drunk or not, work and ships core functions needed to be looked after.

You can't have AI run everything all the time, what are we, crazy. I laughed to myself at that thought, and looked over at Mary Jane talking with Tristan, and no, I wasn't jealous. I knew they had a thing, but she had a thing for me and that's fine just to be included. I am an old man after all, and getting any kind of love is fine by me.

Mary Jane came over to me as I finished up my last two crumbs of 3Stevs food products and sipped on my whisky I mixed from recon.

"I want your whisky mouth all over my blonde south." she whispered to me grabbing tightly on my groin.

"Oh yeah, you make me go gaga for you!" I said downing my last sip of bourbon getting the salty taste out of my mouth.

“Lead the way, my dear.” I said putting my plate and cup down. “Let’s go back to my place or yours?”

“Mine, I have it all set up and ready for us.” She said smiling. “Let’s take a bottle or two of alcohol with us back to my quarters. The night is young.”

We said goodbye to what fellow crewmates were left in the Mess Hall, and headed to her place.

Staggering down the corridor was fun, slamming into her door once we got there was embarrassing, but fun. Falling inside her quarters, was also embarrassing, but fun. Just being with her anytime was fun. And here we were. Drunk, horny and stripping out of our jumpsuits in record time without bursting a seam. We stripped down, I went down and we cuddled, smooched and made love all night. A fun day, I must say.

We slipped and slid inside, popped in, popped out, slid in, slid out, we both came together at the same time, amazing what a man can do with prolonging his ejaculation. I’m actually a professional ejaculation holder, I pride myself with not squirting too fast, even in the longest winters. I keep working that little buddy of mine to not pop faster than a woman needs to get satisfied.

Even if, I try to want to squirt I keep it inside for the longest time, and the longer the better for both of us, I would like to go all night, but that would rub her the wrong way, literally and people do get bored after awhile, no matter how much fun it is.

We fell asleep in each others arms, well, we passed out in each others arms; but that’s alright, we can, we worked hard over the last few

months to achieve this goal. Now was only a matter of time and surveying and data crunching and sending information to and fro to my the home planet.

Mary Jane did let it slip that while she was drunk and going down on my dick, we were heading to a certain planet in this universe we just entered.

I thought, ahh, we do have a plan and that plan was for me to pop in her mouth if she kept doing what she was doing, but stamina and my workouts paid off. I didn't cum in her mouth, although, I really wanted to.

We both woke up in a couple of hours and continued to play with each other, satisfied and tired, we fell asleep for hours.

Tomorrow would be a new day and we'd be ready for it. Whatever it gave us.

Hours later I woke up, with a slight headache in the back of my skull and a nasty taste in my mouth and we were both groggy, but we functioned enough to get showered and eat something and get ready for today's chores.

Tristan was already on the Bridge and smiling as we entered. "You guys have a good time last night?" He asked.

We both nodded sluggishly and headed to our stations.

"What's the verdict for today?" I asked.

Tristan stared at the screen and I could see a galaxy spiraling around a clusters of stars.

“That my friends is our destination.” He said pointing to a small cluster of stars.

“That planet right there is our destination.” Tristan brought up the screen to full magnification.

“That tiny little planet of blue and white with a single moon. We should be there today sometime after dinner, and we’ll do a fly by and take a peek at whatever is there, without them knowing it of course, cloaked and just a drive by.” Tristan said stepping down to the Bridge floor and standing in front of the screen.

“Today we make contact with another species, another planet much like our own, but in another universe, we’re on the threshold of another adventure to all mankind.” Tristan continued his dialogue.

“Today we will make history once again, we will open up ourselves to letting in a new world, perhaps we may become friends and trade or just establish a greeting.”

As we neared the planets atmosphere and phased in and out of image in the upper stratosphere we saw the people below going about their daily lives unaware of our presence. I looked at my individual monitor and saw two children playing catch with a ball. I watched as these alien children played and felt a kinship with them. I gazed at the small boy playing when I saw our eyes locked for a second. Somehow, this child saw me looking at him, I thought I was looking at me, a frightening thought that we connected like that, that day. I felt a part of me was in him at the same time, vice versa. As we flew in and out of the planet, I was happy to make a small dent in our two worlds. I was alone in this discovery, I dare not let my fellow crew members know of this

existential experience. I forbade my new world thoughts with those of the last I encountered in the black hole saga previously. This was my new little secret. Only I will take to the grave.

The mission lasted another two months before heading back into the same black hole Core we came in. The next crew on the next voyage would set out to identify and make contact. Our voyage was near complete and we would return heroes on our home planet of JR4. A fitting end to a voyage done well.

The connection continues till this day, between me and that child. I feel as he, he feels as me. Bonded for life and beyond the origin.

I still get reports from my kindred alien spirit which I connected with and I did eventually tell JR4 Command of my connection. And the soul I connected with informs me to wait for maybe a thousand or more years before interacting with this world. They are still knuckle draggers according to my alien kindred soul. This is an alien world and not ready for assimilation into the outer galaxy.

Report added and submitted, December 5th 2:27, Jahn Chase, Astronaut, The Lost Haakon.

. . .

JR4 this time of year is great, the suns are out, the sky is green, and all is harmonious with nature and with a God, I'm sitting here watching the moons rise and watching the suns set and drinking a rather potent beverage and Mary Jane is reading a book about cowboys in America on the planet Earth in the early eighteenth century. I don't know where she gets this shit, but she gets it from somewhere.

Anyway, today I took a swim and watched Mary Jane swim beside me and cuddled up in the pool and straddled me.

Home... I'm finally home.